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INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LVII.

NEW SERIES: VOL. XXXV.

	PAGE
AIR, LIQUID. See "Zero."	
ALEXANDER, A LESSON FROM	796
ALEXANDER THE GREAT	<i>Benjamin Ide Wheeler.</i>
With pictures by A. Castaigne, Harry Penn, August Will, Louis Loeb; maps by J. Hart, and from photographs.	
His Boyhood and the Assassination of Philip	1
His Victories in Thrace, Illyria, and Greece	202
The Invasion of Asia and the Battle of the Granicus	354
Alexander's Conquest of Asia Minor	554
Alexander's Victory at Issus	678
The Famous Siege of Tyre	818
"ALICE IN WONDERLAND." See "Carroll."	
ARCTIC. See "Pole."	
ARMENIA AND CUBA	<i>Talcott Williams</i>
ART, AMERICAN	634
ART. See "Old English Masters," "Stuart," "De Monvel."	<i>Editorial</i>
ARTISTS, AMERICAN, "THE CENTURY'S" SERIES OF.	955
Ross Turner	<i>W. Lewis Fraser</i>
With a picture of "The Golden Galleon," printed in tint, facing page 641.	797
Mary Cassatt	<i>Arthur Hoeber</i>
Julian Alden Weir	<i>Henry Eckford</i>
ATHENS, THE AMERICAN SCHOOL AT. See "Corinth."	851, 956
AUNT CINTHY'S VALUMTINE	<i>Martha Young</i>
AUTHOR AND MAN OF ACTION	<i>Editorial</i>
BETHLEHEM. See "Christmas."	477
	473

	PAGE
BRITISH EXPERIENCE IN THE GOVERNMENT OF COLONIES.....	<i>James Bryce</i> 718
CALCULATING BORE, A.	<i>Charles Battell Loomis</i> 800
CANALS.	
Advantages of the Nicaragua Canal.....	<i>Capt. A. S. Crowninshield, U. S. N.</i> 458
A Word in Favor of the Panama Canal.....	<i>E. V. Smalley</i> 476
CARLYLE'S DRAMATIC PORTRAYAL OF CHARACTER.....	<i>Florence Hotchkiss</i> 415
CARLYLES IN SCOTLAND, THE	<i>John Patrick</i>321, 475
Portraits and pictures by Harry Fenn, after photographs by the author.	
CARROLL'S (LEWIS) CHILD FRIENDS, SOME OF. With Unpublished Letters }	
by the Author of "Alice in Wonderland"	<i>S. D. Collingwood</i> 231
With a portrait of the original "Alice."	
CAT ALLEY, THE PASSING OF	<i>Jacob A. Riis</i> 166
Pictures by Jay Hambidge.	
"CENTURY'S, THE," PRIZE MANUSCRIPTS	105, 155, 305, 415
"CHILDHOOD, THE SECRET-LANGUAGE OF." A Note.....	<i>A. M. Keith</i> 316
CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM	<i>J. James Tissot</i> 176
CHRISTMAS EVE, UNCLE 'RIAN'S	<i>Ruth McEnery Stuart</i> 220
Pictures by Edward Potthast.	
CIVIL SERVICE. See "Political Reform."	
CLEMENS, SAMUEL L. See "Mark Twain."	
CLUB-WOMEN	<i>Margaret Sutton Briscoe</i> 315
COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS. See "Old English Masters."	
COLONIES, THE GOVERNMENT OF, BRITISH EXPERIENCE IN	<i>James Bryce</i> .. 718
CONSULAR SYSTEM OF OTHER NATIONS, AN INQUIRY INTO THE.....	<i>George McAneny</i> 604
CORINTH, AMERICAN DISCOVERIES AT, INCLUDING A RELIC OF ST. PAUL.....	<i>Rufus B. Richardson</i> 852
Pictures by C. M. Relyea, E. C. Peixotto, C. A. Vanderhoof, from photographs.	
CORN, CONCERNING, AND THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI FARMER.....	<i>Albert Shaw</i> 635
CUBA AND ARMENIA.....	<i>Talcott Williams</i> 634
CUBA. See "The Spanish War."	
CURING OF KATE NEGLEY, THE.....	<i>Lucy S. Furman</i> 542
Picture by C. M. Relyea.	
DE MONVEL, MAURICE BOUTET, THE PAINTER	<i>Marie L. Van Vorst</i> 572
Pictures by Maurice Boutet de Monvel, and a portrait.	
DICKENS AND FROEBEL.....	<i>Editorial</i> 632
DICKENS, CHARLES, WHAT HE DID FOR CHILDHOOD. His Work in Education.....	<i>James L. Hughes</i> 493
Pictures by Albert E. Sterner, and portraits; decorations by Frank French.	
EGYPT. See "Nile."	
ENGRAVING, WOOD.....	<i>Editorial</i> 474
FRANCE. See "World's Fair."	
FRANKLIN, THE MANY-SIDED	<i>Paul Leicester Ford</i>
With pictures by B. West Clinedinst, C. A. Vanderhoof, W. B. Closson, George F. Arata, Albert Rosenthal, Hoppner, Trumbull, Kenneth H. Miller, George A. Williams, Otto H. Bacher; decorations by H. M. Lawrence, F. C. Gordon; autographs, portraits, facsimiles, etc.	
Franklin's Family Relations	30
Franklin's Physique, Illnesses, and Medical Theories.....	284
Franklin's Schooling and Self-Culture—His Services to Education—His Library.....	395
Franklin's Religion	502
Franklin as Printer and Publisher	803
FROEBEL AND DICKENS	<i>Editorial</i> 632
GEORGE, HENRY, IN CALIFORNIA	<i>Noah Brooks</i> 549
With a portrait.	
HEROES OF PEACE.	
Heroes of the Railway Service.	
I. Notes from Experience	<i>Charles De Lano Hine</i> 653
II. General View	<i>Gustav Kobbé</i> 656
Pictures by Jay Hambidge.	
HIS WIFE	<i>Mrs. Poultney Bigelow</i> 422

INDEX.

v

	PAGE
INDIAN PRINCE, AT THE COURT OF AN..... Pictures by the author.	R. D. Mackenzie..... 641
JACK Pictures by Jay Hambidge.	Abbe Carter Goodloe..... 834
JERUSALEM, ROUND ABOUT..... Pictures from the author's "Life of Christ."	J. James Tissot..... 859
"LADY WHO HAS JUST LEFT THE ROOM, THE"	Editorial..... 955
LIMERICK TIGERS, THE..... Pictures by Frederick D. Steele.	Harry Stillwell Edwards.... 467
LIQUID AIR. See "Zero."	
"LONDON TIMES" OF 1904, FROM THE... ..	Mark Twain 100
LOWELL'S IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN. From Unpublished Official Despatches of... .. With a Prefatory Note on Spanish Politics.....	James Russell Lowell..... 140 A. A. Adee.
MADRID. See "The Spanish War."	
"MAINE," PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE. See "The Spanish War."	
MANILA. See "The Spanish War."	
MARK TWAIN IN CALIFORNIA..... With a portrait.	Noah Brooks..... 97
"MERRIMAC," THE SINKING OF THE. See "The Spanish War."	
MITCHELL, S. WEIR..... With a frontispiece portrait (facing page 1) drawn by Cecilia Beaux and printed in color.	Talcott Williams 136
NAMING OF THE MINOR PROPHETS, THE	Marion Alexander Haskell .. 157
NEW RACE, THE	Margaret Sutton Briscoe 315
NEW YORK LIFE.	
The Passing of Cat Alley	Jacob A. Riis 166
Pictures by Jay Hambidge.	
Riis's (Mr.) Lay Sermon.....	Editorial..... 315
NICARAGUA. See "Canals."	
NILE, HARNESSING THE	Frederic Courtland Penfield 483
Pictures by R. Talbot Kelly.	
NOT IN IT. Picture by	Mary Baker Baker..... 480
OLD ENGLISH MASTERS	John C. Van Dyke.
With engravings by Timothy Cole.	
Sir Henry Raeburn.....	48, 264, 707
John Opie.....	482, 579
George Morland	802
PANAMA. See "Canals."	
PARIS EXPOSITION. See "World's Fair."	
PILGRIMS TO MECCA	Mary Hallock Foote 742
Pictures by the author.	
POLE, NORTH, ON THE WAY TO THE. The Wellman Polar Expedition.....	Walter Wellman..... 531
Pictures by M. J. Burns, Malcolm Fraser, and W. Taber, from photographs by the author.	
POLITICAL REFORM	Editorial.
"Exceptions" or "Inclusions" in the Civil Service	154
What is Executive Ability?.....	154
"Loose, Disunited, and Unrelated"	314
Some Timely Considerations	474
"American Common Sense"	795
QUESTION OF HAPPINESS, A.....	Grace Margaret Gallaher.... 106
Picture by Bernard Rosenmeyer.	
REFORMATION OF UNCLE BILLY, THE.....	Ellis Parker Butler..... 538
Pictures by Frederick D. Steele.	
ST. PAUL. See "Corinth."	
SAMPSON, WILLIAM T., REAR-ADMIRAL U. S. N. See "The Spanish War."	
SANTIAGO. See "The Spanish War."	
SHERMAN'S (GENERAL) TOUR OF EUROPE. Extracts from the Diary of ..	William Tecumseh Sherman. 729, 866
With portraits and a picture.	

SOCIAL SUBJECTS, SHORT ESSAYS ON.

- Club-Women *Margaret Sutton Briscoe* 156
 The New Race *Margaret Sutton Briscoe* 315

SPANISH WAR, THE.

- Personal Narrative of the "Maine." By her Commander *Capt. Chas. D. Sigbee, U. S. N.* 74
 241, 373

Pictures by H. F. Sprague, George Varian, C. M. Relyea, Malcolm Fraser; portraits, photographs by
 E. H. Hart and others, maps, etc.

- Why We Won at Manila *Lieut. B. A. Fiske, U. S. N.* 127
 Lowell's Impressions of Spain. From Unpublished Official Despatches of... *James Russell Lowell* 140
 With a Prefatory Note on Spanish Politics *A. A. Ade*.

Life and Society in Old Cuba. From the Journal of..... *Jonathan S. Jenkins* 148, 310

"The Century's" New War Series..... *Editorial* 153

The Sinking of the "Merrimac" *Richmond Pearson Hobson,*
Naval Constructor U. S. N.... 265, 427, 580, 752

With portraits, pictures by Howard F. Sprague, George Varian, C. M. Relyea, Harry Fenn, photo-
 graphs, maps, plans, etc.

Sidneys of Our Day *Editorial* 314

Portrait of Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, U. S. N. Printed in tint, facing page 321

An American in Madrid during the War *Edmond Kelly* 450

Typical Heroism *Editorial* 475

The Capture of Santiago de Cuba. By the Commander of the Expedition. *William R. Shafter,*
Major-General U. S. V. ... 612

An Achievement and a Hope *Editorial* 631

A Little Epic of Kindness *Editorial* 631

The United States Army Ration in the Tropics..... *Louis Livingston Seaman* ... 633

Cuba and Armenia *Talcott Williams* 634

The "Winslow" at Cardenas *J. B. Bernadou,*
Lieutenant U. S. N. 698

Cable-Cutting at Cienfuegos *Cameron McR. Winslow,*
Lieutenant U. S. N. 708

Scenes in the Spanish Capital *Arthur Houghton* 779

The Capture of Manila *Francis V. Greene,*
Major-General U. S. V. 785, 915

The Atlantic Fleet in the Spanish War *William T. Sampson,*
Rear-Admiral U. S. N..... 886

The Surrender of Manila *John T. McOutcheon*..... 935

The Battle of Manila Bay..... *E. P. Wood,*
Commander U. S. N...... 957

STUART'S (GILBERT) PORTRAITS OF WOMEN *Charles Henry Hart.*

Mrs. Samuel Gatliff (Elizabeth Corbin Griffin) 696

Mrs. William Rawle (Sarah Coates Burge) 832

TEMPLE OF SOLOMON, A. *Margaret Sutton Briscoe* 692

THREE POINTS OF VIEW. Pictures by *Mary Baker Baker*..... 637

TRUMAN WICKWIRE'S GLOVES..... *Charles Battell Loomis*..... 317

Picture by Frederick D. Steele.

UNCLE 'RIAH'S CHRISTMAS EVE..... *Ruth McEnery Stuart* 220

Picture by Edward Potthast.

UNCLE STILL'S FAMOUS WEATHER PREDICTION. A Story of New Year's *Ruth McEnery Stuart* 345

Picture by Edward Potthast.

VIA CRUCIS. A Romance of the Second Crusade..... *F. Marion Crawford* 62
 With pictures by Louis Loeb. 189, 334, 521, 664, 943

VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER, THE..... *Frank R. Stockton*..... 52, 179

Pictures by R. B. Birch.

WARING, GEORGE E., JR. See "Author and Man of Action."

WELLMAN POLAR EXPEDITION. See "Pole."

INDEX.

vii

	PAGE
WOODHAVEN GOAT, THE	<i>Harry Stillwell Edwards</i> 791
Picture by Edward Potthast.	
WORLD'S FAIR IN FRANCE, BUILDING UP A	<i>Pierre de Coubertin</i> 114
Pictures by A. Castaigne.	
"ZERO, ABSOLUTE"	<i>Editorial</i> 955
ZERO, ABSOLUTE	<i>William Clark Peckham</i> 877
Pictures of experiments, etc.	

POETRY.

BALLAD OF CALNAN'S CHRISTMAS, THE	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i> 308
Picture by Jay Hambidge.	
BALLAD OF THE BALLADIST, A	<i>Annie Steger Winston</i> 160
BALLADE OF THE RHYMING DUELIST	<i>Beatrice Hanscom</i> 480
BLESSED PRESENT, THE	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> 426
BOND OF BLOOD, THE	<i>Will H. Thompson</i> 651
BUNK-SHANTY SONGS AND TALES	<i>Doane Robinson</i> 636
CATHEDRAL MURMUR, THE, COLOGNE	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> 663
CHILD'S PRIMER OF NATURAL HISTORY, A. Text and pictures by	<i>Oliver Herford.</i>
The Le-o-pard	158
The Hip-po-pot-am-us	158
The Ant	159
The Gi-raffe	159
The El-e-phant	319
The Wolf	319
The Rhi-no-ce-ros	319
The Dog	319
The Yak	478
The Cat	479
The Chim-pan-see	638
A Pen-guin	639
The Sloth	798
A Whale	799
The Plat-y-pus	959
A Seal	960
CHRISTMAS, CALNAN'S, THE BALLAD OF	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i> 308
Picture by Jay Hambidge.	
CHRISTMAS EVE	<i>Ednah Proctor Clarke</i> Preceding page 161
Pictures by Maxfield Parrish and decorations by Edward B. Edwards.	
CITIES OF HELL	<i>Stephen Phillips</i> 864
CONSOLATION	<i>Ida Ahlborn Weeks</i> 876
Picture by Edwin Murray McKay.	
DARKENED DAY, THE	<i>John Vance Cheney</i> 414
DEATH AFTER WAR	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i> 954
DREAM-GOD, THE	<i>Harold MacGrath</i> 800
DUOMO, THE, FLORENCE	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> 663
ESCAPE	<i>John White Chadwick</i> 548
FAIRY GRAVE, A	<i>John Vance Cheney</i> 492
FAREWELL, A	<i>Harriet Monroe</i> 578
FLOWER OF FAME, THE	<i>Robert Underwood Johnson</i> .. 850
GUIDARELLI, GUIDARELLO	<i>S. Weir Mitchell</i> 25
Pictures by Louis Loeb.	
GUIDE-POST, THE	<i>Susan Hartley Swett</i> 320

	PAGE
HAZARD OF LOVE, A	William Sharp..... 51
IF I REMEMBER YOU.....	Sarah Piatt..... 178
"IF YOU 'LL NOT LOVE ME, DEAR"	Julie M. Lippmann..... 480
IN SUTHERLAND.....	Henry Johnston..... 800
JONATHAN AND JOHN	Charles G. D. Roberts..... 331
MAGNOLIA FLOWER, TO A, IN THE GARDEN OF THE ARMENIAN CONVENT.....	S. Weir Mitchell..... 161
Pictures by Albert Herter.	
ODD	Catharine Young Glen..... 477
OLD STORY, THE	Priscilla Leonard..... 160
ON A BOY'S FIRST READING OF "KING HENRY V".....	S. Weir Mitchell..... 332
Picture by Rosa Turner.	
ON AND OFF.....	Charlotte Fiske Bates..... 320
ORATOR, THE.....	George Edward Woodberry.. 630
POOR LITTLE JANE.....	John Vance Cheney..... 677
POPULAR MODEL, A	Beatrice Hanscom..... 640
PROBLEM, A	Ednah Proctor Clarke..... 638
RECIPROCITY	Mary A. Mason..... 635
RECRIMINATION	Ella Wheeler Wilcox..... 914
ROAD 'TWIXT HEAVEN AND HELL, THE.....	Anna Hempstead Branch.... 305
Pictures by Henry McCarter.	
SECRET WOE, A	Carolyn Wells..... 798
SILENCE	Peter McArthur..... 706
SONG, A	Charles G. D. Roberts..... 135
STAY-AT-HOME, THE	George Weymouth..... 960
STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER	Paul Laurence Dunbar 61
SUNSETS.....	Ida Ahlborn Weeks..... 530
TOAST, A.....	Catharine Young Glen..... 640
TWO PLAYERS AND THEIR PLAY	Beatrice Hanscom..... 958
TWO POINTS OF VIEW	Julia Boynton Green..... 320
VALENTINE	Curtis Hidden Page..... 640
VILLAGE COWARD, THE	Mary Herri Chapman..... 640
WAR SONG OF TYROL, A	S. Weir Mitchell..... 520
Decorations by Henry McCarter.	
"WAY IN DE WOODS. AN' NOBODY DAR"	James D. Corrothers..... 959
WORLD-LANGUAGE	Charles Love Benjamin..... 480
"YOU TAUGHT ME MEMORY"	Curtis Hidden Page..... 457

S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D., LL.D.

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NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 1.



ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

HIS BOYHOOD AND THE ASSASSINATION OF PHILIP.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,

Professor of Greek, Cornell University.

NO single personality, excepting the carpenter's son of Nazareth, has done so much to make the world of civilization we live in what it is as Alexander of Macedon. He leveled the terrace upon which European history built. Whatever lay within the range of his conquests contributed its part to form that Mediterranean civilization which, under Rome's administration, became the basis of European life. What lay beyond was as if on another planet. Alexander checked his eastward march at the Sutlej, and India and China were left in a world of their own, with their own mechanisms for man and society, their own theories of God and the world. Alexander's world, to which we all belong, went on its own separate way until, in these latter days, a new greed of conquest, begotten of commercial ambition, promises at last to level the barriers which through the centuries have stood as monuments to the outmost stations of the Macedonian phalanx, and have divided the world of men in twain.

The story of the great Macedonian's life, inseparable as it is from history in its widest range, stands none the less in stubborn protest against that view of history which makes it a thing of thermometers and the

rain-gage, of rivers and mountains, weights and values, materials, tools, and machines. It is a history warm with the life-blood of a man. It is instinct with personality, and speaks in terms of the human will and the soul. History and biography blend. Events unfold in an order that conforms to the opening intelligence and forming will of personality, and matter is the obedient tool of spirit. The story of the times must therefore be told, if truly told, in terms of a personal experience. When and where the personal Alexander was absent from the scene, history in those days either tarried or moved in eddies; the current was where he was. This will be excuse enough for making this narrative of a great historic period peculiarly the story of a man, and not merely of a conqueror.

Plutarch says that King Philip of Macedonia, shortly after the capture of Potidæa, received three different pieces of good news. He learned that "Parmenion, his general, had overthrown the Illyrians in a great battle, that his race-horse had won the course at the Olympic games, and that his wife had given birth to Alexander." Another story tells how on the very night of the birth an ominous calamity fell upon Asia: the temple of the great Diana of the Ephesians went

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up in flames. So events tend to swarm together in history—at least, in the telling of history. The year was undoubtedly 356 B. C., and the best combination of all the indications we have makes the month October, though Plutarch, in deference to the horse-race, says it was July.

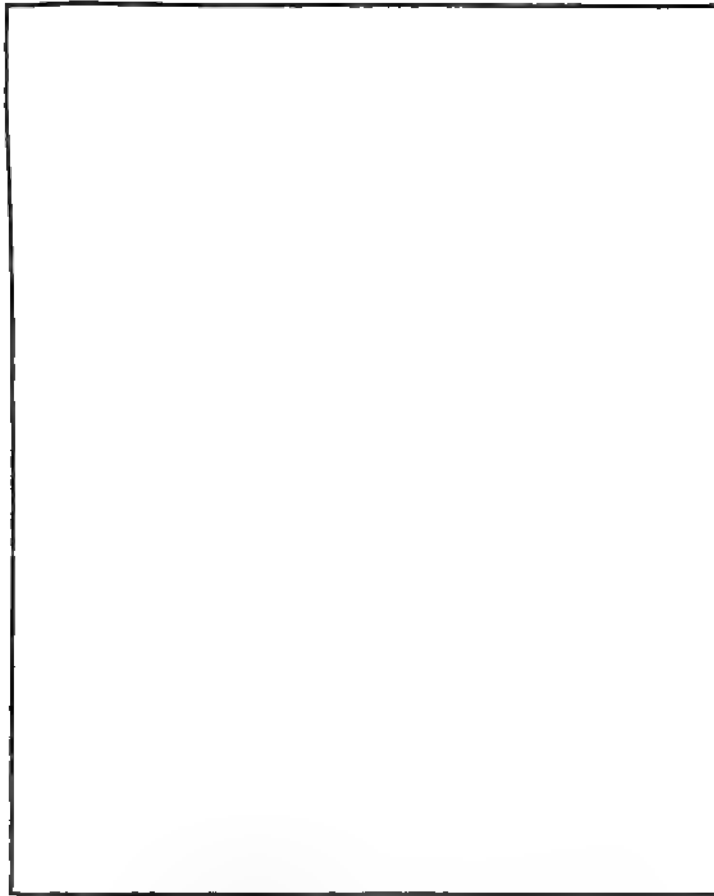
Philip had been three years on the throne of Macedon. The year before he had occupied Amphipolis, and so opened for his little state a breathing-place on the *Ægean*; at the same time he introduced it to the long struggle with Athens. Athens herself, two hundred miles off to the south, was in the midst of a war that was to cost her the most of her island empire in the *Ægean*. This or the following year marked, too, the publication of Xenophon's pamphlet "On the Revenues," and of Isocrates's essay "On the Peace." Demosthenes, twenty-eight years old, was just entering on his career as statesman and public orator. *Æschines* was thirty-four. Aristotle, the future tutor of Alexander, was twenty-eight. Plato, seventy-one years old, had nine years more to live; Xenophon had one, Isocrates eighteen. An old order for which Athens and Sparta had made the history was just dying

out, and a new order, with new men and new motives, was coming in.

The child whose destiny it was to give this new world its shape was born outside the pale of the older world, and in his blood joined the blood of two lines of ancient Northern kings. Alexander's mother was Olympias, the daughter of Neoptolemus, King of Epirus, who traced his lineage back through a distinguished line to Neoptolemus, the son of the hero Achilles. So it was said, or, as Plutarch puts it, "confidently believed," that Alexander was descended on his father's side from Hercules, through Caranus, and on his mother's from *Æacus*, through Neoptolemus. Plutarch does not even withhold from us a story of Philip's falling in love that constitutes a fair parallel to what we know of his promptitude and directness of action in other fields. "Philip is said to have fallen in love with Olympias at Samothrace, where they happened to be initiated together into a religious circle, he being a mere stripling, and she an orphan. And having obtained the consent of her brother Arymbas, he shortly married her." Refreshing as it is to read of a marriage for love in these old Greek

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE RUINS OF AMPHIPOLIS—VALLEY OF THE STRYMON. (SEE TEXT, PAGE 2, AND MAP, PAGE 10.)



MARBLE HEAD OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. FOUND AT PTOLEMAIS, IN EGYPT;
RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.

times, it must be reported that the match was never a happy one.

They were both persons of decided individuality, and in both the instinct of self-preservation was strongly developed. Both were preëminently ambitious, aggressive, and energetic; but while Philip's ambition was guided by a cool, crafty sagacity, that of his queen manifested itself rather in impetuous outbursts of almost barbaric emotion. In her joined a marvelous compound of the mother, the queen, the shrew, and the witch. The passionate ardor of her nature found its fullest expression in the wild ecstasies and crude superstitions of her native religious rites. "Another account is," says Plutarch, "that all the women of this country, having always been addicted to the Orphic and the Dionysiac mystery-rites, imitated largely the practices of the Edonian and Thracian women about Mount Hæmus, and that Olympias, in her abnormal zeal to surround these states of trance and inspiration with

more barbaric dread, was wont in the sacred dances to have about her great tame serpents, which, sometimes creeping out of the ivy and the mystic fans, and sometimes winding themselves about the staffs and the chaplets which the women bore, presented a sight of horror to the men who beheld."

While it was from his father that Alexander inherited his sagacious insight into men and things, and his brilliant capacity for timely and determined action, it was to his mother that he undoubtedly owed that passionate warmth of nature which betrayed itself not only in the furious outbursts of temper occasionally characteristic of him, but quite as much in a romantic fervor of attachment and love for friends, a delicate tenderness of sympathy for the weak, and a princely largeness and generosity of soul toward all, that made him so deeply beloved of men and so enthusiastically followed. His deep religious sentiment, which, wherever he was, carried him beyond the limits of mere respect for the proprieties of form

and mere regard for political expediencies, and held him at temple and oracle in awe before the mysteries of the great unseen, stamped him, too, as the son of Olympias.

changes of attitude and plan in the very face of action involved no difficulty. They rather served his purpose, and were his wont. He remained, as he wished to remain, a puzzle to his foes, and a mystery to his friends.

His character was full of apparent contradictions. Perhaps, after all, it was only his extraordinary versatility that was responsible for them. At one time he appears as a creature of passion enraged by anger or lust, again he is cool, deliberate, calculating, when others are carried away with excitement or prejudice; now he is a half-savage, again he is a smooth, subtle, temperate Greek; now he is pitilessly brutal, again he is generous and large-hearted; now he gives himself, body and soul, to some petty aim of lust or envy, again he is the prophet and preacher of a national ideal. In everything he was, however, a strong individuality. His personality dominated every enterprise in which he was concerned. He was a natural leader of men. He could organize as well as lead. He not only made himself absolute master of Macedon, but he so organized its force that it became of permanent value and could be transmitted to his successor. His organizing talent was, however, military rather than political. He lacked that fine

HEAD OF ALEXANDER, OBVERSE OF ONE OF THE GOLD MEDALLIONS OF TARSUS.

See the note to the medallion on page 19.

In Philip there predominated the characteristics which mark in modern times the practical politician. He was sagacious and alert of mind. His eye followed sharply and unceasingly every turn of events that might yield him an advantage. The weakness, the embarrassment, the preoccupation, of his opponent, he always made his opportunity. He was a keen judge of character, and adapted himself readily to those with whom he came in contact. He knew how to gratify the weaknesses, ambitions, lusts, and ideals of men, and chain them to his service. Few who came in contact with him failed to be captivated by him. He was perfectly unscrupulous as to the methods to be employed in attaining an end. Nothing of the sort ordinarily known as principles ever impeded his movement. He was an opportunist of the deepest dye. Flattery, promises, beneficence, cruelty, deceit, and gold he used when and where each would avail; but bribery was his most familiar tool. He allowed no one to reckon with him as a constant quantity. His ultimate plans and purposes were concealed from friends and foes alike. In announcing his decisions and proclaiming his views, he followed the ordinary politician's watchword: "We will not cross the bridge till we come to it." As success was to him the only right, and availability the only justice, radical

REVERSE OF THE ABOVE MEDALLION: ALEXANDER AND THE LION, AFTER THE STATUARY GROUP BY LYSIPPUS, CALLED "ALEXANDER'S HUNT," IN COMMEMORATION OF A FACT IN ALEXANDER'S LIFE. ALEXANDER FOLLOWED THE EXAMPLE OF ORIENTAL MONARCHS IN CULTIVATING THIS EXERCISE, AND LYSIPPUS THAT OF ORIENTAL ARTISTS IN DEPICTING IT.

sense for the civic and religious instincts of other peoples which developed in his son the capacity for founding empire as well as leading

armies. And yet without him Alexander's achievements would have been impossible.

Philip's great permanent achievements are two: the first is the organization of a power which Alexander was able, after him, to use for the founding of an empire; the second is the formulation and practical initiation of the idea of uniting Greece through a great national undertaking. These two are enough to set upon him the stamp of greatness. He was certainly great—great in personal force, in practical alertness, in organizing talent, and in sagacious intelligence. Theopompus says well: "Taking all in all, Europe has never seen such a man as the son of Amyntas."

So much for the parents of Alexander. How truly he was their son the story of his life will tell. The improvement which he made upon their record, particularly in point of greater self-restraint, of higher and more ideal interests, and of nobler ideas of life and duty, this is to be traced, at least in some degree, to his excellent training and education.

Alexander was born at Pella, the city which his father, in place of ancient *Ægæ*, had made the capital of Macedonia. Hard by a vast swamp lake, and on the banks of the sluggish *Ludias*, it stood near the center of the plain which formed the nucleus of the little kingdom. The sea, the modern Gulf of Saloniki, was twenty miles away. Twenty miles to the east or west or north brought one to the foot-hills of the highlands that raised their amphitheater about the plain. One great river, the *Axius*, modern *Vardar*, came down through the northern hills and traversed the plain. The *Ludias* was a lesser stream a little to the west. From the west, draining the mountain-locked plain of *Elimea*, came the *Haliacmon*. Philip's ancestors from their old citadel at *Ægæ*, near the modern *Vodena*, had long ruled the plain, and various tribes in the highlands behind had recognized a more or less stable allegiance to their power. Such were the *Elimiotæ* of the *Haliacmon* valley, the *Lyncestæ* of the *Erigon* valley, and the *Pæonians* on the upper courses of the *Axius*. The congeries of tribes which made up this loosely jointed Macedonian state covered a territory, exclud-

ing *Pæonia*, about the size and shape of Connecticut and Rhode Island. The sea-coast in Philip's early days was occupied by a fringe of Greek settlements, and the early history of Macedonia is that of an inland state. Not until it acquired a sea-coast did it figure as an international quantity.

The people themselves were a plain, hardy, peasant population, preserving the older conditions of life and the older institutions of the kingship and the tribal organization—

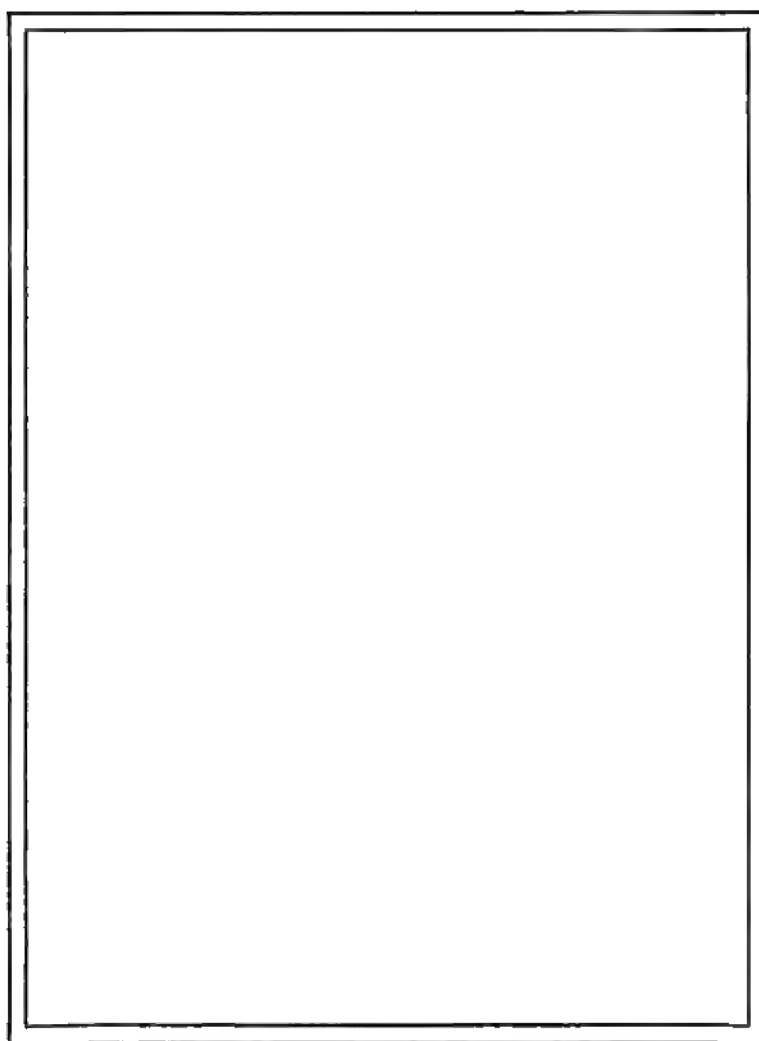
much, indeed, as they appear in the society of Homer's times. Only among the Spartans, the Molossians, and the Macedonians, says Aristotle, had the form of the ancient kingship survived, and only among the Macedonians the full exercise of its prerogatives. The consolidation of the classes into a strong opposition, which in the other states had first, in the form of an aristocratic opposition, throttled the kingship, and later, in the form of a democratic opposition, throttled the aristocracy, was in Macedonia prevented by the predominance of pea-

sant life and the persistence of tribal unity. The state consisted of tribes and clans, not divided into orders and classes. The kingship belonged always in one and the same family, but definite rules for the succession within the family seem not to have been fully established. Seniority alone was not enough to determine a selection among the princes. In the turmoils that almost certainly followed the death of a king, force, daring, and leadership often asserted, by a species of natural right, their superior claim.

The larger landed proprietors owed to the king a military allegiance as vassals and companions-at-arms, and constituted a body known as the *hetairoi* (companions), not unlike the *comitatus* of the early Germans. The army consisted entirely of the free landholding peasantry. Mercenaries were unknown. It was this force that the stern discipline and careful organization of Philip raised into the most terrible war-machine that ancient Greece had ever yet known, in firmness and energy the equal of the Spartan, in size, organization, and suppleness immeasurably its superior. That the Macedonians were Greek by race there can be no

THE NAPOLEON MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF JENA.

It is clear by comparison with the reverse of the medal on the previous page that Napoleon's medalist borrowed from the Roman medals of Commodus and Constantine what the medalists of their day had taken from those of Alexander.



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

ARISTOTLE. AFTER THE STATUE IN THE SPADA PALACE, ROME.

longer any doubt. They were the northernmost fragments of the race left stranded behind the barriers of Olympus. They had not shared the historical experience of their kinsmen to the south, and had not been kneaded with the mass. If isolation from the Ægean had withheld them from progress in the arts of civilization, still they had kept the freshness and purity of the Northern blood better than those who had mixed with the primitive populations of Greece and were sinking the old fair-haired, blue-eyed type of the Northmen in the dark-haired type of the South. It is the experience of history that force and will must be continually replenished from the North, and the Macedonians were waiting only for their turn.

Their language, mere patois as it was, and

never used, so far as we know, in written form, has left evidences of its Greek character in stray words that have crept into the glossaries, and from soldiers' lips into the common speech. It is evident that the dialect was regarded as so base a patois that even when Macedon rose to world-power no attempt was made to elevate it into use as a literary language. The higher classes, presumably, all learned Attic Greek, much as the children in the Tyrol to-day are taught *Hochdeutsch*, which is to them a half-foreign tongue. Plutarch reports that Attic Greek was the medium of intercourse at Philip's court. Macedonian was, however, the common spoken language of the Macedonian soldiery. Thus Plutarch reports a scene in the camp before Eumenes's tent: "And

when they saw him, they saluted him in the Macedonian dialect, and took up their shields, and, striking them with their pikes, gave a great shout." That Alexander himself usually spoke Attic Greek may be inferred from the statement of Plutarch that when he did speak in Macedonian it was interpreted by his attendants as indicating unusual excitement or perturbation.

Rude people as the Macedonians were, we have no reason to think that the Greeks generally classed them as "barbarians." When Demosthenes seeks to arouse political antipathy against Philip by calling him and his people barbarians, we shall interpret his words as we do ante-election editorials, and not as a sober contribution to ethnology. Bitterest is his expression in a passage of the Third Philippic: "Philip—a man who not only is no Greek, and no way akin to the Greeks, but is not even a barbarian from a respectable country—no, a pestilent fellow of Macedon, a country from which we never get even a decent slave." If this tirade contains any basis of fact, it is that the Macedonians were rarely found in slavery, a testimony, on the one hand, to their own manliness, and, on the other, to their general recognition as Greeks. There is no evidence that Demosthenes's detestation of the Macedonians was commonly shared by his Athenian countrymen, though the two peoples surely had very little in common. In institutions, customs, and culture they represented the extreme contrast afforded within the limits of the Greek race.

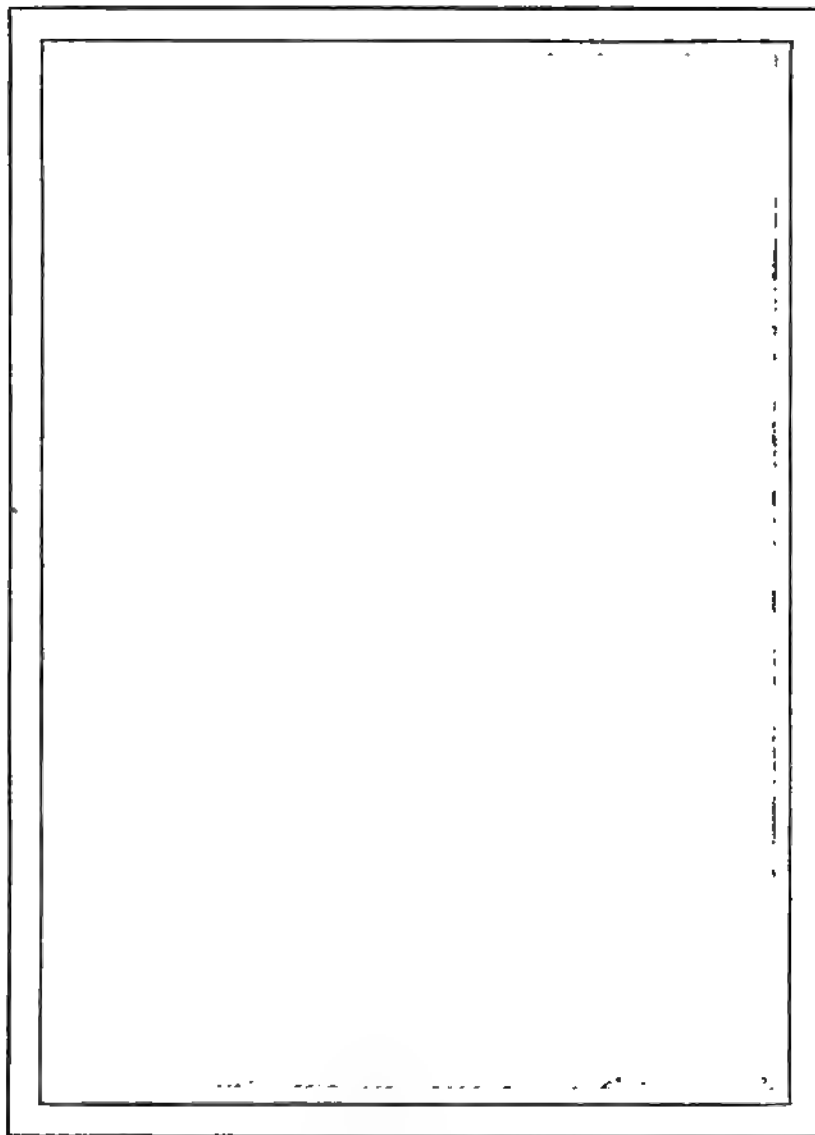
Whatever may have been the current opinions in Greece concerning the Macedonian people, there can be no doubt that their royal family had been for generations regarded with great respect. They claimed to be descended from the ancient royal family of Argos, a branch of which, tradition said, had in the early days of Grecian history taken refuge in the north. Though it is impossible for us to test the reliability of this tradition, or to determine whether the name borne by the family, the Argeadæ, is to be regarded as evidence to the truth of the tradition, or merely as the deceptive cause of its origin, certain it is that it was generally accepted among the Greeks, and had received the most decisive official verification from the highest Greek tribunal. When Alexander, a Macedonian king of the earlier part of the fifth century (498–454 B. C.), presented himself as a competitor at the Olympic games, Herodotus says that the other "competitors undertook to exclude him, say-

ing that barbarians had no right to enter the competition, but only Greeks. But when Alexander proved that he was an Argive, he was formally adjudged a Greek, and on participating in the race, he came off with the first prize."

It was this same king who, during the invasion of Xerxes, showed himself so firm a friend of the Greek cause as to win the title "Philhellene." The memory of his action on this occasion became an heirloom in his family. The espousal of Hellenic interests as against the power of Persia remained the policy and the ideal of his successors. It was left to his namesake, a century and a quarter after him, to realize the ideal in its fullest sense. However the other Greek states might vacillate in alternately opposing Persia or paying court to her, according to the momentary advantage, the Macedonian kings always remained firm in their hereditary aversion to the effeminate empire and civilization of the East; and in this we may find one of the strongest grounds of their popularity with the Greeks at large, as it surely also gave a certain moral basis for the claims of their ambition to lead the united force of Hellenism against the East.

Another family tradition that took its rise with Alexander the Philhellene, or perhaps even with his father, Amyntas (540–499), associated itself with the cultivation and patronage of the higher elements of Greek civilization. It was the natural tribute which the lesser pays the greater, but it was none the less a credit to have discerned the greater. Alexander's eagerness to participate in the Olympic games was part of a general desire to be recognized by the Greeks. He showed himself highly sensitive to their opinions about him. He sought the acquaintance and society of their eminent men, and brought it about that Pindar, then the first literary name of Greece, should celebrate his Olympic victories in verse.

The efforts to introduce Greek culture into Macedonian society, which began with Alexander the Philhellene, were continued under his successors. History gives us no connected account—only stray hints, but they are broad enough to follow. Greek settlers were welcomed. Men eminent in letters and in art were induced to visit the country and reside at court. Thus Alexander's immediate successor, Perdiccas II (454–413 B. C.), entertained at his court Melanippides, the dithyrambic poet of Melos, who was regarded as one of the foremost lyric composers of his day; and tradition,



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

THE TAMING OF BUCEPHALUS. (SEE PAGE 13.)

which was ever busy with the half-mythical career of Hippocrates, did not fail to report that the great physician had once been called to practise his art at the palace of the same king.

In the reign of the next king, Archelaus (413-399), the Philhellenist tendency, which had become almost a craze of imitation, reached its climax, and by developing a nationalist party drew after it a reaction. Archelaus sought to make his court a Weimar. Though Sophocles and Socrates declined his invitations, Euripides spent the last years of his life in Macedonia, dying

there in 406. The tragedian Agathon, the epic poet Choerilus, the musician and poet Timotheus, and the artist Zeuxis all resided there for longer or shorter periods, finding under the hospitable roof of the king a welcome refuge from the turmoils that the long course of the Peloponnesian war was bringing to the Greek states. Great progress was made in all the arts and practices of peaceful civilized life. Thucydides says of Archelaus: "He built the fortresses now existing in the country, and built direct roads, and, among other things, regulated the military system with provision of horses, equipment,

and the like, doing more than all the eight kings before him put together."

Though the progress of the country toward civilization was seriously retarded by the ten years of anarchy that followed this reign, and the various wars that intervened to disturb the succeeding reigns of Amyntas (389-369 B. C.), Alexander II (369-368), Ptolemæus (368-365), and Perdikkas III (365-359), the trend of events was ever toward bringing the country into closer, though often hostile, contact with central Greece.

It was an occurrence of no slight significance for the history of the land which he was afterward to rule when Philip, the son of Amyntas, was held three years (368-365) a hostage at Thebes—at a time, too, when Thebes, at the height of its political importance, was the leading military power of the day, and the home of Epaminondas, the greatest leader and military strategist that Greece had yet produced. The tendency of Macedonian politics for a century and a half before Philip had followed, as we have seen, the twofold inclination of the kings, first, to raise Macedonia to the rank of a Greek state and secure it participation in Hellenic affairs and Hellenic culture, and, second, to antagonize orientalism as expressed in the power of Persia. With Philip the course of events brought it about that these two inclinations naturally blended into one. After a peculiar combination of occurrences in the year 352 had given him a foothold in Thessaly and made him a party to the controversies of central Greece, he saw his way to a larger ambition, which combined all the ambitions of his predecessors, and more than fulfilled them. He and his people should become Greek in *leading* Greece, and in leading it against the *East*.

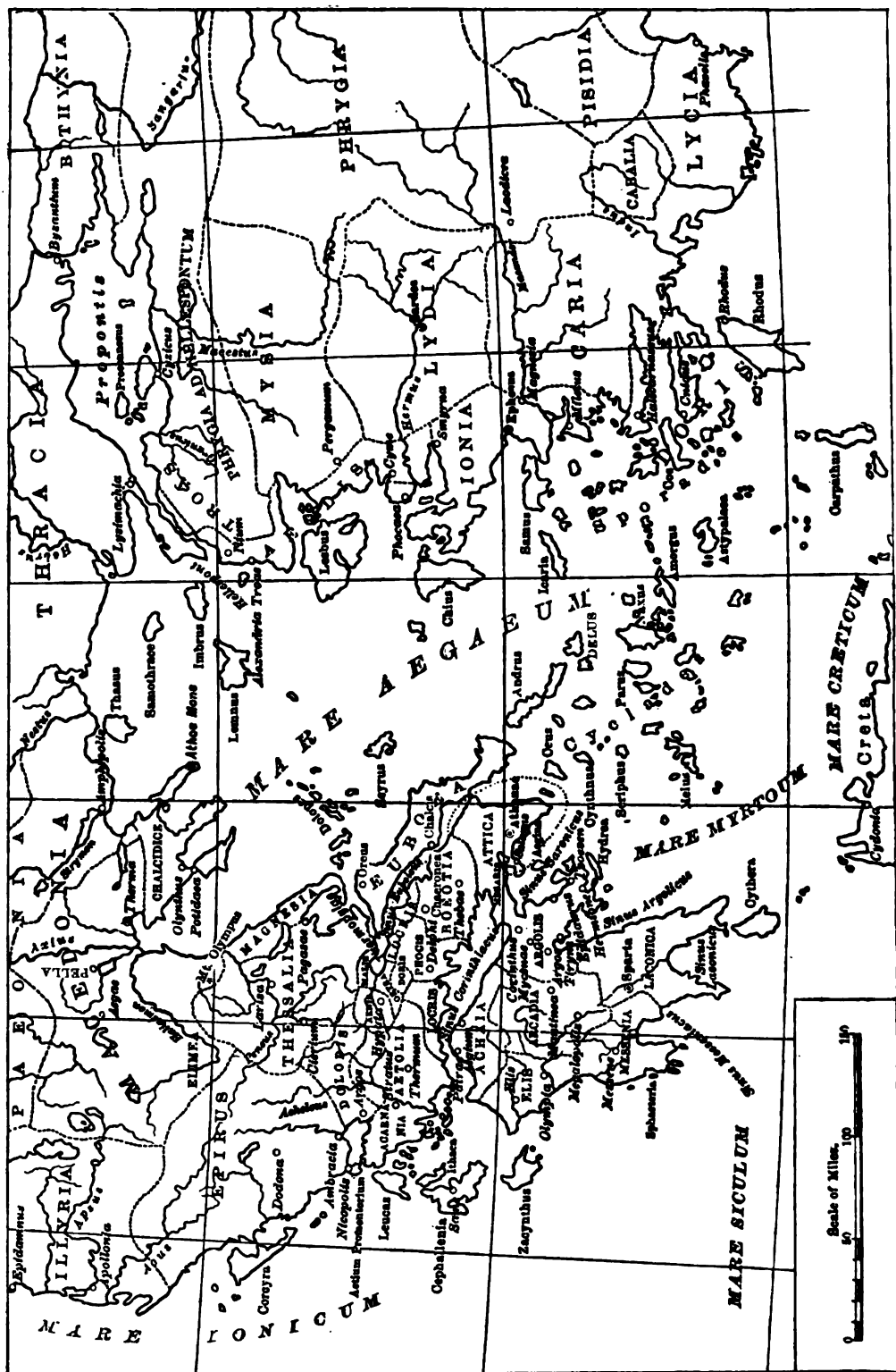
Philip ascended the throne in 359 B. C. Three years later Alexander was born prince and heir. We have seen the soil and the root from which he sprang. All his life is true to its source. In fresh, wild vigor he is a son of Macedon, in impulsive idealism the son of Olympias, in sagacity and organizing talent the son of Philip. But he was born to a throne, and, in his father's foresight, to a greater throne than that of little landlocked Macedonia, with its shepherds and peasants and country squires. Philip doubtless prided himself on being a "self-made" man; but his boy was to have an education that no Greek could despise.

While it would be evidently amiss in estimating the influence of Alexander's

education upon his character to compare inherited traits as subtrahend against the finished product as a minuend, the data which we fortunately possess concerning his early training, and our knowledge of the ideas and system of his later teacher Aristotle, afford, when combined with the clear picture history has left us of our hero's personality, an opportunity unparalleled in all the story of olden time of seeing what education can do for a man. Let the plain story of his boyhood yield its own lesson.

As was usual in all well-to-do Greek families, Alexander was first committed to the care of a nurse. Her name was Lanice, probably the familiar form of Hellanice. The first six years of his life were spent under her care, and a feeling of attachment developed toward her that lasted throughout his life. "He loved her as a mother," says an ancient writer. One of her children, Proteas, whom she nursed and brought up in company with the young prince, remained in after life one of his most intimate associates. All her sons afterward gave their lives in battle for him, and her one brother, Clitus, who was also a faithful friend, and at Granicus rescued him from death, was killed by his hand in a pitiful quarrel at a drinking-bout, a deed which brought him instant regret and fearful remorse. As he lay in his tears on the bed of repentance, the graphic account of Arrian tells how "he kept calling the name of Clitus, and the name of Lanice, Clitus's sister, who nursed and reared him—Lanice, the daughter of Dropides. 'Fair return I have made in manhood's years for thy nurture and care—thou who hast seen thy sons die fighting in my behalf; and now I have slain thy brother with mine own hand!'"

During these first six years we have no reason to suppose that our young hero's education differed essentially from that of other Greeks. The methods of the nursery are usually those of plain tradition, and are the last strongholds to be reached by the innovations of any newfangled systems of education. He grew up in the retirement of the women's quarters, in the company of other children, and with the customary solace of top and hoop, puppet and riding-horse, cradle-songs and nurses' tales. Of men he saw little, least of all during those militant years of his father, Philip. He was, through and through, a mother's boy. To her he had the stronger attachment, and from her he inherited the predominating traits of his spiritual character.



MAP OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ASIA MINOR.

With the beginning of his seventh year a Greek boy of the better class was usually intrusted to the care of a special male servant, called the *paidagogos*, or pedagogue. He was usually a slave, not necessarily one of much education, but a trustworthy, respectable, and generally elderly person, capable of teaching boys their "manners" and keeping them out of mischief. He accompanied the boy wherever he went, attended him to school, carrying his cither, or little harp, his books, tablets, etc., and remained there in waiting until the school-master, the *didaskalos*, was through with him. In Alexander's case more than this was done. The general oversight of his education was intrusted to a man of distinction and royal birth, one Leonidas, a relative of Alexander's mother, who, though he did not spurn the title "pedagogue" in so good a cause, was properly known as "educator" or "professor." He was, in reality, what we should call the prince's tutor. The position of pedagogue proper was held by an Acharnian named Lysimachus, a man whose witless mediocrity has been rescued from total oblivion by one happy "classical allusion." "Because," says Plutarch, "he named himself Phœnix, and Alexander Achilles, and Philip Peleus, he was esteemed and held the second rank [*i. e.*, among the educators of Alexander]."

Leonidas was essentially a harsh, stern disciplinarian. Alexander received under his tutelage an excellent physical education, and was trained to endure hardships and privations, and to abhor luxury. A passage in Plutarch's life of Alexander is in point here: "He was extremely temperate in eating and drinking, as is particularly well illustrated by what he said to Ada—the one whom he dignified with the title 'mother,' and established as Queen of Caria. She, as a friendly attention, used, it seems, to send him daily not only all sorts of meats and cakes, but went so far, finally, as to send him the cleverest cooks and bakers she could find. These, however, Alexander said he had no use for. Better cooks he had already—those which his pedagogue Leonidas had given him; namely, as breakfast-cook one named All-night-tramp, and as a dinner-cook one Light-weight-breakfast. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'that man Leonidas would go and unlock my chests where I kept my blankets and clothes, and look in them to see that my mother had not given me anything that I did not really need, or that conduced to luxury and indulgence.'" Another reference to Leoni-

das (Plutarch, chap. xxv) harmonizes reasonably with the foregoing. It again represents the tutor as a rigid inspector of details, and gives to his sternness a complementary shade of the petty economical. This is the story: "As he [Alexander] was sending off to Olympias and Cleopatra and his friends great quantities of the booty he had taken [from the sack of Gaza], he sent along with it, for his pedagogue Leonidas, five hundred talents of frankincense and a hundred talents of myrrh, in memory of a boyish dream of his youth. For it so happened once at a sacrifice that, as Alexander seized both hands full of the incense and threw it upon the fire, Leonidas called to him, and said: 'Sometime, if you get to be master of the land of spices, you can throw incense on lavishly like this, but for the present be economical in the use of what you have.' So now Alexander took the occasion to write to him: 'We send you frankincense and myrrh in abundance, so that you may make an end of economizing with the gods.'"

We may do the old tutor an injustice in attributing to him, on the basis of this incident alone, anything like smallness or meanness in character. The tendency of Alexander was naturally toward lavishness and recklessness. Leonidas sought, doubtless, to check this, and was remembered most distinctly by his former pupil in his favorite rôle of brake-man. And yet Leonidas cannot escape wholly the charge, which later opinion laid at his doors, of having carried his severity and martinetism too far, and of being thus in some measure responsible for certain faults, particularly of harshness, imperiousness, and arbitrariness, which showed themselves later in the bearing and temper of his pupil. Philip early recognized that a character of such strength as Alexander's was not to be controlled and trained in the school of arbitrary authority. He needed guidance, and not authority. He must be convinced and led, not driven. Thus Plutarch says: "Philip recognized that while his was a nature hard to move when once he had set himself to resist, he could yet be easily led by reason to do what was right. So he always himself tried to influence him by argument rather than command, and as he was unwilling to intrust the direction and training of his son to the teachers of music and the culture-studies, considering this to be a task of extraordinary importance and difficulty, or, as Sophocles has it, 'a job at once for many a bit and many a helm,' he sent for Aristotle, the most famous and learned of the philoso-

phers, to come to him." It does not by any means necessarily follow, from what Plutarch says, that Leonidas was dispossessed of his position as supervisor of the prince's education by the coming of Aristotle. He probably remained in at least nominal control, but it is certainly to be inferred from all that we hear about the later course of training that the all-important personal factor in it was Aristotle. The pedagogue proper, *i. e.*, Lysimachus, undoubtedly continued to act in the function of personal attendant, and we hear of him as still in the company of Alexander during the campaign in Syria, and when the latter was over twenty-three years old. The story which Plutarch tells about him in the "Vita" illustrates not only his amiable eccentricity of temper, but also, at the same time, the tenderness, generosity, and unselfish loyalty to friendship which were such marked features in Alexander's character. "During the progress of the siege of Tyre, on a foray-expedition which he made against the Arabs dwelling by Antilibanon, he came into great danger through his pedagogue Lysimachus. Lysimachus, namely, had insisted on following him everywhere, claiming that he was no less fit and no older than Homer's Phoenix. When now, on entering the mountain regions, they were obliged to leave their horses and go afoot, Lysimachus became exhausted and was unable to advance. The rest of the company was far in advance, but Alexander could not bring himself to leave his old friend there alone, with the night coming down and the enemy close at hand. So he stayed by him, and kept cheering him on and trying to help him forward, until, without its being noticed, he, with a few attendants, became separated from the army, and found himself obliged to bivouac there in the darkness and the bitter cold, and that, too, in a grimly disagreeable and dangerous position. After a while he descried at some distance from him various scattered campfires of the enemy. Relying upon his fleetness of foot, and with his usual fondness for encouraging his people by personal participation in toil and peril, he made a dash against the company at the nearest watch-fire. Two barbarians who were sitting there by the fire he despatched with his knife, and then, seizing a firebrand, made off with it to his own people. Then they built a great fire, so that some of the enemy were frightened and fled. Others who essayed to attack them they repulsed. Thus they spent the night in safety. This is the story as Chares tells it."

To return now to the boy Alexander. We

have good reason to justify the opinion of his father, Philip, that the training of such a fellow demanded the best coöperative steering endeavors of "many a bit and many a helm." He was not at all what is ordinarily called the "bad boy"—rather the contrary. But he was restless, energetic, fearless, headstrong, and self-willed, though his self-will was that of an intelligent, inventive independence, rather than pure stubbornness. The famous story of the taming of Bucephalus contains a full body of doctrine on this subject, and, as its accord with later developments in the character of Alexander is too unmistakable to admit of any doubt as to its authenticity, we give it in full as Plutarch tells it. From the context in which the narrative appears, we infer with reasonable certainty that Alexander at the time was about twelve years old.

"Philonicus of Thessaly had offered to sell Philip his horse Bucephalus for thirteen talents. So they all went down into the plain to try the animal. He proved, however, to be balky and utterly useless. He would let no one mount him, and none of the attendants of Philip could make him hear to him, but he violently resisted them all. Philip, in his disgust, ordered the horse led away as being utterly wild and untrained. Whereat, Alexander, who was present, said: 'That is too good a horse for those men to spoil that way, simply because they have n't the skill or the grit to handle him right.' At first Philip paid no attention to him, but as he kept insisting on being heard and seemed greatly disturbed about the matter, his father said to him: 'What do you mean by criticizing your elders, as if you were wiser than they, or knew so much more about handling a horse than they do?' 'Well, this horse, anyway, I would handle better than any one else, if they would give me a chance.' 'In case you don't succeed,' rejoined his father, 'what penalty are you willing to pay for your freshness?' 'I'll pay, by Jove, the price of the horse!' Laughter greeted this answer, but after some bantering with his father about the money arrangements, he went straight to the horse, took him by the bridle, and turned him around toward the sun. This he did on the theory that the horse's fright was due to seeing his own shadow dance up and down on the ground before him. He then ran along by his side awhile, patting and coaxing him, until, after a while, seeing he was full of fire and spirit and impatient to go, he quietly threw off his coat, and swinging himself up, sat securely

astride the horse. Then he guided him about for a while with the reins, without striking him or jerking at the bit. When now he saw that the horse was getting over his nervousness and was eager to gallop ahead, he let him go, driving him on with a sterner voice and with kicks of his foot. In the group of onlookers about Philip there prevailed, from the first, the silence of intensely anxious concern. But when the boy turned the horse and came galloping up to them with pride and joy in his face, they all burst out into a cheer. His father, they say, shed tears for very joy, and, as he dismounted, kissed him on the head, and said: 'My son, seek thee a kingdom suited to thy powers; Macedonia is too strait for thee.'

Bucephalus became from this time the property and the inseparable companion of Alexander. He accompanied him on his campaigns, "sharing many toils and dangers with him," and was generally the horse ridden by him in battle. No one else was ever allowed to mount him, as Arrian says, "because he deemed all other riders unworthy." He is reported to have been a magnificent black charger of extraordinary size, and to have been marked with a white spot on the forehead.

From boyhood on, nothing is more characteristic of Alexander than his restless passion for reshaping and subduing. He bore no marks of indolence of will. Action was almost a mania with him. A naïve remark of his boyhood shows how the child was father of the man. "Whenever news was brought of Philip's victories, the capture of a city or the winning of some great battle, he never seemed greatly rejoiced to hear it; on the contrary, he used to say to his playfellows: 'Father will get everything in advance, boys; he won't leave any great task for me to share with you.' . . . He deliberately preferred as his inheritance, not treasures, not luxury and pleasures, but toils, wars, and ambitions."

By nature he was fervently passionate and impulsive, and it was only a magnificent force of will that enabled him to hold rein upon his passions. The struggle for self-control began in his boyhood. "Even in boyhood," the ancient biographer says, "he showed a tendency to moderation and self-control, in that, though naturally violent and easily swayed by passion, he was not readily inflamed in the enjoyment of bodily pleasures, and handled them mildly." Self-subduing was only a manifestation of the supreme passion for bringing his environment under

the control of his personality; he merely treated self as part of his environment. Appetites fared with him much as Bucephalus did.

This greed of achieving early showed, however, its bent toward things political. "He had not," Plutarch says, "like his father, Philip, an indiscriminating fondness for all kinds of fame. Thus Philip, for instance, used to plume himself on his cleverness in oratory, as much as if he had been a professional rhetorician, and his chariot-race victories he commemorated on his coins. Alexander, however, when his companions were trying to find out whether he would be willing to compete in the foot-race at Olympia, for he was swift of foot, said: 'Yes, certainly, if I can have kings as antagonists.'" We should do Alexander great injustice if we interpreted this remark as monarchical snobbishness. Alexander, our author implies, was no lover of fame in itself and for its own sake. The winning of a foot-race, for instance, would have little value for him, except he could win it from a prince, *i. e.*, except as the victory could take on a political color and assume a political meaning. Not that he felt it unbecoming to his station or beneath his dignity to contend with common men, but that a mere athletic victory would be to him only a sham victory, a meaningless achievement. This interpretation of our passage is supported not only by the context, but by all that we know else of the boy's character.

It is in harmony with this earnestness of purpose, and the tendency of his ambition to concentrate itself upon a single aim, that we find him, while yet a stripling, profoundly interested, with a naïvely boyish seriousness, in everything which concerned the imperial dreams and plans of his house. Once when, in his father's absence, a body of special ambassadors from the Persian Shah came to the capital, he is said to have attracted much remark by the skill with which he entertained them, and by the sober craft with which he exploited the opportunity of their presence. He showed them such distinguished attention and kindness that he directly placed himself upon a confidential footing with them. The questions he asked them were, to their surprise, not about trifling topics such as a boy would be expected to be interested in, but "about the length of the roads, and the methods of inland travel; about the Shah, and what sort of a man he was in a military way; how strong the Persian army was, and what constituted the strength of

their empire. With such queries, as well as such demeanor, he so aroused their admiration that they came to think that, after all, the cleverness of Philip, about which they had heard so much, counted but little in comparison with the energy and the nobility of purpose they discovered in his son."

Alexander was between twelve and thirteen years of age when Aristotle, then a man of forty, or one-and-forty, took him in hand. Aristotle's birthplace, Stagira, was in Thrace, very near Macedonian soil, and his father, Nicomachus, had been the court physician of Amyntas, Alexander's grandfather. His birth outside the pale of old Greece spared him the curse of provincialism, and made him the natural teacher of the one in whom the barriers of the old provincialism were to come to naught. It was indeed a most significant fate that brought the two in this relation together. In the words of Zell: "The one had the power and the call to master and rule the world. The other had discovered and subjugated a new world for the human mind and for science."

As a seat for Aristotle's school, the city of Mieza, in the Macedonian province of Emathia, southwest of the capital city Pella, near the boundaries of Thessaly, was selected; and there in the Grove of the Nymphs, hard by the town, the place where he taught, with its great chair of stone on which the master sat, and the shady paths in which he was wont, as in later years in the *peripatoi* of the Lyceum at Athens, to walk with his pupils, was shown as a "chief attraction" to visitors even in the days of Plutarch, five centuries later.

Aristotle remained here in all about eight years, *i. e.*, from 344-343 to 335. Shortly after Alexander ascended the throne (336), Aristotle removed to Athens, and there, more or less aided by the favoring current of Macedonianism, established his famous school in the Lyceum, in the eastern suburbs of Athens. Of his eight years in Macedonia not more than four could have been given to the immediate personal instruction of the prince; from his seventeenth year on, Alexander became too much absorbed in military and political interests to admit of exclusive attention to study, but no particular date prior to 336 marked an abrupt cessation of his relations to his tutor. In these years the bent of his moral and intellectual life was set. To his father, he said, he owed his life; to Aristotle, the knowledge of how to live worthily.

Aristotle, though a valiant champion of

individualism in education, was a strong believer in the education of character to be attained through personal association. The cultivation of noble friendships among the young he held to be a most potent means of forming in them cleanliness and healthiness of character. Hence a group of young men, mostly noblemen's sons, was assembled to share with Alexander the school at Mieza. The great staple of the elementary education was evidently what we should to-day call a "thorough schooling in Shakspeare and the English Bible." Alexander's literary training we should certainly not expect to be neglected in the hands of the author of the "Poetics." It evidently was not, as his later interest in literature, and particularly his enthusiasm for Homer, shows. Among the books sent him to relieve the tedium of the long campaign in the literary desert of Bactria were the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus, and the dithyrambs of Telestes and Philoxenus. But Homer was always his chief delight. The *Iliad* was the "vade-mecum of soldierly spirit," *i. e.*, the soldier's Bible, and a copy of it was always placed under his pillow along with his sword. Achilles, the young champion of the West against the East, he loved to claim as his prototype, and when he paid honors to the hero's tomb, near Troy, he pronounced him "happy that in life he had found a faithful friend, Patroclus, and in death a mighty herald."

Probably we have in the "Poetics" a fair sample of some of the lectures that Alexander was likely to have heard in connection with his study of Homer and the tragedians. It appears from this that it was the esthetic or artistic side, rather than the moral or ethical, which Aristotle emphasized, and grammar we know he taught, not as an end in itself, but as a means to the interpretation solely. Neither emotional warmth nor a high degree of personal attractiveness or magnetism was to be expected of the matter-of-fact and rather cold-blooded savant-philosopher. He never had the reputation of being a very agreeable man: but he was in his best years; he was far in advance of the best learning of his days; he was thinking and constructing for himself; and he could not well help conveying to his pupils, however chilling his manner, an impression of that most genuine of all enthusiasms—that which attends the formation of new ideas and the uncovering of new truths. We cannot be sure how far Dion Chrysostomus may have relied on his imagination for his facts, but he cannot have

been far out of the way when, in his second essay "On the Kingship," he represents Philip, at the conclusion of his conversation with his son, as exclaiming, in admiration at what he had heard: "Verily not in vain have we honored Aristotle, and have allowed him to rebuild his native town; for a man is deserving of highest reward who has given thee such doctrine concerning the duties and functions of kings, be it that he gave this through the interpretation of Homer, or in any other way."

Among the special subjects of study in the school of Mieza, natural history certainly formed a part, as we may judge not only from the interests of the great author of the "Animal History," but from the later interests of Alexander, who at one time contributed eight hundred talents to forward his former teacher's investigations in zoölogy, placed at his disposal a thousand men throughout Asia and Greece, with instructions to follow out Aristotle's directions in collecting and reporting details concerning the life-conditions and habits of animals, and in every way made his campaigns serve the purposes of scientific investigation.

Alexander in later life, we find, had some repute as a medicine-man, and Plutarch gives Aristotle credit for it. The possession of some medical and therapeutic knowledge was an almost inevitable consequence of Aristotle's instruction, and the distinction of having studied under him naturally endowed one, like an old-fashioned college diploma, with universal learned right of way.

The influence of the teacher's philosophical teaching showed itself most markedly in the joint field of ethics and politics, for these are in Aristotle but two phases of one subject. Not that Alexander adopted his master's formal views on statecraft and government; his political experience in a new and a larger political world than even Aristotle had dreamed of made that impossible: but his career throughout is that of a practically trained philosophic mind—of an educated man, a man of ideas, guided by rational considerations. What he learned from his teacher concerning virtue was that it rested on deliberate choices conforming to temperance and good sense. We cannot expect his conduct to show that his education abolished natural impulses. He was a strong personality. Passions, impulses, ambitions, will, were all, in him, at the highest tension. All the more distinctly in the record of his actions does the philosophic Alexander stand out in relief against the natural Alexander. The

philosophic strand that runs through his life marks its presence in the breadth of his sympathies, in the wider scope and higher purpose of his plans, as well as in his noble aversion to every form of pettiness and meanness, his efforts toward moderation and self-control, and his quickened moral sensitiveness. Judged by the finest test of self-control, his treatment of woman and his attitude toward sexual morality, he was in advance of the best of his day. A statement we have from Plutarch seems also to imply that some metaphysics, and perhaps theology, was not excluded from the pupil's curriculum: "There can be no doubt that Alexander enjoyed the benefit not only of Aristotle's instruction in ethics and politics, but also in the secret and more profound branches of science which the teachers call acroamatic (esoteric) and epoptic (for initiates only), and which they do not communicate to the ordinary pupil. For after Alexander had gone abroad, on learning that Aristotle had published in book form certain treatises on these subjects, he wrote him a letter in philosophy's behalf, blaming him outright for the course he had taken. This is the text of the letter: 'Alexander to Aristotle, Greeting. You did wrong in publishing the acroamatic doctrines. In what shall we differ from others if the doctrines in which we were trained shall become the common property of everybody? I, for my part, had rather excel men by possession of the higher learning than by the possession of power and dominion. Farewell.'" Though our hero's naïveté presents him to us here as one of the earliest opponents of university extension, we cannot deny a certain grateful admiration for a man of affairs, and a stripling at that, whose academic enthusiasm was centered in something other than athletics.

Alexander had his first experience in public affairs in the year 340. In the summer of that year Philip set out on a famous enterprise, the attack on Byzantium, and left his sixteen-year-old son, as Plutarch puts it, "in charge of affairs and of the seal." The son, it appears, made a better summer of it than his father; for while Philip utterly failed of his purpose, and, what is more, drew a war with Athens down upon his head, Alexander, not wrapping his seal in a napkin, tried his hand at disciplining the insubordination of a restless mountain tribe on the Upper Strymon. He did it thoroughly. He took their chief town by storm, drove out the inhabitants, replaced them by loyalists, and named the place, after himself, Alexandropolis.

The year of our hero's initiation into practical affairs was a most critical one in international politics. In order to start fairly with him, we must review the political situation as it was when he first became a factor in it. The peace of Philocrates, concluded June, 346, ended for the time Philip's struggle with Athens, and removed an important and long-standing check upon his activity. In July he passed Thermopylæ, ended the Sacred War, and occupied Phocis. In August he was made a member of the Amphictyonic Council. In September he presided over the Pythian games. His claim to recognition as a Greek was no longer slight, seeing that he was now master of Delphi, the national sanctuary, held a seat in the most important state council, and had been arbiter at the national games. His influence steadily grew, and the sphere of his activity rapidly widened. Up in the north, where now are Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Herzegovina, the force of his arms was felt. Thessaly, to the south, became his political ally. The issue of Macedon and anti-Macedon crept into the politics of all the Greek cities. In Athens it had been since the peace of 346 the issue on which the party lines were drawn. The old conservative party, which during the Peloponnesian war had opposed the imperial or war policy of Pericles and Cleon, and, in consequence, had borne the odium of pro-Spartan tendencies, still held to its old platform of domesticity,—a city government for city interests,—and preferred a friendly acceptance of Philip's leadership in the military and imperial affairs of Greece to a policy of imperial self-assertion or aggression, for which, it reasonably argued, the institutions of its city-state were not suited or intended. Though representing in general the more settled and respectable elements of the population, the conservative party had again to bear the odium of non-patriotism and even of treason, and was called the Macedonian party. The liberal party, with Demosthenes at its head, succeeding to the traditions of Pericles, was the party—according to the point of view—of patriotism, or of Jingoism. From 342 on it was in full control of the state.

Steadily the Macedonian influence spread among the Greek cities, not by outward aggression, but by silent methods such as mark the onward flow of Russia's influence to-day in central Asia. In 345-344 Argos and Messene turned to Philip as an offset against Sparta's political aggressions. De-

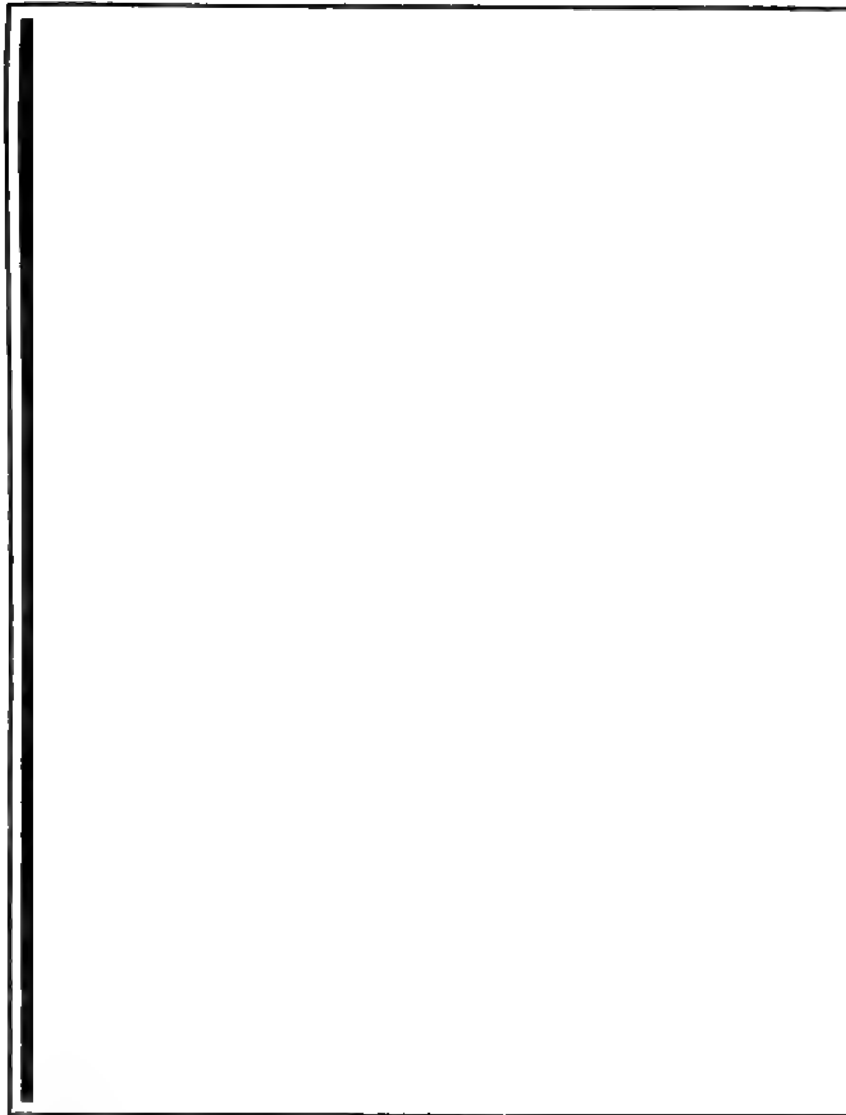
mosthenes's Second Philippic is an echo of the conflict. The next year Epirus was absorbed. In Elis the Macedonian party gained the day. In Megara it barely failed. In 342 two of the leading cities of Eubœa, Oreus and Eretria, came under the control of political leaders, or "bosses," friendly to Philip.

In the summer of 342 Philip pushed his arms to the east through Thrace, and in the following year carried his conquests to the shores of the Black Sea and as far north as the modern Varna. Nothing separated him now from his goal, the Bosphorus,—goal of conquerors ever since,—except Byzantium and the colonies that lined the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles. If he succeeded here, two supreme results were achieved: his route to Asia would be opened; Athens would be cut off from her food-supply in southern Russia, and robbed of one of her chief grounds for political importance, the control of the Chersonese. In 340 he laid siege to Perinthus and Byzantium, and war with Athens was begun. It was the war that ended two years later at Chæronea.

Philip would gladly have avoided war with Athens. His aim was the leadership of consolidated Greece against Persia. He wanted the coöperation of Athens as well as others, and he would have welcomed her as an ally. The concessions he offered to make to Athens in the affair of the Halonnesus show clearly his desire, even though we hear of his proposals only through the medium of Hegesippus's speech, delivered in the interest of rejecting them. Philip sought in and for itself no infringement upon the liberties of the Greek towns in things pertaining to their internal affairs; but his policy did mean that he was to be dominant in all matters pertaining to the relation of the towns to the outside world.

This the party of Demosthenes, and in consequence Athens, would not tolerate. It meant the merging of Athens in a governmental "trust," and that, Demosthenes was determined, should not be peacefully conceded. He was bent on war, for peace meant the ultimate success of Philip's plan. But so did unsuccessful war. Yet it is well that Athens fought. We know that the cause,—i. e., Greek particularism, as well as the war in its behalf,—was from the start hopeless, but we rejoice that the fight was fought, and that Athens did not suffer Greece to relinquish without a struggle that which had made her to be Greece.

During the year 339, as well as 340, Alex-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALIVARI.

ANTIQUE SCULPTURE IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE, CALLED "THE DYING ALEXANDER."

ander probably remained at home, in charge of the government. His father was occupied before Byzantium and in the Chersonese the greater part of the year. History, at any rate, has nothing to tell of Alexander until his appearance in the battle of Chæronea (338). Here he made himself a name for his bravery, and won from Philip the highest approval. Plutarch says that "this bravery made Philip so delighted with him that he even took pleasure in hearing the Macedonians say, 'Alexander is the king, Philip the general,'"—a thing they were very apt to say, seeing that for the two previous years Philip had been almost constantly away from home,

and Alexander had been the regent. Four or five centuries after the battle, travelers were still shown, as a reminiscence of Alexander's participation in it, an old oak standing out in the plain north of the battle-field, under which, tradition said, his tent had been pitched.

The battle had resulted in a most decisive victory for Philip. Thebes and Athens, with their Corinthian and Achæan allies, who had been arrayed against him, were the only states in Greece remaining hostile to him that had been able to express their opposition in terms of armies. These armies were now utterly crushed. Thebes made no further

**TYRIAN HERCULES, AN ETRUSCAN STATUETTE IN THE CABINET DES
MÉDAILLES, BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.**

**This type of Hercules wearing the lion's scalp, unfamiliar to early Greek art, was familiar to Thasos, the
Ægean island, near Macedonia, in the fifth century B. C., through old Phœnician
colonization, and thence penetrated Macedonia.**

attempt at defense, but gave herself over to the mercy of the king. And scant mercy it was! Thebes had played him false and betrayed him. Therefore his feeling toward her was radically different from that toward Athens, which had cordially and consistently hated him. Thebes he proceeded to chastise thoroughly. He took from her the control of other Boeotian towns, set a garrison in the citadel, called back the Macedonian sympa-

most extreme and dangerous one—was made to arm the slaves of the silver-mines, as well as the free alien residents, thus securing an additional force of one hundred and fifty thousand men. Many gave of their substance as free-will offering to the state. Stringent laws forbade any one to flee the city; to do so was treason. All capable of bearing arms were enrolled in the army; all others became laborers on the public works, according as

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AS HERCULES, ONE OF THE GOLD MEDALLIONS OF TARSUS.

The reverse is the same as the medallion on page 4, which see. The obverse shows Alexander as a descendant of Hercules, wearing the lion's scalp. The Hercules figuring on the silver coins of Alexander as his ancestor is of the same type as this Tarsus medallion and the Tyrian Hercules (see previous page). In many specimens the resemblance to Alexander is marked; and the "Alexandre d'argent," so to speak, of Ptolemy, on which Alexander's head wears an elephant's scalp, is good evidence, in default of trustworthy literary tradition, that Alexander's contemporaries regarded the lion's scalp profile of his own coins as the king's profile; in fact, the Sidon sarcophagus confirms the ancient tradition that Macedonian kings wore the lion's scalp as a badge of their house and office. The lion's scalp profile of the gold medallion of Tarsus would seem to confirm the portrait theory in regard to the silver coins.

Magical virtues were ascribed to Alexander's portrait in the days of the Roman emperors. The presence of the medallion of Alexander Severus with the Philip (see page 24) and Alexander medallions would seem to indicate that the Roman emperor had given them, in reward for services, to the person in whose grave they were found at Tarsus. These invaluable medallions would appear to be older than the reign of Severus, but the script shows them to be later than Alexander himself.

thizers who had been banished, made them the government, and condemned to death leaders who had been responsible for the city's action in forming the alliance with Athens.

Toward Athens, on the other hand, he showed a mildness of temper that seems to have been to the Athenians as great a surprise as it was agreeable. The first dismay at the tidings of the battle had been followed by a resolute determination to defend the city to the utmost. It was the resolution of desperation. The women and children were brought from the country districts within the shelter of the walls. Frontier guards were posted. An army of home defense was organized. Money was raised. Demosthenes was sent abroad to secure supplies of corn, in prospect of a siege. The proposition—a

the authorities might direct. The walls were repaired, and new fortifications constructed. The energy of the work is echoed in the words of Lycurgus: "In those hours no age held itself aloof from the service of the state. It was a time when the earth contributed its trees, the dead their tombs, the temples their stores of dedicated armor. Some toiled in restoring the walls; some dug in the trenches; some were building palisades. There was no one idle in the city."¹

The Athenians were, however, entirely astray regarding Philip's purposes. He did not purpose to spend months and years in besieging a city whose cordial coöperation, and not whose destruction, he ultimately sought. Through the orator Demades, who happened to be among the captives, he found

¹ Oration against Leocrates, sec. 44.

DESIGN BY A. CASTAGNE

PHILIP ASSASSINATED IN THE PROCESSION TO THE THEATER.
(SEE PAGE 24.)

a convenient way of intimating to the Athenians their mistake. The result was an embassy to Philip, composed of Demades, Phocion, and Æschines, all representatives of the Tory-Macedonian party. This Demades was the one who had rebuked the king as, in his drunken revel of triumph on the night of the battle, he lowered himself to jeer his captives. "King, fate hath assigned thee the rôle of Agamemnon, but thou doest the deeds of Thersites."

Philip received the ambassadors graciously. He agreed to release the Athenian captives without ransom, and to send to Athens the bodies of the dead, to be buried in their native soil. The terms of peace were proposed by a commission which he sent later to Athens, consisting of no less important persons than the son Alexander and the favorite general and counselor Antipater. This commission arranged with the Athenians the following terms: Athens was to remain, so far as its internal affairs were concerned, entirely autonomous and free. No Macedonian army was to enter its territory, no Macedonian ship to enter its harbors. It was to be an ally of Philip. The parish of Oropus, on the northeastern boundary of Attica, which it had always claimed, but which of late had belonged to Thebes, was to be added to its territory. On the other hand, it relinquished its monopoly of protecting commerce in the Ægean, and retained of its island possessions only Samos and Delos, Lemnos and Imbros. Its naval hegemony and Ægean empire were thus at an end. Furthermore, the clause which stated, in diplomatic phraseology, that "if the Athenians wish, it shall be permitted them to participate in the general peace and in the National Council which the king proposes to create," thinly veiled the plain fact that the state was to be henceforth a member of a confederacy led and governed by Philip.

These terms were accepted by the Athenians, in the reaction from their first fright, with little short of enthusiasm. The treaty was also most satisfactory from the Macedonian point of view. It must, indeed, be regarded as fair to both parties, for it expressed reasonably the actual facts of the situation.

Alexander's first diplomatic work had been an eminent success. It gave a presage of the success which was, throughout his career, to attend his efforts in procuring accord and coöperation between diverse nationalities. But it was more than a presage: its success was based upon a principle which reappears

as conditioning his later dealings with conquered peoples. By generosity in little and relatively unessential things, he made willing subjects and achieved his great essential purposes. We are not informed precisely what part Alexander bore in framing the terms of the peace, but we are inclined, from their character, to infer that it was no unimportant part. In the events of this period we seem to mark a transition from the canny cleverness of Philip to the imperial generosity of Alexander.

Toward the end of the year (338) the Hellenic Congress, assembled at Corinth, gave shape and formal organization to the new empire. Interstate peace and freedom of commerce constituted its basis. Each state was freely to conduct its own local government, and to pay no tribute. Existing forms of government in the several states were to remain undisturbed. No Greek, even as a mercenary, was to bear arms against Philip. For executing the purposes of the compact was created a National Council (*syndrion*), to be held at Corinth. The Amphictyonic Council was appointed to serve as the supreme judicial tribunal of the league. The quota of troops and ships to be furnished by each state for the army and navy of the league was definitely fixed, and Philip was made commander-in-chief of the whole, with the special and immediate purpose of conducting against the Persians a war of reprisal for the desecrated sanctuaries of Hellenic gods.

Macedonian garrisons occupied the two great strategic points, Chalcis and the citadel of Corinth, besides Ambracia and Thebes. All the states of Greece proper, except Sparta, participated in the compact. Sparta's refusal was mere helpless stubbornness. Girt about by strong states controlling all the passes into the Eurotas valley, and robbed of all her strength, she no longer weighed in interstate affairs. Philip's work, so far as international history is concerned, was now virtually complete. He had, with a political sagacity such as the world has rarely seen, combined the perversely individualistic elements of old Greece into a new coöperative body, and thereby created the *pou sto* from which Alexander was to move the world.

In the year following the battle there arose a bitter family quarrel, which seriously disturbed the hitherto kindly relations of Philip and his son, and for a time threatened the peace of the kingdom. It originated in jealousies consequent upon Philip's new ventures in wedlock as well as love. "The dis-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PLAIN ON WHICH WAS FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF CHAERONEA.

temper of the harem," as Plutarch puts it, "communicated itself to the kingdom." We hardly require Plutarch's explanation that Olympias, Alexander's mother, was a "jealous, high-strung woman" to account for what followed; but it really would appear, from the account of Philip's attachments which we have in the extant fragments of Satyrus's "Life of Philip," that Olympias tolerated it all until it came to his proposed marriage with Cleopatra, "of whom he was passionately enamoured." It may be suspected that it was something more than the dynamics of Philip's ardor toward his new acquisition that stirred Olympias's wrath. Cleopatra was a Macedonian princess, niece of the influential Attalus, and there was a chauvinistic spirit abroad that threatened to unsettle Alexander's claim to the succession in the interest of a possible heir of pure Macedonian blood. Here was explosive material in abundance; only a spark was needed.

At the wedding-banquet, Attalus, heated with wine, had in his toast to the new pair called on all good Macedonians to pray that the union might be blessed with the birth of a genuine successor to the throne—this in allusion to the Macedonian origin of Cleo-

patra, in contrast to Olympias's Molottan birth. That was more than Alexander could be asked to tolerate. Hurling his beaker at Attalus's head, "You scoundrel," he cried, "what do you think I am? Am I a bastard?" Philip rose from his couch to interpose, and sprang against his son with drawn sword. But his cups and his fury were too much for him. He slipped and fell. Then came Alexander's fearful taunt: "Here, gentlemen, is a man who has been preparing to cross from Europe into Asia; but he has upset in crossing from one couch to another."

Immediately after this occurrence, Olympias, accompanied by her son, left the country, and withdrew to her brother, the King of Epirus. From there Alexander went into Illyria, with the probable purpose of securing support against Philip, should he need it. Sympathy with Alexander was widespread also in Macedon, especially among the younger men of the court and the army. While things were in this sorry state, Demaratus, the Corinthian statesman, came to visit Philip at Pella, and to the king's first inquiry, whether the Greeks were living in amity and accord, answered as a friend and straightforwardly: "It ill becomes thee,

Philip, to have solicitude about the Greeks, when thou hast involved thine own house in this great dissension, and filled it with evils."

Philip profited by the rebuke. Demaratus was commissioned to act the part of mediator. A reconciliation was effected, and Alexander returned to Pella. The causes of trouble had not, however, been removed. Olympias remained still in Epirus, implacable in her resentment of Philip's indignities, and hating with a hatred worthy of a woman both high-strung and strong-minded. She sought to move her brother to take up arms and avenge her insults. She kept her son's suspicions alert. He must not tamely submit to being displaced in the succession by the son of one of the new favorites. It was a woman's jealousy.

pected, not alone by Olympias, but generally among Alexander's friends.

Philip was now ready to advance into Asia, but he was unwilling to leave the soil

SILVER TETRADRACHM OF LYSIMACHUS (KING OF THRACE, B. C. 306-281). OVERSE: HEAD OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT WITH HORN OF AMMON, AS THE DEIFIED SON OF THE GOD. THE PROFILE IS SUPPOSED TO BE TAKEN FROM THE STATUE-PORTRAIT BY LYSIPPUS OR THE GEM-PORTRAIT BY PYRGOTELES. REVERSE: PALLAS HOLDING VICTORY. THE ORIGINAL IS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SILVER COIN OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN STRUCK DURING HIS LIFETIME. OVERSE: HEAD OF HERCULES. REVERSE: ZEUS HOLDING THE EAGLE, SEATED. THE ORIGINAL IS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

We have no indication that Philip had any real intention of displacing Alexander. It is hardly thinkable that he had. We have, however, abundant evidence that he was sus-

of Europe before he had allayed the discontent of the Epirotes consequent upon his treatment of Olympias. This he undertook to do by arranging a marriage between his daughter, Alexander's own sister, and her uncle, the King of Epirus. The wedding was appointed for August of the same year (336). It was to be held at *Ægæ*, the earlier capital of Macedonia, and the ancestral home of its kings. It was made the occasion of a gorgeous popular fête. Feasts, sports, and dramatic exhibitions were added to the more formal observances of receiving the guests and glorifying the king. Family feuds were ostensibly buried. Olympias returned from Epirus. Invitations were sent everywhere

PHILIP II, FATHER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, ONE OF THE GOLD MEDALLIONS OF TARSUS. OVERSE: THE HEAD OF PHILIP II. REVERSE: VICTORY IN A QUADRIGA.

The reader is also referred to the note to the medallion on page 19, and to the medallion on page 4.

throughout Greece to the partizans and personal friends of the king. A vast concourse assembled. Not only came princes and statesmen, but many cities, among them Athens, were present by their representatives, and sent crowns of gold and series of resolutions to express their loyalty, and to do the king appropriate honor. It became a truly imperial fête, the festal ratification of the newly founded empire, the hailing of the emperor; but in the midst of it all Philip was foully murdered.

The perpetrator of the deed was one Pausanias, a Macedonian, member of the king's body-guard; the motive, private revenge. Pausanias had suffered a most degrading insult at the hands of Attalus, Cleopatra's uncle. He besought the king to give him revenge. This the king persistently declined to do, being influenced by Cleopatra, and by the consideration of Attalus's importance to him as a general. Pausanias's hatred turned itself now against the king. Vanity and envy were his consuming passions. In the murder of the king he found satisfaction for both. "How may one become most famous?" he asked, one day, in the course of a discussion with the sophist Hermocrates, whose lectures he was attending. "By making way with one who has done greatest deeds," answered the professor. Attalus, Cleopatra, Philip, had now become one in the eye of his wrath. To kill Philip was to overthrow Attalus, and put his niece at the mercy of Olympias.

The second day of the festival was to be signalized by gala performances in the theater. Clad in a white robe, and attended by a stately procession, Philip advanced toward the gate. The place was already full. Long before daylight people had been crowding in to claim their seats. As an indication of the security felt in the good will of the

people, the king walked in the procession entirely unattended, and with a considerable space intervening between him and his body-guard. Right at the entrance to the theater the assassin lay in wait for him. A single thrust of the sword laid the king dead at his feet. He sprang to his horse, and was off. The king's guards rushed in pursuit. But for an accident, he would have escaped. As he galloped away, a tangling vine caught his foot; he was thrown from his horse, and, before he could rise, Perdiccas and the guards who were in pursuit had made way with him. But Philip the Great was dead—in the forty-seventh year of his age, the twenty-fourth of his reign.

The murder was purely an act of private and personal revenge, but the most various rumors and subtle surmises were current, connecting with the deed now the rival Lyncestian line, now Olympias and even Alexander, now the poor Shah of Persia himself. That Olympias should have been suspected was perfectly natural. Philip's death was undoubtedly quite acceptable to her. She was entirely capable of having abetted it. Her hatred of Cleopatra and Attalus seemed, furthermore, to form a band of common interest between the assassin and herself. All these things serve, however, rather to explain how the suspicion arose than to prove its correctness. The strained political situation undoubtedly stimulated the murderous instinct of the doer of the deed, as was the case with the assassin of President Garfield; but more than this we have no right to infer from the evidence. The suspicions affecting Alexander were most certainly baseless, as all his actions then and thereafter would amply prove, if there were need of proof.

Be it as it may, Philip was gone, and, to all appearances, his empire with him. His heir was a stripling of twenty years.

(To be continued.)

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1917

1918

1919

1920

1921

1922

1923

1924

1925

"Guidarello Guidarelli!"
So he passed to meet his fate,
With the cry of "Guidarelli!"
And the clangor of the gate.

II.

Well, at eve we bore him homeward,
Lying on our burdened spears.
Ah! defeat had been less bitter,
And had cost us fewer tears.

At her feet we laid her soldier,
While men saw her with amaze—
Fearless, tearless, waiting patient,
Some wild challenge in her gaze.

Then the hand that rained the roses
Fell upon his forehead cold.
"Go!" she cried, "ye faltering cravens!
One that fled, your shame has told.

"Go! How dare ye look upon him—
Ye who failed him in the fight?
Off! ye beaten hounds, and leave me
With my lonely dead to-night!"

No man answered, and they left us
Where our darling Guido lay.
I alone, who stood beside him
In the fight, made bold to stay.

"Shut the gate!" she cried. I closed it.
"Lay your hand upon his breast;
Were you true to him?" "Aye, surely,
As I hope for Jesu's rest!"

Then I saw her gazing past me,
As to watch a bird that flies,
All the light of youthful courage
Fading from her valiant eyes.



And with one hoarse cry of anguish
 On the courtyard stones she fell,
 Crying, "Guido Guidarelli!"
 Like the harsh notes of a bell

Breaking with its stress of sweetness,
 Hence to know a voiceless pain.
 "Guidarello Guidarelli!"
 Never did she speak again:

't is said, she wins, when dreaming,
 Her memories of delight;
 "arello Guidarelli!"
 ing through the quiet night.

III.

ou like it? Well, I made it
 death aged upon his face.
 caught the parted lip-lines
 l the lashes' living grace:

ie gentle soul within him,
 rreed by death, had lingered here,
 Kissing his dead face to beauty,
 As to bless a home grown dear.

He, my lord, was pure as woman,
 Past the thought of man's belief;
 Truth and honor here are written,
 And some strangeness of relief

Born beneath my eager chisel
As a child is born,—a birth
To my parent-skill mysterious,
Of, and yet not all of, earth.

Still one hears our women singing,—
For a love-charm, so 't is said,—
“Guidarello Guidarelli!”
Like a love-mass for the dead.

In caressing iteration
With his name their voices play—
“Elli, Nelli, Guidarelli,”
Through some busy market-day.

Ah, my lord, I have the fancy
That through many a year to come



FACSIMILE OF ENTRY OF FRANKLIN'S BIRTH IN BOSTON TOWN RECORDS.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN'S FAMILY RELATIONS.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,

Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Sterling," etc.

"A MAN," wrote Franklin, "who makes a boast of his ancestors doth but advertise his own insignificance, for the pedigrees of great men are commonly known"; and elsewhere he advised: "Let our fathers and grandfathers be valued for *their* goodness, ourselves for our own." Clearly this objection extended to pride of birth alone, and not to knowledge of one's forebears; for Franklin himself displayed not a little interest in his progenitors, and when he went to England as the agent of his colony he devoted both time and travel to searching out the truth concerning them. Nor was he, in fact, wholly without conceit of family. In default of discovered greatness in his kindred, he expressed pleasure in an inference that the family name was derived from the old social order of small freeholders, and,

therefore, that they were once the betters of the yeomen and feudatories.

Still another fact, too, suggests that he was not wholly indifferent to the world's knowledge of his lineage. Though his father questioned if they were entitled to use either of the Franklin arms, and added that "our circumstances have been such as that it hath hardly been worth while to concern ourselves much about these things any farther than to tickle the fancy a little," Benjamin did not hesitate to appropriate one of the Franklin coats of arms while yet only a master printer, for as early as 1751 he advertised:

Lost about 5 weeks since, a silver seal, with a Coat of Arms engrav'd, containing two Lions Heads, two Doves and a Dolphin. Whoever brings it to the Post-Office, shall have Five Shillings reward.

Furthermore, in adopting this heraldic badge, he made objection to its being cheapened, by telling a soap-making relative that he "would not have him put the Franklin arms on" his cakes, although he did not mind a brother in the same business using the escutcheon as a book-plate.

Franklin's inquiry into the history of his family resulted in the discovery that they had dwelt on some thirty acres of their own land in the village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, upward of three hundred years, and that for many generations the eldest son had been village blacksmith—a custom so established previous to the removal across the Atlantic that the first immigrant bred up his eldest son to the trade in Boston. Fate, having other uses for Benjamin, carefully guarded him from Vulcan's calling by making him the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations.

Josiah Franklin came to New England about 1685, with Ann, his wife, and three children, a number which swelled to seven within the next four years, the mother dying

in childbed in 1689. Less than six months later the widower married Abiah Folger, and to this union there were born ten children, making in all seventeen. Writing of the large birth-rate in the colonies, Franklin asserted that it was rare for more than half of each family to reach adult life, a statement not derived from personal experience; for, "out of seventeen children that our father had, thirteen lived to grow up and settle in the world." In common with other New England families of that day, the stock seemed to be weakened by this redundancy: though Josiah was one of five brothers, and the father of ten sons, there was not, when the eighteenth century ended, a single descendant of any one of the fifteen entitled to the surname.

Benjamin, the "tithe," or tenth, of Josiah's sons, born January 6, 1706, outlived them all. From his father he derived a heritage difficult to measure, but two of his qualities were singled out by the son as specially noteworthy: "a sound understanding and solid judgment in prudential matters, both in private and publick affairs," and a "mechanic genius" in being "very handy in the use of other tradesmen's tools." "It was indeed a lowly dwelling we were brought up in," wrote one of the children, many years after, "but we were fed plentifully, made comfortable with fire and clothing, had seldom any contention among us, but all was harmony, especially between the heads, and they were universally respected, and the

most of the family in good reputation; this is still happier living than multitudes enjoy."

As this might indicate, Josiah Franklin, despite his struggle with poverty and his huge family, was a good parent to his youngest boy, giving heed to his moral, mental, and temporal beginnings. After such brief term of school as he could afford the lad, he took him into his own shop, till Ben made obvious his dislike to the cutting of

wicks, the hanging of dips, and the casting of soap. Taking pains then to discover his son's preferences, he finally apprenticed him as printer's devil to his son James. When the brothers quarreled, and appeal was made to the father, "judgment," the prentice says, "was generally in my favour." And though Ben earned his own livelihood from the time that he was twelve years of age, and saw his father only three times after he was

sixteen, wherever he speaks of him it is with affection and respect. When he wrote to him, the letters began, "Honored Father," and ended, "I am your dutiful son," or "I am your affectionate and dutiful son"; while Josiah Franklin, in turn, began his letters, "Loving Son," and ended one, "With hearty love." More warmly still the son spoke of his father and mother in a letter to his sister, whom he chided because "you have mentioned nothing in your letter of our dear parents," writing again, during the final

illness of his father: "Dear Sister, I love you tenderly for your care of our father in his sickness." Josiah Franklin died in 1745,

DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.
ANN FRANKLIN'S GRAVESTONE, GRANARY BURYING-
GROUND, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

FRANKLIN SEAL. FROM AN IMPRESSION
IN POSSESSION OF THE AMERICAN PHILO-
SOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA,
PENNSYLVANIA. (ENLARGED.)

leaving an estate valued at twenty-four hundred dollars.

In Franklin's autobiography there is only the barest mention of his mother, Abiah, and merely as the daughter of "one of the first settlers of New England." Presumably this silence was due to the eighteenth-century attitude toward women more than to any want of affection, for the two corresponded with regularity, even after the mother was "very weak and short of breath—so that I cannot sit up to write altho' I sleep well o' nights and my cough is better and I have a pretty good stomach to my victuals," and she had to beg her son to "please excuse

my bad writeing and inditing for all tell me I am too old to write letters." To her Franklin sent gifts of various kinds, including "a moidore . . . which please to accept towards chaise hire, that you may ride warm to meetings this winter." Upon her death, in 1752, he wrote his sister Jane: "I received yours with the affecting news of our dear mother's death. I thank you for your long continued care of her in her old age and sickness. Our distance made it impracticable for us to attend her, but you have supplied all. She has lived a good life, as well as long one, and is happy."

DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

FRANKLIN'S MONUMENT TO HIS PARENTS,
GRANARY BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON.

Franklin paid for the stone which marked the grave of his parents, and wrote for it an inscription which vouched that "He was a pious and prudent man; She a discreet and virtuous woman"; and though elsewhere he cites the conventional epitaph as the extreme form of falsehood, he was certainly justified in this inscription. "Honor thy father and mother—i. e. live so as to be an honor to them tho' they are dead," he made Poor Richard advise his readers, and for once preacher and practiser were united.

Among the Chinese [he noted, with approval], the most ancient, and from long experience the wisest of nations, honor does not

descend, but ascends. If a man, from his learning, his wisdom, or his valor, is promoted by the emperor to the rank of Mandarin, his parents are immediately entitled to all the same ceremonies of respect from the people that are established as due to the Mandarin himself; on the supposition that it must have been owing to the education, instruction, and good example afforded him by his parents, that he was rendered capable of serving the public.

Of his relations with the sixteen brothers and sisters it is impossible to deal with any fullness. Four of the brothers died young, and a fifth, taking to the sea, was so little

an element in the family life that Benjamin remembered "thirteen (some of us then very young) all at one table, when an entertainment was made at our house on the occasion of the return of our brother Josiah, who had been absent in the East Indies and unheard of for nine years." If this brother, who soon after was lost at sea, was apparently a small component in Franklin's life, he none the less influenced it materially, since from him the youngster imbibed a keen desire to be a sailor, and his father's fear that he would run away was a potent motive for letting the boy leave the trade of soap-making.

Franklin was forbidden presently by the government to print his newspaper, the "New England Courant," and it was continued, by a subterfuge, in Benjamin's name, the indenture being canceled to make the trick a little less barefaced. Availing himself of this technical release, Franklin left his brother's service—an act that he later acknowledged to be his first serious "erratum," and one which set James Franklin to advertising for "A Likely Lad for an Apprentice," little recking how likely a lad he had lost. For a number of years the breach thus made continued to exist, though the mother urged

DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

FRANKLIN BURIAL PLOT IN CHRIST CHURCH CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA, SHOWING GRAVESTONE OF FRANCIS FOLGER FRANKLIN.

As already mentioned, Benjamin did not get on well with the half-brother to whom he was bound to learn printing. James Franklin was only ten years older than his apprentice, and very quickly Benjamin made himself as expert as his brother, who, if we are to believe Franklin, turned jealous, and on occasion beat him with unnecessary severity; though, in charging that his master was passionate, the printer's boy confessed that he himself was saucy and provoking. James

reconciliation on them both. After James Franklin's death, a turn of Fortune's wheel led Franklin to take the eldest son of this brother as an apprentice; and though he records that "Jemmy Franklin when with me was always dissatisfied and grumbling," yet from the moment the apprenticeship was over "he and I" became "Good friends." He helped the boy to establish himself as a printer at New Haven, and again at Newport, sent him occasional gifts of paper, printing-

ink, etc., and loaned him money to the extent of over two hundred pounds to buy types and a stock of books and stationery. That the broils or alienation, and when a sister once appealed to him to espouse her side of a disagreement, he replied.

DRAWN BY W. B. CLOSSON, FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING.

PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, ABOUT 1726. ORIGINAL IN HARVARD MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

old grudge was forgotten is proved, too, by Franklin's will, in which he left as much to the descendants of James Franklin as to the descendants of his other brothers and sisters. He seems, indeed, to have hated family If I were to set myself up as a judge . . . between you and your brother's widow and children, how unqualified must I be, at this distance, to determine rightly, especially having heard but one side. They always treated me with friendly and affec-

tionate regard; you have done the same. What can I say between you, but that I wish you were reconciled, and that I will love that side best that is most ready to forgive and oblige the other? You will be angry with me here, for putting you and them too much upon a footing; but I shall nevertheless be, dear sister, your truly affectionate brother.

More direct aid was afforded his two own brothers, John and Peter, both of whom set

the Washing of Scarlets, or any other bright and curious Colours, that are apt to change by the Use of common Soap. The Sweetness of the Flavor and the fine Lather it immediately produces, renders it pleasant for the Use of Barbers. It is cut in exact and equal Cakes neatly put up, and sold at the New Printing Office, at 1s. per Cake.

Neither brother, however, seems to have prospered in the business, for when Franklin became Deputy Postmaster-General he made

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN, GRANDSON OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1790. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE TRUMBULL COLLECTION OF THE YALE SCHOOL OF ART, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

out in life in their father's trade of soap and candle-making. Although Benjamin objected to their stamping the Franklin arms on their cakes of soap, he ordered quantities of their wares from them both, which his wife retailed in his book-shop in Philadelphia, and increased the sale by recurrent advertisements in Franklin's paper, which announced with each consignment:

Just imported, another Parcel of

SUPER FINE CROWN SOAP.

It cleanses fine Linens, Muslins, Laces, Chinces, Cambricks &c. with Ease and Expedition, which often suffer more from the long and hard Rubbing of the Washer, through the ill Qualities of the Soap they use, than the Wearing. It is excellent for

John postmaster of Boston, and Peter postmaster of Philadelphia. Of the former Franklin says, in his autobiography, that "he always lov'd me"; and though there was some family joking about Peter's perpetual doctoring of himself, so that "he cures himself many times a day," Benjamin seems to have been fond of him also, showing evident grief when "it pleased God at length to take from us my only remaining brother." He aided the two widows, establishing one in business, and continuing the other as postmistress, thus making her, so far as is known, the first woman to hold public office in America.

"He that has neither fools nor beggars among his kindred, is the son of thunder-gust," remarked Poor Richard; and Frank-

lin's sisters were no more prosperous in life than were his brothers. The eldest, Elizabeth, when over eighty years old, came to extreme poverty, and her relatives consulted the only successful member of the family as to whether her house and "fine things" should be sold.

As having their own way is one of the greatest comforts of life to old people [Benjamin replied], I think their friends should endeavour to accommodate them in that, as well as in any thing else. When they have long lived in a house, it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it as the tortoise with his shell; they

children. Several of these drifted to London before the Revolution, and appealed to their uncle, when he came to France, for various kinds of assistance. One was "Obliged to Worke very hard and Can But just git the common necessarys of life," and therefore has "thoughts of going into a family as housekeeper . . . having lived in that station for several years and gave grate satisfaction." She sought his aid in securing the promotion of her son, then in the British navy—a peculiar request, considering Franklin's relations, or lack of relations, at the moment, with the British government.

RICHARD BACHE. FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HOPFNER, 1790,
IN POSSESSION OF MISS CONSTANTIA ABERT.

die, if you tear them out of it; old folks and old trees, if you remove them, it is ten to one that you kill them; so let our good old sister be no more importuned on that head. We are growing old fast ourselves, and shall expect the same kind of indulgences; if we give them, we shall have a right to receive them in our turn. And as to her few fine things, I think she is in the right not to sell them, and for the reason she gives, that they will fetch but little; when that little is spent, they would be of no further use to her; but perhaps the expectation of possessing them at her death may make that person tender and careful of her, and helpful to her to the amount of ten times their value. If so, they are put to the best use they possibly can be.

A small bequest was made in Franklin's will to his sister Ann's children and grand-

Toward another, Jonathan Williams, the uncle seems to have been well disposed. He took charge of his education while in London, made the young fellow his secretary for a time, and finally was instrumental in having him made commercial agent of the United States in France during the Revolution, an appointment that caused first "oblique Censures," and ultimately outspoken denunciations. Williams was accused of dishonesty, and his uncle promptly wrote:

I have no desire to screen Mr. Williams on account of his being my nephew; if he is guilty of what you charge him with, I care not how soon he is deservedly punished and the family purged of him; for I take it that a rogue living in a family is a greater disgrace to it than *one* hanged out of it.

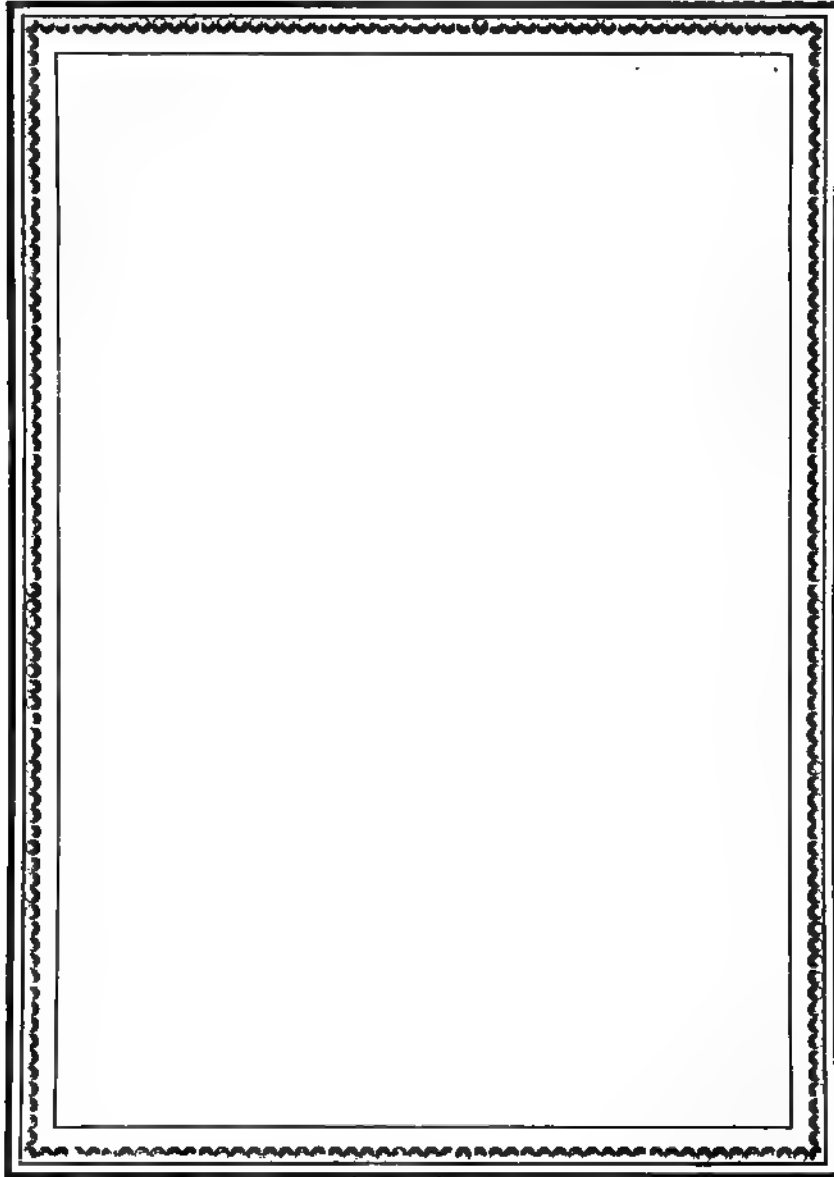
Fortunately, the nephew was able to clear himself; but the appointment had caused scandal, and had been one source of the American divisions in Paris, as well as in Franklin's sister Sarah died shortly after marriage—"a loss without doubt regretted by all who knew her, for she was a good woman."

MRS. RICHARD BACHE (SARAH FRANKLIN), DAUGHTER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. AFTER THE HOPPNER PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1792, IN POSSESSION OF MRS. DUNCAN S. WALKER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

the Continental Congress. Another unfortunate result was that Williams later became embarrassed in some private ventures in France, and Franklin unjustifiably used the influence of his position to secure from the French government a *surséance* as regarded his creditors.

Her husband, Josiah Davenport, encouraged by his brother-in-law, removed to Philadelphia, and opened a bakery, where he sold "Choice middling bisket," varied by occasional offerings of "Boston loaf sugar" and "choice pickled and spiced Oisters in Cags."

One of her sons, on the death of Peter Franklin, was appointed by his uncle postmaster of Philadelphia; but he does not appear to have been competent, and was soon the girl was married at fifteen, the brother writing her, upon the event, that he had "almost determined" to send her "a tea table, but when I considered the character



WILLIAM FRANKLIN, ELDER SON OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. AFTER A PENCIL DRAWING BY ALBERT ROSENTHAL FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING, THE PROPERTY OF DR. THOMAS HEWSON BACHE.

superseded by another appointee, and given a smaller office under the government.

Of all his sisters, the youngest, Jane, was, so Franklin told her, "ever my peculiar favorite"; and he took pride in the news that she had "grown a celebrated beauty." Evidently it was not merely a fraternal view, for

of a good house wife was far preferable to that of being only a pretty gentlewoman, I concluded to send you a *spinning wheel*, which I hope you will accept as a small token of my sincere love and affection." And in this monitory strain the aged brother of twenty continued:

Sister, farewell, and remember that modesty as it makes the most homely virtue amiable and charming, so the want of it infallibly renders the most perfect beauty disagreeable and odious. But when that brightest of female virtues shines among other perfections of body and mind in the same person, it makes the woman more lovely than an angel. Excuse this freedom, and use the same with me. I am, dear Jenny, Your loving brother.

A very large progeny resulted from this marriage, in all of whom Franklin took an interest. "My compliments to my new niece, Miss Abiah, and pray her to accept the enclosed piece of gold, to cut her teeth; it may afterwards buy nuts for them to crack," he wrote of one arrival; and gave material help to the children as they grew up, aiding one to sell the soap he made; taking a second as an apprentice in his printing-office, and afterward assisting in his establishment in that business; endeavoring to get a government position for a third; and, on the marriage of a fourth, sending a gift of "fifty pounds, lawful money," to be laid out in "furniture as my sister shall think proper."

DRAWN BY GEORGE F. ARATA, AFTER ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF MRS. GILLESPIE, PHILADELPHIA. BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

FRANCIS FOLGER FRANKLIN, YOUNGER SON OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

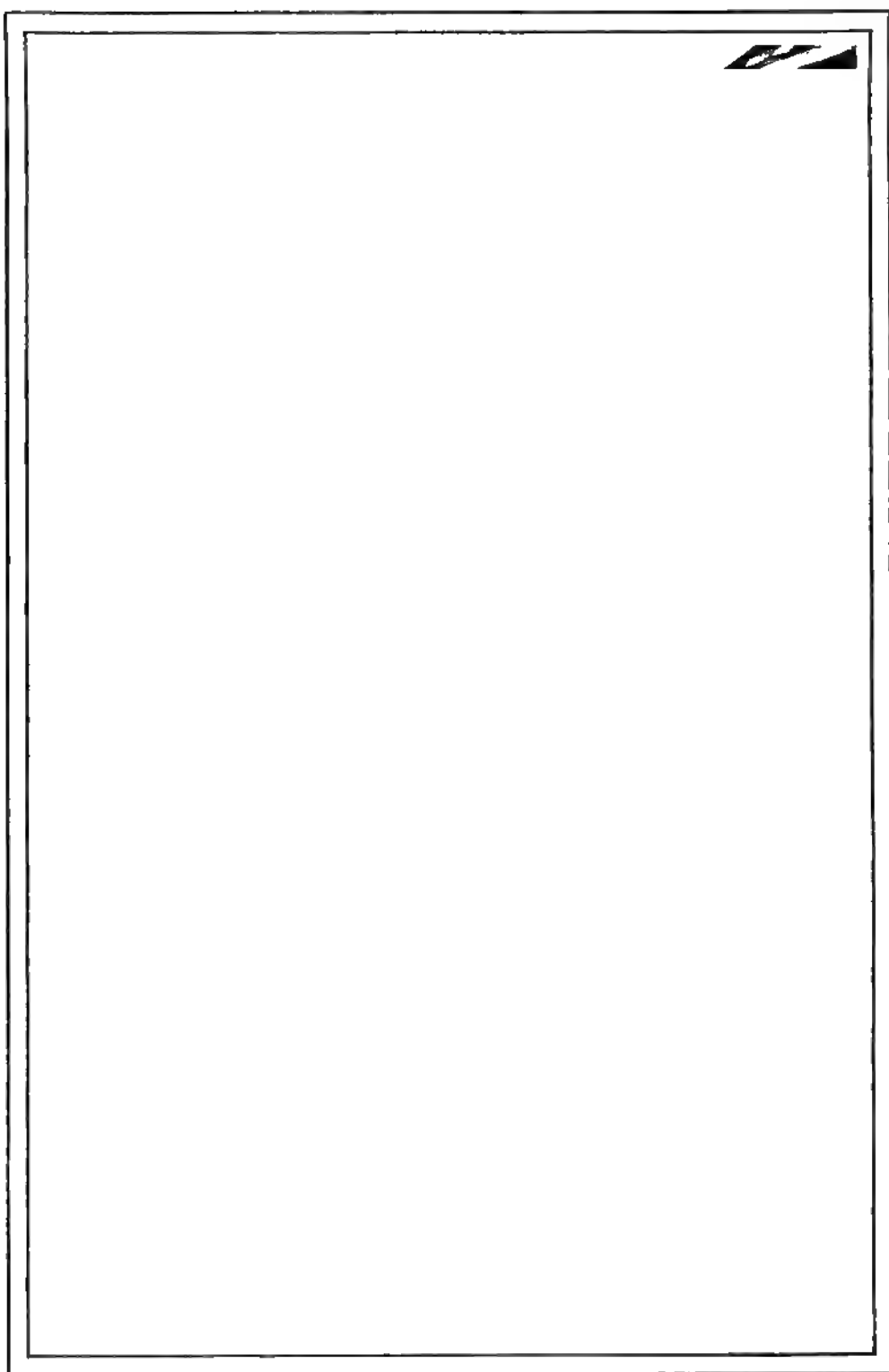
From this niece he received an exuberant acknowledgment, declaring that:

My Heart, has ever been susceptible of the warmest gratitude for your frequent Benefactions to the whole Family, but your last *kind*, unexpected, as well as undeserved, Noble presents in particular to me, calls for a particular acknowledgment from me. Except then dearest sir, my most sincere and hearty Thanks, with a promise, that your Kindness shall ever be gratefully remembered and your donation be made the best use of.

Jane herself carried this admiration even to the point of veneration; yet when absent from her brother she expressed her regret, having "had time to reflect and see my error, in that I suffered my diffidence or the awe of your superiority to prevent the familiarity I might have taken with you, and which your kindness to me might have convinced me would be acceptable." Her feeling was further shown by her often-repeated prayer that he "pardon my bad writing and confused composure," which led the brother to answer that "you need not be afraid in writing to me about your bad spelling; for, in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, the bad spelling, or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words." With extreme reverence she wrote to Franklin that "it is not Profanity to compare you to our Blessed Saviour who Employed much of his time while on Earth in doing good to the body's as well as souls of men & I am shure I think the compareson just."

DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

MEMORIAL TABLET TO MRS. WILLIAM FRANKLIN, IN THE CHANCEL OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BROADWAY AND FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEHIST

FRANKLIN LANDING AT THE MARKET STREET WHARF ON HIS RETURN
FROM FRANCE, 1785.

This adoration is the more excusable when Franklin's services to her are weighed. Her husband's death left her a large family to rear, and but for Benjamin's constant eking of her means it would have fared hard with the widow. She told her brother that her happiness was derived from "yr Bounty without wick I must have been distressed as much as many others," and assured him that she could not "find expression suitable to acknowledge my gratitude; how I am by my dear brother enabled to live at ease in my old age." "My self and children have always been a tax upon you," she wrote to him, "but your great and uncommon goodness has carried you cheerfully under it." Nor was Franklin's charity an enforced one:

You always tell me that you live comfortably [he chided], but I sometimes suspect that you may be too unwilling to acquaint me with any of your difficulties, from an apprehension of giving me pain. I wish you would let me know precisely your situation, that I may better proportion my assistance to your wants. . . . Lest you should be straightened during the present winter I send you fifty dollars.

And not satisfied that she acknowledged all her needs, he questioned other relatives:

How has my poor old sister gone through the winter? Tell me frankly whether she lives comfortably or is pinched. I am afraid she is too cautious of acquainting me of her difficulties, though I am always ready and willing to relieve her, when I am acquainted with them.

Jane and Benjamin outlived all their brothers and sisters, and Franklin, upon the death of one of the last, said to her: "Of these thirteen there now remain but three. As our number diminishes, let our affection to each other rather increase." In one of her later letters the sister recurred to this, writing: "You once told me, my dear brother, that as our number of brethren and sisters lessened the affection of those of us that remained should increase to each other. You and I are now left; my affection for you has always been so great I see no room for increase, and you have manifested yours for me in such large measure that I have no reason to suspect its strength." Jane Mecom alone of Josiah Franklin's seventeen children survived the famous son, and in his will Franklin left to her "a house and lot I have in Unity Street, Boston," gave her "the yearly sum of fifty pounds sterling," and left a small sum of money to her descendants.

"He who takes a wife, takes care," runs an aphorism that Poor Richard thought fit

to embody in his Almanac; and Franklin, from his own experience, could have added, with the humorous quirk he so often used, "of his wife's relatives." When he took unto himself a helpmate, he brought to live with them her mother, who henceforth conducted her trade at his printing-shop, making known to her customers, through advertisements in her son-in-law's newspaper, that: "The Widow Read [had] removed from the upper end of High-street, to the New Printing Office near the Market," where she sold "ointments" for various ills that might have been avoided by a better patronage of the Franklin "crown soap."

A brother and sister of his wife also lived for a time with Franklin, and he aided the former to get a government office. There was some friction, however, with another of her relatives. At first Franklin told him that his "visits never had but one thing disagreeable in them; that is they are always too short"; but presently "Jemmy" Read endeavored to get a "small office from me, which I took . . . amiss," and they ceased to be "on speaking terms," while the ill feeling was deepened by Franklin's becoming the agent to enforce a business contract in which Read proved to be delinquent, if not dishonest.

Franklin's eldest son, William, was born out of wedlock, but so far as lay within the father's power he repaired the wrong to which, separated from the influence of both father and mother, the fellow of twenty-four had let his "hard-to-be-governed passion of youth" lead him. The boy was reared in Franklin's home, being openly acknowledged and treated as a son. A friend who saw much of the family declared that "his father . . . is at the same time his friend, his brother, his intimate, and easy companion," a systematic kindness for which William Franklin thanked his father, saying: "I am extremely obliged to you for your Care in supplying me with Money, and shall ever have a grateful Sense of that with the other numberless Indulgences I have received from your paternal Affection."

As the lad grew up, the parent came to take positive pride in him, writing: "Will is now nineteen years of age, a tall, proper youth, and much of a beau." This opinion was echoed by William Strahan, who declared: "Your son I really think one of the prettiest young gentlemen I ever knew from America," proving that Franklin's praise was not wholly due to the parental fondness satirized in Poor Richard's lines:

FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF JOSIAH FRANKLIN, FATHER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
FROM ORIGINAL IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, BOSTON.

Where yet was ever found the mother
Who 'd change her booby for another?

As soon as William was old enough, Franklin obtained for him a commission in the provincial forces, in which he served till "peace cut off his prospect of advancement in that way." Through the same influence he was then made postmaster of Philadelphia, and next clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, meantime having been entered as a student of law at the Inns of Court in London. When he accompanied his father to England, in 1757, to complete his title to practise as a barrister, Franklin sought to bring about a marriage between him and Miss Mary Stevenson, an English girl to whom he himself became much attached during this visit. The son, however, chose otherwise, and finally, with his father's "consent and approbation," he married, so Franklin states, "a very agreeable West Indian lady." Meantime, William Franklin had secured the appointment as governor of New Jersey, a selection much disrelished at first by the province, and which, it has been suggested, was given to the son in the hope of winning the father to the government side. This, it is needless to say, it did not effect; but it at least served to seduce the son, and as the rift between the mother-country and the colonies widened, the father accused him of having become "a thorough government man." When the English government removed Franklin from his postmaster-generalship, in 1774, he appealed to the son to resign his office; and, on his refusal to resent the disgrace which his superiors had sought to inflict on the father, the latter wrote to him bitterly: "You who are a thorough courtier, see everything with government eyes." His loyalty to the English government resulted not only in a complete break with his father, and in his imprisonment by the Continental Congress as an active and dangerous Tory, but led him eventually to leave America and take up his residence in England. On the conclusion of peace, a feeble attempt at a renewal of the old-time relation was made. Franklin wrote his son: "I am glad to find you desire to revive the affectionate intercourse that formerly existed between us. It would be very agreeable to me; indeed, nothing has hurt me so much, and filled me with such keen sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age by my only son; and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune, and life were all at stake." Yet, in express-

ing his sorrow thus strongly, the father added: "I ought not to blame you for differing in sentiment with me in public affairs," and "I should be glad to see you when convenient." The two met for a brief moment at Southampton, in 1785, when Franklin was returning from France to America. But the endeavor to revive the old relation seems to have been unsuccessful; they never made further attempts to see each other, and in Franklin's will, drawn up three years after this meeting, though he left his son certain property in Nova Scotia, he stated: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavoured to deprive me of."

The affection which Franklin no longer gave to William he transferred to William's illegitimate child, assuming from the first the relation of father to him. Under his superintendence the boy was placed at school near London, and during the many years of Franklin's stay in that city he had the lad often to visit him, telling the father, on one occasion: "Temple has been at home with us during the Christmas Vacation from School. He improves continually, and more and more engages the regard of all that are acquainted with him by his pleasing, sensible, manly Behaviour." At another time, in making up an account with William Franklin, and noting that "the heaviest Part is the Maintenance & Education of Temple," the grandfatherly pride expressed itself in the assertion: "But that his friends will not grudge when they see him." On Franklin's return to America, in 1775, he brought the lad with him, and the boy went to live with his father, taking at the same time the family name, in place of that of William Temple—a change pleasing to at least one friend, who wrote Franklin: "I rejoice to hear he has the addition of Franklin, which I always knew he had some right to, and I hope will prove worthy the honorable Appellation."

Temple Franklin, as he was customarily called henceforth, returned soon to live with his grandfather, in order to attend college; but the plan was interfered with by Franklin's being sent to France in 1776, and his desire to have the boy go with him. Once in Paris, the young fellow became Franklin's private secretary, and there are frequent references to him in that capacity in Franklin's letters, as, for instance: "My grandson, whom you may remember when a saucy boy at school," is "my amanuensis in writing the within

letter." This employment roused sharp criticism both from Franklin's fellow-commissioners and from members of Congress, based partly on the questionableness of giving the position to a relative, partly on the lad's youthfulness, and partly on the fact that he was the son of an open and avowed Tory. A motion was even offered in Congress that he should be dismissed, which so exasperated Franklin that he declared warmly:

I am surprised to hear that my grandson, Temple Franklin, being with me, should be an objection against me, and that there is a cabal for removing him. Methinks it is rather some merit that I have rescued a valuable young man from the danger of being a Tory, and fixed him in honest republican Whig principles; as I think, from the integrity of his disposition, his industry, his early sagacity, and uncommon abilities for business, he may in time become of great service to his country. It is enough that I have lost my son; would they add my grandson? An old man of seventy, I undertook a winter voyage at the command of the Congress, and for the public service, with no other attendant to take care of me. I am continued here in a foreign country, where, if I am sick, his filial attention comforts me, and if I die, I have a child to close my eyes and take care of my remains. His dutiful behavior towards me, and his diligence and fidelity in business, are both pleasing and useful to me. His conduct, as my private secretary, has been unexceptionable, and I am confident the Congress will never think of separating us.

A mere retention in this minor office did not content Franklin, and he lost no opportunity in endeavoring to secure his grandson political preferment. In 1783 he made personal appeals to each one of the Peace Commissioners to have Temple made secretary of the commission. He wrote to the Continental Congress, asking, "as a favour to me," that the "young gentleman" should be made a secretary of legation, or a *chargé*. To reinforce this application, he wrote to members known to him, making the same request, and Jefferson tells us that "the Doctor" was "extremely wounded by the inattention of Congress to his application

for him. He expects something to be done as a reward for his services." Again, he used all his influence to have the grandson made secretary of the Federal Convention in 1787, and was keenly disappointed when that body selected some one else. No sooner was the national government organized than he applied to Washington for some office for the young man, and seriously resented a refusal to gratify his wish. In the meantime he had already in effect purchased and given to Temple his father's farm in New Jersey, valued at four thousand pounds sterling, and in his will he left him other property, including his library, and made him his literary executor.

In Franklin's paper, the "Pennsylvania Gazette," under date of December 13, 1736, appeared the following advertisement:

The son thus referred to, Francis Folger, who died when only four years of age, seems to have been his father's favorite. Long after, in referring to a grandson, who was declared to be "an uncommonly fine boy," Franklin said that the child "brings often afresh to my mind the idea of my son Franky, though now dead thirty-six years, whom I have seldom since seen equalled in everything, and whom to this day I cannot think of without a sigh."

The last of Franklin's three children was his daughter Sally, born in 1744, in whom her father took unconcealed pride, assuring his mother that "your granddaughter is the greatest lover of her book and school of any child I ever knew, and is very dutiful to her mistress as well as to us." Half jokingly, Franklin proposed a match, when she was a child of six, between her and the son of his friend William Strahan, and, the offer being

accepted in the same vein, he frequently sent word of her progress to "my son-in-law." "Please to acquaint him that his spouse grows finely," he requested, continuing, "and will probably have an agreeable person; that with the best natural disposition in the world, she discovers daily the seeds and tokens of

presently thanked him, and said that "nothing was ever more admired than my new gown." Yet at no time did Franklin encourage this desire for dress, and when, in 1779, Sally asked him to send her some clothes from Paris, he wrote so reprovingly of her extravagance that she replied:

FAMILY ACCOUNT IN FRANKLIN'S WRITING. IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

industry, economy, and, in short, of every female virtue, which her parents will endeavour to cultivate for him." Six years later he said: "Our daughter Sally is indeed a very good girl, affectionate, dutiful and industrious, has one of the best hearts, and though not a wit, is, for one of her years, by no means deficient in understanding." The imposed task of cultivating simple habits of frugality was not an altogether easy one, the girl's mother complaining that "Sally had nothing fit to wear suitable" for the Philadelphia society into which she began to be drawn, while Sally herself wrote "to ask my Papa for some things that I cannot get here . . . 't is some gloves, both white and mourning, the last to be of the largest"; and he seems to have yielded to the double pressure for finery, for the daughter

But how could my dear Papa give me so severe a reprimand for wishing a little finery. He would not, I am sure, if he knew how much I have felt it. . . . You would have been the last person, I am sure, to have wished to see me dressed with singularity; though I never loved dress so much as to wish to be particularly fine, yet I never will go out when I cannot appear so as to do credit to my family and husband.

Even in death Franklin consistently sought to teach her simplicity and economy, for in bequeathing to Sally "the king of France's picture, set with four hundred and eight diamonds," which had been presented to him upon his leaving the French court, he requested "that she would not form any of those diamonds into ornaments, either for herself or daughters, and thereby introduce or countenance the expensive, vain and use-

less fashion of wearing jewels in this country." Throughout his whole life the father endeavored to train his daughter, in his own words, so that "she will, in the true sense of the word, be *worth* a great deal of money, and, consequently, a great fortune," to her husband.

The match with the Strahan boy never got further than the wishes of the parents, and presently Franklin was notified that his daughter had chosen Richard Bache, a Philadelphia merchant, of whom Franklin knew "very little," but of whom he hoped that: "His expectations are not great of any fortune to be had with our daughter before our death"; and then explained:

I can only say that if he proves a good husband to her and a good son to me, he shall find me as good a father as I can be; but at present I suppose you would agree with me that we cannot do more than fit her out handsomely in clothes and furniture, not exceeding in the whole five hundred pounds of value. For the rest, they must depend, as you and I did, on their own industry and care, as what remains in our hands will be barely sufficient for our support, and not enough for them, when it comes to be divided at our decease.

Having made this explanation, Franklin left the decision entirely to his wife, who gave her consent to the marriage. The course of true love, however, did not run altogether smoothly, for Bache shortly became bankrupt in his business, upon which the father advised a postponement of the wedding. He was, however, by some influence, speedily won over; but the marriage was not favorably viewed by some, for William Franklin wrote that "Mrs. Franklin became angry with our friends for not approving the match," and there even seems to have been some ill feeling within the family over it.

Once his daughter was wedded, the father was not wholly consistent in compelling the young people to depend entirely on themselves. He gave Bache two hundred pounds toward setting him up in business, very quickly found a berth for him in the post-office,—which ever proved in Franklin's hands to have an elastic capacity as regarded his relatives,—presently made him Deputy Postmaster-General, and for many years let the couple live in his house in Philadelphia, "at no expense for rent." Furthermore, when Congress removed Bache from his office of Postmaster-General, and he was compelled once more to start in business, Franklin, with questionable delicacy, considering his official position in France, exerted influence to secure him business from

various French commercial houses. Mrs. Bache, according to Marbois, took a prominent part in the Revolution "in exertions to rouse the zeal of the Pennsylvania ladies; and she made on this occasion such a happy use of the eloquence which you know she possesses that a large part of the American army was provided with shirts bought with their money or made with their own hands"; and the Frenchman continued: "If there are in Europe any women who need a model of attachment to domestic duties and love for their country, Mrs. Bache may be pointed out to them as such." The Marquis de Chastellux echoed this praise by a description which spoke of her as "simple in her manners"; "like her respectable father, she possesses his benevolence." She is said, furthermore, to have much resembled Franklin, and was referred to by Manasseh Cutler, in 1787, as "a very gross and rather homely lady." On Franklin's final return to America, "My son-in-law came in a boat for us; we landed at Market Street wharf, where we were received by a crowd of people with huzzas, and accompanied with acclamations quite to my door." During the few remaining years of his life the Baches and he made one family, and the father told a friend that "I, too, have got into my niche after being kept out of it twenty-four years by foreign employments," and "am again surrounded by my friends, with a large family of grandchildren about my knees, an affectionate, good daughter and son-in-law to take care of me."

Of the Bache children, the eldest, and his namesake, was the most endeared to Franklin, and even before he had ever seen the boy, his frequent inquiries showed his interest in him; indeed, his American correspondents quickly learned that they could write nothing which would please him more than news of the "Little King Bird," or "your young Hercules," as he was called. "I came to town with Betsey," wrote William Franklin to his father, "in order to stand for my young nephew. He is not so fat and lusty as some children at his time are, but he is altogether a pretty little fellow and improves in his looks every day. Mr. Baynton stood as proxy for you and named Benj'n Franklin and my mother and Betsey were the god-mothers." His wife's letters, too, constantly brought the sponsor news of the godchild. The grandmother viewing him as "an extraordinary little fellow," Franklin welcomed her news, telling her "I am much pleased with your little histories of our grandson and

happy in thinking how much amusement he must afford you," and confessing that they made "me long to be at home to play with Ben." He rarely failed to send his love to the child, and often "some little things for Benny Boy," and once he complained that "you have so used me to have something pretty about the boy that I am a little disappointed in finding nothing more of him than that he is gone up to Burlington. Pray give me in your next as usual a little of his history." At a dinner in London he reports that "the chief toast of the day was Master Benjamin Bache, which the venerable old lady began in a tumbler of *mountain*. The Bishop's lady politely added, 'And that he may be as good a man as his grandfather.' I said I hoped he would be *much better*. The Bishop, still more complaisant than his lady, said, 'We will compound the matter and be contented if he should not prove *quite so good*.'"

When Franklin went to France in 1776, he took this grandson with him, to "give him a little French language and address." With still other ends in view, so soon as he was settled in Paris, he "sent him to finish his education at Geneva," as "I intend him for a Presbyterian as well as a republican." Here the boy remained four years, and then returned to live with his grandfather, who wrote the mother: "I have had a great deal of pleasure in Ben. He is a good honest lad, and will make, I think, a valuable man." "He gains daily upon my affection," and "we love him very much." Young Bache came to America with his grandfather, and by his aid was established as a printer, Franklin supplying all the equipment for the office, which he left him in his will, together with other property. In his behalf, also, he asked Washington for some public office, an application which shared the same fate as that he had made for his other grandson, by being refused. It was the common feeling of the time that Franklin had used civil office to serve his family more than to serve the public, and so there was sufficient prejudice to make exclusion of his relatives almost a policy with the new government. This discrimination, in time, led to ill feeling, and eventually Benjamin Franklin Bache became the standard-bearer of the journalists who abused Washington.

If Benjamin, from this long intimacy, was his favorite of the Bache children, Franklin was unquestionably fond of them all, though the rest were too young to have been more than playthings to him. In writing of his home toward the end of his life, he described his pleasure in "a dutiful and affectionate daughter, who, together with her husband and six children, compose my family. The children are all promising, and even the youngest, who is but four years old, contributes to my amusement"; and only two years before his death he noted "the addition of a little good-natured girl, whom I begin to love as well as the rest."

Nor was the affection of the grandfather unreciprocated, one of Franklin's callers recording that Mrs. Bache "had three of her children about her, over whom she seemed to have no kind of command, but who appeared to be excessively fond of their Grandpapa." Franklin himself tells a story of a child that is worth repeating as showing the grandsire's feeling. His wife had written of Mrs. Bache's over-severe punishment of one of the children, and the husband had replied:

It was very prudently done of you not to interfere when his mother thought fit to correct him; which pleased me the more, as I feared, from your fondness of him, that he would be too much humored, and perhaps spoiled. There is a story of two little boys in the street; one was crying bitterly; the other came to him to ask what was the matter. "I have been," says he, "for a penny-worth of vinegar, and I have broken the glass, and spilled the vinegar, and my mother will whip me." "No, she won't whip you," says the other. "Indeed she will," says he. "What," says the other, "have you then got ne'er a grandmother?"

At seventeen years of age the runaway apprentice had left his family; from that time he saw but little of them. As agent for Pennsylvania, and as minister to France, Franklin was, save for two short home-comings, continuously in Europe from 1757 to 1785, and necessarily separated from his wife, and, except as already narrated, from his children and grandchildren. Yet of all his kith and kin he was undoubtedly truly fond, not merely as relatives, but as companions, and not to one does he seem to have been lacking in interest and kindness.

(To be continued.)

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

SIR HENRY RAEURN (1756-1823).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.



HE best painter, in a technical sense, among all our so-called English masters was not an Englishman, but a Scotchman—Sir Henry Raeburn. Handling—the power to use the brush with certainty and ease—was his in large degree. He could hardly be called an imaginative artist, nor was he a draftsman or a colorist beyond the ordinary; but, in the Manet sense, he was quite a perfect painter. There are artists in history who seem to have been born to the brush rather than to the crayon—artists who take to paint as instinctively as swans to water. The names of Frans Hals and Velasquez come to mind at once as the chiefs of the class; and yet, in a smaller way, Tiepolo, Teniers, Goya, and Raeburn were just as truly to the manner born. Wilkie, when studying Velasquez in Spain, was continually reminded of the “square touch” of Raeburn. The resemblance in method—in a way of seeing and doing things—could not fail of notice. The men were of the same brotherhood, if not of the same rank, and in eye and hand they were both preëminently painters.

Raeburn's birth and education throw no light whatever on his peculiar technical ability. He sprang from peasant stock, and though the Scotch have always had fine native feeling in art matters, it was not to be supposed that one coming from the soil could overcome the final and most difficult phase of the painter's technic at the start. And yet that is what Raeburn apparently did. There is no record that he ever learned facility of handling from any one. He was virtually self-taught. Born near Edinburgh in 1756, he was left an orphan, at six years of age, in charge of an elder brother. It has been stated, and denied, that he received an elementary education at Heriot's school; but it seems well established that at fifteen he was apprenticed to a goldsmith named Gilliland. In the goldsmith's employ he developed a talent for miniature-painting, and his master, suspecting an incipient genius, took him to the studio of David Martin, who was the local “face-painter” for Edinburgh at that

time. Martin seems to have encouraged the youth and given him some of his own portraits to copy; but they soon quarreled,—as is the not infrequent habit of master and pupil,—and what instruction the young man had received is unknown. Martin could scarcely have taught more than he himself knew, and that was little. Nor does it appear that any after instruction came to Raeburn. There was no other painter in Edinburgh at that time to teach him, and he did not leave the town until both his style and his reputation were in a measure established. Then he married a young widow with something of a fortune, and about 1785 went up to London, and met Sir Joshua.

It is said that in London Raeburn worked in Sir Joshua's “painting-room” for a couple of months. The statement is questioned, though the painter certainly was not slow in adopting such methods of composition from the older man as he thought serviceable. Reynolds was very gracious to the young Scotchman, advised him to go to Rome, and, of course, recommended a study of Michelangelo, with whose work Raeburn could have had little or no sympathy. It is said that Sir Joshua, not knowing the young painter's easy circumstances through marriage (an ignorance which would argue against the “painting-room” story), generously offered him money and letters of introduction to painters in Rome. Raeburn accepted the latter, went to Rome, and remained there two years. He seems to have brought back with him some good advice, got from an art-dealer by the name of Byers, which he spoke of frequently as being of great service to him. The advice was cheap, and at this day is quite hackneyed. It was, in substance, to work from the model, and not from memory. This was Raeburn's natural inclination, and of course he fell in with it. There is no trace in his painting that he brought back anything else from Rome. Evidently the old masters never persuaded him, never made a dent of any kind in his Scotch nature. What were all the fine linear compositions of the Vatican to one

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, AFTER THE PAINTING BY RABBIT.

ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL SCOTCH GALLERY, EDINBURGH

LORD NEWTON.

whose eyes were focused to see in patched bulk rather than in sharp outline? What were the thin fields of color used by the Florentines to one who could work to advantage only with a heavily loaded brush? One portrait by Velasquez—say the "Innocent X," in the Doria Gallery—were worth them all. Raeburn may have seen this portrait; he may have seen Venetian, French, even Dutch painting at Rome, for that city has always been a great depot of art; but there is no tale in his life, nor trace in his art, of influences from these quarters. The simple Scot came home to Edinburgh, and, barring some acquired facility and a slight tendency to pay tribute to Sir Joshua's point of view, painted his portraits in the old way.

He soon established himself as the first portrait-painter in Scotland, and for many years employed his brush in painting such national characters as Blair, Erskine, Mackenzie, Robertson, Wilson, Dugald Stewart, and Walter Scott. At one time he contemplated moving up to London; but Lawrence persuaded him that it was better to be the Scottish Reynolds in Edinburgh than plain Raeburn in London. He visited London only a few times, and it was not until 1814 that he began sending portraits to the Royal Academy for exhibition. He was then elected an Associate, and the next year an Academician. In 1822, when George IV was in Edinburgh, Raeburn was knighted, and shortly afterward made "his Majesty's limner and painter for Scotland"; but he did not live long enough to enjoy the office. After a week's illness, he died June 16, 1823, leaving as the last work upon his easel a portrait of Sir Walter Scott. In addition to being a member of many foreign art societies, he had been president of the Society of Artists in Scotland, and had received honors even from far-away America.

Considering the lack of technical education, Raeburn's art seems little less than astonishing. He achieved almost at the start, and apparently without effort, those qualities of simplicity and directness which many painters struggle for all their lives, and then often fall short of attaining. It was not only that he was able to paint simply, but he saw things simply, to begin with. And yet it remains to be said that both his range and his success were limited. The problem he undertook was not complex. He made few sallies into the domain of historical painting, and he knew nothing about decorative composition. He was a portrait-painter, and as such saw little more than the human face.

By his own confession, a head was much easier for him to paint than a piece of drapery. He stumbled over accessory objects, often slurred them, and even his countryman, the Duke of Buccleugh, complained of his carelessness in painting hands. It is probable that he cared little for them. His Scotch mind went directly at the head, and his painter's eye was drawn by the expressive features. In giving the characteristic look of his sitter he was usually successful, though Scott said that he made a "chowder-headed person" of him. When he went further, and tried to give the whole-length portrait in landscape or with elaborate background, he was not so happy. His "Lady in White," in the National Gallery, London, done after the Reynolds formula, is somewhat heavy in spirit and flat in handling; his "Professor John Wilson," standing beside his horse, in the Scottish Portrait Gallery, is weak; his "Niel Gow," in Highland costume, with a violin, comes perilously near the bizarre. Given the bust portrait, and he could, at times, render it with great force. Nothing could be better of its kind than the portrait of Lord Newton that Mr. Cole has engraved. The bluff bulk of beef and beer in the head and shoulders is something wonderful. In giving the physical presence Frans Hals could not have gone beyond it. The portrait of Dr. Adam, hanging near the "Lord Newton" in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, has the same qualities of structure, and is struck off with the same square touch. Both portraits are quite perfect in their way.

These heads show Raeburn in his most energetic style—in fact, his best style. He could not always reach up to it, and with portraits of women he frequently fell below it. He never understood the "eternal womanly," and the gaiety and coquetry of the sex made no such appeal to him as to Reynolds and Romney. A somewhat matter-of-fact Scotchman, large-framed and athletic, fond of outdoor games, machinery, ship-building,—all strong, muscular pursuits,—he naturally sympathized with the powerful, and preferred the masculine to the feminine type. But he was not wholly indifferent to womanly grace and charm, and in such portraits as those of Mrs. Scott Moncrieff, Mrs. Bell, and his own wife he showed refinement, delicacy, and not a little sense of beauty. These portraits are given, however, with less pronounced modeling than shows in his portraits of men, and with the surfaces rubbed smooth. His concession to Sir Joshua was

more marked just here than elsewhere. His fair women hardly suggest an individual point of view, and one gains the impression that the painter is somehow following the Reynolds pattern—working with intelligence and skill, but without enthusiasm or conviction. The graceful contours and elaborate costume of a duchess were not to his fancy, as compared with the rugged features and the strong flesh-notes of a well-fed judge or a Scotch landlord.

One cannot imagine a head like that of the "Lord Newton" having been first drawn with chalk or coal. It must have been painted, like so many of the heads by Frans Hals, with a full brush and a free hand. And that was Raeburn's way of working. He used the brush from the start, drawing and modeling with it, relying upon it for everything, and finishing a portrait with it in four or five sittings. Absolute accuracy did not always accompany his facility; but bulk, weight, character,—in short, the personal presence,—were almost always given in a convincing manner. Unfortunately, Raeburn was fond of bitumen (something he may have heard of from Sir Joshua), and he employed that painter's plague not a little in his shadows. The results were, of course, disastrous. To-day the forehead curls in the portrait of Mrs. Scott Moncrieff have nearly slipped over the eyes from having been under-based in treacherous bitumen. The head of the "Lord Newton" has suffered in the shadows from a like cause. Raeburn did not use it invariably, and some of his portraits, like that of the Rev. John Home, in the National Portrait Gallery in London, are sound in every respect, and models of good craftsmanship.

There was nothing remarkable in Rae-

burn's art, aside from his simple point of view, his grasp of the portrait presence, and his mastery of the brush. He had little subtlety, shrewdness, or depth, little decorative sense in either line or color. His coloring was sober, often somber; or, if brilliant, it was shrill, or perhaps false, in its lighting. Tone was a feature he never quite mastered, and atmosphere bothered him whenever he tried to give a naturalistic background. He lacked knowledge of the aerial envelop, just as he failed in the perception of the relation of objects one to another. The isolated face and figure he did very well, but the grouped or related figure baffled him.

He had several different styles of working, but it is almost impossible to give them in order, for he never kept a record of his sitters or dated his canvases. It seems that at first he was timid and tentative, employing his early miniature methods upon an enlarged scale. Then he grew broader and freer, developing a robust manner, resembling at times that of an American painter,—Gilbert Stuart,—but oftener recalling the style of Velasquez. It seems that finally, following Reynolds or Lawrence, he painted with a smoother and a weaker brush. His method of handling must always have an interest for people of the craft; but to the public, that cares little about methods, he has been, and will doubtless continue to be, simply a good painter with limitations. He never illustrated history or poetry, and had nothing to do with figures in group or tales in paint. He was only a portrait-painter, and even in that department he was more of a skilled craftsman than a creative artist. As a craftsman he had no rival in his age and country, and to this day Scotland is still looking for his superior.

A HAZARD OF LOVE.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

I COUNT my gain a loss,
If that should be to thee
The shadow of a cross
On thy felicity.

But if, dear saint, there be
In loss of mine thy gain,
How sweet it were for me
To please thee with my pain!

Let, then, my loss be thine,
My loss thy gain, sweet nun;
Yet, dear, were 't not divine
If gain and loss were one?

THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH.

hortations were of little avail. With such of their possessions as they could carry, the people crowded into the boats as soon as they were ready, and sometimes before they were ready; and while there was not exactly a panic on board, each man seemed to be inspired with the idea that his safety, and that of his family, if he had one, depended upon precipitate individual action.

I was a young man, traveling alone, and while I was as anxious as any one to be saved from the sinking vessel, I was not a coward, and I could not thrust myself into a boat when there were women and children behind me who had not yet been provided with places. There were men who did this, and several times I felt inclined to knock one of the poltroons overboard. The deck was well lighted, the steamer was settling slowly, and there was no excuse for the dastardly proceedings which were going on about me.

It was not long, however, before almost all of the passengers were safely embarked, and I was preparing to get into a boat which was nearly filled with the officers and crew, when I was touched on the shoulder, and turning, I saw a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made soon after the steamer had left Havre. His name was Crowder. He was a middle-aged man, a New-Yorker, intelligent and of a social disposition, and I had found him a very pleasant companion. To my amazement, I perceived that he was smoking a cigar.

"If I were you," said he, "I would not go in that boat. It is horribly crowded, and the captain and second officer have yet to find places in it."

"That's all the more reason," said I, "why we should hurry. I am not going to push myself ahead of women and children, but I've just as much right to be saved as the captain has, and if there are any vacant places, let us get them as soon as possible."

Crowder now put his hand on my shoulder as if to restrain me. "Safety!" said he. "You need n't trouble yourself about safety. You are just as safe where you are as you could possibly be in one of those boats. If they are not picked up soon,—and they may float about for days,—their sufferings and discomforts will be very great. There is a

"HIS WIFE WAS A SLENDER LADY."

I WAS on a French steamer bound from Havre to New York, when I had a peculiar experience in the way of a shipwreck. On a dark and foggy night, when we were about three days out, our vessel collided with a derelict—a great, heavy, helpless mass, as dull and colorless as the darkness in which she was enveloped. We struck her almost head on, and her stump of a bowsprit was driven into our port bow with such tremendous violence that a great hole—nobody knew of what dimensions—was made in our vessel.

The collision occurred about two hours before daylight, and the frightened passengers who crowded the upper deck were soon informed by the officers that it would be necessary to take to the boats, for the vessel was rapidly settling by the head.

Now, of course, all was hurry and confusion. The captain endeavored to assure his passengers that there were boats enough to carry every soul on board, and that there was time enough for them to embark quietly and in order. But as the French people did not understand him when he spoke in English, and as the Americans did not readily comprehend what he said in French, his ex-

shameful want of accommodation in the way of boats."

"But, my dear sir," said I, "I can't stop here to talk about that. They are calling for the captain now."

"Oh, he's in hurry," said my companion. "He's collecting his papers, suppose, and he knows his vessel will not sink under him while he is doing it. I'm not in that boat; I have n't the least idea of such a thing. It will be odiously crowded, and I assure you, sir, that if the sea should be rough that boat will be dangerous. Even now she is overloaded."

I looked at the man in amazement. He had spoken earnestly, but he was as calm as if we were standing on a sidewalk, and he was endeavoring to dissuade me from boarding an overcrowded street-car. Before I could say anything he spoke again:

"I am going to remain on this ship. She is a hundred times safer than any of the boats. I have had a deal of experience on vessels and occasions, and it will be a long time before this vessel sinks, if she ever sinks of her own accord."

She's just as likely to float as that derelict we ran into. The steam is pretty nearly out of her boilers by this time, and nothing is likely to happen to her. I wish you would stay with me. Here we will be safe, with plenty of room, and plenty to eat and drink. When it is daylight we will hoist a flag of distress, which will be much more likely to

be seen than anything that can flutter from those little boats. If you have noticed, sir, the inclination of this deck is not greater now than it was half an hour ago. That proves that our bow has settled down about

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"DON'T YOU DO IT."

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safe. This steamer is not
going to sink."

There were rapid footsteps, and I saw the captain and his second officer approaching.

"Step back here," said Mr. Crowder, pulling me by the coat. "Don't let them see us. They may drag us on board that confounded boat. Keep quiet, sir, and let them get off. They think they are the last on board."

Involuntarily I obeyed him, and we stood

in the shadow of the great smoke-stack. The captain had reached the rail.

"Is every one in the boats?" he shouted, in French and in English. "Is every one in the boats? I am going to leave the vessel."

I made a start as if to rush toward him, but Crowder held me by the arm.

"Don't you do it," he whispered very earnestly. "I have the greatest possible

very disagreeable slant to my berth. The next day, early in the afternoon, our signal of distress was seen by a tramp steamer on her way to New York, and we were taken off.

We cruised about for many hours in the direction the boats had probably taken, and the day after we picked up two of them in a sorry condition, the occupants having



"'TIME OF ABRAHAM!' I EXCLAIMED."

desire to save you. Stay where you are, and you will be all right. That overloaded boat may capsize in half an hour."

I could not help it; I believed him. My own judgment seemed suddenly to rise up and ask me why I should leave the solid deck of the steamer for that perilous little boat.

I need say but little more in regard to this shipwreck. When the fog lifted about ten o'clock in the morning we could see no signs of any of the boats. A mile or so away lay the dull black line of the derelict, as if she were some savage beast who had bitten and torn us, and was now sullenly waiting to see us die of the wound. We hoisted a flag, union down, and then we went below to get some breakfast. Mr. Crowder knew all about the ship, and where to find everything. He told me that he had made so many voyages that he felt almost as much at home on sea as on land. We made ourselves comfortable all day, and at night we went to our rooms, and I slept fairly well, although there was a

suffered many hardships and privations. We never had news of the captain's boat, but the others were rescued by a sailing-vessel going eastward.

Before we reached New York, Mr. Crowder had made me promise that I would spend a few days with him at his home in that city. His family was small, he told me,—a wife, and a daughter about six,—and he wanted me to know them. Naturally we had become great friends. Very likely the man had saved my life, and he had done it without any act of heroism or daring, but simply by impressing me with the fact that his judgment was better than mine. I am apt to object to people of superior judgment, but Mr. Crowder was an exception to the ordinary superior person. From the way he talked it was plain that he had had much experience of various sorts, and that he had greatly advantaged thereby; but he gave himself no airs on this account, and there was nothing patronizing about him. If I were able to tell

him anything he did not know,—and I frequently was,—he was very glad to hear it.

Moreover, Mr. Crowder was a very good man to look at. He was certainly over fifty,

My relatives were few, and they lived in the West, and I never had had a friend whose company was so agreeable to me as that of Mr. Crowder.



MOSES ASKED EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS.

and his closely trimmed hair was white, but he had a fresh and florid complexion. He was tall and well made, fashionably dressed, and had an erect and somewhat military carriage. He was fond of talking, and seemed fond of me, and these points in his disposition attracted me very much.

Mr. Crowder's residence was a handsome house in the upper part of the city. His wife was a slender lady, scarcely half his age, with a sweet and interesting face, and was attired plainly but tastefully. In general appearance she seemed to be the opposite of her husband in every way. She had suffered

a week of anxiety, and was so rejoiced at having her husband again that when I met her, some hours after Crowder had reached the house, her glorified face seemed like that of an angel. But there was nothing demonstrative about her. Even in her great joy she was as quiet as a dove, and I was not surprised when her husband afterward told me that she was a Quaker.

I was entertained very handsomely by the Crowders. I spent some days with them, and although they were so happy to see each other, they made it very plain that they were also happy to have me with them, he because he liked me, she because he liked me.

On the day before my intended departure, Mr. Crowder and I were smoking, after dinner, in his study, when he had been speaking of things that he had seen in various parts of the world, but after a time he became a little abstracted, and allowed me to do most of the talking.

"You must excuse me," he said suddenly, when I had repeated a question; "you must not think me willingly inattentive, but I was considering something important—very important. Ever since you have been here,—almost ever since I have known you, I might say,—the desire has been growing upon me to tell you something known to no living being but myself."

This offer did not altogether please me; I had grown very fond of Crowder, but the confidences of friends are often very embarrassing. At this moment the study door was gently opened, and Mrs. Crowder came in.

"No," said she, addressing her husband with a smile; "thee need not let thee con-

science trouble thee. I have not come to say anything about gentlemen being too long over their smoking. I only want to say that Mrs. Norris and two other ladies have just called, and I am going down to see them. They are a committee, and will not care for the society of gentlemen. I am sorry to lose any of your company, Mr. Randolph,

"y as you insist s is to be your ing with us; but think you would 'thing about our ganizations."

, is n't that a ave!" exclaimed , as we resumed rs. "She thinks ody's happiness, n wishes us to to take another we desire it, al- n her heart she ves of smoking."

We settled ourselves again to talk, and as there really could be no objections to my listening to Crowder's confidences, I made none.

"What I have to tell you," he said presently, "concerns my life, present, past, and future. Pretty

comprehensive, is n't it? I have long been looking for some one to whom I should be so drawn by bonds of sympathy that I should wish to tell him my story. Now, I feel that I am so drawn to you. The reason for this, in some degree at least, is because you believe in me. You are not weak, and it is my opinion that on important occasions you are very apt to judge for yourself, and not to care very much for the opinions of other people; and yet, on a most important occasion, you allowed me to judge for you. You are not only able to rely on yourself, but you know when it is right to rely on others. I believe you to be possessed of a fine and healthy sense of appreciation."

I laughed, and begged him not to bestow

AN ENCOUNTER WITH CHARLES LAMB.

too many compliments upon me, for I was not used to them.

"I am not thinking of complimenting you," he said. "I am simply telling you what I think of you in order that you will understand why I tell you my story. I must first assure you, however, that I do not wish to place any embarrassing responsibility upon you by taking you into my confidence. All that I say to you, you may say to others when the time comes; but first I must tell the tale to you."

He sat up straight in his chair, and put down his cigar. "I will begin," he said, "by stating that of the Two-horned Ale

I sat up even stronger companion, and gazed steadfastly at him.

"No," said he; "I am not crazy. I expected you to think that, and am entirely prepared for your look of amazement and incipient horror. I will ask you, however, to set aside for a time the dictates of your own sense, and hear what I have to say. Then you can take the whole matter into consideration, and draw your own conclusions." He now leaned back in his chair, and went on with his story: "It would be more

correct, perhaps, for me to say that I was the Vizier of the Two-horned Alexander, for that great personage died long ago. Now, I don't believe you ever heard anything about the Two-horned Alexander."

I had recovered sufficiently from my surprise to assure him that he was right.

My host nodded. "I thought so," said he; "very few people do know anything about that powerful potentate. He lived in the time of Abraham. He was a man of considerable culture, even of travel, and of an adventurous disposition. I entered into the service of his court when I was a very young man, and gradually I rose in position until I became his chief officer, or vizier."

I sprang from my chair. "Time of Abraham!" I exclaimed. "This is simply—"

"No; it is not," he interrupted, and speaking in perfect good humor. "I beg you will sit down and listen to me. What I have to say to you is not nearly so wonderful as the nature and power of electricity."

I obeyed; he had touched me on a tender spot, for I am an electrician, and can appreciate the wonderful.

"There has been a great deal of discussion," he continued, "in regard to the peculiar title given to Alexander, but the appellation

'two-horned' has frequently been used in ancient times. You know Michelangelo gave two horns to Moses; but he misunderstood the tradition he had heard, and furnished the prophet with real horns. Alexander wore his hair arranged over his forehead in the shape of two protruding horns. This was simply a symbol of high authority; as the bull is monarch of the herd, so was he monarch among men. He was the first to use this symbol, although it was imitated afterward by various Eastern potentates.

"As I have said, Alexander was a man of enterprise, and it had come to his knowledge that there existed somewhere a certain spring the waters of which would confer immortality upon any descendant of Shem who should drink of them, and he started out to find this spring. I traveled with him for more than a year. It was on this journey that he visited Abraham when the latter was building the great edifice which the Mohammedans claim as their holy temple, the Kaaba.

It was more than a month after we had parted from Abraham that I, being in advance of the rest of the company, noticed a little pool in the shade of a rock, and being very warm and thirsty, I got down on my hands and knees, and putting my face to the water, drank of it. I drank heartily, and when I raised my head I saw, to my amazement, that there was not a drop of water left in the spring. Now it so happened that

"I CUT THAT PICTURE FROM ITS FRAME."

when Alexander came to this spot, he stopped, and having regarded the little hollow under the rock, together with its surroundings, he dismounted and stood by it. He called me, and said: 'According to all the descriptions I have read, this might have been the spring of immortality for which I have been searching; but it cannot be such now, for there is no water in it.' Then he stooped down and looked carefully at the hollow. 'There has been water here,' said he, 'and that not long ago, for the ground is wet.'

"A horrible suspicion now seized upon me. Could I have drained the contents of the spring of inestimable value? Could I, without knowing it, have deprived my king of the great prize for which he had searched so long, with such labor and pains? Of course I was certain of nothing, but I bowed before Alexander, and told him that I had found an insignificant little puddle at the place, that I had tasted it and found it was nothing but common water, and in quantity so small that it scarcely sufficed to quench my thirst. If he would consent to camp in the shade, and wait a few hours, water would trickle again into the little basin, and fill it, and he could see for himself that this could not be the spring of which he was in search.

"We waited at that place for the rest of the day and the whole of the night, and the next morning the little basin was empty and entirely dry. Alexander did not reproach me; he was accustomed to rule all men, even himself, and he forbade himself to think that I had interfered with the great object of his search. But he sent me home to his capital city, and continued his journey without me. 'Such a thirsty man must not travel with me,' he said. 'If we should really come to the immortal spring, he would be sure to drink it all.'

"Nine years afterward Alexander returned to his palace, and when I presented myself before him he regarded me steadfastly. I knew why he was looking at me, and I trembled. At length he spoke: 'Thou art not one day older than when I dismissed thee from my company. It was indeed the fountain of immortality which thou didst discover, and of which thou didst drink every drop. I have searched over the whole habitable world, and there is no other. Thou, too, art an aristocrat; thou, too, art of the family of Shem. It was for this reason that I placed thee near me, that I gave thee great power; and now thou hast destroyed all my hopes, my aspira-

tions. Thou hast put an end to my ambitions. I had believed that I should rule the world, and rule it forever!' His face grew black; his voice was terrible. 'Retire!' he said. 'I will attend to thy future.'

"I retired, but my furious sovereign never saw me again. I was fifty-three years old when I drank the water in the little pool under the rock, and I was well aware that at the time of my sovereign's return I felt no older and looked no older. But still I hoped that this was merely the result of my general good health, and that when Alexander came back he would inform me that he had discovered the veritable spring of immortality; so I retained my high office, and waited. But I had made my plans for escape in case my hope should not be realized. In two minutes from the time I left his presence I had begun my flight, and there were no horses in all his dominions which could equal the speed of mine.

"Now began a long, long period of danger and terror, of concealment and deprivation. I fled into other lands, and these were conquered in order that I might be found. But at last Alexander died, and his son died, and the sons of his son died, and the whole story was forgotten or disbelieved, and I was no longer in danger of living forever as an example of the ingenious cruelty of an exasperated monarch.

"I do not intend to recount my life and adventures since that time; in fact, I shall scarcely touch upon them. You can see for yourself that that would be impossible. One might as well attempt to read a history of the world in a single evening. I merely want to say enough to make you understand the situation.

"A hundred years after I had fled from Alexander I was still fifty-three years old, and knew that that would be my age forever. I stayed so long in the place where I first established myself that people began to look upon me with suspicion. Seeing me grow no older, they thought I was a wizard, and I was obliged to seek a new habitation. Ever since, my fate has been the necessity of moving from place to place. I would go somewhere as a man beginning to show signs of age, and I would remain as long as a man could reasonably be supposed to live without becoming truly old and decrepit. Sometimes I remained in a place far longer than my prudence should have permitted, and many were the perils I escaped on account of this rashness; but I have gradually learned wisdom."

The man spoke so quietly and calmly, and

made his statements in such a matter-of-fact way, that I listened to him with the same fascinated attention I had given to the theory of telegraphy without wires, when it was first propounded to me. In fact, I had been so influenced by his own conviction of the truth of what he said that I had been on the point of asking him if Abraham had really had anything to do with the building of the Islam temple, but had been checked by the thought of the utter absurdity of supposing that this man sitting in front of me could possibly know anything about it. But now I spoke. I did not want him to suppose that I believed anything he said, nor did I really intend to humor him in his insane retrospections; but what he had said suggested to me the very apropos remark that one might suppose he had been giving a new version of the story of the Wandering Jew.

At this he sat up very straight, on the extreme edge of his chair; his eyes sparkled.

"You must excuse me," he said, "but for twenty seconds I am going to be angry. I can't help it. It is n't your fault, but that remark always enrages me. I expect it, of course, but it makes my blood boil, all the same."

"Then you have told your story before?" I said.

"Of course I have," he answered. "I have told it often before. Some have believed it, some have not; but, believers or disbelievers, all have died and disappeared. Their opinions are nothing to me. You are the only living being who knows my story."

I was going to ask a question here, but he did not give me a chance. He was very much moved.

"I hate that Wandering Jew," said he, "or, I should say, I despise the thin film of a tradition from which he was constructed. There never was a Wandering Jew. There could not have been; it is impossible to conceive of a human being sent forth to wander in wretchedness forever. Moreover, suppose there had been such a man, what a poor, modern creature he would be compared with me! Even now he would be less than two thousand years old. You must excuse my perturbation, but I am sure that during the whole of the Christian era I have never told my story to any one who did not, in some way or other, make an absurd or irritating reference to the Wandering Jew. I have often thought, and I have no doubt I am right, that the ancient story of my adventures as Kroudh, the Vizier of the Two-horned Alexander, combined with what I

have related, in one century or another, of my subsequent experiences, has given rise to the tradition of that very unpleasant Jew of whom Eugène Sue and many others have made good use. It is very natural that there should be legends about people who in some way or other are enabled to live forever. In all ages there have been individuals who have desired earthly immortality, or supposed they desired it; and when people want things, there will always be legends to suit their fancy. If De Soto and his companions had mysteriously disappeared during their expedition in search of the Fountain of Youth, there would be stories now about rejuvenated Spaniards who are wandering about the earth, and would always continue to wander. But the Fountain of Youth is not a desirable water-supply, and a young person who should find such a pool would do well to wait until he had arrived at maturity before entering upon an existence of indefinite continuance.

"But I must go on with my story," said he. "At one time I made myself a home, and remained in it for many, many years without making any change. I became a sort of hermit, and lived in a rocky cave. I allowed my hair and beard to grow, so that people really thought I was getting older and older; and at last I acquired the reputation of a prophet, and was held in veneration by a great many religious people. Of course I could not prophesy, but as I had such a vast deal of experience I was able to predicate intelligently something about the future from my knowledge of the past. I became famed as a wonderful seer, and there were a great many curious stories told about me.

"Among my visitors at that time was Moses. He had heard of me, and came to see what manner of man I was. We became very well acquainted. He was a man anxious to obtain information, and he asked me questions which embarrassed me very much; but I do not know that he suspected I had lived beyond the ordinary span of life. There are a good many traditions about this visit of Moses, some of which are extant at the present day; but these, of course, are the result of what might be called cumulative imagination. Many of them are of Moslem origin, and the great Arabian historian Tabari has related some of them.

"I learned a great deal while I lived in this cave, both from scholars and from nature; but at last new generations arose who did not honor or even respect me, and by some I was looked upon as a fraudulent

successor to the old prophet of whom their ancestors had told them, and I thought it prudent to leave."

My interest in this man's extraordinary tissue of retrospection was increasing, and I felt that I must not doubt or deny; to do so would be to break the spell, to close the book.

"Did it not sometimes fill you with horror to think that you must live forever?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered; "that has happened to me; but such feelings have long, long passed away. If you could have lived as I have, and had seen the world change from what it was when I was born to what it is now, you would understand how a man of my disposition, a man of my overpowering love of knowledge, love of discovery, love of improvement, love of progress of all kinds, would love to live. In fact, if I were now to be told that at the end of five thousand years I must expire and cease, it would fill me with gloom. Having seen so much, I expect more than most men are capable of comprehending. And I shall see it all—see the centuries unfold, behold the wonderful things of the future arise! The very thought of it fills me with inexpressible joy."

For a few moments he remained silent. I could understand the state of his mind, no matter how those mental conditions had been brought about.

"But you must not suppose," he continued, "that this earthly immortality is without its pains, its fears, I may say its horrors. It is precisely on account of all these that I am now talking to you. The knowledge that my life is always safe, no matter in what peril I may be, does not relieve me from anxiety and apprehension of evil. It would be a curse to live if I were not in sound physical condition; it would be a curse to live as a slave; it would be a curse to live in a dungeon. I have known vicissitudes and hardships of every kind, but I have been fortunate enough to preserve myself whole and unscathed, in spite of the dangers I have incurred.

"I often think from what a terrible fate I saved my master, Alexander of the two horns. If he had found the fountain he might have enjoyed his power and dominion for a few generations. Then he would have been thrown down, cast out, and even if he had escaped miseries which I cannot bear to mention, he never could have regained his high throne. He would have been condemned to live forever in a station for which he was not fitted.

"It is very different with me. My nature

allows me to adapt myself to various conditions, and my habits of prudence prevent me from seeking to occupy any position which may be dangerous to me by making me conspicuous, and from which I could not easily retire when I believe the time has come to do so. I have been almost everything; I have even been a soldier. But I have never taken up arms except when obliged to do so, and I have known as little of war as possible. No weapon or missile could kill me, but I have a great regard for my arms and legs. I have been a ruler of men, but I have trembled in my high estate. I feared the populace. They could do everything except take my life. Therefore I made it a point to abdicate when the skies were clear. In such cases I set out on journeys from which I never returned.

"I have also lived the life of the lowly; I have drawn water, and I have hewn wood. By the way, that reminds me of a little incident which may interest you. I was employed in the East India House at the time Charles Lamb was a clerk there. It was not long after he had begun to contribute his Elia essays to the 'London Magazine.' I had read some of them, and was interested in the man. I met him several times in the corridors or on the stairways, and one day I was going up-stairs, carrying a hod of coals, as he was coming down. Looking up at him, I made a misstep, and came near dropping a portion of my burden. 'My good man,' said he, with a queer smile, 'if you would learn to carry your coals as well as you carry your age you would do well.' I don't remember what I said in reply; but I know I thought if Charles Lamb could be made aware of my real age he would abandon Elia and devote himself to me."

"It is a pity you did not tell him," I now suggested.

"No," replied my host. "He might have been interested, but he could not have appreciated it, even if I had told him everything. He would not really have known my age, for he would not have believed me. I might have found myself in a lunatic asylum. I never saw Lamb again, and very soon after that meeting I came to America."

"There are two points about your story that I do not comprehend," said I (and as I spoke I could not help the thought that in reality I did not comprehend any of it). "In the first place, I don't see how you could live for a generation or two in one place and then go off to an entirely new locality. I should think there were not enough inhabited spots

in the world to accommodate you in such extensive changes."

Mr. Crowder smiled. "I don't wonder you ask that question," he said; "but in fact it was not always necessary for me to seek new places. There are towns in which I have taken up my residence many times. But as I arrived each time as a stranger from afar, and as these sojourns were separated by many years, there was no one to suppose me to be a person who had lived in that place a century or two before."

"Then you never had your portrait painted," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, I have," he replied. "Toward the close of the thirteenth century I was living in Florence, being at that time married to a lady of wealthy family, and she insisted upon my having my portrait painted by Cimabue, who, as you know, was the master of Giotto. After my wife's death I departed from Florence, leaving behind me

the impression that I intended to return; and I would have been glad to take the portrait with me, but I had no opportunity. It was in 1503 that I returned to Florence, and as soon as I could I visited the stately mansion where I had once lived, and there in the gallery still hung the portrait. This was an unsatisfactory discovery, for I might wish at some future time to settle again in Florence, and I had hoped that the portrait had faded, or that it had been destroyed; but Cimabue painted too well, and his work was then held in high value, without regard to his subject. Finding myself entirely alone in the gallery, I cut that picture from its frame; I concealed it under my cloak, and when I reached my lodging I utterly destroyed it. I did not feel that I was committing any crime in doing this; I had ordered and paid for that picture, and I felt that I had a right to do what I pleased with it."

(To be concluded.)

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

SHE told the story, and the whole world wept
 At wrongs and cruelties it had not known
 But for this fearless woman's voice alone.
 She spoke to consciences that long had slept:
 Her message, Freedom's clear reveille, swept
 From heedless hovel to complacent throne.
 Command and prophecy were in the tone,
 And from its sheath the sword of justice leapt.
 Around two peoples swelled a fiery wave,
 But both came forth transfigured from the flame.
 Blest be the hand that dared be strong to save,
 And blest be she who in our weakness came—
 Prophet and priestess! At one stroke she gave
 A race to freedom, and herself to fame.

VIA CRUCIS.¹

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

I.



HE sun was setting on the fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord's grace eleven hundred and forty-five. In the little garden between the outer wall and the moat of Stoke Regis Manor, a lady slowly walked along the narrow path between high rose-bushes trained upon the masonry, and a low flower-bed, divided into many little squares, planted alternately with flowers and sweet herbs on one side, and bordered with budding violets on the other. From the line where the flowers ended, spiked rushes grew in sharp disorder to the edge of the deep-green water in the moat. Beyond the water stretched the close-cropped sward; then came great oak-trees, shadowy still in their spring foliage; and then corn-land and meadow-land, in long green waves of rising tilth and pasture, as far as a man could see.

The sun was setting, and the level rays reddened the lady's golden hair, and fired the softness of her clear blue eyes. She walked with a certain easy undulation, in which there were both strength and grace; and though she could barely have been called young, none would have dared to say that she was past maturity. Features which had been coldly perfect and hard in early youth, and which might grow sharp in old age, were smoothed and rounded in the full fruit-time of life's summer. As the gold deepened in the mellow air, and tinged the lady's hair and eyes, it wrought in her face changes of which she knew nothing. The beauty of a white-marble statue suddenly changed to burnished gold might be beauty still, but of different expression and meaning. There is always something devilish in the too great profusion of precious metal—something that suggests greed, spoil, gain, and all that he lives for who strives for wealth; and sometimes, by the mere absence of gold or silver, there is dignity, simplicity, even solemnity.

Above the setting sun, tens of thousands of little clouds, as light and fleecy as swan's-

down, some dazzling bright, some rosy-colored, some, far to eastward, already purple, streamed across the pale sky in the mystic figure of a vast wing, as if some great archangel hovered below the horizon, pointing one jeweled pinion to the firmament, the other down and unseen in his low flight. Just above the feathery oak-trees, behind which the sun had dipped, long streamers of red and yellow and more imperial purple shot out to right and left. Above the moat's broad water, the quick, dark May-flies chased one another, in dashes of straight lines, through the rosy haze; and as the sinking sun shot a last farewell glance between the trunks of the oak-trees on the knoll, the lady stood still, and turned her smooth features to the light. There was curiosity in her look, expectation and some anxiety, but there was no longing. A month had passed since Raymond Warde had ridden away with his half-dozen squires and servants to do homage to the Empress Maud. Her court was, indeed, little more than a show, and Stephen ruled in wrongful possession of the land; but here and there a sturdy and honest knight was still to be found, who might, perhaps, be brought to do homage for his lands to King Stephen, but who would have felt that he was a traitor, and no true man, had he not rendered the homage of fealty to the unhappy lady who was his rightful sovereign. And one of these was Raymond Warde, whose great-grandfather had ridden with Robert the Devil to Jerusalem, and had been with him when he died in Nicæa; and his grandsire had been in the thick of the press at Hastings, with William of Normandy, wherefore he had received the lands and lordship of Stoke Regis in Hertfordshire; and his name is on the Battle Abbey Roll to this day.

During ten years Stephen of Blois had reigned over England with varying fortune, alternately victor and vanquished, now holding his great enemy, Robert of Gloucester, a prisoner and hostage, now himself in the empress's power, loaded with chains, and languishing in the keep of Bristol Castle.

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Yet of late the tide had turned in his favor; and though Gloucester still kept up the show of warfare for his half-sister's sake,—as, indeed, he fought for her so long as he had breath,—the worst of the civil war was over; the partizans of the empress had lost faith in her sovereignty, and her cause was but lingering in the shadow of death. The nobles of England had judged Stephen's character from the hour in which King Henry died, and they knew him to be a brave soldier, a desperate fighter, an indulgent man, and a weak ruler.

Finding themselves confronted by a usurper who had no great talent to recommend him, nor much political strength behind his brilliant personal courage, their first instinct was to refuse submission to his authority, and to drive him out as an impostor. It was not until they had been chilled and disappointed by the scornful coldness of the empress-queen's imperious bearing that they saw how much pleasanter it would be to rule Stephen than to serve Maud. Yet Gloucester was powerful, and, with his feudal retainers and devoted followers and a handful of loyal independent knights, he was still able to hold Oxford, Gloucester, and the northernmost part of Berkshire for his sister.

Now, in the early spring of this present year, the great earl had gone forth, with his followers and a host of masons and laboring-men, to build a new castle on the height by Farringdon, where good King Alfred had carved the great white horse by tearing the turf from the chalky hill, for an everlasting record of victory. Broadly and boldly Gloucester had traced the outer wall and bastions, the second rampart within that, and the vast fortress which was to be thus trebly protected. The building was to be the work of weeks, not months, and, if it were possible, of days rather than of weeks. The whole was to be a strong outpost for a fresh advance, and neither gold nor labor was to be spared in the execution of the plan. Gloucester pitched his sister's camp and his own tent upon the grassy eminence that faced the castle. Thence he himself directed and commanded, and thence the Empress Maud, sitting beneath the lifted awning of her imperial tent, could see the gray stone rising, course upon course, string upon string, block upon block, at a rate that reminded her of that Eastern trick which she had seen at the emperor's court, performed by a turbaned juggler from the East, who made a tree grow from the seed to the leafy branch and

full ripe fruit while the dazed courtiers who looked on could count fivescore.

Thither, as to a general trysting-place, the few loyal knights and barons went up to do homage to their sovereign lady, and to grasp the hand of the bravest and gentlest man who trod English ground; and thither, with the rest, Raymond Warde was gone, with his only son, Gilbert, then only eighteen years of age, whom this chronicle chiefly concerns; and Raymond's wife, the Lady Goda, was left in the manor-house of Stoke Regis, under the guard of a dozen men-at-arms, mostly stiff-jointed veterans of King Henry's wars, and under the more effectual protection of several hundred sturdy bondmen and yeomen, devoted, body and soul, to their master, and ready to die for his blood or kin. For throughout Hertfordshire and Essex and Kent there dwelt no Norman baron nor any earl who was beloved of his Saxon people as was the Lord of Stoke; wherefore his lady felt herself safe in his absence, though she knew well enough that only a small part of that devotion was for herself.

There are people who seem able to go through life, with profit to themselves, if not to others, by a sort of vicarious grace arising out of the devotion wasted on them by their nearest and dearest, and dependent upon the success, the honor, and the reputation of those who cherish them. The Lady Goda set down to her own full credit the faithful attachment which her husband's Saxon swains not only felt for him, but owed him in return for his unchanging kindness and impartial justice; and she took the deserts to herself, as such people will, with a whole-souled determination to believe that it was her due, though she knew that she deserved none of it.

She had married Raymond Warde without loving him, being ambitious of his name and honors, when his future had seemed brilliant in the days of good King Henry. She had borne him an only son, who worshiped her with a chivalric devotion that was almost childlike in its blindness; and the most that she could feel, in return, was a sort of motherly vanity in his outward being; and this he accepted as love, though it was as far from that as devotion to self is from devotion to another—as greed is far from generosity. She had not been more than sixteen years of age when she had married, being the youngest of many sisters, left almost dowerless when their father had departed on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land,

from which he had never returned. Raymond Warde had loved her for her beauty, which was real, and for her character, which was entirely the creation of his own imagination; and with the calm, unconscious fatuity which so often underlies the characters of honest and simple men, he had continued throughout his married life to believe that his wife's affection, if neither very deep nor very high, was centered upon himself and upon Gilbert. Any man a jot less true and straightforward would have found out the utter emptiness of such belief within a year. Goda had been bitterly disappointed by the result of her marriage, so far as her real tastes and ambitions were concerned. She had dreamed of a court; she was condemned to the country. She loved gaiety; she was relegated to dullness. And the Lord of Stoke was strong rather than attractive, imposing rather than seductive, and he had never dreamed of that small coin of flattery which greedy and dissatisfied natures require, at all costs, when their real longings are unfulfilled. It is their nature to give little; it is their nature and their delight to ask much, and to take all that is within their reach. So it came to pass that Goda took her husband's loving generosity and her son's devotion as matters foregone and of course, which were her due, and which might stay hunger, though they could not satisfy her vanity's large appetite; and she took, besides, such other things, both good and bad, as she found in her path, especially and notably the heart of Arnold de Curbol, a widowed knight, cousin to the Archbishop of Canterbury who had crowned Stephen king, after swearing allegiance to Maud. This Arnold, who had followed his great cousin in supporting King Stephen's cause, had received for his service broad lands, both farm and forest, in Hertfordshire, bordering upon the hereditary estates of the Wardes; and in the turmoil and chaos of the long civil war, his word, at first without Raymond's knowledge, had more than once saved the latter's little castle from siege and probable destruction. Warde, in his loyalty to the rightful sovereign, had, indeed, rather drawn back from the newcomer's friendship than made advances to win it; but Raymond had yielded, in the end, to his wife's sarcasms, and to his own sense of obligation, as he began to find out how, again and again, in the turning tides of civil strife, his neighbor, though of opposite conviction, served him by protecting his bondmen, his neat cattle, and his growing crops from pillage and destruction. Ray-

mond did not trace such acts of neighborly kindness to the day when, hawking with his lady and little Gilbert, then hardly big enough to sit upon a horse, they had been overtaken by a winter storm not far from Arnold's lands, and when Arnold himself, returning from a journey, had bidden them take shelter in a small outlying manor-house, where he was to spend the night, and whither his servants had brought his little daughter Beatrix to meet her father. Raymond had accepted the offer for his wife's sake, and the two houses had made acquaintance on that evening, by the blazing fire in the little hall.

Before supper, the men had talked together with that sort of cheery confidence which exists almost before the first meeting between men who are neighbors and of the same rank, and the Lady Goda had put in a word now and then, as she sat in the high-backed chair, drying the bright blue cloth skirt of her gown before the crackling logs; and meanwhile, too, young Gilbert, who had his mother's hair and his father's deep-set eyes, walked round and round the solemn little dark-faced girl, who sat upon a settle by herself, clad in a green cloth dress, which was cut in the fashion of grown-up women, and having two short, stiff plaits of black hair hanging down behind the small coverchief that was tied under her fat chin. And as the boy, in his scarlet doublet and green cloth hose, walked backward and forward, stopping, moving away, then standing still to show off his small hunting-knife, drawing it half out of its sheath, and driving it home again with a smart push of the palm of his hand, the little girl's round black eyes followed all his movements with silent and grave curiosity. She was brotherless, he had no sisters, and both had been brought up without companions, so that each was an absolute novelty to the other; and when Gilbert threw his round cap, spinning on itself, up to the brown rafters of the dim, fire-lit chamber, and caught it upon one finger as it came down again, the little Beatrix laughed aloud. This seemed to him nothing less than an invitation, and he immediately sat down beside her on the settle, holding his cap in his hands, and began to ask her how she was called, and whether she lived in that place all the year round; and before long they were good friends, and were talking of plovers' eggs and kingfishers' nests, and of the time when they should each have a hawk of their own and a horse, and each a hound and a footman.

But when supper was over, and a serving-woman had taken the little Beatrix away to sleep in the women's upper chamber, and when the steward of the manor-farm, and his wife, and the retainers and servants, who had eaten and drunk their fill at the lower end of the hall, were all gone to their quarters in the outbuildings,—and when a bed had been made for Gilbert, in a corner near the great chimneypiece, by filling with fresh straw a large linen sack which was laid upon the chest in which the bag was kept during the daytime, and was then covered with a fine Holland sheet and two thick woolen blankets, under which the boy was asleep in five minutes,—then the two knights and the lady were left to themselves in their great carved chairs before the fire. But the Lord of Stoke, who was a strong man and heavy, and had eaten well and had drunk both ale and Gascony wine at supper, stretched out his feet to the fire-dogs, and rested his elbows upon the arms of his chair, and matched his hands together by the thumbs, and by the forefingers, and by the other fingers, one by one; and little by little the musical, false voice of his lady, and the singularly gentle and unctuous tones of his host, Arnold de Curboil, blended together and lost themselves, just as the gates of dreamland softly closed behind him.

The Lady Goda, who had been far too tired to think of riding home that night, was not in the least sleepy, and, moreover, she was profoundly interested in what Sir Arnold had to say, while he was much too witty to say anything which should not interest her. He talked of the court, and of the fashions, and of great people whom he knew intimately and whom the Lady Goda longed to know; and from time to time he managed to convey to her the idea that the beauties of King Stephen's court would stand in a poor comparison with her, if her husband could be induced to give up his old-fashioned prejudices and his allegiance to the Empress Maud. Lady Goda had once been presented to the empress, who had paid very little attention to her, compared with the interest she showed in Sir Raymond himself. At the feast which had followed the formal audience, she had been placed between a stout German widow and an Italian abbot from Normandy, who had talked to each other across her, in dog-Latin, in a way which had seemed to her very ill-mannerly; and the German lady had eaten pieces of game-pie with her knife, instead of using her fingers, as a lady should before forks were

invented. On the following morning the Lady Goda had been taken away again by her husband, and her experiences of court life had been brought to an abrupt close. If the great earl, Robert of Gloucester, had deigned to bestow a word upon her, instead of looking through her with his beautiful calm blue eyes at an imaginary landscape beyond, her impressions of life at the empress's court might have been very different, and she might ever afterward have approved her husband's loyalty. But although she had bestowed unusual pains upon the arrangement of her splendid golden hair, and had boxed the ears of a clumsy tirewoman with so much vivacity that her own hand ached perceptibly three hours afterward, yet the great earl paid no more attention to her than if she had been a Saxon dairy-maid. These things, combined with the fact that she unexpectedly found the ladies of the empress's court wearing pocket-sleeves shaped like overgrown mandolins, and almost dragging on the rushes as they walked, whereas her own were of the old-fashioned open cut, had filled her soul with bitterness against the legitimate heir to King Henry's throne, and had made the one-sided barrier between herself and her husband—which she could see so plainly, but which was quite invisible to him—finally and utterly impassable. He not only bored her himself, but he had given her over to be bored by others, and from that day no such thing as even the mildest affection for him was to be thought of on her side.

It was no wonder that she listened with breathless interest to all Sir Arnold told her, and watched with delight the changing expression of his subtle face, contrasted at every point with the bold, grave features of the Lord of Stoke, solemnly asleep beside her. And Curboil, on his side, was not only flattered, as every man is when a beautiful woman listens to him long and intently, but he saw also that her beauty was of an unusual and very striking kind. Too straight, too cold, too much like marble, yet with hair almost too golden, and a mouth like a small red wound; too much of every quality to be natural, and yet without fault or flaw, and too vivid not to delight the tired taste of the man of pleasure of that day, who had seen the world from London to Rome, and from Rome to the court of Henry V.

And she, on her side, saw in him the type to which she would naturally have been attracted had she been free to make her choice of a husband. Contrasted with the

man of action, of few words, of few feelings and strong ones, she saw the many-sided man of the world, whose mere versatility was a charm, and the thought of whose manifold experiences had in it a sort of mysterious fascination. Arnold de Curboil was, above all, a man of tact and light touch, accustomed to the society of women, and skilled in the art of appealing to that unsatisfied vanity which is the basis of most imperfect feminine characters. There was nothing weak about him, and he was, at least, as brave as most men, besides being more skilful than the majority in the use of weapons. His small, well-shaped, olive-tinted hand could drive a sword with a quicker thrust than Raymond Warde's, and with as sure an aim, though there might not be the same massive strength behind it. In the saddle he had not the terrible grip of the knee which could make a strong horse shrink and quiver and groan aloud; but few riders of his day were more profoundly skilled in the art of showing a poor mount to good advantage, and of teaching a good one to use his own powers to the utmost. When Warde had ridden a horse six months, the beast was generally gone in the fore quarters, and broken-winded, if not dead outright; but in the same time Curboil would have ridden the same horse twice as far, and would have doubled his value. And so in many other ways, with equal chances, the one seemed to squander where the other turned everything to his own advantage. Standing, Sir Arnold was scarcely of medium height, but seated he was not noticeably small; and, like many men of short stature, he bestowed a constant and thoughtful care upon his person and appearance, which resulted in a sort of permanent compensation. His dark beard was cut to a point, and so carefully trimmed as to remind one of those smoothly clipped trees representing peacocks and dragons, which have been the delight of the Italian gardener ever since the days of Pliny. He wore his hair neither long nor short, but the silky locks were carefully parted in the middle, and smoothed back in rich dark waves. There was something almost irritating in their unnatural smoothness, in the perfect transparency of the man's healthy olive complexion, in the mouse-like sleekness of his long, arching eyebrows, and in the complete self-satisfaction and confidence of his rather insolent reddish-brown eyes. His straight, round throat, well proportioned, well set upon his shoulders, and as transparently smooth as his

own forehead, was thrown into relief by the exquisite gold embroidery that edged the shirt of finest Flemish linen. He wore a close-fitting tunic of fine scarlet cloth, with tight sleeves, slightly turned back to display his shapely wrists; it was gathered to his waist by a splendid sword-belt, made of linked and enameled plates of silver, the work of a skilled Byzantine artist, each plate representing in rich colors a little scene from the life and passion of Christ. The straight, cross-hilted sword stood leaning against the wall near the great chimney-piece, but the dagger was still at the belt, a marvel of workmanship, a wonder of temper, a triumph of Eastern art, when almost all art was Eastern. The hilt of solid gold, eight-sided and notched, was cross-chiseled in a delicate but deep design, picked out with rough gems, set in cunning irregularity; the guard, a hollowed disk of steel, graven and inlaid in gold with Cufic characters; the blade, as long as a man's arm from the elbow to the wrist-joint, forged of steel and silver by a smith of Damascus, well balanced, slender, with deep blood-channels scored on each side to within four fingers of the thrice-hardened point, that could prick as delicately as a needle, or pierce fine mail like a spike driven by a sledge-hammer. The tunic fell in folds to the knee, and the close-fitted cloth hose were of a rich dark brown. Sir Arnold wore short riding-boots of dark purple leather, having the tops worked round with a fine scarlet lacing; but the spur-leathers were of the same color as the boot, the spurs themselves of steel, small, sharp, unornamented, and workmanlike.

Six years had passed since that evening, and still, when the Lady Goda closed her eyes and thought of Sir Arnold, she saw him as she had seen him then, with every line of his expression, every detail of his dress, sitting beside her in the warm fire-light, leaning forward a little in his chair, and talking to her in a tone of voice that was meant to be monotonous to the sleeper's ear, but not by any means to her own. Between Warde and Curboil the acquaintance had matured—had been, in a measure, forced in its growth by circumstances and mutual obligations; but it had never ripened into the confidence of friendship on Warde's side, while on Sir Arnold's it had been only a well-played comedy to hide his rising hatred for the Lady Goda's husband. And she, on her side, played her part as well. An alliance in which ambition had held the place of heart could not remain an alliance at all when am-

bition had been altogether disappointed. She hated her husband for having disappointed her; she despised him for having made nothing of his many gifts and chances, for clinging to an old cause, for being old-fashioned, for having seen much and taken nothing,—which makes “rich eyes and poor hands,”—for being slow, good-natured, kind-hearted, and a prey to all who wished to get anything from him. She reflected with bitterness that for a matter of seven or eight years of waiting, and a turn of chance which would have meant happiness instead of misery, she might have had the widowed Sir Arnold for a husband, and have been the Archbishop of Canterbury’s cousin, high in favor with the winning side in the civil war, and united to a man who would have known how to flatter her cold nature into a fiction of feeling, instead of wasting on her the almost exaggerated respect with which a noble passion envelops its object, but which, to most women, becomes, in the end, unspeakably wearisome.

Many a time during those six years had she and Sir Arnold met and talked as on the first night. Once, when the Empress Maud had taken King Stephen prisoner, and things looked ill for his followers, Warde had insisted that his neighbor should come over to Stoke Regis, as being a safer place than his own castle; and once again, when Stephen had the upper hand, and Sir Raymond was fighting desperately under Gloucester, his wife had taken her son, and the priest, and some of her women, and had ridden over to ask protection of Sir Arnold, leaving the manor to take care of itself.

At first Curboil had constantly professed admiration for Warde’s mental and physical gifts; but little by little, tactfully feeling his distance, he had made the lady meet his real intention half-way by confiding to him all that she suffered, or fancied that she suffered,—which with some women is the same thing,—in being bound for life to a man who had failed to give her what her ambition craved. Then, one day, the keyword had been spoken. After that, they never ceased to hope that Raymond Warde might come to an untimely end.

During those years Gilbert had grown from a boy to a man, unsuspicious, worshipping his mother as a kind of superior being, but loving his father with all that profound instinct of mutual understanding which makes both love and hatred terrible within the closer degrees of consanguinity. As time went by, and the little Beatrix grew

tall and straight and pale, Gilbert loved her quite naturally, as she loved him—two young people of one class, without other companions, and very often brought together for days at a time, in the isolated existence of medieval castles. Perhaps Gilbert never realized just how much of his affection for his mother was the result of her willingness to let him fall in love with Beatrix. But the possibility of discussing the marriage was another excuse for those long conversations with Sir Arnold which had now become a necessary part of Goda’s life, and it made the frequent visits and meetings in the hawking season seem quite natural to the unsuspecting Sir Raymond. In hunting with Sir Arnold, he had more than one narrow escape. Once, when almost at close quarters with an old boar, he was stooping down to meet the tusker with a low thrust. His wife and Sir Arnold were some twenty paces behind him, and all three had become separated from the huntsmen. Seeing the position and the solitude, the Lady Goda turned her meaning eyes to her companion. An instant later Sir Arnold’s boar-spear flew, like a cloth-yard arrow, straight at Sir Raymond’s back. But in that very instant, too, as the boar rushed upon him, Warde sprang to one side, and, almost dropping to his knee, ran the wild beast through with his hunting-sword. The spear flew harmless, unseen and unheard, over his head, and lost itself in the dead leaves twenty yards beyond him. On another day, Raymond, riding along, hawk on wrist, ten lengths before the others, as was his wont, did not notice that they gradually fell behind, until he halted in a narrow path of the forest, looked round, and found himself alone. He turned his horse’s head and rode back a few yards, when suddenly three masked men, whom he took for highway robbers, sprang up in his path, and fell upon him with long knives. But they had misreckoned their distance by a single yard, and their time by one second, and when they were near enough to strike, his sword was already in his hand. The first man fell dead; the second turned and fled, with a deep flesh-wound in his shoulder; the third followed without striking a blow; and Sir Raymond rode on unhurt, meditating upon the uncertainty of the times. When he rejoined his wife and friend, he found them dismounted and sitting side by side on a fallen tree, talking low and earnestly, while the footmen and falconers were gathered together in a little knot at some distance. As they heard

his voice, Goda started with a little cry, and Arnold's dark face turned white; but by the time he was beside them they were cool again, and smiled, and asked him whether he had lost his way. Raymond said nothing of what had happened to him, fearing to startle the delicate nerves of his lady; but late on the following night, when Sir Arnold was alone in his bedchamber, a man, ghastly white from loss of blood, lifted the heavy curtain, and told his story in a low voice.

II.

Now Raymond and his son had gone over into Berkshire, to the building of the great castle at Farringdon, as has been said; and for a while Sir Arnold remained in his hold, and very often he rode over alone to Stoke, and spent many hours with the Lady Goda, both in the hall and in the small garden by the moat. The priest, and the steward, and the men-at-arms, and the porter, were all used to see him there often enough when Sir Raymond was at home, and they thought no evil because he came now to bear the lonely lady company; for the manners of those days were simple.

But on a morning at the end of April there came a messenger from King Stephen, bidding all earls, barons, bannerets, and knights join him, with their fighting men, in Oxford, upon their oath of fealty. For form's sake, the messenger came to Stoke Regis, as not admitting that any Norman knight should not be on the king's side. And, the drawbridge being down, he rode under the gateway, and when the trumpeter who was with him had blown three blasts, he delivered his message. Then the steward, bowing deeply, answered that his lord was absent on a journey; and the messenger turned and rode away, without bite or sup. But, riding on to Stortford Castle, he found Sir Arnold, and delivered the king's bidding with more effect, and was hospitably treated with meat and drink. Sir Arnold armed himself slowly in full mail, saving his head; for the weather was strangely warm, and he would ride in his hat rather than wear the heavy steel cap with the broad nasal. Before an hour was past, he was mounted, with his men, and his footmen were marching before and behind him on the broad Hertford road. But he had sent a messenger secretly to the Lady Goda, to tell her that he was gone; and after that she heard nothing for many days.

In the morning, and after dinner, and be-

fore sunset she came every day to the little garden under the west wall of the manor, and looked long toward the road—not that she wished Sir Raymond back, nor that she cared when Gilbert came, but she well knew that the return of either would mean that the fighting was over, and that Sir Arnold, too, would be at leisure to go home.

And on that fifth of May, as the sun was going down, she stood still and looked out toward the road for the tenth time since Curboil had gone to join the king. And the sun sank lower, and still she saw nothing; and she felt the chill of the damp evening air, and would have turned to go in, but something held her. Far up the road, on the brow of the rising ground, she saw a tiny spark, a little dancing flame like the corpse-candles that run along the graves on a summer's night—first one, then all at once three, then, as it seemed to her, a score at least, swaying a little above a compact, dark mass against the red sky. The lights were like little stars rising and falling on the horizon, and always just above a low, black cloud. A moment more, and the evening breeze out of the west brought a long-drawn harmony of chanting to the Lady Goda's ear, the high, sweet notes of youthful voices sustained by the rich counterpoint of many grown men's tones. She started, and held her breath, shivered a little, and snatched at the rose-bush beside her, so that the thorns struck through the soft green gauntlet and pricked her, though she felt nothing. There was death in the air; there was death in those moving lights; there was death in the minor wail of the monks' voices. In the first moment of understanding, it was Arnold whom they were bringing home to her, slain in battle by her lawful husband, or by Gilbert, her son; it was Arnold whom they were bringing back to her who loved him, that she might wash his wounds with her tears, and dry his damp brow with her glorious hair. Wide-eyed and silent, as the train came near, she moved along by the moat to meet the procession at the drawbridge, not understanding yet, but not letting one movement of the men, one flicker of the lights, one quaver of the deep chant, escape her reeling senses. Then, all at once, she was aware that Gilbert walked bareheaded before the bier, half wrapped in a long black cloak that swept the greensward behind him. As she turned the last bastion before reaching the drawbridge, the funeral procession was moving along by the outer edge of the moat, and there was only the broad water between

her and them, reflecting the lights of the moving tapers, the dark cowls of the monks, the white surplices of the song-boys. They moved slowly, and she, as in a dream, followed them on the other side with little steps, wondering, fearing, starting now with a wild thrill of liberty at last, now struggling with a half-conventional, half-hysterical sob, that rose in her throat at the thought of death so near. She had lived with him, she had played the long comedy of love with him, she had loathed him in her heart, she had smiled at him with well-trained eyes; and now she was free to choose, free to love, free to be Arnold's wife. And yet she had lived with the dead man; and in the far-off past there were little tender lights of happiness, half real, half played, but never forgotten, upon which she had once taught her thoughts to dwell tenderly and sadly. She had loved the dead man in the first days of marriage as well as her cold and unawakened nature could love at all—if not for himself, at least for the hopes of vanity built on his name. She had hated him in secret, but she could not have hated him so heartily had there not once been a little love to turn so fiercely sour. She could not have trained her eyes to smile at him so gently had she not once smiled for his own sake. And so, when they brought him dead to the gate of his own house, his wife had still some shreds of memories for weeds to eke out a show of sorrow.

She passed through the postern in the small round tower beside the gateway, knowing that when she came out under the portcullis the funeral train would be just reaching the other end of the bridge. The little vaulted room in the lower story of the tower was not four steps in width across from door to door; but it was almost dark, and there the Lady Goda stopped one moment before she went out to meet the mourners. Standing still in the dimness, she pressed her gloved hands to her eyes with all her might, as though to concentrate her thoughts and her strength. Then she threw back her arms, and looked up through the gloom, and almost laughed; and she felt something just below her heart that stifled her like a great joy. Then all at once she was calm, and touched her eyes again with her gloved hands, but gently now, as though smoothing them and preparing them to look upon what they must see presently. She opened the little door, and was suddenly standing in the midst of the frightened herd of retainers and servants, while the last

strains of the dirge came echoing under the deep archway. At that instant another sound rent the air—the deep bell-note of the great bloodhounds, chained in the courtyard from sunrise to sunset; and it sank to a wail, and the wail broke to a howl, dismal, ear-rending, wild. Before it had died away, one of the Saxon bondwomen shrieked aloud, and the next took up the cry, and then another; as a likewake dirge, till every stone in the shadowy manor seemed to have a voice, and every voice was weeping for the dead lord. And many of the women fell upon their knees, and some of the men, too, while others drew up their hoods, and stood with bent heads and folded hands against the rough walls.

Slowly and solemnly they bore him in and set the bier down under the mid-arch. Then Gilbert Warde looked up and faced his mother; but he stood aside, that she might see her husband; and the monks and the song-boys stood back also, with their wax torches, which cast a dancing glare through the dim twilight. Gilbert's face was white and stern; but the Lady Goda was pale, too, and her heart fluttered, for she had to play the last act of her married life before many who would watch her narrowly. For one moment she hesitated whether to scream or to faint in honor of her dead husband. Then, with the instinct of the born and perfect actress, she looked wildly from her son's face to the straight, still length that lay beneath the pall. She raised one hand to her forehead, pressing back her golden hair with a gesture half mad, half dazed, then seemed to stagger forward two steps, and fell upon the body, in a storm of tears.

Gilbert went to the bier, and lifted one of his mother's gloved hands from the covered face, and it dropped from his fingers as if lifeless. He lifted the black cloth pall, and turned it back as far as he could without disturbing the woman's prostrate figure; and there lay the Lord of Stoke, in his mail, as he had fallen in fight, in his peaked steel helmet, the straight, fine ring-mail close-drawn round his face and chin, the silky brown mustache looking terribly alive against the dead face. But across the eyes and the forehead below the helmet there was laid a straight black band, and upon his breast the great mailed hands clasped the cross-hilted sword that lay lengthwise with his body. Gilbert, bareheaded and unarmed, gazed down into his father's face for a while, then suddenly looked up and spoke to all the people who thronged the gateway.

"Men of Stoke," he said, "here lies the body of Sir Raymond Warde, your liege lord, my father. He fell in the fight before Farrington Castle, and this is the third day since he was slain; for the way was long, and we were not suffered to pass unmolested. The castle was but half built, and we were encamped about it with the Earl of Gloucester, when the king came suddenly from Oxford with a great host; and they fell upon us unawares at early morning, when we had but just heard the mass, and most of us were but half armed, or not at all. So we fought as we could, and many fell, and not a few we killed with our hands. And I, with a helmet on my head and a gambeson but half buckled upon my body, and my hands bare, was fighting with a full-armed Frenchman, and was hard pressed. But I smote him in the neck, so that he fell upon one knee and reeled. And even that moment I saw this sight: A score of paces from me, my father and Sir Arnold de Curboil met face to face, suddenly and without warning, their swords lifted in the act to strike; but when my father saw his friend before him, he dropped his sword-arm, and smiled, and would have turned away to fight another; but Sir Arnold smiled also, and lowered not his hand, but smote my father by the point, unguarded, and thrust his sword through head and hood of mail at one stroke, treacherously. And so my father, your liege lord, fell dead unshriven, by his friend's hand; and may the curse of man, and the damnation of almighty God, be upon his murderer's head, now and after I shall have killed him! For, as I would have sprung forward, the Frenchman, who was but stunned, sprang to his feet and grappled with me; and by the time he had no breath left, and the light broke in his eyes, Sir Arnold was gone, and our fight was lost. So we made a truce to bury our dead, and brought them away, each his own."

When he had spoken there was silence for many moments, broken only by the Lady Goda's unceasing sobs. In the court within, and on the bridge without, the air grew purple and dark and misty; for the sun had long gone down, and the light from the wax torches, leaping, flaming, and flickering in the evening breeze, grew stronger and yellower under the gateway than the twilight without. The dark-robed monks looked gravely on, waiting till they should be told to pass into the chapel—men of all ages and looks, red and pale, thin and stout, dark and fair, but all having that something in their faces that marks the churchman from

century to century. Between them and the dead knight Gilbert stood still, with bent head and downcast eyes, with pale face and set lips, looking at his mother's bright hair and at her clutching hands, and listening to the painfully drawn breath, broken continually by her agonized weeping. Suddenly the bloodhounds' bay broke out again, fierce and deep; and on the instant a high young voice rang from the court through the deep arch:

"Burn the murderer! To Stortford, and burn him out!"

Gilbert looked up quickly, peering into the gloom whence the voice had spoken. He did not see how, at the words, his mother started back from the corpse, steadied herself with one hand, and fixed her eyes in the same direction; but before he could answer, the cry was taken up by a hundred throats:

"Burn the traitor! burn the murderer! To Stortford! Fagots! Fagots and pitch!"

High, low, hoarse, clear, the words followed one another in savage yells; and here and there among the rough men there were eyes that gleamed in the dark like a dog's.

Then through the din came a rattling of bolts and a creaking of hinges, as the grooms tore open the stable doors to bring out the horses and saddle them for the raid; and one called for a light, and another warned men from his horse's heels. The Lady Goda was on her feet, her hands stretched out imploringly to her son, instinctively and for the first time, as to the head of the house. She spoke to him, too; but he neither heard nor saw, for in his own heart a new horror had possession, beside which what had gone before was as nothing. He thought of Beatrix.

"Hold!" he cried. "Let no man stir, for no man shall pass out who would burn Stortford. Sir Arnold de Curboil is the king's man, and the king has the power in England; so that if we should burn down Stortford Castle to-night, he would burn Stoke Manor to-morrow over my mother's head. Between Arnold de Curboil and me there is death. To-morrow I shall ride out to find him, and kill him in fair fight. But let there be no raiding, no harrying, and no burning, as if we were Stephen's French robbers, or King David's red-haired Scots. Take up the bier; and you," he said, turning to the monks and songmen, "take up your chant, that we may lay him in the chapel and say prayers for his unshriven soul."

The Lady Goda's left hand had been pressed to her heart as though she were in fear and pain; but as her son spoke it fell by her side, and her face grew calm before she

remembered that it should grow sad. Until to-day her son had been in her eyes but a child, subject to his father, subject to herself, subject to the old manor priest who had taught him the little he knew. Now, on a sudden, he was full-grown and strong; more than that, he was master in his father's place, and at a word from him, reeve-men and men-at-arms and bondmen would have gone forth on the instant to slay the man she loved, and to burn and to harry all that was his. She was grateful to him for not having spoken that word; and since Gilbert meant to meet Curboil in single combat, she felt no fear for her lover, the most skilled man at fence in all Essex and Hertfordshire, and she felt sure, likewise, that for his reputation as a knight he would not kill a youth but half his age.

And while she was thinking of these things, the monks had begun to chant again; the confusion was ended in the courtyard; the squires took up the bier, and the procession moved slowly across the broad paved space to the chapel opposite the main gate.

An hour later Sir Raymond's dead body lay before the altar, whereon burned many waxen tapers. Alone, upon the lowest step, Gilbert was kneeling, with joined hands and uplifted eyes, as motionless as a statue. He had taken the long sword from the dead man's breast, and had set it up against the altar, straight and bare. It was hacked at the edges, and there were dark stains upon it from its master's last day's work. In the simple faith of a bloody age, Gilbert Warde was vowing, by all that he and his held sacred, before God's altar, upon God's sacred body, upon his father's unburied corpse, that before the blade should be polished again, it should be black with the blood of his father's murderer.

And as he knelt there, his lady mother, now clad all in black, entered the chapel, and moved slowly toward the altar-steps. She meant to kneel beside her son; but when she was yet three paces from him, a great terror at her own falseness descended into her heart, and she sank upon her knees in the aisle.

III.

VERY early in the morning, Gilbert Warde was riding along the straight road between Sheering Abbey and Stortford Castle. He rode in his tunic and hose and russet boots, with his father's sword by his side; for he meant not to do murder, but to fight his enemy to death, in all the honor of even

chance. He judged that Sir Arnold must have returned from Farringdon; and if Gilbert met him now, riding over his own lands in the May morning, he would be unmailed and unsuspecting of attack. And should they not meet, Gilbert meant to ride up to the castle gate, and ask for the baron, and courteously propose to him that they should ride together into the wood. And, indeed, Gilbert hoped that it might turn out so; for, once under the gateway, he might hope to see Beatrix for a moment; and two weeks had passed, and terrible things had happened, since he had last set eyes upon her face.

He met no one in the road; but in the meadow before the castle, half a dozen Saxon grooms, in loose hose and short homespun tunics, were exercising some of Curboil's great Normandy horses. The baron himself was not in sight, and the grooms told Gilbert that he was within. The drawbridge was down, and Gilbert halted just before entering the gate, calling loudly for the porter. But instead of the latter, Sir Arnold himself appeared at that moment within the courtyard, feeding a brace of huge mastiffs with gobbets of red raw meat from a wooden bowl, carried by a bare-legged stable-boy with a shock of almost colorless flaxen hair, and a round, red face, pierced by two little round blue eyes. Gilbert called again, and the knight instantly turned and came toward him, beating down with his hands the huge dogs that sprang up at him in play and seemed trying to drive him back. Sir Arnold was smooth, spotless, and as carefully dressed as ever, and came forward with a well-composed smile in which hospitality was skilfully blended with sympathy and concern. Gilbert, who was as thorough a Norman in every instinct and thought as any whose fathers had held lands from the Conqueror, did his best to be suave and courteous on his side. Dismounting, he said quietly that he desired to speak with Sir Arnold alone upon a matter of weight, and, as the day was fair, he proposed that they should ride together for a little way into the greenwood. Sir Arnold barely showed a slight surprise, and readily assented. Gilbert, intent upon his purpose, noticed that the knight had no weapon.

"It were as well that you took your sword with you, Sir Arnold," he said, somewhat emphatically. "No one is safe from highwaymen in these times."

The knight met Gilbert's eyes, and the two looked at each other steadily for a moment; then Curboil sent the stable-boy to

fetch his sword from the hall, and himself went out upon the drawbridge, and called to one of the grooms to bring in a horse. In less than half an hour from the time when Gilbert had reached the castle, he and his enemy were riding quietly side by side in a little glade in Stortford wood. Gilbert drew rein and walked his horse, and Sir Arnold instantly did the same. Then Gilbert spoke:

"Sir Arnold de Curboil, it is now full three days since I saw you treacherously kill my father."

Sir Arnold started and turned half round in the saddle, his olive skin suddenly white with anger; but the soft, fresh color in Gilbert's cheek never changed.

"Treacherously!" cried the knight, angrily and with a questioning tone.

"Foully," answered Gilbert, with perfect calm. "I was not twenty paces from you when you met, and had I not been hampered by a Frenchman of your side, who was unreasonably slow in dying, I should have either saved my father's life, or ended yours, as I mean to now."

Thereupon Gilbert brought his horse to a stand, and prepared to dismount; for the sword was smooth and hard, and there was room enough to fight. Sir Arnold laughed aloud, as he sat still in the saddle watching the younger man.

"So you have brought me here to kill me!" he said, as his mirth subsided.

Gilbert's foot was already on the ground, but he paused in the act of dismounting.

"If you do not like the spot," he answered coolly, "we can ride farther."

"No; I am satisfied," answered the knight; but before he had spoken the last word he broke into a laugh again.

They tied up their horses, out of reach of one another, to trees at a little distance, and Gilbert was the first to return to the ring of open ground. As he walked, he drew his father's sword from its sheath, slipped the scabbard from the belt and threw it to the edge of the grass. Sir Arnold was before him a moment later; but his left hand only rested on the pommel of his sheathed weapon, and he was still smiling as he stopped before his young adversary.

"I should by no means object to fighting you," he said, "if I had killed your father in treachery. But I did not. I saw you as well as you saw me. Your Frenchman, as you call him, hindered your sight. Your father was either beside himself with rage, or did not know me in my mail. He dropped his point one instant, and then flew at me like a

bloodhound, so that I barely saved myself by slaying him against my will. I will not fight you unless you force me to it; and you had better not, for if you do, I shall lay you by the heels in two passes."

"Bragging and lying are well coupled," answered Gilbert, falling into guard. "Draw before I shall have counted three, or I will skewer you like a trussed fowl. One—two—"

Before the next word could pass his lips, Sir Arnold's sword was out, keen and bright as if it had just left the armorer's hands, clashing upon Gilbert's hacked and blood-rusted blade.

Sir Arnold was a brave man, but he was also cautious. He expected to find in Gilbert a beginner of small skill and reckless bravery, who would expose himself for the sake of bringing in a sweeping blow in *carte*, or attempting a desperate thrust. Consequently he did not attempt to put his bragging threat into practice, for Gilbert was taller than he, stronger, and more than twenty years younger. Unmailed, as he stood in his tunic and hose, one vigorous sword-stroke of the furious boy might break down his guard and cut him half in two. But in one respect Curboil was mistaken. Gilbert, though young, was one of those naturally gifted fencers in whom the movements of wrist and arm are absolutely simultaneous with the perception of the eye, and not divided by any act of reasoning or thought. In less than half a minute Sir Arnold knew that he was fighting for his life; the full minute had not passed before he felt Gilbert's jagged blade deep in the big muscles of his sword-arm, and his own weapon, running past his adversary, fell from his powerless hand.

In those days it was no shame to strike a disarmed foe in a duel to the death. As Sir Arnold felt the rough steel wrenched from the flesh-wound, he knew that the next stroke would be his end. Quick as light, his left hand snatched his long dagger from its sheath at his left side, and even as Gilbert raised his blade to strike, he felt as if an icicle had pierced his throat; his arm trembled in the air, and lost its hold upon the hilt; a scarlet veil descended before his eyes, and the bright blood gushed from his mouth, as he fell straight backward upon the green turf.

Sir Arnold stepped back, and stood looking at the fallen figure curiously, drawing his lids down, as some short-sighted men do. Then, as the sobbing breast ceased to heave and the white hands lay quite still

SHOWN BY LEUNG LOO-SH.

"SHE . . . FELL UPON THE BODY, IN A STORM OF TEARS."

Vol. LVII.—10.

upon the sword, he shrugged his shoulders, and began to take care of his own wound by twisting a leathern thong from Gilbert's saddle very tight upon his upper arm, using a stout oak twig for a lever. Then he plucked a handful of grass with his left hand, and tried to hold his dagger in his right, in order to clean the reddened steel. But his right hand was useless, so he knelt

on one knee beside the body, and ran the poniard two or three times through the skirt of Gilbert's dark tunic, and returned it to its sheath. He picked up his sword, too, and succeeded in sheathing it. He mounted his horse, leaving Gilbert's tethered to the tree, cast one more glance at the motionless figure on the grass, and rode away toward Stortford Castle.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE "MAINE."

BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, U. S. N.

FIRST PAPER.

I. OUR RECEPTION AT HAVANA.

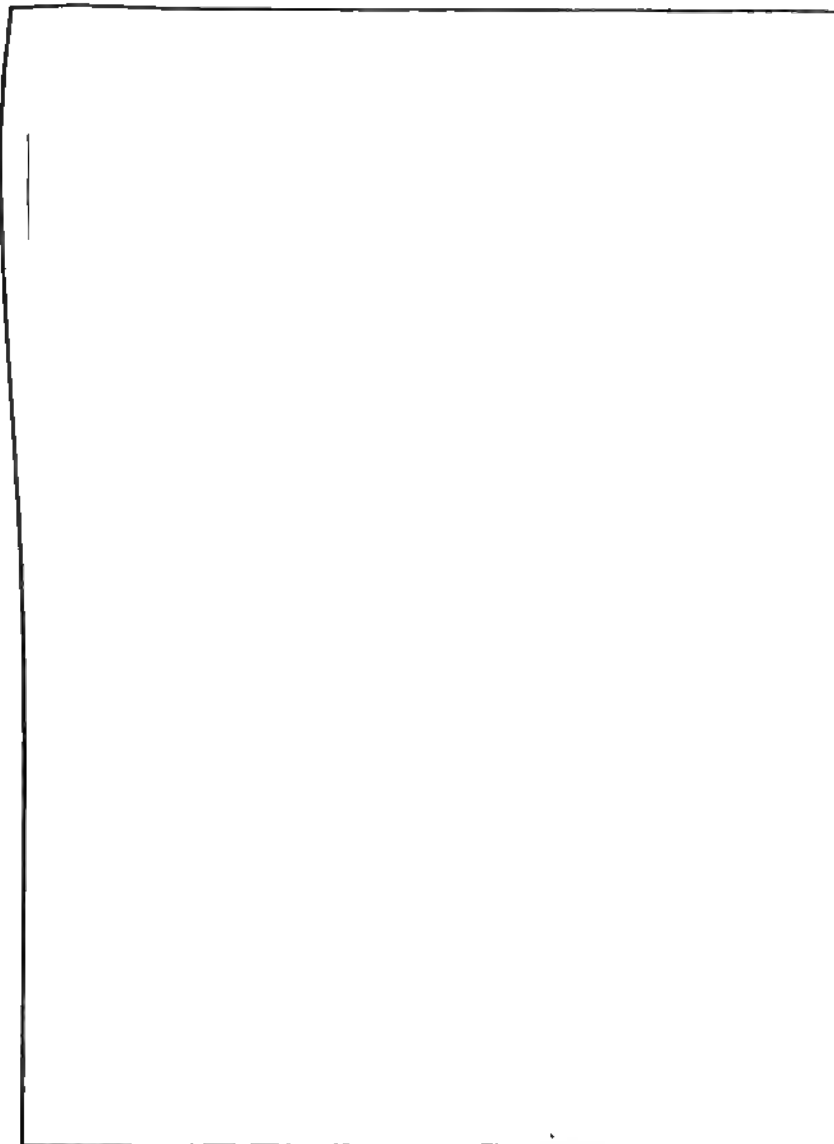
THE explosion of the *Maine* at Havana, on February 15, 1898, was the ultimate incident which impelled the people of the United States to regard Spain as an impossible neighbor. Although the war which followed was not founded on the destruction of the *Maine* as a political cause, that disaster was the pivotal event of the conflict which has terminated Spanish possession in the Western World. Considerations like these must continue to give the *Maine* a unique place in the history of the United States, especially since the character and magnitude of the disaster make it one of the most shocking on record.

The story of the *Maine* leading up to the explosion may be said to begin at the Southern drill-ground of the North Atlantic Squadron, as far back as October 9, 1897. The *New York*, *Iowa*, *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Indiana*, *Texas*, and *Maine*—all now historic—had been on a cruise along the New England coast, ending at Bar Harbor on August 31. From Bar Harbor they proceeded in squadron to the Southern drill-ground, about twenty-five miles to the eastward of Cape Charles, a locality set apart for drills by reason of its comparative remoteness from the common commercial route of coasting-vessels, as well as its convenient depth of water for anchorage. The squadron was under the command of Rear-Admiral Montgomery Sicard. The night of October 8 terminated a period of hard work of the kind which brought overwhelming victory later. Part of the time had been spent at Hampton Roads in recoaling, and at York-

town in sham-fighting on shore, and in small-arms target practice. The days at sea had been spent in squadron evolutions, target practice, and signaling, and the nights, at least in part, in night-signaling, search-light drill, and in secondary-battery practice, simulating the conditions of attack by torpedo-boats. It was not mere routine; it was the business of warfare, pursued with stern official conscience, under a commander-in-chief who throughout his whole career had been conspicuous for official conscience.

On the night of October 8, the squadron was at the Southern drill-ground awaiting the arrival of the *Brooklyn*, which had gone to Hampton Roads for minor repairs. It was expected that the whole squadron would get under way for Boston that night. We of the *Maine* were wondering at the delay of the *Brooklyn*, when, toward midnight, the torpedo-boats *Porter* and *Ericsson* joined the squadron from Hampton Roads, with despatches for the commander-in-chief. As a result of these despatches, the *Indiana* (Captain H. C. Taylor) was detached and sent to Hampton Roads, and the *Maine*, my command, to Port Royal, South Carolina. The *Indiana* got away during the night, but the *Maine* was repairing some injury, and did not part company with the squadron until dawn of the following day. Thus began a virtually unbroken tour of independent service for the *Maine*, which was connected more or less intimately with the disturbed condition of affairs in Cuba, and culminated in the explosion at Havana.

The *Maine* arrived in Port Royal Sound on October 12. The next day she was taken up the river, and moored in a hole just large



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PARKER, WASHINGTON.

CAPTAIN CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, U. S. N.

enough to fit her, immediately above the naval station, and about four miles below Beaufort. She remained there until November 15. Having visited the place before, she excited no interest among the people of that locality. Excepting our pleasant association with friends at the naval station, we had a dull time. Having been ordered to Port Royal unexpectedly, the depleted state of my own larder made it difficult for me to return the dinners given me at the station. I resorted to invention, which suggested roast pig highly ornamented. My pig was brought on the table whole, bearing a silken

banner emblazoned with the legend: "This little pig went to market." My guests were courteous enough to make me believe that the pig was acceptable. My next subterfuge was to have been a possum. I had him undergoing the fattening process, but the *Maine* left before he had reached an amplitude that was satisfactory. One Sunday morning some of us were taken to a negro church by a party from the station. The officiating clergyman was a stout, thick-set negro, doubtless a very good man. He felt keenly the difficulty of preaching to a well-educated party of white people, and re-

THE CREW OF THE "MAINE" RETURNING FROM SHORE-DRILL, AT PORT MONROE.

marked, with some concern, "You got me in a tight place." After the prayer and hymn, he announced his text with a striking attitude. With uplifted hands and wide-spread arms, he paused for attention, and, getting it, gave the text, which was: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." He said various things strange to cultivated ears, but his sermon was effective, and deeply impressed those for whom it was primarily intended.

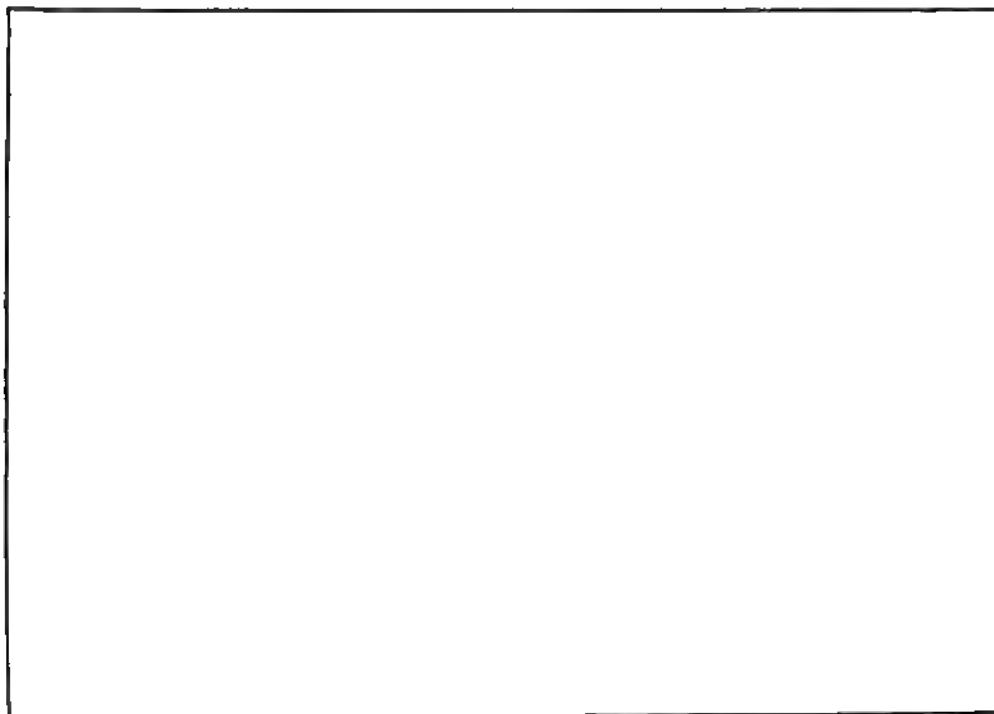
Although my orders to Port Royal gave me no information as to the purpose, it was hoped at the time that the ship might be able to dock there; but the water outside the dock proved to be too shallow. It is probable, however, that in the visit of the *Maine* to Port Royal it was intended to have a United States man-of-war nearer Cuba. Many citizens were then very restless as to the safety of our own people in that island. I had no instructions to take any measures whatever; the *Maine* was simply awaiting further orders.

We left Port Royal on November 15, as already stated, and steamed north to the Norfolk navy-yard, where the vessel was docked and put under slight repairs. While at Norfolk, Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix, the executive officer,—and a very able one,—was detached. He was succeeded by Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, who afterward got his opportunity, and distinguished himself in command of the *Gloucester*, off Santiago de Cuba.

The *Maine* and the *Texas* were the first of the modern steel battle-ships built by the United States. The *Maine* was originally designed as an armored cruiser, with a considerable spread of square canvas. Her sail plan in my possession shows her as a bark with squaresails to topgallantsails, but no head-sails nor booms. It was then contemplated to give her 7135 square feet of canvas. Later, sails were abandoned, and she was styled a *second-class battle-ship*. She was designed at the Navy Department and built at the New York navy-yard. Her last keel-plate was laid September 17, 1889; she was launched November 18, 1890, commissioned September 17, 1895, and left the navy-yard at 10 A. M. on November 5, 1895, drawing 22 feet and 1 inch forward and 21 feet and 8 inches aft. When fully supplied with coal and provisions she was "down by the head." The *Maine* differed greatly in appearance from all other vessels of the United States navy. Instead of one superstructure, as commonly seen, she had three, forward, after, and central. All were of the same breadth transversely. Their sides at the bow and stern were formed by the continuation upward of the outside skin of the ship. Along the sides of the superstructures there was a clear deck-space affording enough room for formations and drills. I have frequently been asked to state the color of the *Maine's* outside paintwork.

Her hull was white to the rail; the superstructures, funnels, and masts, and all permanent fittings above the rail except the pilot-house, were dark straw-color. The boats and bower-anchors were white; the guns and search-lights were black. There were larger ships in the navy than the *Maine*, but none more delightful to command or to serve in. Her quarters were ample for everybody, although certain compartments were rather too hot for comfort in warm weather. The members of the crew were berthed chiefly in the forward and the central superstructures, and on the berth-deck forward of the junior officers' quarters. This distribution of the crew, when considered in connection with the region of the explosion, explains the loss of so many of the crew as compared with the officers. The quarters of the officers were aft; mine were in the after-superstructure, all of which had been apportioned to quarters for a flag-officer and the captain. The *Maine* was not a flagship; therefore the captain acquired the admiral's quarters in addition to his own. The ward-room state-rooms were on the berth-deck, below the captain's cabin. On the starboard side of the compartment immediately forward of the ward-room was the ward-room officers'

mess-room; and forward of this, also on the starboard side, and in the same compartment, were the junior officers' quarters. All forward of this compartment was assigned to the crew. It was chiefly on the berth-deck that the greatest destruction of sleeping men resulted from the explosion. The *Maine* had two "winged" or "sponsoned" turrets; that is to say, they were at the sides and projected a few feet beyond the hull. They were placed between the superstructures, one on each side of the ship, as is shown in the many photographs of the vessel. In each were two ten-inch breech-loading rifles. In addition, she carried six six-inch breech-loading rifles, besides seven six-pounder and eight one-pounder rapid-firing rifles. She had four above-water torpedo-tubes on her berth-deck. The arrangement of her compartments was simple for a battleship, so she responded readily to any work done on her to make her look clean and orderly. She had two hundred and fourteen water-tight compartments. All that were not occupied by the officers or crew were closed at night. The following are statistics relating to her: extreme length, 324 feet; beam, 57 feet; displacement, 6650 tons; indicated horse-power, 9290; trial speed, 17.45



CAPTAIN CROWNINSHIELD (DURING THE SPANISH WAR A MEMBER OF THE NAVAL BOARD) RECEIVING MR. HERBERT, THEN SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, ON BOARD THE "MAINE."

THE SECOND-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE." BLOWN UP IN HAVANA HARBOR, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.
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knots. She had an armored belt extending 180 feet at the water-line on each side, over which was a flat, armored deck. Joining the two forward ends of the belt was a heavy steel bulkhead, at the bottom of which was an armored deck that continued to the stem. The flat, steel deck above armor dipped down abaft the belt, and was continued to the stern, one deck below, with a slightly diminished thickness. Her barbettes and turrets were of heavy steel. The barbettes rested on the armored deck below.

From Norfolk the *Maine* was ordered to Key West, where we arrived on December 15, and moored in the harbor off the city. My orders there were confidential, but they were of such a nature that they might at any time have been made public with propriety, had the government so desired. They were, in brief, that the *Maine* was to proceed to Havana in case of grave local disturbances in that city, to give asylum to American citizens, and to afford them the usual protection. The immediate judgment as to the necessity for the services of the *Maine* was to come from General Fitzhugh Lee, United States consul-general at Havana. I promptly opened communication with General Lee, both by letter and by telegraph. My letters were sent in such a way as to be entirely secret. There was no impropriety in the measures that were taken. True or false, the Havana post-office was not free from the suspicion of delaying letters. It was arranged between General Lee and myself that on the receipt from him, by telegraph or otherwise, of the words "Two dollars," the *Maine* was to make preparations to start for Havana two hours after further notice. The actual start was to be made on the receipt of a second preconcerted message.

The form of our correspondence was a matter between General Lee and myself. Toward the last it was deemed necessary to make occasional tests to ascertain if telegraphic communication continued open. Therefore nearly every day I sent a mes-

sage to General Lee, and he answered it. Some of these messages were rather absurd. In one I inquired of General Lee the state of the weather on the south side of Cuba. He promptly replied that he did not know—which was quite as gratifying as if he had been fully informed. At another time I cabled, "What is the price of bull-fight fans?" to which he replied, giving me quotations. Afterward I bought some of the fans commonly used as souvenirs of a Havana visit, and they were lost with the *Maine*.

One night, about six or seven o'clock, I got the preliminary message. The *Maine* was immediately prepared for sea.

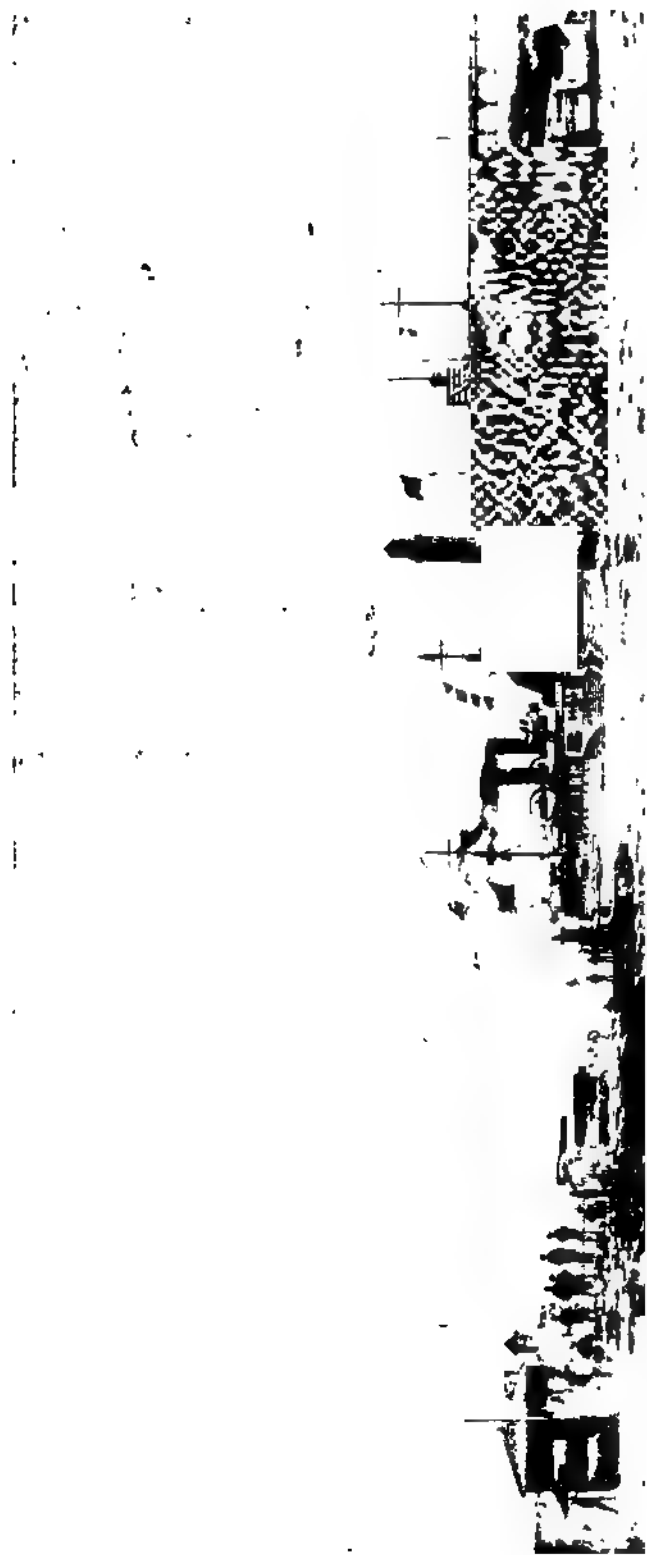
Knowing that Key West would be alert as to any sign of movement, I gave orders that all hands should repair on board immediately upon the firing of a gun from the *Maine*; then, in company with a number of the officers, I went on shore to a dance at the hotel, my particular object being to divert suspicion. I was asked a number of questions as to the departure of the *Maine*; but we had managed so well that some of the crew had already given out that we were going to New York.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, UNITED STATES
CONSUL-GENERAL AT HAVANA.

From a photograph made on the deck of
the *Montgomery*.

The final message to the *Maine* from General Lee never came. During the whole visit I was kept fully informed as to the state of affairs at Havana. The riot that occurred about that time in the streets, in which certain newspaper offices were the chief object of attack, most naturally led us to fear that there might be danger to American citizens.

While at Key West I was directed by the Navy Department to assist the collector of that port in operating against filibustering expeditions. At that time the Spanish press was indignant because it assumed that the United States was doing nothing to put a stop to filibustering. Certainly the American public had far more ground for indignation; it was almost impossible to put a complete stop to filibustering where there were so many bases of operation as existed along the Florida reefs and on the coasts north of them. It was generally the case that when



THE "MAINE" ENTERING HAVANA HARBOR. MORRO CASTLE ON THE RIGHT.

an expedition was able to leave the United States, it landed in Cuba according to schedule. At one time five vessels engaged in watching for filibusters were in touch with the *Maine* by telegraph; and the *Maine's* steam-launches, as well as the *Marblehead's* launches, were out at night, bringing-to vessels moving out of Key West harbor. We did our work conscientiously.

On Christmas Eve and again on Christmas night, the *Maine* was illuminated with hundreds of electric lights, to the great delight of the people of Key West, very few of whom had ever seen such a display. The following is quoted from one of the local newspapers:

"The beautiful illumination of the battleship *Maine*, on Christmas Eve and night, was one of the finest displays of electricity ever witnessed in the city, or perhaps in the South. Hundreds of incandescent lights from the bow to the stern, up the masts and funnel, and around the ship's sides, made her one mass of lights. It was a picture not often seen in the tropical regions."

It became known after a time that the other large vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, under command of Rear-Admiral Sicard, were to come to the waters about Key West for fleet drills and evolutions. At that time of year it was impracticable to have the drills elsewhere. The United States could not afford to abandon its best winter drill-ground for no other reason than its proximity to Cuba. The squadron came and had its drills, as intended, but until war was opened never went nearer to Cuba than Key West and Tortugas, nor, so far as my knowledge goes, was it ever intended that it should.

During our visit to Key West I had inquired as to the best pilot for the reefs. There was a general concurrence of opinion that Captain Smith was the best man. He held himself subject to my call during our whole stay at Key West, when I might have been obliged to go out at night with the search-lights. The squadron was duly reported off Jupiter Inlet, on its passage south. We knew, therefore, at Key West, very nearly the hour when it would arrive off the reefs. The *Maine* had received orders to join the squadron when it appeared. The squadron arrived off the reefs on Sunday, January 23, 1898. I sent ashore for our pilot, who in response was obliged to report that the pilot commissioners refused to let him take the *Maine* out, because their local rule of precedence required that the pilot who brought us in should by right take us out.

I appealed against this rule as being merely one of local convenience or comfort, out of all proportion to the value of the *Maine* and the important public interests involved. The board of pilot commissioners weakened not—neither did I. The *Maine* went out without a pilot; so somebody lost nearly one hundred and fifty dollars, which remained in the coffers of the United States. After the departure of the *Maine*, the torpedo-boat *Cushing*, Lieutenant Albert Gleaves, was charged with the maintenance of communication with General Lee.

On Sunday night, the squadron, including the *Maine*, eight vessels altogether, anchored outside the reefs, off Sand Key light. The next day it got under way and steamed west. It anchored that night on the bank about ten miles to the southward of the southeastern entrance to Tortugas Roads. After anchoring, the vessels were directed by signal to bank fires. Later, while the squadron was receiving night-signals from the flagship, a vessel's running lights were sighted to the eastward. From the disposition of the lights it was evident that the vessel was of very low free-board and of very narrow beam. I assumed, therefore, that it was a torpedo-boat coming from Key West with despatches for the commander-in-chief. It occurred to me also that she was bearing despatches for the *Maine* to go to Havana. It was an intuition, nothing more; but without waiting for orders, I directed that fires be spread and preparations made for getting under way. The torpedo-boat, which proved to be the *Dupont*, communicated with the flagship. After some delay the flagship made signal for the commanding officer of the *Maine* to repair on board, and for the *Maine* to prepare to get under way. The *Maine* replied that she was all ready. My gig had already been lowered, and I was soon off for the flagship, some distance away. There was a fairly rough sea and a strong tidal current. The night was dark. Presently the bow of the *Dupont* was seen looming up over the gig. She had seen us, but the gig had not made out the *Dupont* clearly until close under her bow. I was taken aboard, and the gig was sent back to the *Maine*. The *Dupont* then steamed nearer the flagship, a boat was sent for me, and I presented myself to the commander-in-chief.

Admiral Sicard announced that he had received instructions from the Navy Department to send the *Maine* to Havana. I do not

MINSTREL GROUP WHO PERFORMED AT THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE CREW OF
THE "MAINE" TO THE CREW OF THE "COLUMBIA."

The sailor with tall hat and striped shirt is Walsh,coxswain of the captain's gig, who
was killed; the man in cook's costume at the right, private marine Joseph Lutz,
was saved, and is now Captain Sigbee's orderly on board the *Texas*.

know personally the precise reason which induced the United States government to act at that particular time. My orders were to proceed to Havana and make a friendly visit. I was left to act according to my own judgment, in the usual way; that is to say, it was undoubtedly assumed that I would know how to act on my arrival in Havana, and it was intended to hold me responsible for my action. The situation seemed to call for nothing more than a strictly careful adherence to the well-known forms of naval procedure and courtesy. It was to be expected that the Spanish people in Havana would prefer that the *Maine* should stay away; but with a lingering insurrection, the end of which was not in sight, with American interests in Cuba affected adversely, and American citizens in Cuba alarmed for their safety, the United States had decided to show its flag from a public vessel in Cuban waters. It is quite certain that I gave myself no concern over the peculiarities of the situation. My vessel was selected to go to Havana, and I was gratified at the choice, just as any other commanding officer would have been. I volunteered the remark to Admiral Sicard that I should try to make no mistakes.

The *Maine* got under way about 11 P. M., and stood to the southward into the Gulf

Stream. I did not desire to reach Havana at early daylight, but rather to steam in when the town was alive and on its feet; therefore a landfall was made at daylight the next morning, well to the westward. That was on Tuesday, January 25. The vessel was then slowed down and the decks were straightened up, so that she might present the usual orderly appearance for port. The crew was required to dress with exceptional neatness in blue; the officers were in frock coats. When all was ready, the *Maine* was headed to the eastward, nearly parallel to the shore-line of the city, and toward the entrance. She was sent ahead at full speed as she passed the city, and the United States national ensign was hoisted at the peak, and the "jack" at the foremast-head. This disclosed at once the nationality and purpose of the vessel; that is to say, the *Maine* was a United States man-of-war that desired a pilot to enter Havana harbor. All pilotage in and out of Havana, or within the harbor, is under the direction of the captain of the port, who is a naval officer. The pilot service is entirely official.

A pilot put off promptly to the *Maine*, and boarded her to seaward of the Morro quite in the normal way, without objection or unusual inquiry. He took her in through

the narrow entrance slowly, and with such care and excellent skill that I complimented him for it after we were made fast to the buoy. I also commended him to the captain of the port, later. There were then in the harbor, moored to permanent mooring-buoys, two other men-of-war: the Spanish cruiser *Alfonso XII*, which never changed her position from the time the *Maine* arrived until the *Maine* was sunk; and the square-rigged German training-steamer *Gniesenau*. The *Maine* moved slowly in, passing between the two men-of-war, and was moored to a mooring-buoy chosen by the pilot, about four hundred yards south of the German vessel in the man-of-war anchorage off the Machina or Naval "Shears." She never left this buoy, but carried it down with her when she sank. It was approximately in the position of buoy No. 4, as shown on chart No. 307, published by the United States Hydrographic Office. At the time of the explosion of the *Maine* the Spanish despatch-boat *Legazpi* occupied the berth which had been held formerly by the *Gniesenau*. A day or two after the arrival of the *Maine*, the square-

rigged German training-steamer *Charlotte* entered the harbor. Other vessels were anchored or moored in localities more or less remote from the *Maine*—two hundred yards and upward.

Probably no forms of etiquette are more stable than those observed among navies in reciprocating courtesies. They are laid down in the navy regulations and are established by rigid international convention. Those relating to reciprocal courtesies between naval ships and military and civil authorities are quite as well established; they are known in all ports much frequented by naval vessels. On the arrival of a foreign vessel in port, the chief naval officer present of the nation to which the port belongs sends an officer of the rank of lieutenant, or below, to the commanding officer of the arriving vessel with an offer of civilities, or to express the wish of the naval authorities to give any assistance in their power. On the departure of the officer who makes this "visit of ceremony," an officer of the arriving vessel is promptly despatched to acknowledge the visit and to express the thanks of his com-

Tinsman.

Bloomer.

Hatch.

Howe.

Lambert.

German. Newton.

Ebermann.

Mertz.

Marston.

Goulet.

THE "MAINE'S" BASEBALL NINE AS ORGANIZED AT THE TIME OF THE EXPLOSION.

All were lost with the exception of Bloomer. Newton was the ship's bugler and sounded taps just before the explosion. The goat was left behind at Key West.

THE "MAINE" SALUTING THE SPANISH FLAG AFTER MAKING FAST TO THE OFFICIAL BUOY,
AT WHICH SHE WAS DESTROYED.

manding officer. The next step, in respect to visits, is for the commanding officer of the arriving vessel to call on the commanding officers senior in rank to him in the navy of the nation to which the port belongs. These visits must be returned, by convention, within twenty-four hours. It is also customary to visit the highest civil officer and the highest military officer. By these forms of naval ceremony I was required to make visits at Havana to the captain-general (who is also governor-general), the Spanish admiral in charge of the station, the captain of the port, and the captain of the *Alfonso XII*. Visits are also exchanged in the United States service between the captain of an arriving man-of-war and the consular representative of the United States. General Fitzhugh Lee, as consul-general, was entitled to the first visit from me.

In command of the *Maine* at Havana, I had but one wish, which was to be friendly to the Spanish authorities, as required by my orders. I took pleasure in carrying out my orders in this respect. The first Spanish officer to come on board was a naval lieutenant who represented the captain of the port. His bearing was both dignified and polite (which, by the way, is invariably the rule with Spanish naval officers), but I thought he looked embarrassed and even humiliated in carrying out his duty. I greatly regretted that such should be the case, and did all that I could to make him feel at ease. After the arrival of a second Spanish lieu-

tenant, who seemed to take matters more philosophically, and of a German lieutenant, the naval officer who had arrived first appeared to lose his embarrassment. I made all the visits required of me by usage, and was everywhere received with courtesy. It is hardly to the point whether there was any great amount of actual friendliness for us beneath the surface. The Spanish officials on every hand gave us absolutely all the courtesy to which we were entitled by usage, and they gave it with all the grace of manner which is characteristic of their nation. I accepted it as genuine.

It is not essential to enter here into the details of usage in connection with salutes. It is enough to say that convention required the *Maine* to salute the Spanish national flag and also to salute Admiral Manterola. But such salutes are given only when it is known that they will be returned. I therefore deemed it prudent to determine this point, although the visit of a Spanish officer to the ship would ordinarily be thought sufficiently convincing. In the course of conversation with the Spanish naval officer who was the first to visit the *Maine*, I said: "I am about to give myself the honor of saluting your national flag; from which battery will the salute be returned?" He replied: "From the Cabaña." With that assurance both salutes were fired and returned. The salute to the Spanish admiral was returned by his flagship, the *Alfonso XII*.

Shortly after the arrival of the *Maine*, I sent my aid, Naval Cadet J. H. Holden, ashore to report to General Lee, and announce that I would soon follow. I promptly gave orders that no officers or men of the vessel should go ashore, unless by my express order. I desired first to test public feeling, private and official, with reference to the *Maine's* visit. I made my visit to Admiral Manterola in full dress, with cocked hat, epaulets, etc. I landed at the Machina, the man-of-war landing, which is virtually at the Spanish admiral's residence. There was a crowd assembled, but only of moderate size. There was no demonstration of any kind; the crowd closed in about me slightly. I thought the people stolid and sullen, so far as I could gather from an occasional glance, but I took very little notice of anybody. On my return, however, I noted carefully the bearing of the various groups of Spanish soldiers that I passed. They saluted me, as a rule, but with so much expression of apathy that the salute really went for nothing. They made no demonstration against me, however, not even by look.

The same day I made my visit to General Lee, and arranged with him for my visit to the acting captain- and governor-general, who at that time was General Parrado, Captain-General Blanco being absent on a tour of the island. It is customary in the case of high officials to make the visit at an appointed time. When I made my visit, on January 27, accompanied by General Lee, there seemed at first to be a probability of embarrassment. We called at the palace of General Blanco at the appointed time, and apparently nobody at the palace knew anything about our appointment. The ever-present American newspaper-man relieved the situation; he ascertained that General Parrado was in a residence across the way, where he was expecting us. We promptly repaired the mistake, and were received by General Parrado with great courtesy. He had a table spread with refreshments for our benefit. All of my official visits were returned promptly. General Parrado returned my visit in person, and was given the salute of a captain- and governor-general; that is to say, of the governor of a colony—seventeen guns, the same salute which is prescribed for the governor of one of the United States.

All visits were made without friction and with courtesy on both sides, and apparently with all the freedom of conversation and action usually observed. I showed General

Parrado through the *Maine*, and he seemed much pleased.

It had been announced in the local newspapers that there would be a series of bull-fights in Havana, in which would appear Mazzantini, the famous "gentleman bull-fighter of Spain." I had decided to go to the bull-fight, notwithstanding the day of its celebration was Sunday. I was anxious to know from my own observation the true feeling of the people of Havana toward the *Maine*. Knowing that the common people were likely to be greatly excited at the bull-fight, I decided that my presence there would afford the very best opportunity for my purpose. I told General Parrado of my intention, and he at once offered me a box. I declined the offer, saying that some of the officers of the *Maine* and I would go simply as ordinary observers. However, within a day or two, General Parrado sent me tickets for a box, which was an act of kindness greatly appreciated by us.

On the first Sunday after the arrival of the *Maine* at Havana, General Lee gave a luncheon-party to the officers of the ship, at the Havana Yacht Club at Marianao, a place on the sea-shore, about eight miles west of Havana. There we met some Cuban gentlemen, a few members of foreign consulates, and a number of press correspondents. In going there I was taken by the sea route, in a small steam-launch owned by one of the Cuban gentlemen. We went close alongshore, past all the batteries west of the entrance. There was no impropriety in this, because one could see the batteries to better advantage merely by driving along one of the most frequented driveways of the city. At Marianao there was a small Spanish garrison. Sentries were posted at various places, and at one time, I believe, they had occupied the roof of the club-house. There was no excitement or even special interest shown by the soldiers at the appearance there of United States officers. The entertainment passed off very pleasantly. General Lee toasted the naval party, and we toasted General Lee. Complimentary speeches were made on each side.

The box at the bull-fight which had been provided us by the courtesy of General Parrado contained six seats. I reserved one ticket for General Lee, one for Naval Cadet Holden, and one for myself. The other three I sent to the ward-room and the junior officers' mess, to be chosen by lot. The party therefore consisted of six people. We returned to Havana from the yacht club by

¡Españoles!

¡VIVA ESPAÑA CON HONRA!



¿Qué haceis que os dejais insultar de esa manera? ¿No veis lo que nos han hecho retirando á nuestro valiente y querido Weyler, que á estas horas ya hubiéramos acabado con esta indigna canalla insurrecta que pisotea nuestra bandera y nuestro honor?

Nos imponen la Autonomía para echarnos á un lado y dar los puestos de honor y mando á aquellos que iniciaron esta rebelion, estos mal nacidos autonomistas, hijos ingratos de nuestra querida patria!

Y por último, estos cochinos yankees que se mezclan en nuestros asuntos, humillándonos hasta el último grado, y para más vejámen nos mandan uno de los barcos de guerra de su podrida escuadra, despues de insultarnos en sus diarios y desde nuestra casa!

Españoles! Llegó el momento de accion, no dormitis! Enseñemos á esos viles traidores que todavía no hemos perdido la vergüenza y que sabemos protestar con la energía que corresponde á una nacion digna y fuerte como es y siempre será nuestra España!

Mueran los americanos! Muera la Autonomía!

Viva España! Viva Weyler!

FACSIMILE OF THE COPY OF THE CIRCULAR SENT TO CAPTAIN SIGSBEE THROUGH THE HAVANA POST-OFFICE. (FOR A TRANSLATION SEE THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

The words underscored, with the hand pointing to them, mean "rotten squadron."

train, and could not help remarking the suitability of the country for guerrilla warfare. While we were yet in the train, an American gentleman discussed with us the propriety of going to the bull-fight. He explained that the common people on such occasions were generally greatly excited, and as our visit to Havana was not well regarded by the populace, there was a probability that one single cry against us might set the audience aflame. I believed that it was inconsistent with the friendly visit of the *Maine* that her officers should not be accorded the same freedom of appearance and

action that was permitted to officers of other navies; therefore, I reasserted our intention to go. Our friend said: "Well, if they will allow you there, they will allow you anywhere."

As we emerged from the train and passed out of the station on our arrival at Havana, I was handed by somebody (I think by one of the newspaper correspondents) the bellicose circular which has since been published in the newspapers. It was a small printed slip containing a protest to the public against submission to a visit from the *Maine*, and, translated, reads as follows:

SPANIARDS !

LONG LIVE SPAIN WITH HONOR!

What are you doing that you allow yourselves to be insulted in this way ? Do you not see what they have done to us in withdrawing our brave and beloved Weyler, who at this very time would have finished with this unworthy, rebellious rabble who are trampling on our flag and on our honor ?

Autonomy is imposed on us to cast us aside and give places of honor and authority to those who initiated this rebellion, these low-bred autonomists, ungrateful sons of our beloved country !

And, finally, these Yankee pigs who meddle in our affairs, humiliating us to the last degree, and, for a still greater taunt, order to us a man-of-war of their rotten squadron, after insulting us in their newspapers with articles sent from our own home !

Spaniards! the moment of action has arrived. Do not go to sleep! Let us teach these vile traitors that we have not yet lost our pride, and that we know how to protest with the energy befitting a nation worthy and strong, as our Spain is, and always will be!

Death to the Americans! Death to autonomy!
Long live Spain! Long live Weyler!

I put it in my pocket, and we went to the bull-fight, by means of the ferry plying between Havana and Regla. I have been asked many times what I thought of the circular. At the time I thought it of no importance whatever, and I have not changed my opinion. It could only have been the screaming appeal of some bigoted and impotent patriot. When a would-be conspirator finds it necessary thus to go out into the public streets and beg anonymously for assistance, he demonstrates that he is without friends. Circulars of that kind are not at all uncommon in Havana. General Lee received them frequently. In his case, the date was generally set for his destruction. He gave himself no concern over them, but let it be known generally that any one attempting to injure him bodily would be treated very summarily by himself. His poise in matters of that kind made murderous bulletins positively humorous.

There had formerly been a bull-ring in Havana, a well-appointed one, but for some reason it was closed, and the smaller ring at Regla had taken its place. When we arrived at the ring, we found that our box was high up above the rows of seats, and close to the box occupied by General Parrado, who was the presiding official at the sport on that day. Members of his staff were with him. Stationed at intervals throughout the audience were individual soldiers, under arms, and there were about twenty in the seat directly

in front of our box. General Parrado bowed to me pleasantly, but I thought that he and the officers about him were not entirely free from embarrassment because of our presence. General Parrado was always especially kind in his intercourse with me. I felt very friendly toward him. Occasionally on looking up suddenly I detected glances at me that were far from friendly.

Six bulls were killed during the day. Our party arrived as the first one was being hauled away dead. After the fifth bull had been despatched, it was decided, as a considerate measure in favor of General Parrado, that we should leave the building and return to Havana early, so as to avoid the crowd. We therefore left very quietly, just before the sixth bull entered the ring. We tried to reach the ferry promptly, so that we might return to Havana on a steamer having but few passengers. Three members of our party were successful in this attempt, but General Lee, Lieutenant Holman, and I failed. On our arrival a steamer had just left the landing. We then hailed a small passenger-boat, and were pulled to the *Maine*. While General Lee and I were conversing on the quarter-deck of the *Maine*, a ferry-boat came across the bay, carrying back to Havana a large number of people from the audience. There was no demonstration of any kind. The passengers were doubtless those who had left early, hoping, like ourselves, to avoid the crowd. The next ferry-boat was densely crowded. Among the passengers were a number of officers of the Spanish army and of the volunteers. As the ferry-boat passed the *Maine* there were derisive calls and whistles. Apparently not more than fifty people participated in that demonstration. It was not general, and might have occurred anywhere. I have never believed that the Spanish officers or soldiers took part. It is but fair to say that this was the only demonstration of any kind made against the *Maine* or her officers, either collectively or individually, so far as was made known to me, during our visit. Adverse feeling toward us was shown by the apathetic bearing of soldiers when they saluted, or of tradesmen when they supplied our needs. After the *Maine* had been sunk, and when the *Montgomery* and the *Fern* were in Havana, Spanish passenger-boatmen exhibited bad temper by withholding or delaying answers to our hails at night. The failure of the Spanish authorities to compel the boatmen to answer our hails impressed me as being very closely akin to active unfriendliness. It was at the

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE, GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, SEVERAL OFFICERS OF THE "MAINE,"
AND CIVILIANS AT THE HAVANA YACHT CLUB. (SEE PAGE 86.)

time when the *Vizcaya* and the *Oquendo* were in Havana, using picket-boats and occasionally search-lights at night, apparently to safeguard themselves. Hails were made sharply and answered promptly between the Spanish men-of-war and the boats constantly plying about the harbor at night. It must have been plain on board the Spanish men-of-war that the boatmen were trifling with us. This was after the *Vizcaya* had visited New York.

I have been taken to task on some sides in the United States for going to a bull-fight on

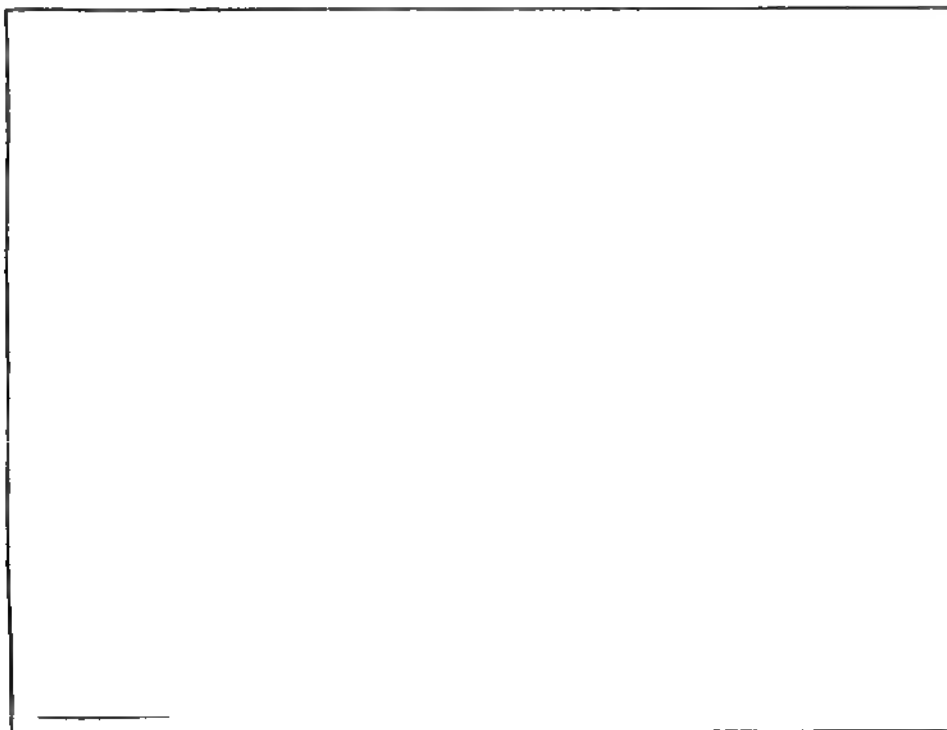
Sunday. Perhaps I should confess that I attended two bull-fights in Havana, on successive Sundays, that being the only day, I believe, on which bull-fights take place. On the second occasion I went with an American friend and a party of Cuban gentlemen. To comprehend the Spanish bull-fight it should be considered as a savage sport passed down from generation to generation from a remote period when human nature was far more cruel than at present. If the sport had not so developed, it is a fair infer-

ence that it could not now be instituted or tolerated by the Spanish people. Similar considerations might be thought to apply to our own prize-fights. During the progress of the last bull-fight that I attended, several poor, docile horses were killed under circumstances that were shocking to the American mind. In a box near that which my friends and I occupied, a little girl ten or twelve years of age sat apparently unmoved while a horse was prostrate and dying in prolonged agony near the middle of the ring.

As to the circular that was given to me before going to the first bull-fight, it may be stated that I received a second copy through the Havana mail. That copy was probably sent by some American, who judged it to be important. I sent it home, and afterward it was reproduced in the newspapers. I think General Lee sent a copy of that circular to the secretary-general of Cuba, Dr. Congosto. There was nothing to do in respect to the circular, even though I had believed it an influential attempt to foment disturbance. Every precaution that could be taken against injury or treachery was taken on board the *Maine*, so far as could be permitted under the restrictions of my orders requiring me to make a friendly visit. If one, when dining with a friend at his home, were to test the

dishes for poison, he would not be making a friendly visit. The harbor could not be dragged without giving offense; it could not be patrolled by our own picket-boats at night, nor could the search-lights be kept going; but every internal precaution was exercised that the situation suggested. There were sentries on the forecastle and poop, quartermaster and signal-boy on the bridge, and a second signal-boy on the poop, all of whom were charged with the necessity for a careful lookout. The corporal of the guard was specially instructed as to the port gangway, and the officer of the deck and the quartermaster as to the starboard gangway.

Instead of the usual anchor-watch, a quarter-watch was kept on deck at night. The sentries were supplied with ammunition; a number of rounds of rapid-fire ammunition were kept in the pilot-house and in the spare captain's pantry inside the after-superstructure. An additional supply of shells was kept at hand for the six-inch guns. In order to be prepared more completely to work the hydraulic mechanism of the turrets, steam was kept up on two boilers instead of one; special instructions were given to watch all the details of the hydraulic gear and to report defects. The officer of the deck was charged by me to make detailed reports, even



RECONCENTRADOS AT HAVANA GATHERED AT A RELIEF STATION.

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN ON BOARD THE "MAINE."

The Admiral's cabin, similarly arranged, is seen to the right through the open, wide doorway.

in minor matters, acting on the suspicion that we might be in an unfriendly harbor. I personally instructed the master-at-arms and the orderly sergeant to keep a careful eye on every visitor that came on board, and to charge their own subordinates to the same purpose. I instructed them to follow visitors about at a proper distance whenever the ship was visited below; they were carefully to watch for any packages that might be laid down or left by visitors, on the supposition that dynamite or other high explosives might be used. They were also required to inspect the routes over which visitors had passed. The officer in charge of the marine guard was required to make at least two visits during the night to the various posts of the vessel. The purport of my own orders and instructions was that we should consider the *Maine* in a position demanding extreme vigilance, and requiring a well-sustained routine both by day and by night.

Until the night of the explosion nothing whatever was developed to show that there was any special need for extreme vigilance. Many people visited the ship, chiefly in parties. It is probable that nearly all were

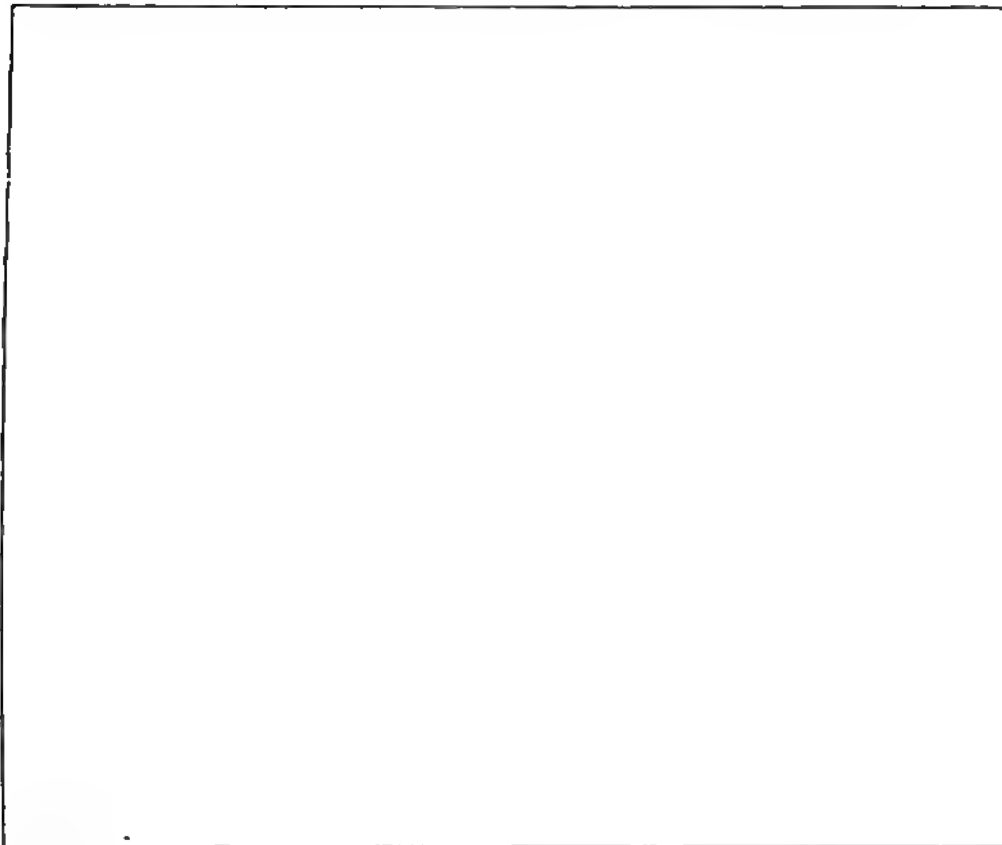
Cubans. These were chiefly representatives of the refined class in Havana, who took great pride in visiting the ship—more, perhaps, than I could have wished, in view of the situation. There must have been three or four hundred of them on board from time to time. They were warmly demonstrative toward us, and at first were inclined to ask us to return their visits. I believe some of the *Maine's* officers took advantage of their invitations; but I always explained that my position in Havana was a delicate one, that I desired to know socially both the Spaniards and the Cubans, but that I should not feel free to accept hospitalities until the Spanish people first showed a willingness to accept the hospitalities of the ship. I often made inquiries in a rather jocular way as to the politics of the ladies who visited the ship. The ladies pointed out to me visitors of different shades of opinion, but I have my doubts whether any of them were really in sympathy with the Spaniards. I let it be known everywhere that it would please me greatly to entertain the Spanish people on board, and made considerable effort to bring about the desired result, but without success. It was

evident that the Spaniards would not visit us socially; they would do their official duty, but would not go beyond it.

I finally decided to make a very special effort. I knew two charming young Spanish ladies of American descent on their mother's side. Both were engaged to be married to Spanish army officers. Their father had been a Spanish officer. All their associations had been in Spanish military circles. They assured me that it was a mistake to suppose that the Spaniards would not visit us in a friendly way. To demonstrate their view, they offered to bring aboard the *Maine*, on a certain day, a party of Spanish officers. The ladies came at the appointed time, their mother being one of the party; but with them there was only one Spanish officer, and he was in what we might call a civil branch of the army. Each lady gave a somewhat different excuse for the absence of the officers, which only served to make it clear that the officers

would not come at all, and that there was a general understanding that the ship should not be visited by Spanish officers, except officially.

I then believed that I had made all the effort that was proper to put the visit of the *Maine* on a friendly plane socially. I made no effort thereafter beyond continuing to make it known in a general way that Spaniards would be welcomed. For about two days after the arrival of the *Maine*, her officers were not permitted to go ashore; after that they went freely, day and night. During the whole visit the crew remained on board, with the exception of an occasional visit to the shore, on duty, by some well-trusted petty officer. I regretted very much to retain the crew on board, because it had been my custom to give liberty freely before visiting Havana. Even the bum-boatmen did not seem to care especially for the custom of the men, doubtless because of the



THE WARD-ROOM OF THE "MAINE."

Lieutenant-Commander Marx, left foreground, was executive officer of the *Maine* when this photograph was made, but was detached before the explosion. He served as judge-advocate at the Court of Inquiry. Chaplain Chidwick stands in the middle background, and facing him is Lieutenant Jenkins, who was lost.



REVOLVER-DRILL ON THE STARBOARD SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "MAINE." MOST OF THESE MEN WERE LOST.

undercurrent of feeling against us. The crew never complained—not in a single instance that I am aware of; they took the situation philosophically. I myself drove through the streets of Havana, day or night, entirely alone, just as I liked, without hindrance of any kind. To all outward appearance Havana was as orderly a city as I have ever seen.

Prior to the destruction of the *Maine*, I was unwittingly involved in one case of official friction. According to precedents, I was entirely in the right. The autonomistic government of Cuba had been established by General Blanco. The members of the government were much-respected gentlemen of the island. As captain of the *Maine*, I was not expected to show any political preference, but it was my duty to preserve good relations with the government as it existed. In visiting the captain-general, who, as already stated, is also the governor-general, and the naval authorities, I thought I had fulfilled all the courtesies required by usage; therefore it had not occurred to me to visit the civil members of the autonomistic council. In my cruises about the West Indies, I had made visits to colonial governors and to the naval and mili-

tary authorities; but it had never been expected of me to visit the members of the legislative council of a British colony. I was therefore greatly surprised to find that it had been reported to the United States government in Washington that I had failed to visit the members of the autonomistic council. I got several telegrams from the Navy Department referring to the matter. The despatches may not have been clearly deciphered on board the *Maine*, but I did not gather from them that I was required to make a visit to those officials. I hesitated to act without decisive orders after the matter had been carried to the government at Washington. Finally, I thought that I could detect in the telegrams a desire on the part of the Navy Department that I should, of my own volition, make the visit.

General Blanco had then returned to Havana, where he resumed his custom of giving receptions to gentlemen on a certain night in each week. General Lee had made an appointment for me to visit General Blanco officially the next day, and I took advantage of the reception to promote good feeling. In civilian's evening dress, I attended General Blanco's reception with General Lee, and took pleasure in the act. I said

to General Blanco that I attended his reception that evening informally, and that I would come officially the following day, according to appointment. General Blanco is a fine type of the Spanish gentleman—a man of distinguished bearing and address. I remarked to General Lee that General Blanco might pass for a very benevolent United States senator. This was a double-edged compliment intended to cut favorably in both directions. At the reception and on all other occasions General Blanco received me most kindly.

Soon after our arrival at the reception, General Lee introduced me to Dr. Congosto, the secretary-general of Cuba. Dr. Congosto immediately said, "May I introduce you to the members of the autonomistic council?" I replied that the introduction would give me great pleasure, and that I should gladly have acted on an earlier invitation. I was then introduced to several members of the council, including Señor Galvaez, the president. All were men that one would feel greatly honored to meet, whether officially or privately. I thought that I had a right to speak plainly, because I had been put in a false

position. I informed the gentlemen that there had been no time since my visit to Havana when I should not immediately have given myself the honor of visiting them had I received an intimation that a visit would be agreeable. I stated that I had not made a visit because I knew no precedent for it in naval etiquette, and that visits to civil officials on shore, if in excess of usage, might not be taken kindly, because a return visit afloat might not be convenient. I expressed the pleasure that I should take in going as far beyond precedent as might be agreeable to them. If permitted, I should visit the council officially the following day, after which I hoped the gentlemen of the council would visit the *Maine* and receive a salute.

The next day, with General Lee, I called on General Blanco officially, just as I had called on General Parrado when he was representing General Blanco. I admired General Blanco as a man and as a patriot, and desired to receive him on board the *Maine* and do him honor. I gave him an urgent invitation, stating at the same time that I knew it was not necessary for him to return my visit personally. He seemed pleased, and remarked pleasantly

that there was a decree against captains-general visiting foreign men-of-war, for the reason that many years ago a captain-general, while visiting an English man-of-war, had been abducted. I replied that on merely personal grounds I would be glad to run away with him, but I promised good behavior. He stated that it might be possible to make a visit—he would think it over.

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terminates a visit to Spanish officials. It was observed in this case. After taking leave in the usual way, in the room where the interview was held, General Blanco and Dr. Congosto accompanied us to the head of the stairs, and the civilities were repeated. There they remained until we had reached the first landing below, when we turned, and the visit was ended by mu-

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HAVANA PASSENGER-BOATS AROUND THE SPANISH CRUISER "VIZCAYA" ON A VISITING DAY. (SEE PAGE 96.)

friendly and that my orders contemplated nothing further than the ordinary visit of a man-of-war. He expressed his appreciation of my commands against giving liberty on shore to the *Maine's* crew, and asked, as had other officials, how long the *Maine* would remain at Havana. To this question I always made the same reply, viz., that when our war-vessels were in telegraphic communication with the Navy Department it was not customary to include in their orders the time of their departure from a port; they were required to await further orders. I repeated to General Blanco what I had already said to General Parrado, that I hoped the Spanish men-of-war would reciprocate by reviving their friendly visits to the United States; that the cordiality of their reception could not be doubted. An exceptionally pleasing ceremonial feature

the members of the council, and was received with cordiality. I think the members of the autonomistic government had really felt that I was trying to evade a visit, so I was glad to convince them to the contrary.

The gentlemen of the council returned my visit promptly. They were received with honors, and shown through the *Maine*. We greatly enjoyed their visit. Near the close, refreshments were served in my cabin, and Señor Galvaez made a complimentary speech in Spanish, which was interpreted to me briefly. The last thing that I desired was to involve myself in the politics of the island. I conceived that it would be highly injudicious on my part, as a foreign naval officer, to seem to take sides in any way, either by expression or by action. I made a response to Señor Galvaez's speech, assuring him that it had given me much gratification to make

my visits to the council, and renewing my statement that I should have made an earlier visit had I known that it would have been agreeable. I welcomed them formally to the ship, and expressed the hope that they would return with their families and friends, and make social and informal visits whenever they thought they could find pleasure on board. Believing that the gentlemen of the council were desirous that I should give some expression of approval of the autonomistic form of government, I evaded the point, and said only: "I beg to express my admiration for the high purpose of your honorable body." My reply was afterward printed in at least two newspapers in Havana, but the terms made me favor autonomistic government for the island. I disliked this result when I considered it in connection with the censorship, but raised no protest against it. Judging from outward evidence, the autonomistic government was then unpopular and without effective influence.

The next day the families and friends of the members of the council came aboard, and were received by me and the officers. It was a merry party, and many evidences of good will were given. This ended the only frictional incident prior to the destruction of the *Maine*.

While lying in the landlocked harbor of Havana, the *Maine* looked much larger than her actual size; she seemed enormous. Doubtless her strength was overestimated by the populace of Havana. The people apparently believed that we had sent our best ship to make a demonstration. There was much misconception on all sides, even among Spanish officers, as to the fighting strength of the United States navy. Evidently the Spaniards did not regard us as their equals in battle; their traditional pride made them overestimate their own fighting ability—or underestimate ours. On the other hand, to show how people may differ, I have never known it to be entertained in our own service that the Spanish navy could match ours. The Spanish naval officers that I met were alert, intelligent, and well informed professionally. They all had their polished national manner. Superficially, at least, their vessels were admirable; they seemed clean and well kept. Their etiquette was carefully observed, but apparently their crews were not comparable with ours, either in physique or in intelligence. I saw very little drilling of any kind on board the Spanish men-of-war at Havana. After the destruc-

tion of the *Maine*, General Weyler was credited in the press with the remark that "the *Maine* was indolent." If General Weyler did in fact make the remark, he must have got advices relative to the *Maine* that were not well based on observation. While at Havana, the *Maine* had no drills on shore, as a matter of course, but afloat she carried out her routine of drills day after day, except that she omitted "night quarters" and "clearing ship for action," as likely to give rise to misunderstanding. She also exercised her boats under oars and under sails, and had gun-pointing practice with the aid of a launch steaming about the harbor. In this latter practice, care was taken that our guns should never point toward the Spanish men-of-war. Every morning and evening the crew were put through the development drill. Most of the drills of the *Maine* were in plain view from without, by reason of her structure; she had no bulwarks on her main or upper deck.

After the destruction of the *Maine*, and while the *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo* were in the harbor, we could observe no drills taking place on board those vessels, although it is possible that they might have gone on without our being able to observe them. There was much ship-visiting on board. In everything they did, except in respect to etiquette, the practised nautical eye could not fail to note their inferiority in one degree or another to the vessels of our own squadron at Key West. Our vessels were then having "general quarters for action" three times a week, and were keeping up their other drills, including night-drills, search-light practice, etc. The vessels of the *Vizcaya* class, below in the captain's cabin and officers' quarters, were one long stretch of beautiful woodwork, finer than on board our own vessels. The smaller guns of their primary batteries, and the rapid-firing guns of their secondary batteries, were disposed between the turrets on two decks in such dovetailed fashion that in order to do great damage an enemy needed only to hit anywhere in the region of the funnels. I remarked several times—once to Admiral Sampson, who was then Captain Sampson of the court of inquiry on the destruction of the *Maine*—that the Spanish vessels would be all aflame within ten minutes after they had gone into close action, and that their quarters at the guns would be a slaughter-pen. Future events justified the statement. Afterward, when I boarded the wreck of the *Infanta Maria Teresa* near Santiago de Cuba, her armored deck was below

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

water, but above that there was not even a splinter of woodwork in sight; in fact, there was hardly a cinder left of her decks or of that beautiful array of bulkheads. It may have been that the *Maine* remained longer in Havana than had originally been intended by the Navy Department. It was expected, I believe, to relieve her by another vessel; which vessel, I do not know. I had hoped that the *Indiana* or the *Massachusetts* would be sent to dispel the prevailing ignorance among the Spanish people in regard to the strength and efficiency of our ships. The department may not have accepted my views.

Before reciting the details immediately connected with the destruction of the *Maine*, it may be said that I did not expect she would

be blown up, either from interior or exterior causes, although precautions were taken in both directions. Nevertheless, I believed that she could be blown up from the outside, provided a sufficient number of persons of evil disposition, and with the conveniences at hand, were free to conspire for the purpose. It was necessary to trust the Spanish authorities in great degree for protection from without. I believe that the primary cause of the destruction of the *Maine* was an explosion under the bottom of the ship, as reported by the court of inquiry. How it was produced, or whether it was produced by anybody intentionally, I do not know; therefore I have carefully avoided accusation. The facts of the explosion will be described in my next paper.

MARK TWAIN IN CALIFORNIA.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

THERE was a subtle and inexplicable means of transmitting news and gossip forward and backward over the trans-continental trail, in the old, old days when we traveled "the Plains across" to California. Imagine a long caravan of emigrants stretched over the vast and comparatively unknown region lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, numbering many thousands, but broken into innumerable bands and companies, each company traveling in its own way, several of these combining to present a formidable front while passing through the haunts of hostile and predatory Indians, but often passing and repassing one another when some travel-worn party would be camped by the trail for rest and recuperation, and all receiving in some unexplained manner tolerably accurate tidings of every other company then on the sinuous trail that was traced across the heart of the continent.

Here and there, at exceedingly rare intervals, we found the deserted cabin of some vanished explorer or trapper, in which were posted the rude bulletins of those who had preceded us, leaving their names and ports of hail, with scraps of information concerning water, grass, fords, and other matters necessary to the comfort and safety

of the emigrant. But, for the most part, the birds of the air (which were neither numerous nor sociable) appeared to have told us of the personal characteristics, names, haps and mishaps, of all who were on the trail before or behind us.

In this way we learned that in the great concourse of marching men always just behind us and never quite catching up with us were two brothers, who were traveling with a company known as the "Missouri fellers," and who were individually described as the "two Clemenses." Our curiosity was languidly stimulated by this vague characterization, and when, after their family name had been hopelessly juggled with in the rude vernacular of the Plains, we were told that these Clemenses, or whatever their real cognomen might be, were expecting to find official pap in the new Territory that had begun to loom in what was known as the Washoe country, we felt for the unseen young Missourians a certain respectful pity. In the course of time, but years afterward, when swarms of miners had covered the Comstock Lode, and fabulous riches were said to be locked up in the sterile Washoe country, then hanging on the arid skirts of California, and adding to the desolation of western Utah, the Territory of Nevada was organized. James W. Nye was governor, and Orion S. Clemens was secretary of

this new subdivision of the republic. We never heard that the other brother, Samuel L. Clemens, secured official recognition, and it is more than likely that the reports of the great expectations of the Clemenses were, like so much of the Plains gossip, mere idle rumors of the camps.

Striking off, as our own party did, into the northwestern part of the State, and entering the Sacramento valley by the way of the Feather and Yuba rivers, we lost all track of the Clemens brothers, and when, long afterward, we heard that Orion was in office, we dimly related him to the Missourians whose shadowy company had attended our journey across the Great Plains.

The Civil War came on, and, giving up my paper in Marysville (originally known as Nye's Ranch), a long sojourn in Washington interrupted my California acquaintance. Mark Twain was still in the "sage-brush" group of newspaper writers, and when I returned to take up my residence in San Francisco, I was advised to read certain amusing squibs and sketches in a Nevada newspaper (the "Virginia City Enterprise"), if I would see specimens of genuine American humor—frolicsome, extravagant, and audacious. These contributions, when signed at all, were over the somewhat puzzling signature of "Mark Twain." In due course of time their author crossed the mountains, and found casual employment on the "Morning Call," San Francisco. When Bret Harte introduced me to the eagle-eyed young man of tousled hair and slow speech, I found at last the missing member of the Clemenses, and we exchanged such information concerning our experiences on the Plains as had been impossible of transmission up and down the hard road we traveled.

Clemens's fugitive pieces in the daily newspapers gave him some local reputation as a humorist, but not even his most intimate friends suspected the existence of the genius which was destined to make the name of "Mark Twain" world-famous. And when, in 1867, the proprietors of the "Alta California," a daily newspaper of which I was then the managing editor, came to me with a proposition that the office should advance to Clemens the sum needed to pay his expenses on a trip into the Mediterranean, on condition that he should write letters to the paper, I was not surprised that they should regard the scheme with grave doubt of its paying them for their outlay. But the persuasiveness of Clemens's fast friend and admirer, Colonel John McComb (then a member

of our editorial staff), turned the scale, and Mark Twain was sent away happy on his voyage of adventure and observation, sailing from New York on the steamer *Quaker City*.

His letters to the "Alta California" made him famous. It was my business to prepare one of these letters for the Sunday morning paper, taking the topmost letter from a goodly pile that was stacked in a pigeonhole of my desk. Clemens was an indefatigable correspondent, and his last letter was slipped in at the bottom of a tall stack.

It would not be quite accurate to say that Mark Twain's letters were the talk of the town; but it was very rarely that readers of the paper did not come into the office on Mondays to confide to the editors their admiration of the writer, and their enjoyment of his weekly contributions. The California newspapers copied these letters, with unanimous approval and disregard of the copyrights of author and publisher.

When Clemens returned to San Francisco, it was to find himself a celebrity. He accepted the situation without demur or inordinate pride. And when, after a short visit to the Hawaiian Islands, he prepared a lecture to be delivered in Mercantile Library Hall, San Francisco, he deprecatingly forestalled public opinion by adding at the bottom of his published announcements: "Trouble will begin at 8 o'clock P.M." To him the trouble impending appeared very real, and he faced the ordeal with many misgivings. But the lecture was highly successful. It gave San Francisco people their first near view of their popular humorist. Some of his friends had organized a claque to encourage the débutant and rouse the enthusiasm of the audience; shrieks of laughter and thunders of applause had been contrived to be launched at appropriate intervals. Some of these kindly meant demonstrations were ill-timed. No matter; the unpurchased suffrages of the people soon overwhelmed the less discriminating volleys of the claque. The lecturer, to his great surprise, rode triumphantly into favor on the swelling tide of popular applause.

Mark Twain's method as a lecturer was distinctly unique and novel. His slow, deliberate drawl, the anxious and perturbed expression of his visage, the apparently painful effort with which he framed his sentences, and, above all, the surprise that spread over his face when the audience roared with delight or rapturously applauded the finer passages of his word-painting, were unlike anything of the kind they had ever

known. All this was original; it was Mark Twain.

About this time, I think it was,—say in the latter part of 1867 or the first of 1868,—Mark Twain published his first book, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras." In later years, the question as to the originality of that celebrated tale has provoked much controversy among authors and antiquarians. It was then a classic of the mining-camps, rehearsed around camp-fires and in convivial gatherings, very much as the Homeric legends and the sagas of the Norseland were told to thrilled listeners. But, so far as I am aware, it had never been printed, although a learned pundit has found in Greek literature the seminal principle of the story. As soon as "The Jumping Frog" made its appearance in a printed book, there were many claimants for the credit of its invention. One of these was Samuel Seabough, the editor of a newspaper published in San Joaquin County; and he honestly believed that he was the originator of a legend that, as we now know, is older than the art of printing, but which was given the immortality of print by the man who is now generally credited with its actual authorship.

In July, 1868, a literary magazine, the "Overland Monthly," was first published in San Francisco. Bret Harte was the editor of this new and audacious publication in the very materialistic city of the Golden Gate; and as he did not think himself quite equal to the requirements of the work, William C. Bartlett (of the "Evening Bulletin") and I were conscripted from our respective desks to act as assistants and advisers. I remember very well the disappointment with which we read Mark Twain's contribution to the first number of the new magazine. It was entitled "By Rail through France," and did not show a gleam of that humor which had given him so much vogue through his newspaper letters. Subsequent numbers of the magazine showed fruits of his literary industry, but it was not until the October number appeared that he delighted his readers with a goodly show of his genius. Certainly that paper, "A Medieval Romance," which may have suggested the lines of his

later work, "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," was extravagant and grotesque enough to satisfy the most exacting of his admirers.

During the summer of that year, while Clemens was in the Eastern States, there came to us a statement, through the medium of the Associated Press, that he was preparing for publication his letters which had been printed in the "Alta California." The proprietors of that newspaper were wroth. They regarded the letters as their private property. Had they not bought and paid for them? Could they have been written if they had not furnished the money to pay the expenses of the writer? And although up to that moment there had been no thought of making in San Francisco a book of Mark Twain's letters from abroad, the proprietors of the "Alta California" began at once their preparations to get out a cheap paper-covered edition of those contributions. An advance notice in the press despatches sent from California was regarded as a sort of answer to the alleged challenge of Mark Twain and his publishers. This sent the perplexed author hurrying back to San Francisco in quest of an ascertainment of his real rights in his own letters. Amicable counsels prevailed. The cheap San Francisco edition of the book was abandoned, and Mark Twain was allowed to take possession of his undoubted copyright, and his book of letters, entitled "The Innocents Abroad," was published in the latter part of that year—1868.

Bret Harte has continued to work the rich vein which he uncovered in California. With loyalty to his first ideals, he has again and again returned to the scenery, traditions, and human characteristics of California's earliest days. Mark Twain's stay in the Golden State was briefer than Harte's, and foreign travel has opened to him new fields for the employment of his genius. He has laid under contribution all history, all tradition, all human experience. If he occasionally harks back to Nevada and California, it is only to give us a casual glimpse into a career that has been crowded full of adventure, study, and close observation of men and manners.



FROM THE "LONDON TIMES" OF 1904.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I.

Correspondence of the "London Times."

CHICAGO, April 1, 1904.

I RESUME by cable-telephone where I left off yesterday. For many hours, now, this vast city—along with the rest of the globe, of course—has talked of nothing but the extraordinary episode mentioned in my last report. In accordance with your instructions, I will now trace the romance from its beginnings down to the culmination of yesterday—or to-day; call it which you like. By an odd chance, I was a personal actor in a part of this drama myself. The opening scene plays in Vienna. Date, one o'clock in the morning, March 31, 1898. I had spent the evening at a social entertainment. About midnight I went away, in company with the military attachés of the British, Italian, and American embassies, to finish with a late smoke. This function had been appointed to take place in the house of Lieutenant Hillyer, the third attaché mentioned in the above list. When we arrived there we found several visitors in the room: young Szczepanik;¹ Mr. K., his financial backer; Mr. W., the latter's secretary; and Lieutenant Clayton of the United States army. War was at that time threatening between Spain and our country, and Lieutenant Clayton had been sent to Europe on military business. I was well acquainted with young Szczepanik and his two friends, and I knew Mr. Clayton slightly. I had met him at West Point years before, when he was a cadet. It was when General Merritt was superintendent. He had the reputation of being an able officer, and also of being quick-tempered and plain-spoken.

This smoking-party had been gathered together partly for business. This business was to consider the availability of the teleelectroscope for military service. It sounds oddly enough now, but it is nevertheless true that at that time the invention was not taken seriously by any one except its inventor.

¹ Pronounced (approximately) Zepannik.

Even his financial supporter regarded it merely as a curious and interesting toy. Indeed, he was so convinced of this that he had actually postponed its use by the general world to the end of the dying century by granting a two years' exclusive lease of it to a syndicate, whose intent was to exploit it at the Paris World's Fair.

When we entered the smoking-room we found Lieutenant Clayton and Szczepanik engaged in a warm talk over the teleelectroscope in the German tongue. Clayton was saying:

"Well, you know *my* opinion of it, anyway!" and he brought his fist down with emphasis upon the table.

"And I do not value it," retorted the young inventor, with provoking calmness of tone and manner.

Clayton turned to Mr. K., and said:

"I cannot see why you are wasting money on this toy. In my opinion, the day will never come when it will do a farthing's worth of real service for any human being."

"That may be; yes, that may be; still, I have put the money in it, and am content. I think, myself, that it is only a toy; but Szczepanik claims more for it, and I know him well enough to believe that he can see farther than I can—either with his teleelectroscope or without it."

The soft answer did not cool Clayton down; it seemed only to irritate him the more; and he repeated and emphasized his conviction that the invention would never do any man a farthing's worth of real service. He even made it a "brass" farthing, this time. Then he laid an English farthing on the table, and added:

"Take that, Mr. K., and put it away; and if ever the teleelectroscope does any man an actual service,—mind, a *real* service,—please mail it to me as a reminder, and I will take back what I have been saying. Will you?"

"I will"; and Mr. K. put the coin in his pocket.

Mr. Clayton now turned toward Szczepanik, and began with a taunt—a taunt which did not reach a finish; Szczepanik interrupted it with a hardy retort, and followed

this with a blow. There was a brisk fight for a moment or two; then the attachés separated the men.

The scene now changes to Chicago. Time, the autumn of 1901. As soon as the Paris contract released the teleelectroscope, it was delivered to public use, and was soon connected with the telephonic systems of the whole world. The improved "limitless-distance" telephone was presently introduced, and the daily doings of the globe made visible to everybody, and audibly discussable, too, by witnesses separated by any number of leagues.

By and by Szczepanik arrived in Chicago. Clayton (now captain) was serving in that military department at the time. The two men resumed the Viennese quarrel of 1898. On three different occasions they quarreled, and were separated by witnesses. Then came an interval of two months, during which time Szczepanik was not seen by any of his friends, and it was at first supposed that he had gone off on a sight-seeing tour and would soon be heard from. But no; no word came from him. Then it was supposed that he had returned to Europe. Still, time drifted on, and he was not heard from. Nobody was troubled, for he was like most inventors and other kinds of poets, and went and came in a capricious way, and often without notice.

Now comes the tragedy. On the 29th of December, in a dark and unused compartment of the cellar under Captain Clayton's house, a corpse was discovered by one of Clayton's maid-servants. It was easily identified as Szczepanik's. The man had died by violence. Clayton was arrested, indicted, and brought to trial, charged with this murder. The evidence against him was perfect in every detail, and absolutely unassailable. Clayton admitted this himself. He said that a reasonable man could not examine this testimony with a dispassionate mind and not be convinced by it; yet the man would be in error, nevertheless. Clayton swore that he did not commit the murder, and that he had had nothing to do with it.

As your readers will remember, he was condemned to death. He had numerous and powerful friends, and they worked hard to save him, for none of them doubted the truth of his assertion. I did what little I could to help, for I had long since become a close friend of his, and thought I knew that it was not in his character to inveigle an enemy into a corner and assassinate him. During 1902 and 1903 he was several times reprieved by the governor; he was reprieved once more

in the beginning of the present year, and the execution-day postponed to March 31.

The governor's situation has been embarrassing, from the day of the condemnation, because of the fact that Clayton's wife is the governor's niece. The marriage took place in 1899, when Clayton was thirty-four and the girl twenty-three, and has been a happy one. There is one child, a little girl three years old. Pity for the poor mother and child kept the mouths of grumblers closed at first; but this could not last forever,—for in America politics has a hand in everything,—and by and by the governor's political opponents began to call attention to his delay in allowing the law to take its course. These hints have grown more and more frequent of late, and more and more pronounced. As a natural result, his own party grew nervous. Its leaders began to visit Springfield and hold long private conferences with him. He was now between two fires. On the one hand, his niece was imploring him to pardon her husband; on the other were the leaders, insisting that he stand to his plain duty as chief magistrate of the State, and place no further bar to Clayton's execution. Duty won in the struggle, and the governor gave his word that he would not again respite the condemned man. This was two weeks ago. Mrs. Clayton now said:

"Now that you have given your word, my last hope is gone, for I know you will never go back from it. But you have done the best you could for John, and I have no reproaches for you. You love him, and you love me, and we both know that if you could honorably save him, you would do it. I will go to him now, and be what help I can to him, and get what comfort I may out of the few days that are left to us before the night comes which will have no end for me in life. You will be with me that day? You will not let me bear it alone?"

"I will take you to him myself, poor child, and I will be near you to the last."

By the governor's command, Clayton was now allowed every indulgence he might ask for which could interest his mind and soften the hardships of his imprisonment. His wife and child spent the days with him; I was his companion by night. He was removed from the narrow cell which he had occupied during such a dreary stretch of time, and given the chief warden's roomy and comfortable quarters. His mind was always busy with the catastrophe of his life, and with the slaughtered inventor, and he now took the fancy that he would like to have the teleec-

troscope and divert his mind with it. He had his wish. The connection was made with the international telephone-station, and day by day, and night by night, he called up one corner of the globe after another, and looked upon its life, and studied its strange sights, and spoke with its people, and realized that by grace of this marvelous instrument he was almost as free as the birds of the air, although a prisoner under locks and bars. He seldom spoke, and I never interrupted him when he was absorbed in this amusement. I sat in his parlor and read and smoked, and the nights were very quiet and reposefully sociable, and I found them pleasant. Now and then I would hear him say, "Give me Yedo"; next, "Give me Hong-Kong"; next, "Give me Melbourne." And I smoked on, and read in comfort, while he wandered about the remote under-world, where the sun was shining in the sky, and the people were at their daily work. Sometimes the talk that came from those far regions through the microphone attachment interested me, and I listened.

Yesterday—I keep calling it yesterday, which is quite natural, for certain reasons—the instrument remained unused, and that, also, was natural, for it was the eve of the execution-day. It was spent in tears and lamentations and farewells. The governor and the wife and child remained until a quarter past eleven at night, and the scenes I witnessed were pitiful to see. The execution was to take place at four in the morning. A little after eleven a sound of hammering broke out upon the still night, and there was a glare of light, and the child cried out, "What is that, papa?" and ran to the window before she could be stopped, and clapped her small hands, and said: "Oh, come and see, mama—such a pretty thing they are making!" The mother knew—and fainted. It was the gallows!

She was carried away to her lodging, poor woman, and Clayton and I were alone—alone, and thinking, brooding, dreaming. We might have been statues, we sat so motionless and still. It was a wild night, for winter was come again for a moment, after the habit of this region in the early spring. The sky was starless and black, and a strong wind was blowing from the lake. The silence in the room was so deep that all outside sounds seemed exaggerated by contrast with it. These sounds were fitting ones; they harmonized with the situation and the conditions: the boom and thunder of sudden storm-gusts among the roofs and chimneys, then the

dying down into moanings and wailings about the eaves and angles; now and then a gnashing and lashing rush of sleet along the window-panes; and always the muffled and uncanny hammering of the gallows-builders in the courtyard. After an age of this, another sound—far off, and coming smothered and faint through the riot of the tempest—a bell tolling twelve! Another age, and it tolled again. By and by, again. A dreary, long interval after this, then the spectral sound floated to us once more—one, two, three; and this time we caught our breath: sixty minutes of life left!

Clayton rose, and stood by the window, and looked up into the black sky, and listened to the thrashing sleet and the piping wind; then he said: "That a dying man's last of earth should be—this!" After a little he said: "I must see the sun again—the sun!" and the next moment he was feverishly calling: "China! Give me China—Peking!"

I was strangely stirred, and said to myself: "To think that it is a mere human being who does this unimaginable miracle—turns winter into summer, night into day, storm into calm, gives the freedom of the great globe to a prisoner in his cell, and the sun in his naked splendor to a man dying in Egyptian darkness!"

I was listening.

"What light! what brilliancy! what radiance! . . . This is Peking?"

"Yes."

"The time?"

"Mid-afternoon."

"What is the great crowd for, and in such gorgeous costumes? What masses and masses of rich color and barbaric magnificence! And how they flash and glow and burn in the flooding sunlight! What is the occasion of it all?"

"The coronation of our new emperor—the Czar."

"But I thought that that was to take place yesterday."

"This is yesterday—to you."

"Certainly it is. But my mind is confused, these days; there are reasons for it. . . . Is this the beginning of the procession?"

"Oh, no; it began to move an hour ago."

"Is there much more of it still to come?"

"Two hours of it. Why do you sigh?"

"Because I should like to see it all."

"And why can't you?"

"I have to go—presently."

"You have an engagement?"

After a pause, softly: "Yes." After an-

other pause: "Who are these in the splendid pavilion?"

"The imperial family, and visiting royalties from here and there and yonder in the earth."

"And who are those in the adjoining pavilions to the right and left?"

"Ambassadors and their families and suites to the right; unofficial foreigners to the left."

"If you will be so good, I—"

Boom! That distant bell again, tolling the half-hour faintly through the tempest of wind and sleet. The door opened, and the governor and the mother and child entered—the woman in widow's weeds! She fell upon her husband's breast in a passion of sobs, and I—I could not stay; I could not bear it. I went into the bedchamber, and closed the door. I sat there waiting—waiting—waiting, and listening to the rattling sashes and the blustering of the storm. After what seemed a long, long time, I heard a rustle and movement in the parlor, and knew that the clergyman and the sheriff and the guard were come. There was some low-voiced talking; then a hush; then a prayer, with a sound of sobbing; presently, footfalls—the departure for the gallows; then the child's happy voice: "Don't cry *now*, mama, when we've got papa again, and taking him home."

The door closed; they were gone. I was ashamed: I was the only friend of the dying man that had no spirit, no courage. I stepped into the room, and said I would be a man and would follow. But we are made as we are made, and we cannot help it. I did not go.

I fidgeted about the room nervously, and presently went to the window, and softly raised it,—drawn by that dread fascination which the terrible and the awful exert,—and looked down upon the courtyard. By the garish light of the electric lamps I saw the little group of privileged witnesses, the wife crying on her uncle's breast, the condemned man standing on the scaffold with the halter around his neck, his arms strapped to his body, the black cap on his head, the sheriff at his side with his hand on the drop, the clergyman in front of him with bare head and his book in his hand.

"I am the resurrection and the life—"

I turned away. I could not listen; I could not look. I did not know whither to go or what to do. Mechanically, and without knowing it, I put my eye to that strange instrument, and there was Peking and the Czar's

procession! The next moment I was leaning out of the window, gasping, suffocating, trying to speak, but dumb from the very imminence of the necessity of speaking. The preacher could speak, but I, who had such need of words—

"And may God have mercy upon your soul. Amen."

The sheriff drew down the black cap, and laid his hand upon the lever. I got my voice.

"Stop, for God's sake! The man is innocent. Come here and see Szczepanik face to face!"

Hardly three minutes later the governor had my place at the window, and was saying: "Strike off his bonds and set him free!"

Three minutes later all were in the parlor again. The reader will imagine the scene; I have no need to describe it. It was a sort of mad orgy of joy.

A messenger carried word to Szczepanik in the pavilion, and one could see the distressed amazement dawn in his face as he listened to the tale. Then he came to his end of the line, and talked with Clayton and the governor and the others; and the wife poured out her gratitude upon him for saving her husband's life, and in her deep thankfulness she kissed him at twelve thousand miles' range.

The teleelectrophonoscopes of the globe were put to service now, and for many hours the kings and queens of many realms (with here and there a reporter) talked with Szczepanik, and praised him; and the few scientific societies which had not already made him an honorary member conferred that grace upon him.

How had he come to disappear from among us? It was easily explained. He had not grown used to being a world-famous person, and had been forced to break away from the lionizing that was robbing him of all privacy and repose. So he grew a beard, put on colored glasses, disguised himself a little in other ways, then took a fictitious name, and went off to wander about the earth in peace.

Such is the tale of the drama which began with an inconsequential quarrel in Vienna in the spring of 1898, and came near ending as a tragedy in the spring of 1904.

MARK TWAIN.

II.

Correspondence of the "London Times."

CHICAGO, April 5, 1904.

TO-DAY, by a clipper of the Electric Line, and the latter's Electric Railway connec-

tions, arrived an envelop from Vienna, for Captain Clayton, containing an English farthing. The receiver of it was a good deal moved. He called up Vienna, and stood face to face with Mr. K., and said:

"I do not need to say anything; you can see it all in my face. My wife has the farthing. Do not be afraid—she will not throw it away." M. T.

III.

Correspondence of the "London Times."

CHICAGO, April 23, 1904.

Now that the after developments of the Clayton case have run their course and reached a finish, I will sum them up. Clayton's romantic escape from a shameful death steeped all this region in an enchantment of wonder and joy—during the proverbial nine days. Then the sobering process followed, and men began to take thought, and to say: "But a man was killed, and Clayton killed him." Others replied: "That is true: we have been overlooking that important detail; we have been led away by excitement."

The feeling soon became general that Clayton ought to be tried again. Measures were taken accordingly, and the proper representations conveyed to Washington; for in America, under the new paragraph added to the Constitution in 1899, second trials are not State affairs, but national, and must be tried by the most august body in the land—the Supreme Court of the United States. The justices were therefore summoned to sit in Chicago. The session was held day before yesterday, and was opened with the usual impressive formalities, the nine judges appearing in their black robes, and the new chief justice (Lemaitre) presiding. In opening the case, the chief justice said:

"It is my opinion that this matter is quite simple. The prisoner at the bar was charged with murdering the man Szczepanik; he was tried for murdering the man Szczepanik; he was fairly tried, and justly condemned and sentenced to death for murdering the man Szczepanik. It turns out that the man Szczepanik was not murdered at all. By the decision of the French courts in the Dreyfus matter, it is established beyond cavil or question that the decisions of courts are permanent and cannot be revised. We are obliged to respect and adopt this precedent. It is upon precedents that the enduring

edifice of jurisprudence is reared. The prisoner at the bar has been fairly and righteously condemned to death for the murder of the man Szczepanik, and, in my opinion, there is but one course to pursue in the matter: he must be hanged."

Mr. Justice Crawford said:

"But, your Excellency, he was pardoned on the scaffold for that."

"The pardon is not valid, and cannot stand, because he was pardoned for killing a man whom he had not killed. A man cannot be pardoned for a crime which he has not committed; it would be an absurdity."

"But, your Excellency, he did kill a man."

"That is an extraneous detail; we have nothing to do with it. The court cannot take up this crime until the prisoner has expiated the other one."

Mr. Justice Halleck said:

"If we order his execution, your Excellency, we shall bring about a miscarriage of justice; for the governor will pardon him again."

"He will not have the power. He cannot pardon a man for a crime which he has not committed. As I observed before, it would be an absurdity."

After a consultation, Mr. Justice Wadsworth said:

"Several of us have arrived at the conclusion, your Excellency, that it would be an error to hang the prisoner for killing Szczepanik, but only for killing the other man, since it is proven that he did not kill Szczepanik."

"On the contrary, it is proven that he *did* kill Szczepanik. By the French precedent, it is plain that we must abide by the finding of the court."

"But Szczepanik is still alive."

"So is Dreyfus."

In the end it was found impossible to ignore or get around the French precedent. There could be but one result: Clayton was delivered over to the executioner. It made an immense excitement; the State rose as one man and clamored for Clayton's pardon and retrial. The governor issued the pardon, but the Supreme Court was in duty bound to annul it, and did so, and poor Clayton was hanged yesterday. The city is draped in black, and, indeed, the like may be said of the State. All America is vocal with scorn of "French justice," and of the malignant little soldiers who invented it and inflicted it upon the other Christian lands.

M. T.

A QUESTION OF HAPPINESS.¹

BY GRACE MARGARET GALLAHER.

"IT's a pretty sight," murmured Captain Minnie; "I declare, I dunno why I want ter spile it cuttin' it down. Let 'em call it slack, I say." He hung his scythe on the fence, smiling in deprecation at an imaginary tribunal. "It ain't neat, that's a true word, but I dunno when I've seen anything more cheerful." He gathered a handful of buttercups and grasses, touching each in silent salute. "Come ter think o' it, the river's 'bout the worst-lookin' thing round here—all witchy waves. None of 'em runnin' the same way, neither. Wonder folks 'low it in front their doors."

His wanted tranquillity restored by this little joke, he turned his eyes toward the Connecticut, flashing like diamonds where the sun smote it. Around him stretched a tangle of grasses and buttercups. A narrow parting, as by a comb, showed the path to the house, a large building hidden among lilac-bushes and syringas. The village folks said Captain Minnie would have had a "sightly place, if he'd only fix it up." To the same critics the owner was as his grounds—potentially praiseworthy, as possessing elements of worth and attractiveness, but actually prevented by neglect and whims.

Captain Minnie was accounted "dreadful queer" by his fellow-townsmen, and was pointed out by them to strangers as one of the sights of the village, a concise biographical sketch being added.

Such a sketch, made on the fair morning when, somewhat after the manner of the valiant King of France, he came out with his scythe, and went in with it again, would have described him as a very tall man of fifty, with dark, sad eyes, a sensitive mouth, and gray hair hanging over his coat-collar. He did not often let you look in his eyes; when you did, it was like a glimpse into some deep, still pool. Somehow your heart quickened its beat and your breath flowed less smoothly for an instant, as if in the presence of a mystery. You do not often see the human soul. He carried himself like a soldier on parade, never relaxing into a comforta-

ble slipshodness. This martial bearing stiffened into wooden rigidity at sight of a stranger or a woman; and that is to touch upon the spring whence proceeded half Captain Minnie's queerness. He was the victim of a shyness so vast and so relentless, it might properly be called a disease. His malady was too powerful to manifest itself in any of the ways common to lesser forms of it, such as stammering, blushing, and breaking down in speech. His shyness turned him into a haughty statue, whose monosyllabic replies chilled the most vivacious seeker after truth in that particular well. Like the pious anchorite of whom Burton writes, the presence of a woman produced in him a "cold palsy." Every movement of his life was craftily planned with reference to the number of women he must face in its performance. If too large a number of the "unquiet sex" were involved,—and six made a regiment to him,—the contemplated act was given up unhesitatingly. Although a firm upholder of religion, he was never able to seek its visible temple, for there the women so far outnumbered the men that he felt in physical jeopardy. This "manfearing spirit," as old Parson Howard had pronounced it,—though he should, with strict adherence to the truth, have called it "woman-fearing,"—threatened for a time the one systematic habit of Captain Minnie's day. He went every morning, at exactly ten, to the post-office to get his morning paper. This short trip—down one street and up the next—was heavy with perils; for at the junction of the two roads stood the village hotel, in summer gay with guests, in winter the home of various old maids and widows, who seemed fastened in the front windows. Captain Minnie had endured all things from that hotel—had foregone his paper for days, had expended sums in hired carriers. Then light dawned. He discovered a safe route. This ran through his long acres to the lower side of the river-basin, then along the shore, where mud, dirty boats, and fish-oil were as a castle moat to all women, through Joey Dibble's back yard,—Joey was an old bachelor of evil reputation,—across Aunt Temperance Parmelee's garden,—Aunt

¹ In THE CENTURY's college competition of graduates of 1897, this story was deemed worthy of receiving the first prize.—EDITOR.

Temperance was bedridden,—and into the back of the office. Only once had this route betrayed him. Rushing home one morning,—rushing was the only method of locomotion known to him, apparently,—he broke into the midst of a girls' sketching club encamped in his own meadows. They surrounded him; they asked him questions about the country, the river, the village; they begged him to pose for their pictures. Captain Minnie's orchard lay open to every small boy, his garden to any friend, and he had been known to invite stray cows to pasture themselves in his clover, because he pitied their grassless wanderings. But on the morrow following this experience the entrance to his fields bore a huge placard which read: "All trespassers will be punished to the full extent of the law."

Captain Minnie received this shyness as a heritage from his father. Minton Ware had been so afraid of his fellow-mortals that report said that if his mother had not performed the office of an intermediary between him and the woman he married, he would have died a celibate. Their one child was brought up in seclusion, his only companions his mother and father. He never went to school; he studied with his father. To avoid the confusion arising from the fact that father and son had both the same name, the son's was shortened by his parents to "Minnie." To the world without the name seemed peculiarly fitting for the timid little boy, and at once was fastened upon him. At twenty came the climacteric of the boy's life; he went to the war, and he became engaged. How the latter event was brought about, the village could not tell; its knowledge went no further than that he did his own "courtin'." He had small chance to enjoy his love-making, for he enlisted at the first call for soldiers. The tall, gawky boy blushed painfully when, at the station, where the villagers had assembled to cheer their departing soldiers, the minister called him "the youngest hero of the noble band." He forgot to blush when he reached Dixie, there was so much else to do. At the end of the four years he came back a captain. In its pride and affection, the village adopted the title, prefixed to the earlier name. His father and mother had both died in his absence. He found still another change: his sweetheart was to marry another man. She was a good, gentle girl, beloved by the village, which could not find place in its heart for stern chiding when she pleaded: "Captain Minnie is an excellent young man, but I was n't nothin' 'cept a

girl when he courted me. I'm a grown woman now, and feel very different toward Alfred from what I did to him." As for Captain Minnie, he said nothing. He went to the wedding, and, if not the most joyous guest present, was not the saddest. He lived on by himself, cooking, and caring for the old house, as his mother had taught him.

Thoughts of love, war, or death were far from him as he gazed over the river, which there by the village broadens into a hill-encircled lake. His dreamy eyes flashed out glints like those in the river. Contentment rested on his face. "A fair prospect," he said aloud (those who live alone often talk to themselves)—"a fair prospect."

"Goin' ter cut yer lawn, Minnie?" said a gruff voice behind him. "It's been a-needin' it fer considerable time back."

Captain Minnie stood to attention.

"Good mornin', Jared. Nice day, ain't it?" He spoke in a slow, gentle bass.

"Pretty good," responded the gruff voice, in the accents of one who could have made it better if he tried. "Terrible wet spell last week, was n't it?" He climbed the wall which separated the garden from the pasture with clumsy movements, for he was old and heavy. "Say, Minnie, um—er—" He shuffled about in the long grass uneasily, and then suddenly broke out: "Did you know that Virginy Green's a-dyin'?"

"No."

"Well, I'm relieved. Says I, 'Like ez not, some one 'll go blurtin' it out ter him 'fore I kin git there, an' break him all up.' So I come streakin' right off myself, soon ez I heard, ter tell you. I never did jest make up my mind 'bout how you felt that time when she up an' mittened you fer Alfred Green—you goin' ter the weddin', an' that, made it kinder queer. Did you know she 'd been sick long back?"

"Yes; consumption."

"Terrible wearin' disease. Seems ez if folks could n't die of it. Now, Virginy she's been 'bout so ever since 'long Christmas-time."

Captain Minnie looked pitifully at the river, as if for aid. A white sail suggested a way of escape.

"'Lect Beebe's hauled his new boat up ter my dock," he said.

"Has? Well, I guess I 'll mog 'long ter see what 'Lect's made out ter buy." As he stumped toward the river he said grimly to himself: "Can't tell no more 'bout Minnie Ware's feelin's than you kin 'bout a woman's. Tell Harriet piece news big enough ter scoop

her right off her feet, all she 'll say 'll be, 'Um, that so?' Like ez not, all the time she 's a-ravin' like Huedie inside."

Left alone, the captain seated himself on the stone steps at the back of his house. This was his favorite seat, as it fronted the river.

"Virginy dyin'," he repeated softly. "She's been dead to me a good many year. Twenty-five year it is since I come home, an' she told me Alfred was her ch'ice. Twenty-five year!" He closed his eyes to let the long dead years pass before his inner sight.

"Virginy was the prettiest girl I ever knew, an' the best," went on the groper in the past. "It was n't no wonder she loved him. He was a good man, too, an' he had sights er things 'bout him I did n't—stirr'in' ways, an' nice manners ter folks. They said it was a sin fer her ter treat me so. Why, she could n't help thinkin' more o' him than she did o' me! It would hev been a sin if she 'd 'a' married me, lovin' Alfred all the while, sp'ilin' two lives 'stead o' one. An' mine ain't sp'iled. I 've hed considerable comfort here, all by myself." Then, as if the silent house and lonely garden pressed in upon him, he exclaimed, with a weary droop of the voice: "God knows, this 'd been a different place, an' me a different man, if she 'd 'a' lived here! Always singin' ter herself she was, an' movin' from one thing to 'nother, same ez a bird. I 've seen her, times out o' mind, comin' up the path yander, an' them with her. Like her they be, an' yet some like me; but most like her. I 've seen 'em in the garden playin', an' on the steps here."

Captain Minnie was making his version of

I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fires.

"Mother said she liked her, 'cause she was pretty-behaved, an' kind, an' good-dispositioned. Jared he said she was shift'y. I never pulled her to pieces that way to see how she was made. Why, I 'd as soon think o' pullin' a violet to pieces to see how many leaves it 's got, an' how them little green spikes in it are sot on. S'pose you do find out? It 's a violet jest the same, an' has a sweetness an' beauty right down from heaven you can't tell nothin' how it got. I used ter call you my spring, Virginy, do you mind? You made me feel jest like spring does—contented, an' pleased, an' real anxious ter be good. 'T was easy ter be good with you, Virginy. Folks said 't was queer I did n't take on more. Guess I was like Fred Bushnell when the shell burst an'

made him stun-deaf—jest one awful pain, then did n't never anything seem ter come anywheres nigh him."

Some one was coming down the flagged walk. He rose with his usual gentle face.

"Good morning, Captain Ware." The speaker was the minister.

"Good mornin', sir." Captain Minnie regarded ministers with only a shade less of fear than he did women.

"I have a request to make of you. Are you aware Mrs. Virginia Green is—ah—"

"Dyin'?" supplied Captain Minnie, tersely.

"Yes, dying. She has sent me to ask you to come to her. She especially desires to see you, as you were a—er—girlhood friend."

"When she want me?"

"Now, if possible."

Without a glance at his checked shirt and overalls, Captain Minnie followed the minister to his carriage, and drove silently off with him.

The Green farm stood on a lonely road two miles from the village. Lilacs, with their white and purple plumes, surrounded it on three sides. Behind it a sea of white fruit-blossoms stirred and sighed in the breeze. Narcissus, tulips, and jonquils made the dooryard glow. Hard to realize, amid all this exultant life, that the heavy numbness of death was stealing over the house! A woman met them on the porch. She led Captain Minnie down the hall to a door. "She 's there," she said, and left him. He entered on tiptoe, closed the door behind him, and stood with eyes fastened upon the ground.

"You 've come quick; it 's real good o' you," said a sweet, thin voice.

Captain Minnie stood as silent as before.

"Won't you come sit by me, so ez I kin say what I want ter without gettin' so spent?"

Then, at last, he looked at the woman in the bed. She was fair and pretty, like a girl. He had not seen her since her illness, but that had not changed her. No lines of suffering showed on her face. Perhaps approaching eternity had smoothed away those left by vanishing time. He took the delicate hand she held out, and seated himself opposite her.

"Minnie," she said quickly, "you was always good—always, always. I knew it when I treated you so. Mother says to me then: 'He 's an excellent good man, Virginy, an' you 'll suffer fer the way you 're actin' now.' An' many a time I 've thought I was, jest ez mother said, bein' so unfort'nate in money matters, an' Alfred dyin', an' now me, jest

in my prime. Why, Minnie," with a sudden cry, "I ain't but forty-nine. I s'pose I deserve it all; I done wrong."

"Don't, Virginy, don't! You could n't help lovin' Alfred. I never blamed you."

"I know you did n't. I 'd 'a' made you happy, though I was n't good enough fer you, I guess, Minnie."

"But would you hev been ez happy yourself? That 's the p'int."

"No," she answered slowly. "Alfred was the only man ter make me happy."

"An' that was what I cared 'bout most—yer happiness. If we 'd been married, an' you 'd begun ter love Alfred, why, if I could hev done it so ez it 'd been right, I 'd 'a' give you right over ter him."

His voice was very low. A sunbeam lighted his gray hair till it shone silvery bright. On his face was a look beautiful and solemn, as if touched by some thought from that far-away world whither the dying woman was hastening. A bewildered, almost annoyed expression crossed her face. She thought, as often before, "Minnie certainly does lack." When she spoke, it was with the gentle indifference of the dying.

"Hev it yer way 'bout my bein' good, an' I 'll hev it mine 'bout you. 'T ain't 'bout the dead an' dyin' I want ter talk. It 's 'bout the livin'. You know how all my poor little first babies died off, so I ain't got no children left but Mary an' Robbie. They ain't but jest twelve an' thirteen year old. I want you ter be their guardeen, Minnie, an' the executor of my will. Phillenda 's comin' here ter live."

"Phillenda?"

"My sister from Rocky Ridge. Don't you mind her? She was only 'bout ten years old when we—when I was married. She went over ter Grandma Start's ter live 'bout then. She 's been takin' care o' me these last months. She 's a real smart, likely girl. I think the world o' her. She 's goin' ter be j'int guardeen an' executor with you; that is, if you 'll take it"—appealingly.

The awful truth was dawning upon Captain Minnie: she wished him to enter into a sort of partnership with this unknown woman. He wrung his hands as they lay concealed in his lap. He would have groaned but for the sick woman. In fifty years no kindness had ever been asked of him which he had refused. He felt it too late to begin now.

"I 'll do my best," he said simply.

"Seems if I could die easier now. 'Fore you go, Minnie, tell me you forgive me, won't you?"

"There ain't nothin' ter forgive."

"Jest say you forgive me, then."

Captain Minnie smiled, as on a little child.

"I do forgive you, dear," he said; then he bent down and kissed her.

For days Captain Minnie's one desire was that Virginia Green might live for weeks—not for her sake, or that of her children, but that he might postpone as long as possible the dreaded partnership. Vain desire! Mrs. Green died within a week. He went to the funeral, and to the reading of the will. In the gloom of the farm-house parlor, and among the host of relatives who seemed suddenly to have sprung up, he could not make out his particular woman. The day after the funeral was one of acutest misery. When must he go to see her? He decided not that day, or the next, or the next. Then he felt that the time had come. He cooked an early supper, which he was too unhappy to eat, harnessed his horse, dressed himself in what he called his "church clothes," though he had never entered a church since he owned them, and drove mournfully off. At the fork in the road which led to the farm he turned his horse up the opposite way. "Too early ter be goin' yet," he said. He drove on for a mile, circled the rear of the farm, and drove up the approach to the back door. "This ain't right," he said, a minute later. "Looks ez if I was a thief, a-comin' round the back way." He drove round the circle once more till he was again at the fork of the roads. "Kinder light fer callers yet, I guess," he said, peering through the last faint rays of the spring twilight. "Think I 'll drive down ter the old bridge an' back."

Undue lightness could not be urged against his visit as he drove back. He struck a match to see the time. "Nine o'clock! Too late to go to-night." And he drove briskly home, with I know not what joy in his breast. The next night he drove straight down the lane to the farm, with never a glance at the comforting circle. Just at the gate he saw another carriage tied. He turned his own so swiftly that he nearly upset. "Better wait till she ain't got company." The third night he walked. He felt that escape would be more difficult with only two feet than with four, and he had made up his mind that he must not escape. His head swam, his body seemed on fire, and the surrounding world was one red blur, out of which a voice said:

"This 's Captain Ware, ain't it? I 'm real glad ter see you. I 've been expectin' you fer days."

Captain Minnie almost forgot to be frightened, the voice was so low and rich.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"Now let 's set right on the porch an' be comfortable, fer I 've got sights ter say ter you."

This seemed to call for no response, so none was given.

"You take this rocker, an' I 'll move right 'longside. When folks 's got business ter talk over, I think it 's pleasant ter get near together; don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the guest, to whom nothing seemed more awful.

"Well, let 's begin right 'bout the farm. I think—" And then followed a long list of Miss Phillenda's ideas upon that not too fruitful piece of land. Some of her ideas were wise, some otherwise; but to all Captain Minnie gave a cordial assent. As she talked he stole glances at her. No resemblance to the dead Virginia proved her sisterhood. She was a little, dark woman, with plump red cheeks, merry eyes, and hair as curly as a child's.

"I must be goin'," he announced abruptly, though Miss Phillenda seemed nowhere near the end of her ideas; then, to temper the suddenness of his withdrawal: "I 'll come again soon."

"Now, do! Why, I kin keep on talkin' fer hours yet. Guess you think I 'm a regular eight-day clock!" She laughed gaily. "I 'm real glad you come, fer it 's considerable lonesome down here."

Captain Minnie had decided that such virtue as he had just displayed in making the call merited a reward of a week's respite from further trials. The words, "it 's considerable lonesome," touched his heart, however. Who knew better than he the bitterness of being alone? Therefore three nights later he went again. Miss Phillenda talked unceasingly, as before, while he listened.

"Come real soon, won't you? I want ter consult you 'bout the children."

"Real soon" fell on a Sunday night. He had hoped she would be at church, and told her so, only he said "feared" for "hoped."

"No," answered Miss Phillenda, sadly; "I can't go. Ezra [the hired man] goes home every night, an' I das n't drive up myself."

Captain Minnie sighed drearily.

"Ain't you feelin' well?" asked the little woman, drawing her chair beside his with the quickness with which she did everything.

"Yes, ma'am," he responded, drawing his chair back with equal speed; "I was jest drawin' a long breath."

"I did n't know but what you 'd been a-overdoin', havin' two farms on yer hands. I 'm 'bout tuckered out with one."

Captain Minnie sighed more drearily still. Duty was calling; he must answer.

"I 've been thinkin'," he began solemnly, "it 's a real shame fer you ter lose yer church privileges 'long o' livin' here. I 'll come fer you an' bring you back every meetin' night."

"Now, ain't that kind!" she exclaimed. "I 've kep' a-sayin', 'If I could go ter preachin' service Sunday nights, an' conference meetin' on Wednesdays, I should n't mind stayin' here a bit.'"

Silence followed. Miss Phillenda rocked placidly. Captain Minnie inwardly brooded.

"Captain Ware," she said suddenly, "who bakes yer bread?"

"I do, ma'am."

"You do! Is it fit ter eat? 'Xcuse me, please, but I never could reconcile myself ter men-folks tearin' round a kitchen; much out o' place ez an elephant, I say."

"It 's pretty tasty, though it ain't jest like mother's; don't seem ter rise like hers."

"Lands! Do you make cake an' pies an' puddin's, too?"

"I kin, all but pies. Them I buy out the baker's cart. I 've tried ter bake 'em, but they don't come out right, somehow."

Miss Phillenda laughed till the echo came up from the hollow by the brook. She jumped up.

"Come right in here with me! You 're a-goin' ter hev some o' the best pie you ever set yer mouth round. Think o' a man livin' on baker's pies!"

The unwilling guest protested feebly: "I 've had supper; I can't eat it."

"Don't tell me that there 's ever a time men-folks can't eat pie; I know better."

Poor Captain Minnie! Hitherto the darkness of the porch had been as a shelter; now he was to be exposed to the pitiless lamp-light. Miss Phillenda set forth the pie on the kitchen table.

"T ain't no wonder you can't make pies," she said, watching him eat. "Pies is dreadful hard ter make good. I made one once, when I was a girl, one o' my old beaus waitin' on me then said could n't be cut with an ax. He was n't no beau o' mine after that, I kin tell you." She laughed so infectiously that he joined, in spite of his misery. He watched her admiringly as she moved about the room; her small figure, curly hair, and quick movements made her seem like a young girl.

"Wonder she never got married," he

thought, then sickened with horror to find he had thought aloud.

Miss Phillenda laughed without offense.

"I declare, it's funny, you sayin' that. Reminds me of a story 'bout old Jane Hotchkiss, over ter Deep Brook. Some one called her 'Mrs.' out real loud, one day. 'Miss, please,' sez she. 'Not but what I 've had plenty o' chances to be Mrs., if I was a-mind ter tell o' them.' I ain't sayin' it's the same with me, but I do say ez I ain't wearin' the willer fer any man."

A remembrance of her guest's own sad love-affair came to her. She blushed, and then took Captain Minnie's hand with solemn kindness.

"Captain Ware," she said, "Virginy's told me 'bout you 'fore she died. I think it's jest good in you ter help me, an' she did too, after what she done."

"Don't say anything ag'in' Virginy, Miss Phillenda," he protested gently.

"I ain't goin' ter. I never blamed her none fer lovin' Alfred 'stead o' you. Love ain't a thing you kin go sendin' hither an' yon like a little dog."

Slow tears rose to the man's eyes. In all the years no one had ever understood his feeling before.

"Thank you," he said.

Miss Phillenda brought the conversation back to an every-day safety by saying briskly:

"I 've wrapped up a pie an' loaf o' bread fer you ter take home. I 'll have 'em ready every meetin' night. 'Turn 'bout 's fair play,' 's my motto."

As he drove home Captain Minnie thought of his promise with terror, and yet with a thrill of expectancy.

Wednesday night a soft wind blew from the east, bringing sweet spring scents on its breath; late birds twittered drowsily, and far-away church bells sounded a melancholy yet peaceful cadence.

"Don't let 's say a word," said Miss Phillenda, as Captain Minnie helped her into the buggy. "I kinder like ter sit still a night like this, harkenin' ter all them pleasant sounds, an' a-feelin' the wind a-blowin'. Seems most like prayer-meetin' 'fore I get there."

Captain Minnie gave her one of his rare direct looks, and smiled as if pleased.

One night, several months later, she said to him as they drove to church:

"Why don't you ever come ter meetin'? Ain't you a professor?"

"I dunno, exactly. I ain't never j'ined no church."

"Why not?" asked Miss Phillenda, with kindly directness.

"I was always too 'fraid o' folks," he answered, with the truthfulness which never forsook him even in extreme terror.

"You air bashful; I 've noticed it considerable," she replied, in the commonplace tone in which she would have said, "You air near-sighted."

To the man who hitherto had known his affliction as the subject of jests or of commiseration only, this view came as a revelation of his kinship with the rest of humanity.

"Better come in to-night; it 's so warm there won't be many there," she urged mildly. "We 're early, so folks won't see us go in."

Thus, after nearly forty years' exile, Captain Minnie returned to church. He listened with a rapt look to the old organ and the choir of girls and boys. He listened with painful frowns to the sermon, one on predestination, with special reference to those predestined to go in the wrong direction.

"Well, how 'd you enjoy it?" asked Miss Phillenda, as they drove home.

"The music was real pretty."

"What did you think of the sermon?"

"I guess I did n't jest like it."

"Me neither. This believin' one was born ter be saved, an' another born ter be lost, is more than I kin fellowship with. What 'd the Lord make folks fer, if he wants ter burn 'em right up again, I 'd like ter know?"

"I think this 's 'bout good ez church." He pointed to the young grain lying white in the moonlight, and then to the dark woods beyond, whispering their unending secrets.

"Me too," agreed Miss Phillenda.

As spring wore into summer, and summer into autumn, Captain Minnie became more and more a companion to Miss Phillenda. He went to the house at all hours. He took her driving, berrying, chestnutting. The terror at seeing her departed, but the thrill abided. He found so many points of sympathy in her—her love of flowers and the outside world; her care for all animals, especially the sick ones; her broad and simple religious faith, untainted by doctrinal bitterness. His lonely, repressed heart grew young and joyous again in the warmth of her kindly, merry nature. The old house by the river seemed drearier than since the days when his parents were just dead. Its silence awed him as if he had been a child. He would seek comfort in the farm, with its noisy children and its happy little woman, who sang as she worked, and whose voice

greeted him from within: "That you, Captain Ware? I'm real pleased ter see you."

One day in early spring, when he walked into the farm sitting-room unheralded by any knock, as was his custom, he found a strange man seated by the fire, who sprang up with a shout when he entered.

"Why, if it ain't Minnie Ware! Well, I am glad ter see you. You hev n't forgot John Kingsley, hev you, an' Company D?"

Captain Minnie grasped the stranger's hand hard.

"I declare, I forgot you lived down in these parts," went on the stranger. "My brother's bought the next farm ter this. I'm visitin' him a spell. Dropped in ter see Phillenda. Her an' me's known each other, over in Rocky Ridge, twenty-five year, hev n't we?"

"I was born over here, so I guess it ain't quite twenty-five," replied Miss Phillenda, her eyes twinkling.

"Ha, ha! That ain't hard ter take in when one looks at you, Lin. How's the world used you, Minnie?"

"Oh, I've been very happy. Hev you?"

"I've had my ups an' downs. Lost my wife fifteen year ago; terrible cross ter me, it was. But I've got two nice, smart girls—grown up now, they air. You're an old bach, ain't ye? I remember you always hated women."

"Better not tell 'bout old baches when I'm here; folks think 'bout old maids same time," said Miss Phillenda, quickly.

The guest laughed, and immediately plunged into war reminiscences.

"This fellow was a regular Turk in battle, Lin," he said. "Fight as if there was n't nothin' in this world he lived fer but jest killin'. After it was over he'd set down an' cry 'cause he'd killed so many folks."

Captain Minnie listened while Kingsley rattled on. He was a big, jovial man, whose kind face had a certain boyishness in spite of gray hair and wrinkles.

"I'll come to-morrow an' see 'bout that corn," Captain Minnie said, rising at the first pause in the talk. In his heart, however, he knew he would not come. He did not go the next day, or the next, or for a week. "Was n't convenient," he told himself; yet he knew that was not the reason.

One morning John Kingsley came over to see him. While he planted, the other talked about affairs in general.

"Tell you what, Minnie, that Phillenda Hooker's a smart girl, an' a nice one, too. She's been doin' too much lately.

Now she's sick abed, an' got a lame ankle beside."

Captain Minnie looked at the sky as if for signs of rain, and remarked indifferently, "Too bad."

When John Kingsley had gone, he hurried into the house, muttering, "I'll go right over after supper, an' see her, poor girl."

As he went out toward his barn that night a sudden red glow arose before his eyes. It shot higher into the air, and leaped, and quivered. "Fire!" he gasped. "Over toward the farm, too."

He had not ridden since he left the army; yet, saddleless, he sprang on his horse's back, and galloped in the direction of the light. It was the farm—not the house itself, but the barns. Neighbors were appearing with buckets of water.

"Oh, go get Aunt Phillenda," shrieked one of the children. "She can't walk."

He hurried up-stairs. On the landing stood Miss Phillenda, pale, but cool.

"I'll carry you all right," he said, in as gentle a voice as he used in talking to her on every-day occasions.

"I guess I'll be all the load you want, without stoppin' fer any furniture," replied Miss Phillenda, whose spirits seemed undaunted by the disaster.

He put his arms carefully around her waist, while she clasped hers about his neck. Thus he carried her to one of the neighbors' wagons, returning to help extinguish the fire. He was too exhausted to think over what had happened. He flung himself on the hay in his own barn, and slept till morning. When he awoke, he lay looking up through the open scuttle into the blue sky. He repeated over and over: "I love her! I love her!" He had not dreamed of this before. When he had felt her arms about his neck he knew that he loved her. He did not ask if she loved him. The great and joyous fact of his own love was enough for him. Year after year he had lived a lonely, friendless life, having no one to whom his heart could cling, no one for whom he felt any stronger emotion than kindness. Now through all his being tingled the joy and excitement of love. It meant youth, happiness, life itself, to his numbed heart. He boarded his little boat. He wanted to be out on the Sound, where there was room to breathe, where his heart could expand limitlessly. As he set the sail he sang in a wandering, tuneless voice. The words were sad old hymns; for him they were pæans of joy. He had not felt so when he loved Virginia.

He was a boy then, his father and mother still alive, his future before him; now he was old and alone, and behind him stretched years of isolation. Then he had been as a man at a feast who partakes of one more delicacy; now he was as a starving man who sees food. When he returned at night the longing grew upon him to tell some one. Gathering a bunch of white violets, he sought the little graveyard where his parents were buried. He laid the flowers on his father's grave, and pressing his face into the wet grass of the mound, he whispered: "I love her." No thought of John Kingsley entered his mind. He loved Phillenda. In time he could teach her to love him. As he walked homeward he heard some one calling him.

"What's wanted?" he called back.

John Kingsley was waiting on the steps for him.

"I thought I'd raise you if I hollered," he said. "Set down; I want ter talk. Minnie, I'm in trouble."

Captain Minnie laid a hand on his knee silently.

"Three year ago I was in awful money straits. I give my note. It's due now. I ain't got a cent ter meet it. My house that I built myself I'll lose, an' my share in the factory—all I've got ter live on. I could stand it fer myself, but there's my girls; an', besides, Minnie, I want ter get married."

"Married?"

"Yes. I've lost one wife—the best one ever lived; I ain't lookin' ter fill her place. But one of my girls is gettin' married soon, an' the other's set on teachin'; so I need some one ter make a comfortable home fer me. I set great store by Phillenda, too."

"Phillenda!"

"Why, ain't it never occurred ter you I was fond o' her? She's 'bout the smartest, nicest girl I ever see. I calculate ter come over here ter live on the farm; that is, if she has the same notion ter me I hev taken ter her. I ain't 'fraid that way; it's the money worries me. I've come ter you, Minnie, ter ask if you'd loan it ter me. I'll pay every cent, if I live; an' if I don't, there's my life-insurance you kin hev. Folks say you're rich, anyhow."

Captain Minnie breathed hard.

"Does she—does she—feel the same ter you?"

"Course I can't jest tell 'bout a thing like that; but, near's I kin see, she does. She give Grant Lewis the mitten over to Rocky Ridge, an' folks did n't hesitate ter say it was 'cause she favored me. She was tickled

ter death ter see me when I come last week. Oh, I'm pretty nigh certain."

The other looked away.

"I can't say 'bout the money to-night, John"—he spoke slowly; "I'll tell you to-morrow."

"That's fair," said the other, in a disappointed tone. "Good night. Jest remember it's everything ter me."

When his visitor had gone, Captain Minnie walked wearily down to the river, and pushed off in the boat he had so lately left. He rowed till he came to a sandy strip of land known as "the desert," and shunned because of a reputation for being haunted. He strode up and down in the thick sand, talking in a loud, hoarse voice, his face convulsed with passion.

"It ain't right fer John Kingsley ter take all I've got. He's had a wife an' children. I've never had nothin'. His girls would make him happy an' keep him company. Who've I got? Nobody! He sha'n't hev her. I'll refuse the money, an' then where'll he be? S'pose I could n't marry her. I could see her every day, like I've been doin'. An' I could learn her ter love me, too. I was goin' ter help her 'bout her flowers, and get her a dog, an' take her off in my boat. Lord! it ain't fair fer him ter hev her, when I want her so. I can't go through what I did when Virginia left me!" He went on, his thoughts reverting to the first desolate years of his bereavement. "I can't—I won't! I've been kinder contented an' cheerful, livin' on by myself, before she come; but I can't go back where I was, any more than the river there kin go back an' be the little spring it was up ter Vermont." He flung himself, face down, on the sand, and lay there for hours, only the fierce movements of his arms showing that he was awake. Slowly he rose, saying in a wondering tone: "I've been forgettin' the past all 'long. What's goin' ter make Phillenda happiest—marr'yin' me or marr'yin' John? He said she cared 'bout him, an' I guess she does. I guess she's grown ter love him all these years she's known him. He's the sort she'd love quick enough. He's young-actin', an' full o' fun, same ez she is; an' he's like folks. I ain't any of them things. I'm old, an' queer, an' glum. 'T would be mighty strange if she loved me better than him. I guess she'd be happiest with John, an' that's all I'm after—hevin' Phillenda happy. What sort o' comfort'd I take if I send him away without the money? An' then, every time I saw her, I'd be a-thinkin' I'd spiled her happiness. No,

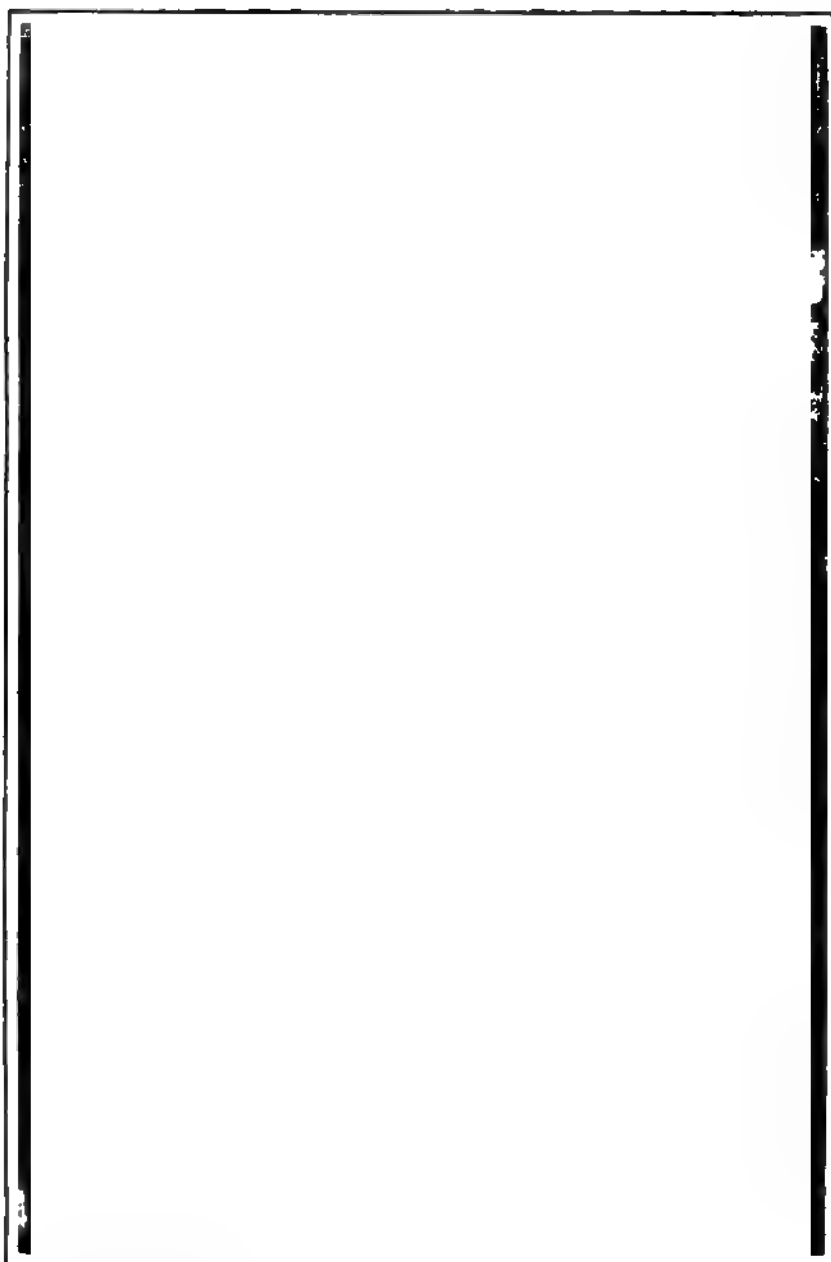


IMAGE BY BERNARD ROSENBERG

"HE PUT HIS ARMS CAREFULLY AROUND HER WAIST."

no! I guess there 's some things ez is harder ter bear than not hev'in' the girl you love, an' that 's hev'in' the girl you love unhappy."

Dawn was streaking the east as he rowed home, his body bent with exhaustion, his face as peaceful as the smoothly flowing river. He walked steadily the two long miles to John Kingsley's house.

"John!" he called under the window. "John!"

"Who 's there?" A sleepy face was thrust out.

"It 's me, John. I come ter tell you you could hev the money all right. I 'll throw in an extra two hundred, jest fer good measure." He was gone before the other could say more than "God bless you!"

After the day's work,—and he had taken no rest since the night before,—Captain Minnie sat on his back steps watching twilight deepen into night. The frogs were croaking loudly. Lonely lights glimmered here and there across the river. Away in the distance a mother was calling her children to bed. Her voice was like that of the woman he loved and had lost. Great tears ran down his cheek, and a sob shook his tired body. He did not turn at the rustle of a dress, nor when Phillenda stood beside him; he had seen her that way all day. He gave a great start when a voice said:

"Ain't you goin' ter greet me when I 've come ter make my first call?"

"Phillenda!" he exclaimed, springing up, "what 's happened?"

"Nothin', Minnie," she answered, pushing him down, and seating herself beside him. "John Kingsley 's been tellin' me 'bout your loanin' him money. First I thought you did it 'cause you thought so much o' him, an' like enough that was one reason. Then I says: 'No; he done it ter make me happy.' When I thought that, I come right over here ter see you."

"That was it. I wanted ter make you happy. An' you air, ain't ye?" he asked wistfully.

"Oh, yes, I am; at least, I shall be," answered the woman, with a laugh and a sob.

"And John 'll be happy, too," said he, wistfully.

"I 'low John ain't so pleased ez you think. Did you think I loved John Kingsley?"

"I—I did n't know; I thought—yes."

"Well, I don't, an' never could, nor will—there!"

"Then—why—what do you mean by—who do you love?" stammered the bewildered man.

"Minnie Ware!" exclaimed little Miss Phillenda; then she threw her arms around his neck as impulsively as a girl, whispering in a gust of laughter, yet with tears wetting his face: "Do you want folks ter say I did the courtin', an' me not able ter deny it?"

Captain Minnie caught her in his arms.

"Phillenda," he cried joyously, "air you sure it 's fer yer best happiness?"

BUILDING UP A WORLD'S FAIR IN FRANCE.

BY BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN.

NOT long since I read in a French newspaper that the Emperor William, while studying in detail the conduct of the Spanish-American war, had been particularly impressed by the excellence of the citizen soldiery of the United States and by the efficient aid which they rendered the regular troops. This, however, was no surprise to me, for I have long been of the opinion that, even in the art of war, the thousand and one complications with which the Old World is saddled are in no wise indispensable, and that, although it may not be possible to improvise soldiers, there should be little difficulty in making good soldiers out of free citizens. In short, we see that though Europe, through all phases of national existence, has remained

complicated, America has retained its original simplicity, which, indeed, is the chief characteristic of transatlantic civilization, and gives it just that plasticity, that possibility of progress, that rapidity of realization, which make it a civilization superior in many points to ours.

Never, it would seem, has that quality of simplicity—or, better, that talent for simplification—been brought into sharper relief than in the preparations for the exposition at Chicago. This undertaking was a colossal one. It was necessary to raise large sums of money for preliminary expenses, and to establish at once the entire executive machinery, from the highest officials down to the very guards who were to insure the

ducted on the grandest scale.

In view of these facts, a description of
how a world's fair is built up here in



CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW PALACE—CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

France may not be without interest. The government must take the first steps by submitting to parliamentary vote a proposal to the effect that there be held an exposition and that the necessary funds be subscribed. The city of Paris shoulders most of the expenses, in view of the fact that her budget is sufficiently large to enable her to do so, and that, later, her share of the profits will naturally be considerable. There is, then, an understanding between the government and the municipality, which, however, is never completed without much powwowing, in spite of the fact that questions of time and place never form a part of the discussion. Since 1855, the date of our first exposition, they have always followed one another at intervals, first of twelve, since of eleven, years. Those of 1867 and 1878 recalled no events of particular interest. By a fortunate chance it has happened that not only did the date of the last exposition fall upon an interesting anniversary, but that of the coming one will do so as well. In 1889 the centenary of the States-General was celebrated, and 1900 will be the closing year of the century. In 1855 Napoleon III ordered the construction of the recently destroyed Palais de l'Industrie, which, unfortunately, was badly placed on the Champs Élysées; but beginning with 1867 the expositions have always been held in the Champ de Mars. As is well known, the

Champ de Mars is an historic place. There, at the outset of the Revolution, was held the famous Fête de la Fédération, over which Louis XVI presided, and during which he solemnly swore fidelity to the constitution which the States-General had just adopted. It was there also that Napoleon I, after his return from Elba and on the eve of his departure for Waterloo, distributed among his army the standards capped with imperial eagles, and proclaimed *l'Acte additionnel*, which established a sort of constitutional empire. The Champ de Mars, although fortunately situated near the center of Paris, has, however, become too small for the requirements of an exposition, thus creating the necessity for annexes along the Seine, which, connected as they are by numerous tramways, naturally impede the movements of carriages and pedestrians in that quarter of the city.

Once the parliamentary decree is passed, a *commissaire-général* is appointed, the architectural competitions are opened, and official invitations are sent out to the various foreign powers. This *commissaire-général* is a functionary the necessity of whose existence is not at first sight apparent. He is, in short, a veritable minister, who quickly surrounds himself with as many various functionaries and as many different bureaux as he deems necessary. He holds office not

only during the exposition, but before, during the period of preparation, and afterward, during the period of liquidation. Although we know from the example of the United States that all this is not necessary in order to succeed, we do not seem to have profited by the lesson taught by Chicago, for never before have functionaries and complications of every description flourished to such a degree as now. The fault is due in part to the methods employed by the present commissaire-général, M. Picard, a former pupil of the École Polytechnique, who is anything but practical, and in part to the fact that the exposition of 1900 has been planned so far ahead that actually too much time has been given in which to prepare for it. The exposition of 1867 had at its head the celebrated economist and sociologist Frédéric Le Play, whom Napoleon III made a senator,

and who developed plans for the most part along simple lines. In the center of the Champ de Mars he constructed an enormous ellipse, in which each country occupied a section, while each variety of product was shown in one of the elliptical galleries. Following around in this manner the gallery of agriculture, one was enabled to examine in succession the agricultural products of the entire world—as, for instance, in passing through the Russian or Austro-Hungarian section, one found collected together all the various exhibits of those countries. In the development of his plans Le Play had very little time at his disposal. This was also the case in 1878; for the disaster of 1870, followed by the difficulties and uncertainties encountered during the early years of the republic, left little time for the consideration of a similar artistic and historical manifestation.

The attitude of the principal monarchies of Europe toward the exposition of 1889, in refusing to assist at the celebration of the centenary of the Revolution, dampened the ardor of the French, and even until 1888 there was talk of changing the date so that

Between these two buildings will sweep a magnificent avenue, down which the President, looking from the windows of the Élysée, may see, across the new bridge, the gilded dome of the Invalides, the tomb of Napoleon. In many points this avenue will resemble

RUINS OF "LA COUR DES COMPTES," WHERE THE NEW RAILROAD STATION WILL BE ERECTED.

it might not fall upon 1889. This time, however, no such obstacle has arisen, for a long period of peace and a feeling of quasi-certitude that this peace will not be disturbed before the end of the century have made it possible to begin the preparations early. The commissaire-général already has been in office for nearly five years, and it is almost two years since the Czar Nicholas II laid the first stone of the splendid bridge which is to connect the two sections of the exposition. On the ground formerly occupied by the Palais de l'Industrie, and on that adjoining it, may already be seen the silhouettes of two new palaces, one of which is to be known as the Salons de Peinture, the other being designed to accommodate the horse-show and the agricultural and industrial departments.

Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, and, though not so long, it will be thickly shaded.

These two palaces, which are being built of stone and marble, are, of course, intended for permanent structures; whereas others, already completed, are of a more ephemeral nature, some being designed not for the exposition proper, but merely to be utilized during the period of preparation. Among these is the Bureau de l'Exposition, a long two-story building placed at the angle on the corner of the Avenue Rapp and the quay adjoining the Pont de l'Alma. Painted a light green, ornamented with friezes and balconies of carved wood, with both façades decorated by frescos of multicolored arabesques, this building has been made very attractive. This beautifying of temporary buildings,

this painting even of board fences, behind which the work of demolition goes on, is, of course, a species of coquetry; but Paris has not a little of that sort of thing—and rightly too, for nothing disfigures a beautiful city more than unsightly masses of boards and scaffolding, which are soon covered with preposterous signs and glaring advertisements. From this particular evil the temporary inclosures of the exposition grounds are preserved, for bill-posting has been prohibited, and ugliness in general is hidden as much as possible behind seemly latticework. As there has been time for art, so has there been time for philanthropy as well, and thus, in order to insure the comfort of those workmen who give their time to this labor of luxury and pleasure, a restaurant has been built on the quay near the scene of operations, where good, substantial meals may be had at minimum prices.

Let us now enter the bureau and see what is taking place there. Here everything is perfectly organized. A garçon in blue livery with silver buttons takes your card and disappears down long corridors, which at night are lighted by electricity, knocking finally at one or another of the innumerable doors

but makes no reply. He must consult his chief, and it will be some time before you will be likely to hear what has been done regarding your request or to receive an answer to your question.

On coming out you encounter a group of men engaged in animated conversation; some carry umbrellas and others sticks, while many have portfolios under their arms, and not a few wear in their buttonholes the red insignia of the Legion of Honor. Behind these come many more, pouring out of a large building just across the court from where you stand, in which the committees meet, and where one perhaps has just been in session. There are many varieties of committees, which, indeed, are quite as numerous as the classes of objects exhibited. Thus, for each class of objects there is a committee on admission, composed of specialists who consider the requests of exhibitors, and who are empowered to make selections; then there are the committees on installations, whose duties are to assign space for the exhibits; there are also "retrospective committees," whose work is the management of retrospective exhibitions in each branch of art or industry; and, finally,



SITE OF THE NEW PALACES. REMAINS OF THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE IN THE BACKGROUND.

which open on the hallway like cells on the galleries of a monastery. After a more or less tedious wait you are received by an inmate of one of these cells, generally an amiable young man, who listens attentively, and carefully notes what you have to say to him,

committees on the organization of congresses, making, in all, nearly five hundred different committees, not including those established in various cities with the view of aiding the committees of Paris.

Do not imagine that all these committee

meetings end in harangues and discussions; that is the way they begin, but they end quite differently. Hardly is a committee complete before a meeting is held and a president, several vice-presidents, and a few secretaries are elected. Full of enthusiasm, they pose questions, draw up circulars, and formulate all sorts of plans, which, of course, are carefully recorded by one or two of the commissaire-général's secretaries, who are always present at these meetings, and which later are forwarded to headquarters. On discovering the amount of work before it, each committee takes fright; for its members, being for the most part professors, doctors, and literary men, find it impossible to devote much of their time to affairs of such a nature. The committee then resolves itself into subcommittees, who assemble once or twice to elect more presidents, vice-presidents, and secretaries; and so it goes until little by little this beautiful organization suffers an eclipse from which it never recovers, and continues its existence on paper only.

All this is extremely interesting, for even in this little sphere of exposition bureaux one comes face to face with the immense problem which weighs so heavily upon Europe, and in particular upon France, *i. e.*, the difficulty we old Continental nations have in adopting democratic methods—the perpetual strife between the democracy and the administration. These committees represent democracy,—public opinion directly associated with the government in the formation of laws,—although in reality their functions are merely formal, for they are able to give only perfunctory advice; the balance of the organization presupposing a definitely centralized and disciplined administrative hierarchy, the power of which is absolute and little disposed to tolerate more than the bare existence of democratic methods. Would you change this? Then must radical steps be taken, and each separate committee must be spoken to after this fashion: “You have now full power; henceforth you are the masters. We place at your disposal this or that space, such and such a sum, and if this section of the exposition is not a success you will be held responsible.”

It would naturally be impossible to proceed in this way, for it would mean that the usual administrative methods would have to be suspended, and not only in regard to the conduct of the exposition, but throughout the entire country as well; for the commissaire-général is not only a minister of the interior who is in charge of a special de-

partment, but is also a minister having numerous external obligations which constitute him a sort of intermediary between the exposition and other branches of public administration. If last year it took many applications, signatures, and permits in order to have a single tree in the Bois de Boulogne cut down, it would take quite as much red tape to have a street-lamp removed, and ten times as much in order to relay a few meters of tram-rails. It may even be said without exaggeration that there is not a single paving-block in the streets of Paris which is not guarded by a squad of workmen, and which it would not be found as difficult to remove as it was for Louis XIV to send one of his subjects to the Bastille. In countries where the administrative system flourishes, and where everything is foreseen, regulated, and organized to such an extent that any change is almost equivalent to disorganization, it will easily be seen what radical changes are brought about by the creation of a new administrative service such as that of an exposition, the relations of which with regular branches of the service must naturally be intimate. The already existing bureaux have, as a rule, no easy task, for it is precisely their relations with other branches of the service which render the general executive system complex and unwieldy of movement. No single machine moves without first consulting its neighbor; they all wait for one another, so that their movements are always interdependent, never independent. Presently is added a new machine which borrows its motive power from this one, a cog-wheel from that one, and from another a piston-rod or a crank; hence the necessity for such a functionary as the commissaire-général, whose supervision is at once general and detailed. Everything, in fact, from the most minute particular up to the vast ensemble must be passed upon by the commissaire-général. When this functionary happens to be a liberal man—liberal in a philosophical, not a political sense—he lightens, in so far as possible, his official obligations. If, on the other hand, he happens to be of an administrative turn of mind, he even forces the note, and, instead of being briefer and more expeditious, he rather takes pleasure in making his hierarchy stricter, his surveillance narrower, and his cabinet more pettifogging.

Little light is needed on this question in order that any one of intelligence may form an opinion regarding the relative value of these two methods. The former was employed

in conducting the Chicago Exposition, while the latter has always been followed here in France. The superiority of our method consists naturally in the general artistic unity attained and in the ease and regularity with which, after so many pains, the machine fulfils its functions. But how inferior is our method in every other respect, notably in time and money! Take, for example, the single matter of correspondence, and I think it will be found that for every letter written by the makers of the World's Fair four or five will be written by M. Picard and his co-workers. The secretary who, for instance, just listened to your request was doubtless unable to give you an answer at once, nor are you likely to receive one for two or three days. Why are you forced to wait weeks or even months, and compelled to return five or six times? Because, forsooth, no matter how trivial your request may be from a general point of view, it must go from bureau to bureau, it must be discussed by any number of functionaries, and be approved and signed by the commissaire-général, who, at the moment of signature even, may be moved by some doubt or scruple to order a further investigation, or who may set it aside for consideration at some future time—which may never come. You are very fortunate if your request merely concerns one of these bureaux of the exposition and does not have to be referred to any outside department, in which case it will have to pass back and forth between various officials for a much longer time, giving, meanwhile, numerous employees the excuse for writing useless letters, the mere printed headings of which indicate the intricate course your letter has been obliged to follow before arriving at its destination, and at the same time showing by what roundabout way your reply must, perforce, return to you.

I spoke above of the matter of artistic unity, which, I take it, as a result of systematic centralization, manifests itself in details, ensemble effects being attained by different methods. Take, for instance, the Court of Honor at the Chicago Exposition, which formed a wonderfully beautiful whole, the defects in the general architectural harmony of which were observed, not in looking at it as an ensemble, but only upon careful and minute examination. What, after all, are the really necessary factors in the creation of an international exposition? Good financial backing, clever architects and engineers to draw up plans, and competent men to select and group the exhibits. Who does not

see at once the disproportion between the task and the effort which we French expend in accomplishing it? Who does not realize how we waste men and thought, time and money, in the compassing of an end which in itself is perfectly definite and simple?

In view of the great amount of time and money expended in the interest of our international expositions, it may well be asked, Of what benefit are they? If the benefit derived from them does not compensate for the labor and expense involved, these expositions must naturally be worthless institutions. Little or no compensation is derived from the arrival in Paris of numerous foreigners who come merely for pleasure; nor, in spite of the opinions of certain rudimentary economists, does their presence stimulate commerce to any extent, the railway companies, the hotel- and restaurant-keepers, and the cabmen being about the only ones to profit by this feature of the exposition. The French themselves are inspired to spend much more money than usual, and I doubt very much whether (except in those branches of commerce I have cited above) there is much more money in France at the close than at the opening of one of these expositions.

This, however, is only one side of the question, the real point involved being whether or not these expositions benefit French industries by opening new markets, by attracting new buyers, or by emphasizing their merits in some such manner as to create increased demands for this or that product. Most thinking people now agree that their results are quite the contrary; nor is it astonishing that such should be the case. The time has come when industrial specialties are less and less individual; raw materials now travel from one end of the globe to the other, and it does not take long for a new invention, which may perfect manufacture or lessen labor, to find its way into factory after factory, finally becoming the common property of the manufacturing world. The superiority of one manufacture over another arises only from certain details which obtain chiefly among manufacturers of wood, stuffs, and furniture in general—things wherein firmness and lightness are to be supplemented by beauty, elegance, and other matters of pure taste. In this sphere the workman uses his personal gifts and other immaterial qualities, which are imitative, thus making his work belong to the domain of art. It is just such details which one can learn from one's rivals, forming, the

while, one's own taste on that of others. And thus we are brought face to face with the great outcry of our manufacturers against these expositions. Although at first they noted with satisfaction the increased demand for their products which followed in the wake of each exposition, our manufacturers were not long in discovering that these orders were not renewed, and also that, instead of increasing their patronage, they were only giving their rivals an opportunity to study their models and to imitate them at leisure. Thus after each exposition the barometer of French industry would rise a few degrees, only to sink lower than it had been before.

In point of fact, those nations who might profitably organize expositions are new nations, or nations which, after more or less of an eclipse, are striving to rebuild their fortunes. Buenos Ayres, Melbourne, Auckland, or even Rome, Madrid, Athens, and Lisbon, should be the logical centers of such manifestations. In the larger capitals they have less *raison d'être*, on the principle that the most prosperous and powerful peoples are naturally those further advanced in the matter of productions, and consequently are those who would profit least by being thrown in contact with other nations. The English, who, with the opening of their famous Crystal Palace, inaugurated the first exposition, have proved their lack of practical interest in such affairs by never holding another. In France, each time the subject has been discussed, and notably regarding the expositions of 1889 and 1900, objections have been formulated. Although these objections have been discussed in the Chamber and voiced by various deputies, it cannot be said that the idea has ever met with any serious opposition. With her characteristic majesty, the French nation approves and encourages these expositions, and even when they can in no wise benefit her, she encourages them still more on account of the moral satisfaction which she derives from them.

No historian can understand the events which took place in France during the middle of this century unless he bears in mind the one principal fact about which our destinies revolved so tragically, i. e., that the Second Empire was only a reaction against the monarchy of Louis Philippe, and that, in acclaiming Napoleon III, the nation demanded of him only one thing, namely, foreign prestige. Parliamentary governments are little apt in procuring for the people this deceptive thing called foreign prestige,

a thing which only too frequently conceals abysses of weakness and disorganization.

While Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe enriched France by developing her resources and reëstablishing her renown by wise and moderate political measures, they did nothing toward bringing her the sort of prestige which she had enjoyed under Napoleon I, and which she dreamed of enjoying anew under his nephew. This thirst for prestige was clearly the *raison d'être* of the Second Empire, and although throughout his entire reign Napoleon III strove to allay it, he never succeeded so completely as in 1867. The exposition was an unqualified success, and was visited by all the principal sovereigns of Europe. Paris felt herself to be the veritable center of the universe, not only owing to the cosmopolitan crowd which thronged the streets, but also because the eyes of princes and peoples were turned toward the vast array of chiefs of state, chancellors, and ministers, among whom, as was well known, questions of greatest moment were being discussed.

It was an object-lesson from life, and one which made an indelible impression upon France. The exposition of 1867 became a symbol of glory and power, and foreign nations as well joined in thinking that the fêtes held in Paris during that year far surpassed in point of splendor and beauty anything of the kind ever witnessed. Three years had hardly passed before the empire, overtaken by a terrible catastrophe, was swallowed up in a heap of ruins. The recovery was nevertheless rapid, and wishing at the same stroke to encourage progress as well as to give proofs of prosperity, the government of the republic decided to hold another international exposition. Following closely upon so complete and crushing a defeat, the idea seemed audacious; but the plan was realized, and although not so successful as the preceding or the succeeding expositions, that of 1878 scored an unquestionable triumph. Its effect was strongly felt throughout France, in that it inspired not only those who labored toward the future rehabilitation of their country, but also those who were striving to build up their own shattered fortunes; thus proving to the people themselves, as well as to Europe, that the disasters of 1870 had not wounded the nation in any vital spot.

The political effect of the exposition of 1889 was the most powerful factor in the overthrow of Boulangism. General Boulanger, who was nothing more or less than

a common schemer, had organized a vast syndicate of malcontents, to which he tried to give the aspect of a political party. At his back were those who had anything (however small it might be) to gain from a political revolution—persons of a type existing, of course, in every country, but who are more numerous in France, where functionaries are so plentiful, and where the sphere of governmental activity is so extended. Boulanger was also followed by an imposing array of partizans, who kept on increasing in numbers even without the hope of universal suffrage. The situation was, indeed, a critical one, for it became evident that the masses, deceived by the fallacious promises and the aspect of unity and power which this so-called National party assumed, would readily have pinned their faith to its chief, only to have discovered on the morrow of the elections that they had placed the reins of government in the hands of a band of adventurers and utopians.

Although the exposition of 1889 soon achieved a success beyond all expectation, in spite of the fact that the idea was at first received with coldness, if not hostility, by the various foreign powers, this internal political agitation did much toward preventing the growth of any general interest during the early stages of its development. At length, however, astonished by the beautiful spectacle, and reassured by the wise and dignified attitude of President Carnot, the people were not long in regaining their senses. The electors soon decided that they thought it wiser to solidify and consolidate rather than overturn a régime which gave such gallant proofs of vitality and stability, and which had done so much toward reestablishing prosperity since the somber days of 1870. Thus, when the general elections took place, the defeat of Boulangism was complete, although certain other events, notably the proceedings instituted against the general and his subsequent flight to Brussels, contributed their share to his political downfall. However much light the fact of these proceedings and his flight threw upon the moral values of the candidate, it is almost certain that without the exposition, which placed in such strong relief the happy results achieved by the republic, the people would not have been so prompt to wheel about and turn their backs upon the Boulangist utopia.

My personal recollections do not extend so far back as the exposition of 1867. Documents contemporary with that period, however, lead us to believe that its influence was

not of the best, and even that, by intoxicating the minds of certain people, it contributed in no small measure toward precipitating the war of 1870. As has been justly said, neither the emperor nor the country at large desired war, which, however, found its warm partizans among the entourage of the emperor, as well as in the empress and among those with whom her influence was potent. It was nevertheless true that the idea easily found favor, nor was there any doubt as to the ultimate triumph of French arms—a beautiful assumption which was due less to the dearly bought victories in the Crimea, in Italy, and in China than to a species of elation, bred of the exposition; a state of mind analogous in many respects to that recently manifested in Greece. The war feeling in Greece was certainly greatly stimulated by the success which crowned the revival of the Olympic games at Athens in 1896, an event which drew together contestants from all quarters of the globe. As a result, the Greeks fancied themselves more powerful and better prepared than they really were, and thus brought misfortune upon their country.

In regard to the expositions of 1878 and 1889, I recall very clearly the happy evolution of public spirit which followed in their wake. But who can say what will be the outcome of the exposition of 1900? It is always a difficult matter to predict, but the present trend of events makes me fear that its results will be not unlikely to recall those which followed 1867. It is almost certain that the Emperor and Empress of Russia will visit us, and that, following in their footsteps, will come other sovereigns, escorted by numerous and brilliant suites. The effect of all this will certainly be an appreciable weakening of republican sentiments, as well as the fostering of an exalted belief in the power and importance of France. Belief in one's self is good, provided it does not border upon presumption. A republic which has ceased to be a republic in all but name becomes a detestable object; and since events have proved that a republican form of government is the only possible or stable one for France, it is therefore essential that republican ideas and customs should continue to gain a foothold in the country. The fear which I expressed above is merely a personal one and is not shared by many of my fellow-countrymen, few of whom think, with me, that complete political independence is not only useful, but indispensable to a republic surrounded, as ours is, by monarchical

states. Perhaps my fears are not justified by existing conditions, but, as will be seen here, I have at least made a careful study of the question.

Another thing evident to those who pursue this subject is that these international expositions of ours have a distinct moral and political significance, and that they play such an important rôle in our national life as to be continued time after time, even in the face of the fact that the material profits from them are often either small or non-existent. On her side, Europe in general favors them, for she sees in them a pledge of peace, a guaranty against possible hostilities; and thus the earlier the announcements are made, the larger the sums involved, and the more daring and grandiose are the plans, the more does European opinion favor the project. This attitude is due in a manner to the old suspicions which Europe still harbors regarding the warlike intentions of France. Our past history still inspires her with uncertainty, for she is slow to believe that we have become essentially pacific, not only from choice, but from necessity, and that for twenty years or more we have taken all the steps consistent with national dignity to banish from our domains the scourge of war. In stating awhile since that 1900 might eventually recall 1867, I did not have in mind any idea of a possible war, but rather the idea of a possible falling off in our efforts, bred of an exaggerated opinion of our progress and of a fancied superiority over our rivals.

Another notable though quite different feature of our expositions is the fact that each year the question of amusements becomes a factor of more and more prominence. It is impossible for me to discover why the Americans should have been the first to adopt the word "fair," which, as applied to the Columbian Exposition, was assuredly a misleading term. At Chicago the amusements undoubtedly occupied very little space, being relegated, for the most part, to a long avenue called, strangely, the "Midway Plaisance," and cleverly dubbed the "Midway Nuisance," where near the huge wheel were found various forms of diversion, including Javanese dancers and men who swallowed swords. How sadly would their presence have marred that wonderful Court of Honor, to which white palaces, an exquisite pool, and the peristyle and colonnades fronting on Lake Michigan lent an atmosphere of almost sacred beauty! The mere fact that the Midway Plaisance was far removed from all this beauty was always a source of satis-

faction to me. On the contrary, at the Champ de Mars, in 1889, the Parisians were delighted to find that their Cairo street, with its donkey-drivers, was near the galleries and in close touch with the more serious features of the exposition. The mere presence of such an affair has had little bearing on the real character of our international expositions for thirty years or more, and, in any case, is one which should never be tolerated in the center of the grounds, but rather in some sort of Midway Plaisance, where it would be more or less hidden from general view.

Of late years these expositions have changed greatly in character, and now appeal to vastly different classes of people—to the gay as well as to the serious-minded. In Paris they have become *par excellence* places of amusement and diversion. Many who have never cast an eye over the various objects in the galleries come regularly every evening to listen to the Russian or Gipsy bands, to go to the theater, to see dancing bayaderes or whirling dervishes, and to sip exotic drinks. It is with an eye to these folk that many people, for five or six years previous to an exposition, evolve weird plans which, in Parisian argot, are to be veritable *clous*, and which they hasten to submit to the commissaire-général the morning after his nomination. One will propose to bring the moon within the range of a hundred meters by means of a gigantic telescope; another will plan to sink wells deep enough to settle forever the question of subterranean fires; while still another will suggest the construction of hanging gardens which will eclipse those of Semiramis. Of course one will be able to eat dinner in the telescope, to have one's ice at the bottom of the well, and to dance in the hanging gardens, for it is not so much the love of science as the love of gain which inspires these projects. The promoter naturally hopes to obtain some concession or other within the exposition grounds, and thus make as much as possible out of his idea. Projects of this nature being so numerous this time, a special commission had to be appointed in order to examine and report upon them. Some were of course rejected at once, owing to their manifest absurdity, while others were retained for more detailed consideration. On further examination, many more had to be dismissed, owing to their impracticable nature, or because of some impossible feature which their inventor, in his naïve enthusiasm, had not foreseen. There now re-

main about a dozen, most of which, after being subjected to certain modifications, can be utilized.

In the matter of amusements the masses are notoriously hard to please; they want first-class theaters, concerts, and restaurants at reduced prices, they often want the most unheard-of things, but what they want above all is to be amused. No matter how admirable the exposition be in other points, if it is found lacking in the matter of amusements it will not be a success. This is indeed a point wherein the populace of to-day resembles those crowds of old who demanded perfection in their public games and circuses, and in whose mind a spectacle once seen lost all interest. They clamored for the new and the unexpected, and ultimately became bestial and sanguinary in their passionate thirst for fresh sensations. Things of this nature have happily no attraction for the crowds of to-day, who, on the contrary, are essentially gay of mood, and in whose eyes exhibitions of brutality and violence find no favor whatever. One may ask whether the effect produced by these various forms of amusement is not the reverse of moral, or whether the fairy art which creates these expositions of ours really exercises the best of influences on the majority of those who visit them.

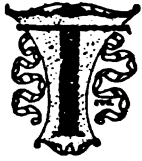
On the other hand, these expositions have furnished opportunities for manifestations of a quite different nature, notably those held in the interest of literary or scientific pursuits. Formerly only objects were exhibited, whereas now ideas are also expounded and exchanged. No exposition is now complete without its various congresses, which follow one another in rapid succession throughout its existence and often within its very confines, and in which are discussed most of the important questions which agitate the chief literary or scientific minds of the day. It is fortunate that things are so, for such circumstances do much in the way of compensating for many of the futile features I have cited above. But do these congresses really further the cause of science; are they of any serious value? Those who take part in them are usually busy men who have very little time at their disposal, and who possibly would prefer to spend that time in recreation rather than in study. They are, after all, men like the rest of us, and it is quite natural that they should feel the need of diversion, and, having at hand the proper opportunity, they would not be likely to let it slip. It is more than possible that their state of mind would be somewhat akin to that of school-boys in

vacation-time, who do not find the ambient breezes conducive to systematic and concentrated study. It is true, moreover, that the work done during a congress of this sort is often mediocre, and that the subsequently published reports rarely bear the stamp of genius. The uninterrupted succession of congresses over a period of several weeks, as well as their marked diversity, reacts powerfully against their real value and importance. Viewed in a different light, these congresses will be found to possess one paramount merit. They give men who know one another only by reputation or through their writings the opportunity of meeting one another; they prevent science and letters from remaining in the narrow ruts of a rigid nationalism, and, in making warm international friendships possible, they do more than anything else could ever do toward insuring the future of civilization.

Just now, at the century's turning-point, the world finds itself confronted by a difficult problem—a problem which calls to mind the story of Hercules being forced to choose between vice and virtue, and a problem which presents an alternative scarcely less formidable. In other words, we are either moving toward a noble internationalism, which, having at its disposal all the marvelous resources of civilization, will insure a moral and material progress such as no century has yet witnessed; or toward a revival of nationalism, which, employing those same means, will establish a reign of perfidy and calumny, and will bring in its train a series of hideous and terrible wars. It is, alas! impossible not to see that the world at large leans toward this latter alternative. Certain events prove conclusively that the happy hour of international good fellowship is by no means at hand. But it is necessary that this hour should come in order to prevent the world from being plunged into countless catastrophes. In point of fact these expositions do not furnish the best opportunities for furthering this cause. I am of the opinion that less showy but more important results are to be achieved by means of athletic contests which bring together the youth of different countries, by the yearly exchange of courtesies between the students of various universities, and by congresses and expositions of a character calculated to attract only a certain class of savants or a certain kind of exhibits. But these expositions are none the less a significant token of internationalism, and as such deserve to be encouraged.

WHY WE WON AT MANILA.

BY LIEUTENANT B. A. FISKE, U. S. N., OF THE "PETREL."



HE battle between the American and Spanish fleets at Manila, on the 1st of May, was the most complete naval victory of which history has record, and was fought entirely with the gun, the ram and the torpedo not being used or needed. The gun destroyed the Spanish fleet in two hours, though it was fired from long distances, and on board ships that rolled from side to side and moved continually through the water. As it is the most conspicuous expression of the war strength of the fleet, and was the immediate instrument with which the work was done, it is interesting to see how it was handled, and what brought about its remarkable success.

When war was declared, it will be remembered our fleet was at anchor in Mirs Bay, near Hong-Kong; and the next day it steamed out rapidly in column, bound for Manila, or rather for the Spanish fleet, which was supposed to be there. The succession of ships was the same as afterward in the battle, the flagship *Olympia* leading, and bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Dewey at her mainmast-head. Next came the *Baltimore*, then the *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston*. The revenue cutter *McCulloch*, with the transports *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*, formed a separate column to starboard.

The trip to Manila was pleasant and uneventful. At nightfall of April 30 we were about twenty-five miles north of Corregidor Island, which divides the entrance to Manila Bay into a northern and southern channel. The shore north of the bay was only four miles distant on our port hand, and could be plainly seen. As Commodore Dewey knew that the time of our departure had been telegraphed at once all over the world, and that it had been known at once in Manila, and also that the governor-general there would not be at a loss to guess our destination, and would have scouts outside the bay to watch for us, so all the ports in the ships' sides through which light could shine were closed, and the usual lights outside were omitted; one small lamp was hung over the stern of each ship, however, as a guide to the next behind.

When abreast of Corregidor Island, and still heading to the southward, a flame shot up from the smoke-stack of the *McCulloch*, and almost instantly a rocket was sent up from Corregidor, showing that we were discovered. This happened about eleven o'clock; and as Manila was only thirty-five miles distant, and a telegraph line led there from the mainland just north of Corregidor, we knew that the governor-general would be informed of our whereabouts in about five minutes. We heard no guns, however, and concluded that these were being held in reserve until the ships should pass the entrance, which, we understood, was guarded on both sides by guns, and protected by submarine mines on the bottom, or floating between the bottom and the surface of the water.

The commodore led the fleet continually to the south, gradually changing the course to the eastward till by half-past eleven he had gotten all the ships past the outer headlands that mark the entrance to the bay. Not a gun had been fired; not a torpedo had been exploded. On the ships went, farther into the enemy's waters; and still no sound but the regular *chunk, chunk* of the engines, and the swish of the water under the bows. The silence was uncanny. Suddenly we heard the report of a heavy gun to starboard and very close, and the screaming of a shell above us. All nervousness, doubt, and hesitation vanished at the sound; every man stiffened up automatically. "Man the starboard battery!" The *Petrel*, in the middle of the fleet, had just passed a large rock named El Fraile, the rough outlines of which could be barely discerned in the darkness. Every man knew in a second that on this unsuspected spot the Spaniards had recently placed a battery, and that some brave fellows were firing at us as we passed—for it was a brave thing to engage a whole fleet with the little battery that could be placed on such a rock. The *Raleigh* had a rapid-firing gun on her poop, and scarcely was the fierce sound of the shell out of our ears when this gun blazed away in reply, firing into the darkness at the mass of rock standing out so vaguely. Then the *Concord*, which was just abreast El Fraile, let go one shot; and El Fraile gave us another, which also went

over our heads—not very far over. Just then the *Boston* did one of those pretty things that compel applause, because so perfectly neat and prompt. The fleet was still in column; but, for convenience and safety from collision, alternate ships were a little to the right and left of a line astern of the flagship, and the *Boston* was at the end of the left line, away from El Fraile. Now, the instant that El Fraile let go the first shot, Captain Wildes put his helm apart, and went right over to El Fraile, and stayed there, firing, until El Fraile's guns were silenced.

Meanwhile the fleet kept on, Commodore Dewey leading, in person, into a harbor where he had never been—leading at night into a harbor supposed to be filled with mines and flanked with guns, and to hold the enemy's fleet. Standing by the standard compass forward, near the bows and high above the deck, he and Lieutenant Calkins, the navigator of the *Olympia*, who had also never been in Manila, kept their night-long vigil. A less brave man than Dewey would not have dared to risk such an entrance; and yet it was not an act of foolish daring, or even of unwarranted hazard. He had exhausted every means of information (not many, it is true) about the defense of Manila, and had studied thoroughly the pros and cons, and weighed them with perfect fairness. His train of reasoning had brought him to a certain conclusion, and thence to a decision, in the calmness and quiet of his cabin; and this decision he proceeded to carry out when he found himself face to face with the actual emergency, the responsibility on him alone. The risk he ran was certainly great; and this does not mean the risk of his own life and safety, for that was the last thing he thought of, but the risk of losing men or ships, or even the battle itself. Who can tell, except the chief himself, what is his feeling of responsibility when the success of an important military movement approaches its hour of trial!

During the night the fleet steamed up the bay, pointed for Manila, in a silence that was unbroken by any warlike sound, the captain of every ship upon the bridge, and officers and men, except the watch, sleeping on deck, near the loaded guns. A little before five the day began to break, and the vague outlines of Manila could be discerned ahead. It was off Manila that, from information received at Hong-Kong, we expected to find the Spanish fleet; so all the ships went to general quarters, and the few re-

maining preparations were quickly made; but, save for the tall masts of a few merchant ships, not a sign of any vessel was to be seen. As the light increased, however, and glasses swept the broadening horizon, some objects to the southward that looked like men-of-war came out of the obscurity. Soon these could be made out plainly. They were the Spanish fleet, drawn up in column of battle across the little bay that leads to the naval and military arsenal of Cavite. The commodore ported his helm at once, and headed for the Spaniards, followed by his ships. A shore battery in Manila opened on the fleet with heavy guns; but the distance was too great for effective work, and so, after a few reply shots, the American fleet ceased firing, in obedience to a signal from the flagship.

The writer was so fortunate as to be stationed aloft, where he could see above the smoke and have an unobstructed view; and as his duties were merely to measure the enemy's distance and report any event of importance which took place, he had not only the means, but the leisure, for observing everything. Surely no more inspiring sight ever greeted the eye of man than that spread out for us at sunrise on the 1st of May. The American ships were steaming along swiftly and in perfect order, with the national ensign flying at the head of every mast and spanker-gaff. To the south lay the hostile fleet, disposed defiantly for battle, the beautiful flag of Spain floating over every ship, its folds curving and recurving slowly, at the will of the gentle morning air. At first the American guns could not be brought to bear, except two guns of the *Olympia*, which could be fired ahead, because, as will be remembered, our column pointed directly at the Spanish line. But the Spaniards, lying with their broadsides turned toward us, could use their guns with maximum effectiveness; that is, the guns of a whole broadside could be fired, without interfering with one another. When the *Olympia* got within seven thousand yards, however, she put her helm apart, and steered so that our fleet should pass the enemy, using the port broadsides, on a course not quite parallel to the Spanish column, but converging toward it.

We learned afterward that the ships we saw were the *Reina Christina* (flagship), *Castilla*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, and the *Marques del Duero*, supported at Sanglei Point by a shore battery of three guns, each gun in an emplacement of its own, and be-

hind sand-banks which partly protected and concealed it. It required a little time, in view of our unfamiliarity with the landmarks, to get a clear mental grip of the situation; but we soon saw that the Spaniards had disposed their force so as to cover the entrance to Cavite, the western flank of the fleet resting on Sanglei Point, and the eastern flank resting on the shoal water near the land on the other side of the bay, both flanks being apparently so close to shoal water as to prevent us from passing at either place and "doubling" on them. This disposition at once suggested that of the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, and Dewey's attack in column suggested Nelson's—a pleasant augury. And while the long reach of our guns and the extreme mobility of our ships, compared with the crude artillery and the sailing-ships of Nelson, made Nelson's tactics unnecessary, the result furnished another parallel; for the ardently attacking Anglo-Saxon overcame the passively resisting Latin, and received so small a degree of punishment that it was altogether out of proportion to the comparative strength of the two forces.

Soon we were all within effective range, with our port broadsides bearing, and the range gradually decreasing. The first shot was fired by the *Reina Christina*, and was answered by the *Olympia*. The distance was five thousand yards, and the time half-past five.

The decisive moment was approaching, and it was approaching in a very ticklish manner; for it must not be forgotten that the American fleet was in a harbor in which not a single officer had ever been before, and with which their acquaintance had been acquired wholly from charts. Now, navigating an unknown harbor by chart is ticklish work, even on a bright afternoon, when no one is firing heavy guns, and when there is no necessity for going near shoals. But how is it when the light is so poor that it is almost impossible to distinguish those landmarks on shore which one must distinguish in order to tell where he is? How is it when the ship whereon you are is firing heavy guns, that rattle your instruments and fill the air with smoke? How is it when it is absolutely essential to get as near to certain shoals as possible, in order to bring your guns close to the enemy? How is it when, in addition to all these things, shells weighing from one pound to one hundred pounds are singing in the air about you? Most of us can keep our heads fairly clear if we have a sheet of paper and a lead-pencil, and are

sitting safe in a quiet room. But how was it with Commodore Dewey and Lieutenant Calkins when they stood high up by the standard compass on the morning of the 1st of May? Calkins took compass bearings of certain landmarks on shore, and then his assistant drew lines on the chart, indicating these directions, from the spots representing those landmarks. The intersection of the lines showed the position of the ship; and from each successive position the commodore directed the further movements of the fleet. When one thinks of how much disaster might have followed a mistake of Calkins, or a mistaken order of the commodore relative to the course alone (and he had, at the same time, to give orders to the ships about many other matters), one can appreciate what the responsibilities of their positions were, and what was the necessity for coolness and clearness of head. It may be interpolated here that, in circumstances like this, the most valuable quality in officers or seamen is coolness, meaning not so much an external quietness of demeanor as the ability to use the brain effectively, and, allied to this, the faculty of keeping other men cool. In most navies the men can be depended on to fight bravely and long; but the ability to use the ships and guns in such a skilful way as to get the utmost out of them is a thing that can be acquired only by long and judicious training. This does not mean merely drill, though that does much; but it means, in addition, a self-training whereby, by force of will, a man can keep his brain clear and active. A valuable assistant to this is what Captain Mahan calls "preparedness of mind"—a phrase too good to need explanation.

The interchange of shots between the flagships seemed to let go from every gun the shell that was waiting in it, and the action became general at once. The *Petrel* immediately received her baptism of fire—in a way much more like an ordinary baptism than is usual; for a heavy shell struck and exploded in the water close to her bow, and threw on board an enormous mass of water, that drenched the writer in the foretop, and (which was very irritating) covered with salt water the stadiometer with which he was measuring the distance of the *Castilla*. Shot and shell after that fell all about us, striking the water ahead and astern and on each side, and singing in the air like big mosquitos, but never biting. Our shots, on the contrary, though many went over or fell short, seemed in the main to be well directed; and many a one could be seen, like a tiny dot

in the air, till it disappeared near some part of a Spanish ship, where a puff of black smoke immediately afterward testified that it had struck and exploded.

The American fleet steamed slowly down the line to the westward, until it had passed the Spanish fleet, then countermarched and passed it, going to the eastward, then countermarched to the westward, then to the eastward, and then to the westward, and then drew out of action at half-past seven, and went to breakfast; so it passed the Spaniards five times, three times going to the westward and twice to the eastward. The Spaniards remained virtually in the same place, the *Castilla* being, in fact, moored and immovable. During our first trip the Spanish ships fired with great rapidity; but their fire slackened gradually, yet perceptibly, after that, especially on board the *Castilla* and *Reina Christina*, the flagship, which, being the most "shining marks," received the greatest attention from our ships. The major part of the battle was simply an artillery duel between the opposing fleets, one moving and the other virtually stationary; for though certain Spanish ships started out several times, with the apparent intention of attacking our rear, they were quickly driven back by our guns. At the end of the last trip, the *Castilla's* guns were silenced, the *Reina Christina* was ablaze in two places, and the weak and irregular fire of the others betrayed the fact that their personnel and material had received such injuries that they were already *hors de combat*.

After breakfast, the fleet started in toward Cavite again, and soon reduced the shore batteries on Sanglei Point. The *Petrel* passed inside, directing most of her fire against the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*. Some of her shots, however, penetrated the naval and military arsenal near by, and its flag at once came down. This was at half-past twelve.

At the conclusion, it was found that no one in our fleet had been killed, and only eight men had been injured, and these but slightly; they were all on board the *Baltimore*, and were struck by splinters made by the same shell. Not a single ship had received any injury that reduced her efficiency in the slightest, with the exception of one gun in the *Baltimore*, struck by the same shell that caused the wounding of the men.

Such was the battle of Manila Bay, sketched briefly, and in outline only. Until this battle, the most complete naval victory in history was that gained by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, with which, as has been

said, it had many points in common. Much fuller details might be narrated, but they would be interesting only to the specialist in ordnance, gunnery, or naval construction, and would elucidate professional points only, and would not lighten, but might rather darken, our appreciation of the whole. Not only this, but errors might easily creep in; because it is only after evidence has been carefully sifted, and opposing statements reconciled, that an accurate account of the precise sequence of events of any battle can be given. Though this battle is fresh in the minds of those who participated in it, it is a fact that the greatest divergence exists as to the relative sequence of many incidents. This does not relate to the main facts as narrated above, but to others of less importance; and, for this reason, the writer has refrained from stating what were merely his own recollections, where they are unsupported by the recollections of other people. It is easy to understand why this difficulty should exist, of recollecting precisely the exact order in which many events succeeded one another; for one has simply to call to mind the conflicting testimony of honest witnesses before a criminal court concerning a very simple event under investigation, where, maybe, only a few persons were present, and the entire incident covered only a short period. But consider a naval battle lasting two hours, like this one. If a man had no other duty than to jot down mention of events, as they occurred; if he were able to do so stenographically; if he had no other interest in the matter, and if he did not allow his thoughts to wander from this one duty, possibly he might achieve a fair success. But if, on the other hand, he is himself an actor in the drama, his mental efforts will be otherwise directed, and he must rely on the kindness of his memory to tell him what it pleases afterward. It might be supposed that the importance of the events, and the mental stimulus thereby imparted, would make ineffaceable impressions on the brain; but the fact seems to be that, strong as each impression may be at the instant, the next impression is strong too, and tends to efface the first, especially since the mental effort is always toward what is to come next, what is to be the next move by either party, and how it will be met. Added to all these causes is another, and the principal one, which is that, as soon as the battle is over, one does not retire to rest and think about it, but rather to take measures to meet the new conditions that have arisen.

Fortunately, however, for this narrative, it is only matters that do not concern the main features which are in doubt; and one fact stands out with an unsurpassable clearness of outline, the fact that the disproportion of hits between the two fleets was far, far greater than the disproportion between their gunnery forces. That the American fleet was the stronger in battery power cannot be denied, and this is no reproach to us, but the reverse; for it shows that the Americans acted in accordance with the first principle of warfare, and "got the mostest men there the firstest." Having got them there, they proceeded to use them effectively. As to the result of their target practice, seven warped iron hulls, just showing above the tops of the blue waves of Manila Bay, abundantly testify to-day, and will continue to testify for many years to come.

Before estimating the degree of skill with which the guns were handled, the reader is respectfully invited to remember that they were not fired on shore, but at sea, and that there is about the same difference between shore gunnery and sea gunnery as there is between firing from a rest on the target range, and firing at a bird on the wing; and that shore gunnery may properly be termed a science, and sea gunnery an art. In shore gunnery the degree of precision attainable (and attained) is far beyond that which can be reached at sea, for the errors of firing are reduced to a degree that constitutes a triumph of science. None appreciate this more than our friends of the army, and they have developed the possibilities of the situation to the utmost. By means of the most scientific construction of guns and appurtenances, the most accurate proportioning of the powder ingredients, the most elaborate and ingenious mechanisms for handling guns and ammunition, and the use of position-finders, special telegraphs, and wind-gages; by the most minute corrections, taking into account the temperature, the barometric height, the variations of refraction, and the curvature of the earth, the battery of a sea-coast fort has been made to rival in the niceness and precision of its work the equatorial of an astronomical observatory, and has become a machine so perfect that the human element is almost eliminated. But what could Tom Bowling do with such things as these at sea? Look at him as he stands, lock-string in hand, behind his gun, his legs wide apart as he balances himself on the unsteady deck, his eyes fixed on the sights of his gun and on the enemy, whom he sees through the

narrow aperture of the gun-port. He knows that his gun is all right, and the powder and the shell and the fuse, and that, years ago, the necessary steps were taken which placed this terrible weapon in his hand to-day, so fashioned that if he fires it right the shot will hit the mark. But the rolling of the ship from side to side throws the line of his gun-sights high up against the sky, and then down into the sea; and, as no ship steers exactly straight, the line of sight moves irregularly to the right and left; so that his sights appear to be describing irregular curves, now against the background of the sky, and now against the background of the sea. An average roll may be said to be about seven degrees on each side, or fourteen degrees from one side to the other. The average time of making this roll is about seven seconds, making the time of rolling one degree about half a second. Suppose now that Tom Bowling is firing at an average ship, say twenty feet high, about twenty-five hundred yards away. If he fires at the middle of the target, as he should do, this gives him a margin on each side of ten feet, which subtends an angle at Tom Bowling's eye of about one twelfth of a degree; so that Bowling must appreciate the fact that his sights are "on," and do everything required to fire the gun in one twenty-fourth of a second, or else he will miss the target. Now, no man living can be depended on for such rapid thought and nerve-action, even under the best conditions of quiet and calmness; that is, he cannot be depended on to do it every time.

Much can be done by a good gun-captain, however, by watching for a smooth time, and firing a little before the sights bear. No one knows this better than Tom Bowling. So he braces his feet on the unsteady deck, every nerve stretched to its utmost tension. He sees that the gun is pointing a little to the right of the enemy's ship. "Left!" he orders; and the gun-trainers work their training-levers, or, if in a turret, start the turning-engine so as to turn the gun to the left. Meanwhile, as the line of sight gradually is approaching the target from the right, it is also rising and falling with the rolling of the ship. Tom Bowling sees that, the next time the sights rise to the level of the target, the trainers will have got the gun trained in the proper direction. He braces himself for a quick pull of his lock-string; and then a wave strikes the ship on the starboard bow, or the helm is shifted a little, and away goes the line of sight far off to the left, before the sights get up. "Right!" orders Bowling

instantly; and the gun-trainers work the gun back to the right quickly, but cautiously, for much depends upon them now. "Well!" "Right!" "Left!" etc., come the orders in quick succession, as Tom Bowling and his trainers work the gun. Suddenly the line of sight strikes the target; there is a gleam in Bowling's eye, a quick pull of his arm, a tremendous noise, a stifling cloud of smoke, and in comes the gun as if it were a projectile itself, and were going clear across the ship, and out at the other side; but it quickly, yet gently, slows, then stops, controlled perfectly by the hydraulic cylinder; and immediately it runs out again, and is ready to be loaded and fired once more.

In an instant the second captain has unlocked and thrown open the breech; quick hands wash off the powder residue from breech-block and bore, and then shove in the shell and powder. The second captain closes and locks the breech with a heavy clang, puts in a new primer, and reports the gun ready. "Left!" cries Tom Bowling; and the same succession of actions is reformed.

If anybody could have gone from ship to ship of the United States fleet during the eventful hours between five and half-past seven on that beautiful Sunday morning, he would have seen about fifty Tom Bowlings, all doing the same things and in the same way. He would have seen fifty guns' crews all eagerly, yet coolly, working their guns, and he would have seen each division of guns, and each turret, under the charge of an officer responsible for it. He would have seen, also, that besides these guns and their crews there was another very important department, that of bringing the ammunition from its safe magazines, far below the water-line, and delivering each kind to its appropriate gun. He would have noticed, too, that, although the guns were the most prominent objects in the picture, many things were being done, and many people employed, and much apparatus was being used in order that the guns should work in the most effective way; and, if he were a thoughtful person, he might ask himself a number of interesting questions, and seek the answers in the scenes before him. The spectacle of the orderly decks, the ardent but controlled enthusiasm, the well-drilled crews working their guns, or providing ammunition, or caring for the wounded, or extinguishing a fire, might lead him to ask himself, "Is not this excellent shooting that I see merely one sign of a discipline and instruction and drill without

which it could not be?" And as he watched the guns skilfully handled by their crews and captains, there would be gradually borne in upon his mind an increasing appreciation of the long and patient drill and teaching necessary to bring their efficiency to its present point; for the skill of each division is an index of both the capacity of the men themselves, and the ability of their divisional officers. And when he had noted the uniformity of the drills throughout one ship, he would see that the efficiency of each division is an index not only of its own merits, but of the patience and firmness and intelligent effort of the executive officer, and, back of him, the captain. Continuing his inspecting tour from one American ship to the next, he would see the same spirit and the same quick and obedient intelligence; and he would then understand that the performance of each ship is an index not only of its own efficiency, but of the efficiency of the fleet as a whole—an evidence of the skill and faithfulness of its commander-in-chief, and, back of that, of the whole navy itself. For every man, and every gun's crew, and every division, and every ship, and every fleet, is simply part of one uniformly instructed, drilled, and disciplined force—the navy of the United States.

At the battle of Manila Bay our thoughtful person might have noted another thing: he might have noted that there was almost no time when a gun-captain was embarrassed in the firing of his gun by smoke, or by another ship being in the way, or by sudden and quick movements of the ship itself. He might ask himself if this happened by chance, or if it were due to thoughtfulness on the part of some one; and a little observation would show him that the ships were so lined up by the admiral's disposition that no ship ever got between any other and the enemy, and that their direction of movement and of speed were such that each ship kept moving out of the smoke of her guns, and yet moved so slowly, and with so few changes of direction, as to give the gun-captains the utmost opportunity. He might have noticed, also, that the captains of the ships, although the ships sometimes drew quite near one another, kept them at as uniform a speed and in as constant a direction as possible, instead of continually working the engines, and excitedly shifting the helm from port to starboard and from starboard to port. And, right here, he would have noticed another thing, and one that made the duty of the captains easier: that in no case was there any trouble with

the engines of any ship, or any delay in backing, going ahead, or stopping. He would rightly infer that this meant an excellent condition of the engines and an efficient condition of the engineer's force, who, far below the water-line, shut in their tight iron boxes, saw nothing of the battle, heard nothing but the booming of the guns, and felt nothing but the almost unendurable heat of their furnaces and boilers.

And our thoughtful person might look a little further back, as thoughtful persons are apt to do, and inquire if the success of our naval gunnery at Manila were due to other causes still; and at this point his eye might fall on Tom Bowling's gun, and it might occur to him that some thanks were due to the gun itself, which had been modestly doing its duty—killing people, and setting fire to ships a mile and a half away—whenever Tom Bowling pulled a string. How did that gun get there? Who made it? Why does it shoot so straight? Why does it not burst when it makes that awful noise? What makes it stop so prettily and gently when it recoils? Why does it go off when Tom Bowling pulls the string, and why does the projectile set fire to a ship when it strikes it? These reflections put our friend on a new line of ideas, and he perceives that right under his observation is a beautiful example of engineering work; of the application of science to practical affairs; of the union of tremendous power with exquisite precision of movement and control; and of enormous strength of structure with nicety of workmanship. He sees that the forces of our highest civilization have applied the resources of wealth to those of mathematics, physics, and engineering, and produced an engine devoted to the work of destruction alone.

Looking with careful eye at this new object of his admiration, he finds it to be a tube combining a maximum of strength, elasticity, and ductility with a minimum of weight; rifled along the inside of the barrel, and closed at the rear, or breech, by means of a "breech-block," so ingeniously contrived and accurately fitted that not an atom of the terrible powder-gas, which attains a pressure of thirty thousand pounds to the square inch, escapes past it, and yet which can be opened or closed by one man in an instant. Inquiry discloses to him the fact that this gun, and all the navy guns and their appurtenances, are designed by the Bureau of Ordnance and constructed at the Washington naval foundry, and that each of the numerous pieces of steel of which it

is constructed was subjected to rigid chemical and physical tests before it was accepted. His attention passes easily from the gun to the gun-carriage which supports it; and he finds there the same exact adaptation of means to ends as in the gun, so that it is a pleasure to examine the ingenious and yet strong and simple mechanism by which the carriage and its gun are moved so quickly to the right and left on the unsteady platform of the deck. But what especially fixes his attention is the means by which the recoil of the gun is gently but firmly checked, and he sees that it is merely a cylinder partly filled with liquid, and carrying in it a piston which is shoved along by the recoil of the gun against the resistance of the liquid. Then he examines the powder and the primer which ignites it, and finds each subject a specialty in itself, with its own literature and history. The projectile next claims his attention, and he finds it a perfectly designed and constructed device, each kind of projectile made from some certain class of steel, according to the special work intended for it; and he sees that most of them are closed at one end by a fuse.

This fuse leads him off to a new train of thought, and he recalls the thin black smoke which rose from the Spaniard's side when a Yankee shell struck it; and he can see in his mind's eye how the striking of the shell exploded the fuse, and how the fuse exploded the powder in the shell, tearing the shell into rough and jagged fragments, which were hurled in all directions, killing and wounding men; while the flame of the burning powder filled the air, and set fire to clothing and wood and human flesh. Of all the dangers in sea-fights, fire is the most dreadful. This was shown in 1896, at the battle of the Yalu, between the Japanese and Chinese, the first battle in which were employed the numerous quick-firing shell-guns of the present day.

But if the personnel and material of the Yankee fleet worked together with such perfection on the 1st of May, how was it with the Spanish fleet? One answer is perfectly plain, and that is that, granting the superiority of the Yankee fleet both in force and skill, even then the disproportion of hits could not have been so great, had the Spanish shooting been even fairly good. What was the matter? Was the trouble with the personnel, or the material, or both?

This question cannot be confidently answered yet, but a certain line of thought will perhaps lead us to a conclusion not far

astray. As to the material, we have not been able to gather any data on board the sunken Spanish ships, or at the arsenal, which would indicate that it was bad. In fact, the guns, and all the apparatus and instruments, seem to have been of excellent construction, and supplied by a liberal hand. It may be the powder was bad, but there is no evidence to prove it; and the immense stores of ammunition in the arsenal, the fine buildings in which it was kept, and the evident care that had been bestowed upon it, indicate the contrary probability; and so far from there being any evidence of lack of organization, of equipment, and of careful administration, the excellent and ample arrangements of the offices at the arsenal, the elaborate system of accounts disclosed, the number of offices, clerks, and officials indicated, incline one to the belief that there may have been too much care, rather than too little, and too much attention to detail. The quarters of the sailors and naval officers in the arsenal, and those of the soldiers and army officers at the fort adjoining, were generously furnished, and the same can be said of the equipments of the ships. No reason whatever can be found to suppose that the powder was bad, when all the other material seemed so good, and when, furthermore, much of the powder was in "fixed ammunition" put up by Hotchkiss in Paris. We are reduced, therefore, to the belief that the true cause of the bad shooting was the most obvious one—simple bad marksmanship. But, considering that there were about thirty-eight Spanish gun-captains, one may reasonably ask, Was there not even one of them who could shoot straight? There is no apparent reason why a Spaniard should not be able to shoot as well as anybody else. Is bad shooting an inherent trait in a Spaniard? If not, was the bad shooting due to a lack of discipline? There is no reason to believe it; and the usually accepted idea of the Spaniard would tend to make one suppose that there might have been too much discipline, rather than too little. Was it due to lack of intelligence on the part of the officers? The officers of both the Spanish army and navy represent the best of the blood of Spain, where the ordinary vocations of trade and, in a measure, the civilian professions are deemed beneath the patrician families; and the literature of both services bears convincing proof of the excellent instruction which their officers have received, and of their devotion to and interest in their service. Was it due to lack of cour-

age? The Spaniard is, and always has been, brave; and he was brave, very brave, in Manila, on the 1st of May. Was the bad shooting due to the constantly changing direction of the ships, necessitated by their maneuvers? Not at all; for the ships remained in column, and nearly motionless, for the greater part of the time.

But had there been enough drill of the men in the handling and firing of their guns under way, and under circumstances simulating battle? This question we are unable to answer definitely; but the impression which we receive from civilians, natives, and others does not lead us to believe that there was the same labor and time spent on practical gunnery drills at sea as in our service. But even assuming that this is true, the conditions of quietness under which they used their guns in the battle could not have been surpassed, except on land, so that the work of handling them was reduced to its simplest form, and even inadequate instruction and drill bestowed on men who afterward kept reasonably cool would, it would seem, have produced better shooting than we saw. What cause can we assign, then, except the excitement of the fight acting on men racially excitable, and not raised by previous drilling at sea to that degree of skill which is essential? To the ordinary causes for excitement were added the evident unpreparedness of the authorities, and their vacillating measures in preparing for the battle, and what could be more unnerving? All preparations had been made to meet us in Subig Bay, about fifty miles from Manila, and the change of base to Cavite was made only two days before the fight. The change was certainly a wise one, but sudden changes of plan do not inspire confidence. The final dispositions were perhaps as good as could have been made, for the forces of the fleet and the shore batteries supported each other, and both defended the arsenal. Had there been time, it might perhaps have been better to remove all the guns from the *Castilla*, and mount them on shore, where they would have been on a firmer platform, and where the guns and crews would have had better protection, and not have been menaced by the dangers of fire and drowning. But probably there was not time, and for the reason that active preparations had been begun too late. The Spaniards had no idea that Commodore Dewey would come so soon, and they were so sure that he would not dare to come in at night that some of their officers and men

were ashore, and did not get off to their ships until after the fight had begun.

That they were unprepared is also shown by the fact that we have been unable to get sufficient evidence that any submarine mines whatever were actually put in place. There is plenty of evidence at the arsenal that it was intended to put some in place, because a number of mine-cases are there, partly finished; but no sign is visible of such an essential as an electrical laboratory, where the necessary tests, splices, junctions, and fittings could have been made. Manila harbor was as devoid of torpedo defense as New York harbor; but it did not have close at hand the enormous resources of New York in the way of electric material and trained electricians, and it is much more difficult to defend with mines, by reason of the greater width of its entrances and the greater depth of water.

It seems probable, then, that the Spanish fleet was taken by surprise, and that the gun-captains fired their guns with too great a lack of coolness and care, though all fought with the courage of despair. Opposed to them was the American fleet, which gained an advantage over them many times greater than their superiority of force. To explain the reason of the utter disproportion between the forces of the fleets and the damage each inflicted, we find that the American fleet worked with these advantages: (1) The commodore took the Span-

iards by surprise. (2) He took the offensive instantly, and chose his own time and distance. (3) He so handled his fleet, and the captains so handled their ships, that the gun-captains were given the most perfect opportunity. (4) Officers and men were in excellent discipline. (5) The gun-captains fired straight. (6) Officers and men kept quiet and cool. (7) The guns' crews were well drilled, and carried out the orders of their captains quickly. (8) The guns, gun-carriages, projectiles, powder, fuses, and primers were admirable, and had been kept in good condition. (9) The ships were well constructed, and had been kept in good condition. (10) The engines were well constructed, and had been kept in good condition; and the engineer's force had been splendidly drilled. (11) There was a feeling of confidence in the mind of every man that the commodore would do the best thing at every juncture, and this feeling of confidence in the commodore was also reposed in the captains and officers, and reciprocally was felt by the commodore, captains, and officers toward the men. The effect of this buoyant and mutual trust cannot be overvalued; and when added to this was a calm "preparedness of mind," and a clear comprehension of the dangers of battle, coupled with "a heart for any fate," we can see why not one single man in all the fleet, at any stage of the fight, showed the smallest tendency to weaken or do anything unworthy.

A SONG.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

AT thy voice my heart
Wakes as a bird
Wakes in the night,
With sudden rapture stirred.

At thy look my soul
Soars as a flame
Soars from the dark
Toward heaven, whence it came.

At thy love my life
Lifts from the clod
As a lily lifts
From its dark sleep toward God.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

PHYSICIAN, SCIENTIST, AND AUTHOR.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.



OME men enter the kingdom of letters through their works, and some through their work. Some have no deeds but their books, and some books are but past deeds in a new dress. Before they write, these must learn life, and those write forthwith and at the threshold, by instinct, and not of experience. Where form rules, supreme utterance comes not at all, or it comes early, continuing late or ceasing soon. For such, as for young poets, form comes by a natural inspiration. Like young birds, they learn from elder singers a song for which their throats alone are fit. Where experience points the pen, and fruits in expression, form is mastered but slowly, and success comes late. These learn first the trade of life, and then the trade of letters. But since the Renaissance, and in the modern mill, few lives are long enough for more than one trade. The public has usually scant respect for the second crop from a tilled field. The long life breeds the longer challenge. Men are loath to confess excellence where they see variety—with reason: unless the first trade has had some field for training the second, at it men do but ill.

Those who seem to come late have, in truth, begun early, and, like Dryden, link diverse and opposing schools. When men come, in the safer perspective of time, to write of Dr. Weir Mitchell,—and it is as a man of letters that his various life will interest the future,—they will see in him a link between the school of the "Atlantic" and the school of THE CENTURY—between that clearly defined and organic group which centered in New England, in whose later years he appeared as somewhat of an alien, and that wider, less-defined gathering of romancers and verse-makers, not altogether confined to any one magazine, which for a quarter of a century has stood for new effort in a period of transition. It began earlier with the ebbing tide of the Rebellion. With the new outlook of the Spanish war, it is like to take new shape. Others in it wrote early for the "Atlantic," and late for THE CEN-

TURY, some with a more numerous, and several with a more considerable, literary product; but none so clearly reflects earlier standards as Dr. Mitchell in his short stories in the "Atlantic," and his first poems, and none, like him, has had the good fortune, part by accident and part by natural development, to emphasize the change of the last ten years, to share and to stimulate the thrill of romance and the throb of a new national pride the swelling tide of which swept "Hugh Wynne" to high success. For the novel, moment is no less important than matter. When "Hugh Wynne" appeared, the reading land was weary of doubt, depreciation, and the dull light of a day of realism.

To these earlier stories of the sixties, for which one must search, and which enjoy only a reflected value, Dr. Mitchell came as a physician of rising promise. The forty years since he was thus recognized, between twenty-five and thirty years of age, are evenly and aptly divided between a score in which he won eminence in his profession alone, and twenty more in which his progress in letters has seen a growth as steady as in his position in medicine. His father, Dr. John Kearsley Mitchell, was a physician before him, a professor in Jefferson Medical College, and, like his son, loved letters. There was in the family line that close association with a British stock—Dr. Mitchell's grandfather came to Virginia in 1786—which, the observant note, gives a somewhat more rugged physical basis, the chill and heat of our continental climate stimulating nerve rather than muscle. To every Philadelphian "John Kearsley" recalls the architect of Christ Church and the building of Independence Hall, a colonial line which became Dr. Mitchell's through the marriage of his grandfather, Dr. Alexander Mitchell. Rooted by this colonial ancestry in our American past, his descent from that early fruitful immigration drawn by the success of our own Revolution, and driven by the yeasting of Europe, brought Dr. Mitchell in closer and more intimate touch with the professional and personal life of England and Paris than were most Americans of the decade before the

Civil War, a period of detachment in our American life in which we were unconsciously gathering for the death-grapple near. Acquaintance abroad gave insight and a clearer knowledge of life at home, and with all this life the successful physician of Philadelphia is related. In Europe the physician has never quite overcome his origin, and while he has discarded the barber's pole and basin, the community remembers both. In our other American cities the doctor is professional, learned, lettered, and benignant, but not part of the material machine. In Philadelphia he is. From the beginning, he has led in her city life, served on councils, furnished a "signer," tided the city over yellow fever, figured on the boards of great corporations, enjoyed weight in all fields, and been heard on all issues. In not another American city would councils have responded with an appropriation of four hundred thousand dollars, as happened half a dozen years ago, when the College of Physicians sent to the mayor a delegation, headed by Dr. Mitchell, to point out an imminent sanitary need. This position in local affairs is matched by eminence in the national relations of the profession, and among those thus eminent Dr. Mitchell was early brought. He was twenty-three when he published his first medical paper, in 1852, succeeded since by over a hundred, with a score besides on subjects more scientific than medical. He was in an atmosphere of observation, experiment, and studious advance. His natural bent was toward the professor's life that his father led. A happy fate saved him for better things. The Civil War brought that flood of clinical material which was to recast the practice and restate the principles of American medicine. Cases recorded by the thousand in hospitals which numbered wounds, disease, and death by the ten thousand set in ordered discovery the action and reaction of injured nerves. The obscure relation which their strain and injury bore to vital processes grew clear. Modern medicine exults in analysis, and but too often has made disease plain without bringing health near. The synthetic habit has run through all of Dr. Mitchell's work, not less in letters than in medicine; and out of the long observation of many years there was slowly evolved that complex and balanced nursing of exhausted and deranged vital faculties,—their ebb manifest in nervous disorder,—which has come familiarly to be known as the "rest cure," and on which Dr. Mitchell's wider fame as healer rests.

Foreshadowed in "Wear and Tear" (1870), expounded in a medical paper (1875), and laid fully before the profession in "Fat and Blood" (1877), both books bring to medical exposition, literary gift. This larger work, translated into half the languages of Europe, was preceded and followed by a swarm of lesser papers. The largest and most consecutive group of these dealt with the venom of serpents, and recorded the observation of twenty years, culminating in two monographs. Bibliographies are easily prolonged in a day of facile publication. Dr. Mitchell's long list of over one hundred and thirty carries an extraordinary number which record a fresh discovery or observation, perpetually breaking ground in some new field, and as perpetually shedding light on some old problem. They are replete with that scientific sentry spirit which challenges every strange fact that crosses its beat. Their character has been recognized by election to the National Academy of Sciences, the most select and sifted body in our national life. Nor in medicine has any honor been lacking, local, national, or in the world-life of a great calling which knows international boundaries as little as science.

Past fifty, letters began. The signs of this desire in men of success, but not of expression, the reviewer knows only too well—dreary failures, all. Since 1880 there have come from Dr. Mitchell seven novels, two books of fairy stories and a volume of short stories, four poetic dramas, six slender volumes of verse, and essays, addresses, and brief articles ranging over all the fields of letters, and dealing with many phases of both medicine and science. It is idle to anticipate the verdict of the future in these things. Present criticism is always mere comparative guessing, as witness all the past. Clear it is that there is here an ability and skill which stamps everything with a certain original interest. Much challenges the highest place, or one just short of it. If "Hugh Wynne" stood alone, how high and unchallenged would the level be? But to the contemporary, for whom all literary experience echoes the risk of contemporary criticism, be it for praise or blame, the multifarious variety must attract—the range, the ease, and the industry, and, since living is itself an art not less than letters, the skilfully disposed life, divided through so many years in the busier months between arduous practice and a constant share in public, local, and professional affairs, and in months less busy given to letters, to the open fields, to the sal-

mon river, and to a wide social circle on both sides of the ocean.

The earlier temptation which comes to most who can express at all had been put aside, at the advice of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who divined, not genius, but aptitude, and urged on Dr. Mitchell the strictly professional path. Form was not dominant. Experience was needed. Twenty years later, the cup brimmed. Yet, not what a man knows, but what he can tell, decides his place in literature. If thought or experience could open that gate, the way would be broad, and many would walk in it. "Hephzibah Guinness" (1880), a volume of three short tales of older Philadelphia, was somewhat thin, and in outline, clear, lucid, laden—perhaps overladen—with atmosphere; but the figures were shadowy, and the movement was that of the frieze—processional. The physician, whose work in letters from Dante to Keats has lifted larger than that of either of his colleagues who settle the disputes or decide the faith of men, brings to it the keener knowledge which comes from the perpetual observation of men as bodies, and bodies as men. Illusions are few, and the more acrid certainties of life many; but there is also present the perception of the supremacy of high nature, courage, and self-sacrifice, of the proud restraint of men and the fond devotion of women. These grow clear to the physician. He, like the "Happy Warrior,"

Doomed to go in company with pain
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train!
In face of these, doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves,
Of their bad influence and their good receives;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice.

To those who both know and love, not eulogy, but description. The hopeless books have not been written by doctors. "Tolerance," that singular physical virtue, so little understood by the layman, so much trusted by the wise physician, is the note of the physician's attitude in letters. Experience, perception, penetration, sympathy—these are present in his work, and with them knowledge of the ultimate physical phenomena which difference and decide character. "In War Time" (1882) and "Roland Blake" (1884) are born of days when the settled, moored, enwharfed life of Philadel-

phia felt the hot breath of war. The resisting strength of breeding and the weakness of selfishness bred by the hard struggle, on a level less protected by the influence of hereditary capacity to refuse the ignoble, is the crux of both books, as it is the knot to the loosening of which Dr. Mitchell, as novelist, steadily addresses himself. Happy these books are in their lesser characters, and happiest in such study from life as Octopia, the family vampire, who devours all that faithful love lays at her bedside. The faultless accuracy of the case-book is lighted by the inspiration which early made Apollo lord both of learning and of healing. Distinctly "Roland Blake" advances on "In War Time." In the latter sunlight is absent. Things are told, not seen. The rush and surge of the tide of life which launches a novel on the broad sea of romance is in both lacking. The books close; they do not end. "Far in the Forest" (1888), like "When all the Woods are Green" (1894), reflects the personal experience and observation of the cultivated man in the ruder life of the woods, direct, breezy, and more skilfully told. In "Characteristics" (1892) the full experience of life first found its full instrument of expression. These running dialogues stand almost alone in English letters. Their technical difficulty is great. Arthur Helps is well-nigh the only other person who has coped with it as successfully, for in Landor one trumpet-note triumphant swells o'er all the rest. In "Characteristics" gnomic power is present, a capacity to see from within as men are lighted by the eery light of the swallowed lamp surges use, and a knowledge of the interacting relations of life as it is, the reality which comes, not from detail, but from ensemble, and, most precious of all, the sentence which leaves the reader thinking: "How wise I would be if I could think of *that* when I need it!"

Medium and the public were now mastered. Skill and attention were both won. This facility was transferred to a new field, instinct with romance, and all the strands of a life of multifarious activities were united in "Hugh Wynne." Life, skill, and the moment joined. The intimate knowledge of the nature of men and women; the personal acquaintance with the Revolution, local, traditional, by residence, by descent, by kin, and by marriage; the sense of the American ideal of gentleness, loftier and more uncompromising than the European, and breathing a freer air, higher and more secure; the serene confidence in the national movement, based

on even-footed acquaintance with the Old World and the New; the constancy of character and principle—these all met and mingled in this romance, just as the nation itself had unawares reached a new resolve to take its place on the world's stage and play its fit part in the responsibilities, the rewards, and the sacrifice of empire. The swift acceptance of this romance, written at sixty-eight by a man whose first novel was published at fifty-two, must, to the critic familiar with literary history, raise doubt as to its future, though late novels last, as witness Richardson and Defoe; but it is at least matter of historical record that no like work in our letters has had such swift reward, or better met the national moment.

The just taste, historical imagination, and high aim apparent in this work run level in the verse published by Dr. Mitchell since "The Hill of Stones" appeared, in 1882. Of the portfolioful submitted to Holmes, only "Herndon" now appeared. By slow degrees the inexorable needs of form were being mastered, and as in prose, so in verse, final achievement has come only after the long toil for form of a lifetime. In verse, form is all. Every sensitive man or woman thinks poetry. The raw material of verse is as widely spread as the billions of tons of gold diffused in sea-water or glacial clays, and returns as little to the critical assayer. In the earlier poem, taste, imitative capacity, the restraints and reserves of literary breeding, an acquaintance with all the rules of the poetic game, were clear. But the work grew under sedulous application. The dramatic quality first appeared. When Mr. Wilson Barrett presented "The Masque," there was probably no person present familiar with the lines who was not amazed at their stage force and value, so little can the critical reader grasp the dramatic weight and worth of a strong acting play-poem. Two dramas in verse, "Francis Drake" (1893) and "Philip Vernon" (1895), cast in the Elizabethan period, display like dramatic capacity. It is pleasant to know that Dr. Mitchell's readings of "Francis Drake"—singularly effective these readings were, though setting at naught many sound principles of the art—paid for the purchase and preservation of the site of Raleigh's early colony, relieved by Drake, "Fort Raleigh" on Roanoke Island. But dramatic power has no necessary relation to literary quality. Some of the strongest plays are not literature, and some dramas, while literature of a high order, are worthless as plays. The "Vernon," like

"The Cup of Youth" (1889), laid in Florence, 1632, are dramas of character rather than of plot, owe more to situation than to action, reflect rather than give the atmosphere of the period, and attract by phrases that challenge thought and lines that stir the imagination, while the verse never sinks below a certain level, and often rises to a high one. In poems of dramatic narration, like "François Villon" (1890), a field Dr. Mitchell has made his own, and in some of the forms of which he is almost alone, there is a like union of the same qualities which attract, enliven, stimulate, and inspire. If they do not convince and command as does the final and supreme utterance of poetry, it is well to remember that this is true of only the very fewest—so few that a narrow shelf will hold them all, from the very beginning of time. A stretch of centuries has often known not one. Adopt a different standard, and more fair, by which the verse of a literature, a nation, or a generation is daily measured, and it is at once apparent that in the single volume of "Collected Poems" (1896) there is much that the anthologies, as they take their pick of the best of verse, will not forget, and which the recitation will long remember. Humor, knowledge of the sadness of things, the stir of adventure, passion, tenderness, and devotion to lofty thought, are all present in these pages, framed in ennobling verse. The future literary historian will rank the general body level with the higher achievement of American verse, 1885-98, when most were written; and in certain genre of dramatic narration, "Dominique de Gourgues" and "The Huguenot" have no equal, and there is here and there the flash of power. In philosophic poetry the final and satisfying achievement is in "The Magnolia." Much philosophic poetry goes before in these pages, but it is true of all such attempts, by whomsoever written, that until such poetry is linked to nature's ordered march it moves little. Poetry is concrete. Mere philosophic thought as such has no place in it, is but a misuse of verse. Dower it, as in "The Magnolia," with some pulse of visible being, and poetry quickens and is alive.

Those most acquainted with the entire range of English poetry, before and after its division into Anglican and American verse, are best aware how little of the latter is in the foremost rank of both; but here at least is a poem which holds even place with the few best of either land.

Physician, novelist, poet, man of letters

and of affairs, discoverer in science and in medicine, familiar through a long life with the best, and giving of the best, sharing our heroic period in his early manhood, and aiding in later years to inspire and awaken a new national ideal, it is not the fond fancy

of a friend—and as a friend, but, I trust, an honest friend, I write—which sees that few figures in later American letters will be more closely followed when men come to sum their growth and change at the close of the century.

LOWELL'S IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

FROM HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

WITH A PREFATORY NOTE ON SPANISH POLITICS BY THE HON. A. A. ADEE.



PHILOSOPHER, and in particular a genial one, shrewd to observe, and yet indulgent to, the foibles of his fellows, whom he surveys in the light of an amused and charitable

introspection of his own nature, is apt to make a good diplomatist. Of this type was Franklin, the precursor of a distinguished line of American representatives at foreign courts taken from the walks of letter-craft. High in the ranks of these stood Lowell.

When, therefore, the relations of our country to Spain had reached a stage of comparative repose; when, after long turmoil and change, regular in its very inconsistency, the Celtiberian nation had wiped out old scores at home, pacified its unruly province beyond the sea, and addressed itself to the cultivation of civil well-being and progress, it was entirely fitting that our government should turn from the employment of soldier-diplomatists like Sickles, and wily masters of profoundest jurisprudence like Cushing, as its envoys, and revert to the policy which, in 1842, on the eve of the girl-queen Isabel's assumption of the reins of government in her own thirteen-year-old right, had prompted the selection of Washington Irving as minister to the court of San Fernando.

Sickles and Cushing had borne the heat and burden of the long diplomatic campaign that opened with the Cuban revolution of 1868 and closed with the establishment of the judicial rights of our citizens in Spain and its insular possessions by the signature of the Cushing-Calderon protocol in January, 1877. During most of these nine years the political aspect of Spain had been kaleidoscopic. From the downfall and flight of Isabel II, September 30, 1868, to the

restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in the person of her son, Alfonso XII, the land had seen its governments come and depart like shadows, its fields harried by the wars of the Carlists and the communists, and the ever-faithful island of Cuba wasted by the ten years' rebellion of Yara. To the provisional triumvirate of Prim, Serrano, and Topete, which took hold of power on Isabel's dethronement, succeeded the regency of Serrano, under which a new monarchical constitution was framed, and the unlucky search for an exotic king begun. The candidacy of Hohenzollern having served for naught save to set France and Germany at war, more expedient counsels prevailed in the election and enthronement of Amadeo of Savoy at the beginning of 1870. Despite his sturdy devotion to the tenets of constitutional rule and his undying honesty of purpose in all that becomes the man of honor and the stainless monarch, the Italian prince's alien-ship was a fatal bar to his conquest of the love of an intensely national race, so that at the last, disheartened by the hopelessness of the task, and confronted by the need of an arbitrary dissolution of a hostile parliament and a resort to the traditional electoral methods of Castile to prop up a tottering power by the facile return of a subservient Cortes, Amadeo abdicated on February 11, 1873. The Senate and Chamber of Deputies, by an act of sheer usurpation, dissolved their separate constitutional existence, and declared themselves as forming in common union a constituent assembly to frame a government as the self-appointed delegates of the people. The short-lived republic was the outcome. Its first president, that grandly incorruptible statesman Estanislao Figueras, was succeeded in mid-June by Francisco Pi y Margall, a man of dreamy theories and amiable

lack of grip; on July 18 by Nicolas Salmeron, the most practical of the fleeting line; and on September 7 by Emilio Castelar, the orator, whose rule was troublous enough. To the remittent agony of the Carlist rebellion, which rose anew to confront the young republic, had been added the cantonal risings of July, when the southern and eastern provinces and even isolated towns proclaimed independent statehood and clamored for a federation. To oppose this movement, due as much to Castelar's former teachings as to any other motive, it became necessary to revive the eras of militarism, from which Spain had already too long suffered. On September 21, the Assembly suspended its sittings until January, conferring the supreme dictatorship, during the interval, upon Castelar's council of ministers. On January 2 Castelar resigned his office to the reassembled Córtes and invited a vote of confidence, which was overwhelmingly rejected. The next night, January 3, 1874, while the Assembly was deliberating the choice of still another president, the republic fell by the *coup d'état* of General Pavia, who set up the presidency-dictatorship of Serrano in its stead. A year later, the shards and scraps of the political kaleidoscope took a fresh arrangement through the rude jolt given by Marshal Martinez de Campos, who, on December 29, 1874, set up the Bourbon standard at Sagunto, and, backed by the whole army, placed Alfonso XII on the throne, with Cánovas del Castillo as regent until his Majesty should return from his school-days' exile.

Throughout all these changes the people of Spain seem to have been the first to acquiesce, as they were the last to be consulted by the metropolitan makers of regents, presidents, and kings. Like their Gallic neighbors, anything was welcome to the masses that might not bode increased strife and taxation, and each successive administration took office with the reassuring promise of reform and stability. Hence, as Mr. Cushing wrote of the accession of Alfonso, "it did not appear at all extraordinary to the Spaniards, on waking up, to find that the republic had vanished and the monarchy returned with the dramatic celerity of a change of scenery at the opera. . . . The people are beginning to conceive that *revolutionism*, as a principle or theory of government, is the climax of nonsense and absurdity, seeing that it is to convert the desperate remedy for a mortal disease into the daily food of its life, and thus, under pretense of

curing the occasional ills of the body politic, to condemn it to inevitable death and dissolution. In a word, weary of empiricism, demagoguery, and anarchy, Spain seeks refuge once more in the hoped-for repose of its traditional institutions of religion and hereditary monarchy."¹

In a little more than six years Spain had endured as many changes in the form of government, having tried the provisional committee, the regency, the elective monarchy, the republic, the dictatorship, and the restored hereditary monarchy. During the ten and a half months of the republic, five presidents had been installed, not to mention the sixteen hours' phantom, Pedregal, whose insignificance set Madrid agape, and who retired before the street clamor "¿Quiénes Pedregal?" without even forming a cabinet. Carlism and cantonalism had wasted the land and burdened its people with dread and debt. The Cuban war still dragged on, in spite of endless sacrifice of life and treasure and the concession of emancipation and political reforms. As worse could hardly be expected to come, the revived monarchy under a native sovereign might at least be a presage of better things, such as a union of the contending internal factions of the realm, and an era of tranquillity and dedication to normal pursuits. The hope proved not wholly in vain. The next few years saw the country in peace at home, while across the seas the fires of insurrection in Cuba were visibly waning before the peculiarly persuasive treatment of Martinez de Campos, who finally, in 1877, brought about the truce of Zanjón.

It was under these favorable conditions that Mr. Lowell went to Spain, in August, 1877, there to remain until his transfer to the London mission in January, 1880. No grave international responsibility confronted him. The only cloud on the good relations of the United States and Spain, the *Virginian* quarrel, had been dispelled through the settlement effected by his predecessor. In the Spanish eye he came, not to continue the disputatious and aggressive diplomacy of Sickles and Cushing, but to revive the amiable traditions of Washington Irving's day. With the natural confusion of surnames on the paternal and maternal side, which in Castilian usage are combined in one double appellation, the leading government organ welcomed "the poet Russell, equally with the diplomatist Lowell." He was even familiarly greeted by some as "José Bighlow," with the

¹ Mr. Cushing to Mr. Fish, January 5, 1875.

hopeful anticipation that a fresh volume of dialectic verse might result from his Spanish experiences; while others, more lately informed, trusted that he would, from his window, survey with kindly philosophic gaze the more lovable and human side of the Spanish character. I think he himself planned to leave some enduring record of his sojourn. His maturer mind did not gratefully accept the measure of intellectual power which a reversion to the aphoristic critical standard of John P. Robinson would have imposed. Possessing a singularly well-grounded acquaintance with the Castilian tongue and literature, he looked wistfully forward to revisiting the Spain of his youth, the land where the traditions of Fernando and Isabel still lingered, to associating in the flesh with modern Santa Teresas, Luis de Leons, Calderons, and Quevedos on a footing of old acquaintance-ship, and to collecting the matter for some great literary work. The Spain of to-day, unstable, frivolous, and wholly reminiscent, without the will or the physical power to revert to dimly remembered heights of greatness, was to be to him a sore disillusionment.

His reception was as congenial to his simple nature as it was flattering to his vanity as a writer. His induction to court life was not among the stately surroundings of the Palacio Real, but at the summer seat of San Ildefonso, the famed Granja. The monarch he met was a laughing boy, full of easy-going camaraderie, happy in the double flush of royal honors and of love's young witchery. His first court meal was an unconventional family dinner where the prattle of Alfonso and his cousin Mercedes overbore mere statecraft and political science. His first intimate associate was Manuel Silvela, the minister for foreign affairs, an accomplished man of letters, more prone to discuss a play of Lope's than a commercial treaty, through whom he gained instant entrance into the charmed circle of the literati, and set up his court among them as an acknowledged leader. The friendship of Lowell for Silvela lasted throughout his mission. He was fortunate, too, in winning the close friendship of that far-sighted statesman, Cánovas, not only by far the ablest of Spain's nineteenth century leaders, but one of the foremost leaders of Europe, of whose political "omnipotence" he quaintly writes.

No great historical event marked the career of Spain during Lowell's stay. He witnessed, on January 23, 1878, the love-match of the boy-king with his girl-cousin

Mercedes, a natural sequel to the love-making of the Granja family dinner of the preceding August. Five months later he, a sincere mourner among mourners, attended the funeral pageant of the young queen, who in her brief but sunny throne life had by her sweetness and tact overcome the resentful distrust with which the people at first received the daughter of the disliked Montpensier, and won the love of a generous nation.¹ On November 29, 1879, he saw the union of Alfonso with that true-hearted and devoted wife and mother, the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria, who, later, in 1886, after the young king's death, was to ascend the throne as dowager queen regent during the minority of the posthumous heir, Alfonso XIII, the present King of Spain. Betweenwhiles Lowell joined in the ceremonial congratulations to his Majesty upon his unharmed escape from the bullets of the anarchists Moncasi and Otero. He duly advised the Department of State of all these happenings, investing each with the charm of his exquisite style. At times, lacking weightier matters of discourse, he did not disdain to rehearse gravely some passing tattle or whispered scandal of the court, or to relate some humorous incident, better fitted for the editorial fourth column of a metropolitan daily than for the shelves of a staid foreign office. His habit of making his departmental reports delightful reading is seen in the despatches here for the first time printed. Even the repulsive dryness of a negotiation for commercial reciprocity did not daunt him; he found in the Spanish presentation of the case the text for a homily on Castilian sensitiveness. All this shows how great a loser the world has been by Lowell's failure to make an ever-living book about Spain. Like many men to whom composition is a pastime and a delight, the Hamlet-like habit of putting off sober tasks to a more convenient season was uppermost, and in his half-indolent, half-satiated enjoyment of what each day brought to him, he unconsciously adopted as his motto the Spanish saw he often quoted, *Mañana es otro día* ("There is another day to-morrow"). His private letters to his intimates, some phrased in choice Castilian, had in them the meat and marrow of a dozen books.

Lowell wrote little of the domestic politics of Spain, perhaps appreciating the difficulty

¹ For an account of the attractive personality of young Mercedes, see the reminiscences by Henrietta C. Dana entitled "A Queen at School," in this Magazine for April, 1878.—EDITOR.

of making clear to an alien mind that which is and ever must be incomprehensible to the Castilians themselves, and none the less so to the alien observer. He hints as much in the exordium of the long despatch which follows. Necessarily lacking the knowledge of the true springs of national impulse deep down in the heart of the masses, he dealt with the surface indications, and analyzed the character and motives of the men on top, whose peculiarities most caught his attention. He gave away no state secrets, for he had none to give. His kindly nature forbade any wounding comment or trenchant imputations,—for which unhappily there is as much room in Spain as in any other land whose latter-day history is made up of political drifts and eddies,—but with epigrammatic facility he has hit off personal traits and suggested personal motives, always speaking *ex cathedra* with the same lofty impartiality as though dissecting the by-gone rivalries and intrigues of Athens or Rome. One can hardly fail to see that criticism like this is of all time; that the puppets and the scene may change, while the action goes on; that, after all, the story and the moral are merely those of the world-old struggle between the ins and the outs; and that the winning by partizans of their master's good grace is, to quote Lowell's words, but the indifferent shifting of a cloud of gnats "from the head of one passer-by to that of another." Analysis like this throws no light on the great problems of racial destiny. It cannot compute the cyclic movements of peoples. But it is charming reading all the same, as much so as a study from the essayist's window at Cambridge.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. LOWELL'S OFFICIAL LETTERS.

MADRID, 26 August, 1878.

I HAVE always been chary of despatches concerning the domestic politics of Spain, because my experience has taught me that political prophets who make even an occasional hit, and that in their own country, where they are presumed to know the character of the people and the motives likely to influence them, are as rare as great discoverers in science. Such a conjunction of habitual observation with the faculty of instantaneous logic that suddenly precipitates the long accumulations of experience, whose angles may be measured and their classification settled, can hardly be expected of an observer in a foreign country. Its his-

tory is no longer an altogether safe guide, for, with the modern facility of intercommunication, influences from without continue to grow more and more directly operative; and yet wherever, as in Spain, the people is almost wholly dumb, there is no means of judging how great the infiltration of new ideas may have been. Where there is no well-defined national consciousness with recognized organs of expression, there can be no public opinion, and therefore no way of divining what its attitude is likely to be under any given circumstances.

Spaniards especially have been so habituated to sudden changes and to revolutions that began in a corner that they are apt to reckon confidently on the probability of one. In what I shall say I shall not repeat what Spaniards have said to me, but shall give my own conclusions from a study of the press, and from what I have been able to gather from the impressions of intelligent foreigners who have been traveling in Spain, with favorable opportunities of learning what the state of feeling really is, at least in the large cities.

There are many parties, with more or less distinctly outlined principles or opinions; but the will, the ideas, the aspirations, I might almost say the very life, of all these is, I think, more completely in Spain than in most other countries, personified in certain leaders with whom selfish ambitions are apt, sooner or later, to take the place of principle, and whose partizans unconsciously substitute them for the interests of the country. It is almost always the probable action or inaction of certain leaders that the newspapers discuss, though there is no lack of ability for the treatment of more comprehensive questions. The concentration of all national life in the capital tends to intensify the personal rivalries, jealousies, and animosities of these leaders by the immediate contact of competitors, and by the sight of men in power who perhaps started from a lower level than themselves. If we add to this an unmistakable tinge of Orientalism, and a very large infusion in the upper and middle classes of the most intense, restless, aspiring, and unscrupulous blood of all, the Jewish, perhaps we should rather wonder at the moderation than the passion of Spanish politics. It should be remembered also that the Spanish people (the elections being a sham) have no regulated and constitutional method of expressing their will, and that repression has its natural result of intensifying the desires it thwarts, and not only of justifying the

means by the end, but of gradually substituting the one for the other.

The *empleomania*, which is the dry-rot of Spain, as it threatens to become of the United States, supplies every leader with a momentarily devoted band of adherents, ready to transfer themselves at any moment to a more promising chief, as a cloud of gnats shifts indifferently from the head of one passer-by to that of another. There are always at least three pretenders to the seat of power—the ousted line of the royal family, the Conservatives, and the radical Republicans. Don Carlos is for the present out of the question, because he is out of funds, and the Republicans have no ostensible strength in the *Córtes*, so that the former cannot brew a civil war, nor the latter aspire to defeat, and so to change, the ministry by those parliamentary methods which are assumed to be in practice, and all the motions of which are performed with the gravity of Roman augurs. The parties which make any show in the *Córtes* are the *Moderados* (Tories), *Moderados-Históricos* (High Tories and Ultramontanes), and the *Constitucionalistas*, who demand the adoption of the more liberal constitution of 1869. These are all royalists of different shades, or profess to be so, though the last-named have decided republican leanings, and could easily reconcile themselves with a republic which should put them in power.

The government of Señor Cánovas, of course, permits and even favors the election as deputies of a few opponents who are harmless, like Señor Castelar; but real opposition in the *Córtes* there is none. By real opposition I mean one based on principle and with any chance of carrying through a single measure of its own, or defeating one of the government. This seems to be one of the chief dangers of Señor Cánovas's position, and that in two ways: first, by begetting that blind trust in absolute power which in the possessor of it insensibly substitutes will for reason; and, second, because legitimate discontent that is not supplied with safe vents will be sure to make or seek dangerous outlets.

The fact that all parties of the nominal opposition are announcing their intention, with more or less emphasis, to practise what is decorously called "a policy of abstention" at the approaching elections, shows that for the moment, at least, the actual government has the game in its own hands. The question for a looker-on is merely whether the wisest advantage is taken of the powerful hand.

So far as I can judge with my present means, Señor Cánovas del Castillo seems to me at present not only the ablest politician in Spain, but in many important respects capable also of being her most far-seeing statesman. He has the great advantage (especially rare here) of being familiar with history and with the great principles which underlie it. He is by far the strongest parliamentary debater in the *Córtes*, the only one who goes straight to the question and never wanders from it. Señor Castelar is no doubt more eloquent; but his speeches always, in my judgment, obscure his subject with a rainbow-tinted mist, through which the most familiar objects look strangely unreal. His principles of action (I might almost call them principles of diction) have always, like the goddess of Homer, a convenient cloud into which they withdraw at need from mortal apprehension. But if the use of speech be to move men rather than to persuade them, he is, I am ready to believe, the greatest of contemporary orators, and comparable with the greatest of any period, especially with Lamartine in 1848. He says many sensible, many wise things, but they seem with him rather acquired than intuitive.

The weak point, then, in Señor Cánovas's position is his omnipotence, for this, without omniscience to steady it, is almost sure to become headstrong and contemptuous of conciliation. He has, and justly, a very high conception of his own ability, and of his services to the country; but I think I have seen symptoms of the degeneration of this sense of his own value into a belief that he is indispensable. This is sometimes the most fatal dementia of those whom *Deus vult perdere*.

I am speaking of a country, it should be remembered, which has adopted constitutional forms, but has never acquired the habitude of constitutional procedure when shorter methods seem for the moment more effective or convenient. The policy of Señor Cánovas is, on the whole (under the convenient euphemism of liberal-conservative), a reactionary one, and seems in danger of becoming more so. This may be the result of a real conviction in his own mind resulting from the errors and excesses of the short-lived republic; or he may be acting on the belief that such a conviction is strong enough and general enough in the public mind to form the secure basis of a policy; or it may have had its origin in a miscalculation of the strength of the reactionary movement in

France. In either case it is mistaking the eddy for the current. Either of these may be supposed to be the motive of Señor Cánovas, the politician. But I think that we may both charitably and probably assume a different one for Señor Cánovas, the statesman. I will suppose that he reasons thus: "The great need of the country is repose and a stable administration. These are the preliminary conditions of reform, a reform of which I see the need and wish the success as much as any man. The problem, therefore, is to establish a government liberal enough in form to keep the Republicans from rising, and repressive enough in fact to keep the Tories from plotting."

The objection to a policy which for the moment may neutralize both parties, but satisfies neither, is that, in military phrase, the administration which pursues it is in the air. It has no solid base and no reserves of strength. During his three years of power Señor Cánovas has failed to form a party. He has been governing by a league of incongruous fractions which consented to unite upon him as the readiest temporary expedient, and will drop away from him the moment the leaders think they see a chance of realizing their own special political opinions, or of getting into power without him. His cabinet is incongruous (as a cabinet of compromise cannot fail to be), and therefore weak, while all its mistakes are sure to be laid at the door of its chief.

The dynasty, I hear from all quarters, and not from Spaniards alone, does not strike root. Discontent, mainly due to economic derangements, resulting sometimes from general causes, sometimes also, it is true, from unwise, unequal, or too often corrupt administration, is universal. Taxation is so excessive that in many provinces hundreds (the newspapers say thousands) of farms are abandoned to the tax-gatherer. The Biscayan provinces are full of resentment at the abolition of their ancient privileges, and against Señor Cánovas as the author of it. I need not say that in Spain, more than anywhere else, discontent is likely to take a political turn, which means, for the most part, a violent one. When the feeling is general, even though without definite object, it begets pronunciamientos by offering them the chances of success. Though, as I have said, the instincts (or perhaps I should say the habits) of absolutism are still predominant, yet the last forty years have made a great change in the Spanish people. The middle classes have become intelligent, rich,

and conscious of their value and of the power which results from it. They would be content, or, at any rate, quiet, under a constitutional monarchy, where the elections, the press, education, and religious belief were free; but they are republicans in theory and in their habits of life.

In considering the chances of a change of ministries, another element is to be taken into consideration, and that is the personal preferences of the king. Señor Cánovas has been governing, it is true, by what seem to be parliamentary methods, and has the support of an apparent parliamentary majority. But the whole arrangement is artificial, and the majority represents no definite opinions either in the *Córtes* or the country, unless we understand by a definite opinion the determination to have no opinions at all. The supporters of Señor Cánovas look on him as a plank in shipwreck to which they are content to cling for the present, but every one of them with the hope or intention of making a bridge of it, one of these days. Intrigues are going on continually, and as the king, of course, has the right of dismissing and summoning ministers, these intrigues, as always hitherto in Spain, center around the palace. It is true that theoretically the calling of new counselors should follow a parliamentary defeat of the old; but as the majority in the *Córtes* is purely factitious, it can never play the part of a reality, and accordingly it is very natural for one who is *out* and wishes to be *in* to argue, and not very hard to persuade himself, that the *sic volo, sic jubeo*, of the king is at least as good as that of Señor Cánovas.

The king is intelligent and well-meaning, but can hardly be expected at his age to take a very comprehensive view of politics. Ministerial writers are fond of pointing to the advantage he has had in an education of exile. But such an education has also its very great disadvantages. While it may enable him to know more of the world (though this is doubtful in the case of a prince), it has prevented his becoming acquainted with his own country. It has put him under personal obligations (such as no ruler should permit) to those who were faithful to him in evil days. It may have habituated him to intrigue, with all its dangerous and debasing consequences. His country may have come to seem a stake to be played for, rather than the noblest and most exacting of responsibilities.

The newspapers have been discussing nearly all summer the possibilities and probabilities of a change, and what is called the

solucion Posada Herrera; that is, the formation of a new cabinet, with that gentleman as its head, has been constantly cropping out, and in various quarters. I confess that I attached no great importance to it until the "Epoca," a conservative paper hitherto Cánovist through thick and thin, took it up a few days ago, and published in the form of a correspondent's letter the report of a conversation with Señor Posada Herrera, in which, while expressing the greatest deference for Señor Cánovas del Castillo, he pointed out what he thought his mistakes of policy; thereby, of course, sketching by implication the course which a cabinet of his own selection would be likely to pursue. It is now whispered that the whole affair is an intrigue of the Duke of Sexto, governor of Don Alfonso when a boy, and now his *mayordomo mayor*, an office which brings him into continual and intimate contact with the king. . . .

A far more important piece of news just beginning to be whispered, and to which I give more credit, is the reported going over of General Serrano (the Duke of La Torre) to the Republicans, under some arrangement with Sagasta, leader of the Constitutionalists. Serrano is said to retain his influence and popularity with the army; he has been regent; is a man who reminds one of Marshal MacMahon, but with more good sense and more sympathy with modern ideas. Meanwhile, as some confirmation of the Serrano-Sagasta rumor, Señor Castelar, who had given rise to very fierce newspaper polemics in the democratic press by a privately circulated letter of which I have a copy, is inculcating reconciliation and union through his special organ, "El-Globo."

Señor Cánovas is fertile in resources, and it remains to be seen what his course will be, and how much strength the *status quo* still has in the country through the fear of possible disorder. My own conclusion is that, sooner or later (perhaps sooner rather than later), the final solution will be a conservative republic like that of France. Should the experiment there go on prosperously a few years longer, should the French Senate become sincerely republican at the coming elections, the effect here could not fail to be very great, perhaps decisive. In one respect the Spanish people are better prepared for a republic than might at first sight be supposed. I mean that republican habits in their intercourse with each other are and have long been universal. Every Spaniard is a caballero, and every Spaniard can rise from the ranks to position and power. This also

is in part, perhaps, an inheritance from the Mohammedan occupation of Spain. *Del rey ninguno abajo* is an ancient Spanish proverb implying the equality of all below the king. Manners, as in France, are democratic, and the ancient nobility here as a class are even more shadowy than the dwellers in the Faubourg St.-Germain.

In attacking Señor Cánovas, the opposition papers dwell upon the censorship of the press, upon the reestablishment of monarchism under other names, and upon the onerous restrictions under which the free expression of thought is impossible. The ministerial organs reply to the first charge that more journals were undergoing suspension at one time during the Liberal administration of Señor Sagasta than now; and this is true. The fact is that no party, and no party leader, in Spain is capable of being penetrated with the truth—perhaps the greatest discovery of modern times—that freedom is good, above all, because it is safe. Señor Cánovas is doing only what any other Spaniard would do in his place; that is, endeavoring to suppress opinions which he believes to be mischievous. But of the impolitic extreme to which the principle is carried under his administration, though, I suspect, without his previous consent, the following fact may serve as an example:

Señor Manuel Merelo, professor in the Instituto del Cardenal Cisneros, published, in 1869, a compendium of Spanish history for the use of schools. In speaking of the revolution of 1868, he wrote: "It is said that the light conduct [*las liviandades*] of Queen Isabel II was one of the causes of this catastrophe." After an interval of nine years he has been expelled from his chair, and his book suppressed.

If any change should take place, which I confess I do not expect, but which in a country of personal government and pronunciamientos is possible to-morrow, I think the new administration will find that, with the best intentions in the world, a country which has been misgoverned for three centuries is not to be reformed in a day. At the same time I believe Spain to be making rapid advances toward the conviction that a reform is imperative and can only be accomplished by the good will and, above all, the good sense of the entire nation. There are strong prejudices and rooted traditions to be overcome, but with time and patience I believe that Spain will accomplish the establishment of free institutions under whatever form of government.

20 October, 1877.

IN one of my late despatches (No. 10) I mentioned my belief that Spain was disposed to make a weapon of her commercial system. Whatever be the deliberate views of the government, it is quite certain, I think, from the tone of the press, that public opinion urges strongly in that direction. If Spain were richer and more powerful,—if she were as rich and powerful as, with her resources, she ought to be,—perhaps this would not be so, or at least not to the same degree; but, as it is, the national pride is sensitive in proportion to the country's decline in prosperity at home and consideration abroad, and pardonably enough seeks in the application of differential duties that which is denied in more noisy if less important fields.

If the armies and navies of Spain no longer weigh as once in the political scales of Europe, her custom-houses at least may continue to inspire the foreigner with a wholesome respect, and her scale of duties may still put her on a level with her most powerful rivals in diplomacy and war.

I am not condemning this as a weakness; for all national criticism in bulk is misleading and foolish, and I look upon the belief of Spaniards that Spain ought to be great and strong as the most promising agency of her future regeneration.

This sensitive nerve of theirs has just been jarred by the announcement, in a letter from Washington, that "by a decree of the President, dated September 7, an additional tonnage duty of fifty cents the ton (making eighty cents in all) has been laid on all Spanish vessels entering American ports." I had no information whatever on the subject, nor could any be found in such files of American papers as the legation possessed. I knew, of course, that "a decree of the President" showed an ignorance of our Constitution worthy of certain English ministers of fifteen years ago, and that the so-called "decree" could be nothing more than the putting in force by the Secretary of the Treasury of some provision in a previous act of Congress which he was authorized to do upon a certain contingency. Under the circumstances, I was not sure whether I ought not to think the whole story an invention. But as, whether true or not, it was making much excitement here, I thought best to inquire by telegraph, as I did two days ago. I found the Spanish government as much in the dark as I was.

The opposition press naturally enough

made the most of the affair, and advocated immediate retaliation, hinting at a certain want of national spirit in the ministry. The ministerial papers, no better informed than the rest of the world on a subject about which nobody knew anything whatever, were, of course, unwilling to be behindhand in patriotism, and equally so to advocate any inconsiderate action. But both parties are now agreed in counseling that an equivalent tonnage duty should be laid upon American vessels to the Peninsula and Balearic Islands. The Madrid Society of Political Economy, which is spoken of as a body of much weight, has also appointed a committee to wait upon the ministry with a similar recommendation. Thus all parties seem to be agreed that only one course is consistent with the dignity and interest of Spain. This is the more natural as the protectionist party is powerful here, and the ablest of the opposition journals, the "*Imparcial*," is a fervent believer in the virtues of a high tariff. I ought to add that the tone of all the newspapers I have seen has been perfectly dispassionate and courteous.

In the absence of any more exciting political topic, this piece of news from America assumed a somewhat dispassionate importance and gave some uneasiness to the ministry, who were sincerely anxious to preserve the most friendly relations with the United States. The minister of state at once made inquiries by telegraph of the Spanish representative at Washington. His answer was that such a tonnage duty had been laid on Spanish vessels, and that he would send further particulars in writing.

Yesterday Mr. Silvela called upon me, and it was evident that the affair was giving him a great deal of annoyance. He repeated what I have already told you concerning the attitude of the press and the current of public opinion. He said that the ministry were exceedingly reluctant to adopt any measure of retaliation, and would not do so unless their hands were forced by considerations of policy which they could not disregard. He again spoke of the great effort they had made to promote friendly feeling on the part of the United States in the payment of the indemnity in cash, when every peseta—nay, every real—was a matter of consequence to them, and when they were making every possible exertion and sacrifice to put their finances in a more tolerable condition, even to the extent, he added, with a smile, of laying a tax of twenty-five per cent. on all official salaries. He wished me to observe the analogy between their situation and that of the United States

immediately after the Civil War. . . . He urged the advantage to both Spain and the United States of a treaty of commerce and navigation, for which the occasion was favorable. . . .

I should not have thought it worth while to write at so much length about this matter, were it not that it occupies public attention here, and might, I think, if left unexplained, give a wrong impression of the feelings and intentions of the President toward Spain. It must be remembered that in spite of the advances made by Spain toward an understanding of true political principles, —and I think they are great—the old tradition of personal government is still rooted in men's habits of thought, and this leads insensibly to an attribution of motives and designs which have often no foundation in reason or reality. At the same time, by crediting the President with powers and functions which do not belong to him, false expectations are raised as to what he may do *motu proprio*, and the necessary disappointment of these produces that irritation which is not possible against an abstraction. Spain, also, in the peculiar difficulties of her position, is sensitive, and perhaps suspicious, beyond what would be natural under other circumstances. I cannot but believe it the wish of the President that every obstacle to a good understanding which can honorably be removed may be removed,¹ and that every

¹ The duty was removed by President Hayes.

reciprocation of good feeling which can properly be made may be made, as for the common interest of both countries. In addition to what Mr. Silvela asked me to remember, I could not help recalling that of the western European powers certainly none fulfilled her obligations toward us during our Civil War more faithfully than Spain.

20 May, 1879.

I HAVE the honor to report that we have a new minister of state in place of the Marquis of Molins, who resumes his former post as ambassador at Paris. This is the Duke of Tetuan, nephew of the celebrated O'Donnell, and who has been minister at Lisbon and Vienna.

I think there is every reason to be satisfied with the change. The duke is a very amiable man, with excellent intentions, who told me at our first official reception that he "should try to be a continuation of Mr. Silvela." Nothing would be more satisfactory to the whole diplomatic body here than this.

I feel quite sure that my official relations with the new minister will be agreeable, and that he will do for us whatever a person in his position can. I said to him that I thought the importance of the friendship of the United States to Spain was hardly so fully understood here as it should be. He said in reply: "I think I appreciate its value," adding, with a smile, "my wife was a Cuban." . . .

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN OLD CUBA.

THIRD PAPER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN S. JENKINS, AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF MINIATURES, WRITTEN IN 1859.¹

ADVENTURES PERILOUS AND AMUSING.

FROM this new country I went to Cardenas, then a collection of only a few huts built upon piles, or upon the knees or stumps of trees, and thus raised above the mangrove swamp. This development of the new country caused a railroad to be built, which brought such an amount of produce into

Cardenas as to cause its rapid growth, until it is now (1859) a port of entry, and has a population of several thousand inhabitants.

The only house of public entertainment at the time of my visit was a sailors' eating-house, kept by an Italian named Bartolo, who had been a pirate of especially desperate character. The sole method of reaching Matanzas or Havana from this point was in a

¹ Mr. Jenkins was United States Consul in the Navigator's (now Samoan) Islands in 1856. These extracts have been selected and edited by his great-nephew,

Joseph Cooper Boyd, Esq., of Baltimore. As stated in a previous paper, the author's first visit to Cuba was made in 1835.

coal-droger. The crew of one of these craft were in Bartolo's house—very dirty and rough-looking fellows, who kicked up such a row that I feared for my personal safety.

I picked up my valise and went out, and inquired if a droger would soon leave, and received an answer that one would sail in half an hour. Upon this announcement, I took a small boat, and went at once on board. I asked the captain where I could sleep, and he said on the coal-bags, as there was no other place. The danger of my position then began to dawn on me. I was there without the knowledge of any of my friends, and if I were lost, my fate would remain a mystery. My apprehension was increased when I ascertained that the crew thought I was a planter from Altamisal, and might have money, and this, of course, was enough to excite their cupidity. I lay down on the coal-bags on deck, and soon heard a furious altercation going on in the small hold of the droger. Shortly after, one of the party came up, and asked if I were not a planter from Altamisal; but I replied that I was only a poor artist going to Havana. This information appeared to satisfy them, and all human violence quieted down.

No sooner had the little droger got outside than a furious norther began to blow. The rain fell in torrents, the wind howled, and the seas hissed like writhing serpents. It was truly awful. The crew cursed most blasphemously every saint in the calendar. The little droger battled bravely with the storm and sea; but at length she faltered, and even the crew thought we should soon be swallowed up by the greedy sea, and the dastards fell to praying lustily for mercy and safety. A night like this is one in a lifetime. I have never seen such another. Wet through by the drenching storm, in peril of life from the rascals in the boat and from the ocean without, the morning came like a burst of joy to a heart darkened with grief. The morning sun rose over the level floor of the sea near the side of a small key, the white sands of whose sloping beach flashed away in the distance like a band of silver edging the green shores of tamarind and palm.

We took the rowboat, with plenty of provisions and a sail, and landed on Viviana Key, where we stretched the sail to make a tent. The good earth seemed to welcome my feet, and to inspire me with a new faith in its security after my recent see-saw on the fluctuating waves. The forest gave forth the scent of balm and blossom, and every object rested in quietude.

Our camp was fixed on a bright, clean strip of the beach, and all hands made ready for a rude frolic.

A plain bow with a brass string was used as a musical instrument. The performer put his mouth over the string at one end, while he struck it at the other with a strip of flexible leather, and by opening and closing the mouth in different degrees all the sounds of the gamut could be produced, the music resembling that of the jews'-harp, but much louder. This novel banjo struck up, and a ring of swarthy men formed for the mazy dance. Thinking I might make better music for them, I opened my valise to take out my accordeon; and in doing this a few miniatures were seen, which pleased them, and confirmed my statement of the previous night that I was not a planter, as they had originally thought. The accordeon especially interested them, as they had never heard or even seen one, and they insisted on my playing. Its music set them wild with delight, and the dusky sailors danced and waltzed over the smooth beach as if they were mad. Four or five other drogers ran into the little harbor, dropped anchor, and the crews came ashore. They said that they had heard the "flute" as they were passing, and had turned in to join the frolic. With this oddly dressed, sooty, and wild increase to our company, the scene was very like the Indian dances in the American forests.

After this first act was over, the feast was spread in a primitive way, and, there being only one knife and fork, these were given to me—more, I suspect, as a tribute of honor to the accordeon than of respect to me personally.

Viviana Key became the principal rendezvous of the pirates, and the entrepôt for their goods. They ultimately became so bold as to capture many slave-ships; but this touched a cherished interest in Cuba, and the government interfered and broke them up. The notorious Juan de la Rosas was imprisoned until his death at his own house in Matanzas. This man and Matthew Garcia of Regla were the leading spirits of the pirates on the whole coast, and had as many as twelve leaders under them, directing about five hundred men. Garcia has built a palace at Regla, but the stucco constantly peels off, and the common people say, "So much blood is mixed with it that it cannot stick."

It is the general belief that the pirates were nearly all Spaniards; but it is due to the latter to say that this is not true, as these lawless bands were largely recruited from

other nations, having among them Portuguese, Corsicans, Italians, Germans, and even, I am ashamed to add, some Americans. Many persons in Cuba, without having engaged in any active violence, owe their money to the pirates, some by purchasing the stolen property, and others by acting as agents or factors for its sale. Public opinion in Cuba was opposed to piracy, as it tended to paralyze commerce, and retarded the development of the country; and all classes combined to suppress it. Slaving, on the contrary, had the public sympathy, and was winked at on all sides, not only by citizens, but by the officials of the government.

We remained on this islet for two days, when, the norther having subsided, the drogers pursued their way to Havana, where we arrived safely, after a slow passage.

After my long absence in the country, the city seemed greatly changed for the better. The newly paved streets, the new market-house, and other innovations introduced by Tacon, gave a cheerful appearance to everything, and, in addition, the government house, called the "palace," had been repaired. This is an ancient structure, having been for eighty years a Jesuit convent. The lower apartments are rented as cigar-stores, or as offices for professional men; the second-story rooms are used as studios for artists, or as private lodgings; while all the apartments of the third tier are occupied as government offices. I rented five rooms on the second floor, opposite the Church of San Domingo. My studio was immediately under the sitting-room of General Tacon, and I saw him at four o'clock every afternoon, when he rode out in an open carriage, surrounded by his lancers. I thus had an excellent opportunity of observing his habits. He encouraged the people to approach him freely, so that any petition for the redress of grievances might be handed to him personally, as he thought that in this way many things might come to his knowledge which otherwise he would never learn, and he rode out to inspect the public works as well as for his own recreation. The benefit of his desire to draw near the people was manifested as he was about to leave the palace, one evening, on his usual ride, when he was warned of a contemplated rising among the negroes outside the walls of the city, and instantly changed his plans.

Measures were taken for the suppression of the revolt. These were completely successful, and the leaders and instigators were taken to the garrote. The iron collar was

drawn until they were nearly dead from suffocation; then they were released until life was restored, their heads were struck off, inclosed in parrot-cages, and set on the bridges as a warning to others.

TACON'S SHREWDNESS.

It was not alone in these cases of differences in humble life that General Tacon manifested his administrative ability. In the difficulties arising during the disaffection of General Lorenzo he displayed the most eminent qualities of the ruler, and the result proved his sagacity to be greater than that of his sovereign. Pressed by the successes of the Carlists and desirous of conciliating the people, Queen Christina signed the constitution of 1812, which was very liberal in its provisions. The news of this act was forwarded to Cuba, and first reaching Santiago, the military governor, General Lorenzo, hastened to have the constitution proclaimed. When this act of the queen was known to Tacon, he took a different view, and decided to arrest Lorenzo's movement. He properly concluded that the queen's action was not voluntary, but that she had been constrained to take the step by circumstances, and that the liberal ebullition would soon subside. Possessing chief command, Tacon sent a force of three thousand men by land, and all the fleet with transports of troops by sea, to oppose Lorenzo. He displayed his accurate knowledge of Spanish character by ordering that the forces pursue a policy of "masterly inactivity." They were to be always advancing, but to delay their actual meeting with Lorenzo as long as possible, so that his forces would be kept in constant apprehension, and their new-born patriotism would have an opportunity to subside and leave not a trace behind. The sea expedition stopped frequently along the coast, and the land forces delayed similarly; and General Lorenzo and his army, as anticipated, were overcome by sheer expectancy, and the whole matter ended with the escape of the general to Spain and the dispersal of his followers. After this, affairs went on as before, and Tacon was undisputed ruler, and his wise forecast was verified, as the Spanish government, after a temporary change, ultimately became as absolute as ever.

A PIONEER RAILWAY.

THE railroad which runs out to Guines was projected during the administration of

General Tacon. The means were furnished by a Mr. Robinson of England, and the survey was made by a Mr. Cruger, an engineer from South Carolina. Large numbers of the lower classes of English were shipped out, and many Irish laborers came from the United States, to construct this work. Soon after operations began, the yellow fever made dreadful havoc with the men. In a month four contractors died in succession; but the work was steadily pushed on, notwithstanding this frightful mortality. Great quantities of material came from England, among which were two heavy locomotives, originally constructed for a road in Russia. When the road was completed as far as Guines, these locomotives were put on for the trial trip; but, to the astonishment of all, it required three days to make the round trip from Havana, though the distance was only forty-five miles. In approaching Havana, these massive engines were unable to mount an easy grade, except by the assistance of oxen. This ridiculous situation made the Spanish directors furious, and the English adroitly placed the whole blame on Mr. Cruger, the constructing engineer; or, in other words, they alleged that the fault lay with the road, and not with the engines, and the dons had not the experience or knowledge to see the falsity of this statement. Mr. Cruger saw the true difficulty, and gave his opinion to the board of directors, and, to verify the correctness of his judgment, offered to proceed to the United States and bring out American engines and engineers; and for the proper performance of his mission he pledged his salary as security. The proposition was accepted, and he went to Philadelphia, where he procured a locomotive from Norris, and another from Baldwin, which arrived safely at Havana. The first trip to Guines and back was made in seven hours, and this was thereafter made the standard of time. The directors afterward passed an order that from that time on no Englishman should be employed, or English engines used, on that road.

This railroad passed through an open grazing region filled with cattle. The bulls, being unacquainted with the engine, undertook to drive the stranger out of the range, and fights constantly occurred; indeed, many bulls seemed to come from a distance to have a tilt with the enemy. But the result, both to those from near and those from far, was equally disastrous, and many brave animals were slaughtered that might have died in a better cause. The owners became very much

exasperated, and many of them instituted suits against the railroad company, but met the same fate in the forum that their bulls met in the field. The engine went on its trips in triumph, and the country folks and the cattle kept their distance, and all was harmony until an unfortunate accident once more disturbed the public peace, with the difference that this time not a bull, but a man, was the victim. As the locomotive was going down the seven miles' grade, under full speed, a man was seen on the track. Everything was done to attract his attention, but he remained immovable, and was killed. The case was investigated by the court, and it transpired that the man was a deaf-mute. The occurrence being entirely novel, it was decided by the court that all concerned in driving the locomotive were as guilty as if the deaf man had been killed by a knife in their hands. This decision caused all the engineers to resign, and the trains to stop running. Travelers were very much dissatisfied, all interests were affected, and the clamor was great. As the result of this state of affairs, the sapient court was forced to reverse its decision, and the locomotive was triumphant.

It is not alone in public improvements that the superior ability and enterprise of the Americans are manifest. Many from the United States have made fortunes in various occupations, exhibiting energy and sagacity in all. Among others was a Mr. Lambsden, a native of Baltimore, who erected a steam saw-mill, and then a foundry, the only one at that time in the city; and he was supposed, by reason of his great success, to have accumulated an immense fortune. Another foundry was afterward established at Regla by Mr. McNair, a Scotchman, who also met with great success; and this gentleman returned to Scotland, married, and brought out his wife. Rather more than a year after this another American, a Mr. Orr, and I were invited to be present at the christening of their first-born. On our way to Mr. McNair's residence, Mr. Orr bought, for twenty-five cents, half a lottery ticket from a passing vender, and after our arrival he divided his interest between Mrs. McNair and her sister. Three hours later the whole ticket drew one hundred thousand dollars. This was the only instance that I ever knew where success in this way did not stimulate to ruinous gambling.

BIBERY.

MANY ingenious Americans fail in introducing useful inventions, or "acquiring a privi-

lege," as it is called, in Cuba, because they are ignorant of the customs of the people. A Captain Hurd was some time in Matanzas, trying to procure for a Boston company the privilege of constructing a wharf in the harbor out to deep water. The land at the extremities of his contemplated wharf was public domain and could be easily included in his grant at a nominal price, while the advanced figure at which it could afterward be sold would materially aid in erecting the improvement. All these privileges could be gained by giving a "gratification" to the members of the Ayuntamiento. The captain thought these gentlemen were too honorable to be influenced by a bribe, and he would not offend them and violate his own conscience by offering one. The Ayuntamiento met to consider the scheme. Action was delayed, awaiting the usual gratification. It was not offered, and the application was refused.

The reverse of this picture is shown in the case of a Yankee who took his cargo into the harbor of Havana. A custom-house officer watched his actions very closely, and this espionage materially interfered with many profitable little schemes which the captain had in view. He walked confidently up to the officer and asked him if he could see through a doubloon placed over each of his eyes. The ready Spaniard took the meaning at once, and replied: "No; and if you should put a doubloon upon each ear, I could not hear; and put another on my mouth, and I could not speak." The sensible captain spread his gratification accordingly, and did as he pleased. It is an insult instantly resented to offer a bribe to a Spaniard, but the same thing under the disguise of a gratification is the magic key which opens all doors in Spanish countries. General Tacon was the only Spanish official I ever knew who would not accept a bribe.

AN EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES.

THE French fleet, en route to attack Vera Cruz, with the Prince de Joinville in command, touched at Havana. The Cubans felt a special interest in the prince, as at that time he was looked upon as the future husband of Isabella II, Queen of Spain. The French consul secured apartments for his Highness at the Mansion House, then considered the best hotel in Havana. It was kept by Mme. Martenier. She was originally from New York, had married a French gentleman, and was now a widow. At this hotel the prince was entertained three days, a

guard of one hundred soldiers being present the whole time. Mme. Martenier had a very talkative parrot, which hung in a cage in the corridor, near the door of the apartments of his Highness. The bird's fair mistress noticed that her royal guest had taken a great fancy to the bird, and would pause on his way to his apartments and have a chat with "Polly." She at once bought a silver cage with a gold handle for her pet, and dressing herself up *en grande tenue*, appeared before the astonished prince, and presented Polly, with the costly house, to him. He was much affected by this evidence of her esteem, and drawing a diamond ring worth about two thousand dollars from his finger, begged her to accept it as a slight token of his admiration. This memento was ever afterward her great pride.

All the old noblesse of the island, who had befriended his father, Louis Philippe, in his misfortunes, united to do him honor. A great entertainment was given to the prince by the Count of Penalver, at which the wealth, beauty, and nobility of Havana were fully represented. Great care was taken and no cost spared in getting up the display, as the élite were exceedingly anxious that it should be agreeable to the prince and creditable to themselves.

The prince arrived about eleven o'clock, and all those present stood to receive him. He acknowledged this courtesy with a bow, and then turned to converse with the captain-general, but neglected to request the company to resume their seats. The interview was long and animated. Finally a nobleman ventured to suggest that his Highness would be seated, as the ladies were wearied from standing so long. He did so, and the daughter of the Count of Penalver played some extracts from "Norma" for his entertainment, and he complimented her effort. Soon after, the prince and the governor retired, before the dance. His whole conduct on this occasion mortified the formally polite Spaniards, and the host and all the company felt it keenly. A proper remembrance of their kindness and generosity to his father in his dark days merited a bearing, on his part, which would have shown his gratitude; but the Spaniards remembered the slight, as we shall see later on.

The French fleet pursued its voyage. Vera Cruz was attacked and taken, and France obtained her demands from the republic of Mexico. On his homeward voyage the Prince de Joinville made a second visit to Havana. In the meantime, the king, his

father, had written him, requesting him to do something to indicate his Majesty's gratitude for the favors he had received from the citizens of Havana during his exile. Accordingly, the decks of the *Créole* were cleared and decorated, and the prince gave a splendid ball, to which the captain-general and the nobility were invited. The company was the same that had before entertained him, and had been so much mortified by his slight. They accepted the invitation, however, and a large and brilliant assemblage crowded the decks of the gallant *Créole*. The prince was highly pleased, but judge of his chagrin when, precisely at the hour that he had deserted the salons of the Count of Penalver, his visitors left with courtesy but firmness. This retort was certainly a severe rebuke.

A LEARNED MAN.

AN amusing anecdote is related of an occurrence which happened while the prince was at Havana. He and his principal officers were entertained at a dinner-party by the Count of Fernandina at his private residence. The count, now an old man, had in his younger days been a great reader, and, as a consequence, had accumulated a fine library. He used this little now, but it grati-

fied his pride, and was still ornamental. The tutor of his only son, knowing the count's ambition to be thought literary, went into the library, took from the shelves many choice works, inserted marks in different places, as though they were frequently consulted, and then placed them on a center-table. After dinner the prince and his officers were shown into the library. The former, stepping up to the table, remarked that the count must be a great student, and running his eye over the marked places, complimented him highly upon his excellent literary taste. The old count was exceedingly flattered, and accepted the praise with that grace a Spanish gentleman knows so well how to display. After the withdrawal of the company, the delighted old count called the tutor into his room and presented him with six doubloons. M. Parinoue was surprised, and asked the reason of this unexpected gift. The count replied: "Because of your presence of mind, you have a great deal of knowledge." Such tact is greatly admired by the Spanish, and regarded as an evidence of talent. Deception is not considered morally wrong by the Spanish races, as it is with us, and when it is successful, they regard it as almost a virtue, and certainly the best evidence of intellectual superiority.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"The Century's" New War Series.

WE can hardly believe that fifteen years have passed since we made the announcement in this place of THE CENTURY'S series of historical narratives, afterward known as the "War Series," and in enlarged form as "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." Yet it is easier of belief when we discover by reference to the obituary list that of the 230 contributors to that volume—almost entirely officers of high rank—63, or over 27 per cent., have already died, leaving among the most conspicuous survivors Generals Longstreet, Fitzhugh Lee, Hampton, E. P. Alexander, and Wheeler on the Confederate side, and Generals Fitz John Porter, W. B. Franklin, W. F. Smith, Don Carlos Buell, Sigel, O. O. Howard, Lew Wallace, Cox, Merritt, J. H. Wilson, and Horace Porter on the Union side. The time of that publication was fortunately chosen. The work could hardly have been executed before by reason of the lingering discord

between the North and the South, nor later because of the mortality of the officers who contributed.

The series on the Spanish war, of which we make an incomplete announcement in the advertising pages of the present number, will resemble the earlier work in aiming to present the chief events of the war as they appeared to the commanding officers and their lieutenants. Coming after considerable conflict of detail, and revealing much that is unknown or but vaguely guessed, the authoritativeness of these papers will be beyond question. And as the Civil War series revealed to the public the courage of the contestants on both sides, the new series cannot fail to show the gallantry of our late enemy, as well as to portray in permanent colors the deeds of the American navy and army, of which men of all opinions are proud.

Following closely upon Captain Sigsbee's narrative of the *Maine* will come Lieutenant Hobson's story of the *Merrimac* adventure. The

symposium on the Santiago naval action is likely to be singularly complete. Every vessel on the American side will be represented in the accounts, including the papers promised by Admirals Sampson and Schley, and supplementary articles of novel interest. A detailed map has already been made, on which the movements of each of these vessels have been placed by its officers,—usually the commanding officer,—and a large number of unprinted photographs taken during the action have been secured. The land operations will be treated with similar thoroughness.

It is a subject for mutual congratulations between THE CENTURY and its readers that so many of the chief participants in these stirring events have consented to coöperate in the making of this unique series while the facts are fresh in their minds.

"Exceptions" or "Inclusions" in the Civil Service.

THE Spanish war intervened in the midst of desperate efforts on the part of the spoilsmen to break down the merit system in the public service, and, strange to say, the war itself has furnished the most vivid illustrations of the dangers to individual and national welfare that lurk in the system of spoils. That military branch of the administration from which the system is rigidly excluded has, in the emergency, covered itself and the country with honor. The fighting qualities of our soldiers have also reflected honor upon the nation, and yet the War Department has come out of the conflict with discredit, notwithstanding the enormous labors it has actually performed and the success of the armies in the field.

The Navy Department has been successful not only because it controls a highly specialized service, subject to its own rules, and not easily to be interfered with by the spoilsmen, but because, also, its management has been in the hands of men who do not believe in the spoils system. When the President asked the various secretaries for their recommendations as to exceptions to the civil-service rules desired by them to be made on executive order, in the various departments, it is a matter of public record that the Navy Department desired no exceptions, whereas the War Department demanded about five thousand!

The breakdown of the War Department and the success of the Navy Department are conspicuous object-lessons of the superiority of the merit system over the system of spoils.

But, in addition, there has spread among the people a new sense of the practical advantages of a permanent public service somewhat like that which England applies to executive work at home and abroad; and this new sense of the necessity of utterly abolishing the spoils system is not only owing to mismanagement in the War Department, but also to the contemplation of the enormous enlargement of the executive work of the government on account of the island territories the care of which we have assumed; and it is owing, furthermore, to an appreciation of the desirability of a better consular and diplomatic

service in view of increasing competition with the other leading nations of the world.

This being the case, how astonishingly maladroit it would be—to give it no graver name—should the President in the present crisis injure his own excellent record in connection with the merit system, by granting the request of the War Department, and of certain other departments, by making sweeping exceptions to the rules, thus playing directly into the hands of the despised spoilsmen! We do not think the President will do it. This is no time for exceptions; it is the time for inclusions. Instead of weakening and demoralizing the public service, the intelligence of the country demands that it shall be purified and strengthened. The President has perhaps not yet lost the opportunity to do an important service to the country by placing the Forest Reserve administration under the merit system. It is profoundly to be hoped, also, that instead of adopting innumerable exceptions, he will take measures to place our consular system on a par as to permanency and efficiency with the navy and the regular army.

And as for the new territory acquired, now is the time to erect impregnable barriers against the entrance there of the accursed system of spoils. If that system should be introduced and maintained there, what a mockery would be our war "in the interest of civilization"! It would not only bring misfortune to our new domain, but aggravate to an untold extent those evils of government at home against which we have already to contend.

What is Executive Ability?

THE disastrous and tragic losses in dead and wounded suffered by the American army since the cessation of hostilities with Spain have given a shock to the complacency of the country in the hour of its victory from which it will never recover. Allowing for all the "inevitable" hardships of war, so lightly spoken of in certain high places, there has been in camp and in transit a residuum of suffering so appalling that it is difficult to write of the responsibility for it in temperate terms. When this responsibility shall have been fixed, we venture to think that it will be found associated with a low conception of what is meant by executive ability. In some instances it will undoubtedly lie in the fact that appointments were made for reasons of friendship or partizanship, with the hope that the time would never come when the strain upon the official in question would reach its point of tension. But this is the sort of excuse which is in itself an accusation, and with which the people are showing unmistakable signs of impatience.

The political spoilsman is fond of asserting that his man, although he may be unable to demonstrate his competence before a board of examiners, is yet a person of superior executive ability. The basis of this is usually that he has shown marked efficiency in local politics; and if government, in peace or war, were merely ward politics on a large scale, the test would not be wide of the mark. But it would be easier to show that the qualities

most needed for the public service are not dreamed of in the philosophy of the spoilsman. The complexity of the requirements in an efficient executive officer is to the simplicity of the labors of the political worker as an astronomer is to a roustabout. He has not to coax men with promises or drive them with threats; he has to adjust himself to a system of government requiring specialized work, to think for others, displaying knowledge of the past, grasp of the present, and foresight of the future. Like the political "worker," he must know how to get work out of others; the difference is in the quality of the work. It will not suffice that an executive officer be able to give his orders in a loud voice. He must know that the orders are the proper ones, that the conditions are such that they can be obeyed, that they are received and comprehended by his subordinates, and lastly, that they have been obeyed. The higher his office, the larger must be his horizon. The watchful eye, the coördinating mind, the active prevision of difficulties and emergencies, the prompt despatch of affairs on the principle that "a duty is binding from the moment it is apprehended," the cardinal faculty of employing others, never executing details that can be better intrusted to others, and yet seeing that such details are not neglected—all these are necessary to executive ability of a high order. Once in a while such a man may be found in a party caucus. Ordinarily he is the product of years of experience of the needs of his special work, or has a personal force, a training, and an adaptability which give efficiency. It is the tragedy of our "battle summer" that in place of such men we have had in certain quarters the perfunctory service of the incompetent.

The war has presented many examples of faithful and efficient service, even in the much criticised War Department. At the present moment one of the most conspicuous is Theodore Roosevelt. Bold in action, he is yet cautious and painstaking in arriving at the basis of his action. The drudgery of details has not impaired his conception of government as merely the business of the people, to be executed on the highest plane for the best results. His public service in city and State and national affairs has already been large, and is not likely to be obscured by his military career, creditable as it has been. It is an open secret in Washington that to his work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy was largely due the admirable preparation of our fleets for the emergency of war. It may truly be said of him that he has rigidly exacted of himself the same high standard of public service which it was his business as President of the National Civil Service Commission to set for others.

"The Century's" Prize Manuscripts.

IN this number of the magazine our readers are invited to partake of the fruit of the first competition for the prizes offered by THE CENTURY to the Bachelors of Arts of the colleges and universities of the United States. This first competition was open to the students who had received the de-

gree of B. A. during the commencement season of 1897. A year was given in which to submit manuscripts, the 1st of June, 1898, being the date fixed for the closing of the competition. Probably three fourths of the manuscripts were received after May 1. This was taken to indicate that the competitors generally had gone to work in a serious literary spirit to produce a poem, an essay, or a story, which should be the result of individual thought and conscious workmanship, rather than a hasty dash at a snap subject, or a vague effort to express an immature idea.

In the manuscripts themselves was found abundant proof that such was the fact. Nearly all of them contained some justification of the impulse to write, and a large proportion revealed a talent for what, in these days of type-writing machines and fast presses, may be called literary production. That the proportion of manuscripts lacking form was so small may reasonably surprise the practical editor, who, for a comparison, has always before his mind the mass of immature contributions brought to his table by the ubiquitous mail. Yet in the chaff is now and then found a manuscript abounding in freshness and vigor, which might not have been produced except for the wide-spread impulse among our people to think on paper.

When the separate sealed envelopes containing the real names of the competitors were opened after the prize manuscripts, identified only by pen-names, had been selected, it was found that fewer young women had striven for the literary honors than young men, whose manuscripts outnumbered those of the former by twenty-five per cent., and that the efforts of the young women had been rewarded by a sweeping victory. This result is an interesting confirmation of the judgment of the president of one of our chief universities, who, on being consulted at the outset with regard to the proposed rules of the competition, declared that in such a contest the young-women graduates would take all the prizes. The contents of American magazines offer continuous proof that in the field of periodical literature there is no discrimination on account of sex; but the striking success of the young women in this contest is especially significant, inasmuch as it is the first of a series of competitions, and places the young-men graduates of succeeding years in the position of having to vindicate the time-honored claims of their sex, or of allowing the challenge to go against them, for lack of equal ability, or by default.

The prize story, entitled "A Question of Happiness," which is printed in this number of the magazine, bore the pen-name "Mary Dwight." The author, Miss Grace M. Gallaher of Essex, Connecticut, was graduated at Vassar, B. A. 1897.

The prize poem, which will be published in the December number, is called "The Road 'twixt Heaven and Hell." Its author, Miss Anna Hempstead Branch of New London, Connecticut, is an alumna of Smith College, B. A. 1897, and entered the competition with the pen-name "A. H. Bolles."

The prize essay, on "Carlyle's Dramatic Por-

trayal of Character," will follow in the January CENTURY. It was received with the pen-name "Margaret Evans," who proved to be Miss Florence Hotchkiss of Geneva, Illinois, also a Bachelor of Arts of Vassar, 1897.

The rules governing the competition, which also hold for three succeeding years, are as follows:

With the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE offers to give, annually, during four successive years, three prizes of \$250 each, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

1. \$250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

2. \$250 or the best essay in the field of biography,

history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

3. \$250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

On or before June 1 of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, marked, outside and inside, "For the College Competition, signed by a pen-name, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelop, which will not be opened until the decision has been made.

The manuscript must not have been published.

The Editor, at his discretion, may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payments, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of publication in the magazine.

SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS

Club-women.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"I HAVE had the most interesting morning. I have been sitting in a corner of the porch tending my flowers and hearing two men talk, quite forgetting that I was listening. Nothing that they said was so interesting to me as their silences. Sometimes they sat for five minutes in their chairs without speaking; then one would say something, and when he was quite ready to speak the other answered—not before. I feel as rested as if I'd been on a long voyage. I have never heard two women talk together in just that way." This was the testimony of a woman, not young, and privileged to be heeded by reason of her experience. She knew women as a woman who has lived in both the old life and the new must know them—the old life where clubs for women were not, the new life where they are. It seems not an improper division to let the club-line mark the difference between what was and what now is. Perhaps, too, there is no better place than one of these same women's clubs to test if it be true that habits of repose in social intercourse mark the caste of manhood more than the caste of womanhood. On entering almost any social club for women, one of the first peculiarities to be noted by the most casual eye is that a division into groups is the marked social feature of the room. These groups appear all more or less animated, and when one in a little circle gives a wandering attention, that is the general sign that she means to change her center, scaling off from the group where she is, and becoming a component part of another group. Watching yet more closely, it may be seen that she is arranging for something like the rush from point of safety to point of safety which children undertake in their games of "bases." Each group

is a base wherein is security; the journey from one base to another has its own dangers. To be left by some inhospitable mischance *planté là* in the center of the room, with no one to talk to, that is to be what in bases is called "out." There lies the great fear—no one to talk to, the chance of having to stand unsupported and alone. We have all smiled at the circus when we have seen the ring-master tenderly escorting the wiry feet of some rope-dancer across the sawdust. The young lady seems to us, and a moment later proves herself, preëminently fitted to take care of herself.

And there must arise something of this same feeling of amusement when we see women trained to walk any social tight-rope, and, indeed, even those women trained to climb to the giddy trapeze of a platform, uncomfortable in a roomful of women unless supported by the fact that some one is talking to them. It almost seems that a species of disgrace attaches of tradition to not talking or not being talked to, as if the real reason for standing apart must lie in the fact that nobody would speak to the sufferer. On the other hand, the most casual glance into a roomful of club-men reveals quite another condition of affairs. When one member of this latter company stands with his hands behind him looking out of a window, or sits gazing into space, idly swinging one leg over the other, or as idly swinging his eye-glasses between his fingers, if he is noticed at all, his apartness is taken as a sign that he wishes to be let alone, not that he has been forced into this condition of isolation because nobody cares to speak to him. Unless the signs of enforced isolation were very marked, it would never occur to any one of his male companions to pity the unfortunate solitary, or go up to him kindly and sit pityingly beside him. If he did so, the chances are

that he would be thoroughly snubbed, the solitary intimating that he himself must know best when he wishes to talk and when to sit apart thinking his own thoughts. It is not a general habit among women to do their thinking outside of their closets, and the sight of a woman obviously thinking in public, and that in a roomful of other women, is something scarcely to be imagined. It was in a certain man's club a habit with one of its members, a brilliant and well-known mathematician, to sit for long hours in his chair before the fire, obviously thinking, presumably turning over his abstruse problems in his brain, though it never had occurred to any one to ask him what he was doing. One day a new club-member, seeing this abstracted figure huddled back in his chair, came toward him, and, with the kindly temerity of extreme youth and the condescension of great ignorance, asked, "Doin' sums in your head, sir?" That question was to become a part of the club's history; but in a woman's club this could never have happened, because no woman mathematician would have been allowed to form the habit of silent sitting in thought. The question asked in a man's club after long years of silence would have been asked in a woman's club during the first half-hour. Or rather, not to be unjust, the blunt question would in all likelihood not have been put at all, but some club-member, in the kindness of her heart, would at once have hurried to the rescue of the thinker, because it could not have occurred to her that, thus sitting alone, the mathematician was anything less than bitterly uncomfortable. This shrinking on the part of the average woman from sitting or standing alone in company is so well recognized by other women that a determined and ambitious club-member may easily make deliberate use and abuse of her club-sisters' sisterly pity. She knows she can gain access to almost any group she wishes to enter merely by standing near it miserably, obviously alone, until some compassionate woman holds out to her a hand and draws her

into a circle which, of choice, would not have opened to receive her. Thus the most congenial group of women spending a half-hour together is more or less at the mercy of an intruder shrewd enough to know how to intrude; and this power of intrusion, as every woman of clubs will testify from numerous personal experiences, is one of the most serious drawbacks to enjoyable intercourse in club life for women.

It is this same kind of yielding to polite obligations and cross-obligations that makes women in tête-à-tête seem less reposeful than men in tête-à-tête. The same kind of traditional law which forbids a woman's sitting apart in company appears also to forbid the shuttlecock of speech falling to the ground. Taking as an example the conversation of the two men previously quoted, we have to acknowledge that such spaces left for fructifying thought are generally lacking in the intercourse of woman and woman. If, with the latter, conversation flags, the pauses are awkward; and therefore conversation is not allowed to flag, sustained too often at the cost of value. Pleasant and profitable as clubs for women often are, they cannot be said to be clubs proper if precedent is to continue to demand of the members speech with or without thought, at the same time forbidding that privilege dear to the heart of the club-man—sitting in silence if he will, or "flocking alone in a corner." When the time comes that many women of choice flock reposefully in corners, or sit silent at will, then it will follow that the one or two flocking alone by untoward accident will feel no discomfort, but by force of example learn how to look contented though their position be to them distinctly distasteful. In that day, those who wish to be silent will be silent; those who form into groups will be grouped, not from fear of standing apart, but because they wish to be together. In that millennium we may look to find clubs for women, clubs proper, and not, as now too often, the drawing-rooms of uneasy stockholders.



The Naming of the Minor Prophets.

THE minor Prophets, seven in number, are the promising piccanninies of Thaddeus and Elmiry Prophet, and may be personally interviewed at their home, a single-room log hut near Columbia, South Carolina. Ask them any question you like, and the response will be grins, a rolling of black eyes, and embarrassed digs in the sand with their respective big toes. Press them for answers, and they will reply, "Mah knows"; and no earthly power can draw more information from them.

As I walked down the sunny white sand road

one summer morning, I came upon the cabin, and in the door recognized my old friend Elmiry. I was unseen by her, for another object had caught her roving eye and caused her to exclaim:

"Lawd he'p me, ef dyar ain' dat Crafty Yulicee stuck een de tar-bar'l ag'in!" Then, raising her voice, she called:

"You Axy! ef you don' quit wadin' een dat branch, I'll weah you out, miss! Go 'long obah yondah, an' pull Crafty Yulicee outen dat tar-bar'l, an' let him stick his feet een de ash-pile."

Here she heard my approaching footstep, and, turning, saw me.

The Le-o-pard.

THIS is the Le-o-pard, my child;
His tem-per 's anything but mild.
The Le-o-pard can't change his spots,
And that—so say the Hot-ten-tots—
Is why he is so wild.
Year in, year out, he may not change,
No mat-ter how the wea-ther range,
From cold to hot. No won-der, child,
We hear the Le-o-pard is wild.

The Hip-po-pot-am-us.

"OH, say, what is this fearful, wild
In-cor-ri-gible cuss?"
"This crea-ture (don't say 'cuss,' my child;
'T is slang)—this crea-ture fierce is styled
The Hip-po-pot-am-us.
His curious name de-rives its source
From two Greek words: *kippos*—a horse,
Potamos—river. See?
The river 's plain e-nough, of course;
But why they called *that* thing a *horse*,
That 's what is Greek to me."

"Lawd bless me, Miss Ca'line! is dat you, honey? Tadgeous telled me you wuz comin' home to lib, an' I been meanin' to drap een an' ax you howdy, but dese chillen keeps me home."

Then we talked of the past, and of my school-days; for in her youth Elmiry had waited on the young ladies in a boarding-school in Columbia, and there I had known her. There, too, she met Thaddeus, the gardener, and as the days went by she met him more and more frequently; for no flower that grew in his garden was so bright to Thaddeus as the smile of the coquettish Elmiry, and never was she so beaming as when her eye rested on Thaddeus. And so it came to pass that Thaddeus "kep' stiddy comp'ny" with Elmiry till the school term was over, and in the balmy days of June they became engaged. The engagement and the subsequent events were conducted on this wise, as Elmiry told it to me:

"Tadgeous he wuz comin' to see me eve'y evenin' fo' a consid'able time, an' it seem like eve'y time he come he los' his tongue. But one day he writ me a letter, on some lovely pink paper, wid two hearts lockin' on de top ob de

page, an' it smelt so sweet dat it smelt de whole room up jes fine; an' he ax me if he mought hab de pleasure ob scorchin' me to church Sunday night. An' when I tol' him dat I would be pleased wid his comp'ny, dat simmified dat I 'greed to marry him. Marse Stevens hisse'f, de principal ob de school, he married us, an' 'stidder Tadgeous habbin' to pay him de weddin' fees, he gib Tadgeous a gold piece. Dat 's de diffunce between white people an' cullud people, as I tol' Tadgeous.

"Co'se I wanted to go off on a weddin'-trip; but Tadgeous sayed how ez he did n't hab no time to make de trip, but he say dat wuz n' no reason why I could n't go, so he sont me on de weddin'-tour, an' he stayed home. I went on a 'scussion-train to Chas'ton, an' I enjoyed myse'f fine; but I wuz real glad when I come home an' Tadgeous tooked me back een de baggage-waggin. Marse Stevens he 'lowed we could bofe stay een de little house on de school groun's, an' dyar we stayed.

"Aftah a while deah wuz a gal come, and when Tadgeous heard 'bout her it seem like he would go crazy.

"'Glory, glory! I 's so glad!' he kep' a-sayin'.

The Ant.

My child, ob-serve the use-ful Ant,
How hard she works each day.
She works as hard as ad-a-mant
(That 's very hard, they say).
She has no time to gal-li-vant;
She has no time to play.
Let Fido chase his tail all day;
Let Kitty play at tag:
She has no time to throw a-way,
She has no tail to wag.
She scurries round from morn till night;
She ne-ver, ne-ver sleeps;
She seiz-es ev-ery-thing in sight,
And drags it home with all her might,
And all she takes she keeps.

The Giraffe.

SEE the Gi-raffe; he is so tall
There is not room to get him all
U-pon the page. His head is high-er—
The pic-ture proves it—than the Spira.
That 's why the na-tives, when they race
To catch him, call it stee-ple-chase.
His chief de-light it is to set
A good example: shine or wet,
He rises ere the break of day,
And starts his break-fast right away.
His food has such a way to go,—
His throat 's so very long,—and so
An early break-fast he must munch
To get it down ere time for lunch.

An' aftah he jes look at her wunat, he lit out de house like de buzzards wuz aftah him, an' he run all de way up to Marse Stevens' study, whay he wuz writin', like he allus do—'cause he can write so fine dat nobody can't read it, scys'cely. An' Tadgeous jes bu'st een de do', like he done forgot all his manners, an' he say: 'Oh, Marse Stevens!' says he, 'dey 's a big accident down at my house!'

"'Great Caesar!' says Marse Stevens; an' wid dat he jumps outen his cheer like he been shot, an' he run to de telephone, an' he boller fo' 'em to sen' up all de injuns, an' he turn round to Tadgeous, an' he say, says he: 'Go git de gyahden-hose, an' skeet on it quick as ebah you can!'

"Den, Tadgeous say, he wanter laugh dat bad he 'mos' bu'st, an' he say to Marse Stevens:

"'Lawdy, Marse Stevens!' says he, 'I ain' nebbah said it wuz a fire accident. It 's a gal, de onliest one I 's got, an' I don' want to drown her like she wuz cat's chillens!' Den Marse Stevens seem like

he wuz mad and laughin' too, an' Tadgeous he come back an' tol' me.

"'You 's a fool niggah, anyhow,' says I, 'cuttin' up hyah like dis wuz a white chile, at leas!'

"'Well, anyhow,' says he, 'it 's gwine to hab a white name, 'cause Marse Stevens gwine name her.' So we axed Marse Stevens to name her, an' he says: 'Why, you done name her yo'se'f. Call her Accident.' And we calls her Axy for short.

"It wah n't so long befo' dey wuz a boy; an' Tadgeous wuz as proud 'bout him as he wuz 'bout Accident, an' he wanted to name him outen a book dat Miss Em'ly been readin' to him in. She wuz readin' him 'bout a man named de Crafty Yulicee; but when he tol' me 'bout how dis man made a horse swallow live mens, an' den change hisse'f to wood, an' walk right troo a stone wall, I wuz skeered he wuz a hoodoo man, an' I did n' wanter name de baby dat. But Tadgeous said he knowed better, an' he had a big baptizzamul. An' it 's jes like I t'ought, cause dat chile is allus

gitten' een trouble, wid de best of retentions. It wuz on account of Crafty Yulicee allus crawlin' een de cistern whey Marse Stevens kep' de drinkin-watah dat we moved 'way from de school an' come out heah to lib.

"De nex' one wuz a gal, an' Tadgeous sayed how I could name her, an' I gabe her a real fancy name. We baptized her Violetta Marietta Evelina Rose Christina, 'n' she allus did real well.

"Den dey wuz a boy, an' Tadgeous called him aftah anuddah man een dat same book. I warned Tadgeous 'bout doin' dat way, but he would hab his own way, an' he named dis one Napoleon Bonafidey Waterloo Prophet; an' he wuz allus unfortunate, too, same like I sayed. When he wuz little, I gabe him to Axy to wash his laigs real clean, one day; an' when I come to find her, hearin' de baby cryin' so, she had tooked white sand an' de scrubbin'-brush, an' had scoured all de skin an' mos' ob de meat offen his laigs, tryin' to git um white. Sence den he hab allus wobbled when he walked, bein' as his laigs is weak.

"I named de nex' one, which wuz a gal, Belladonna California Mississippi Idaho, an' she nebbah gabe nobody no trouble. But Tadgeous sayed how he wuz tired ob gals, an' when de nex' one come we could n' decide on no name to suit us. She wuz de fines' an' de bes' baby we ebah had, an' it seem like, 'cause Tadgeous' heart kindah turned away fom her, dat mine kindah hankered aftah her, an' I nebbah could bear to let her tumble round like de res'. So I set Crafty Yulicee to min' her, which kep' him outen muschief. But one day, when she wuz cuttin' her little teef, an' kindah fretful-like, he fed her a han'ful ob yellow jessamines, an' it kilt her dat same day. All day long I helt her een my arms, an' she kindah cuddled up an' moaned an' cried out; but at sundown she died, an' we buried her obah yondah een de pines beyon' de branch, fo' I could n' hab her out ob my sight, eben when she wuz dead. When ole mis' gabe me de tombstone, I axed her please to put de name on it, 'Little Jessamine'; an' she promised me dat when she come home fom de sea-sho' she 'll bring me some white shells to make a bordah roun' Little Jessamine's grave.

"Sence dat day I ain' had no mo' heart for chillen; an' when twins come las' yeah,—bofe boys,—an' Tadgeous had turned ag'inst de books, I jes named um Had-a-plenty an' Wan'-no-mo'.

"Yes, ma'am; dey is likely chillen, but not like she wuz. An' sometimes, dese summah nights, when I lay by de open do,' an' heah de pines mo'nin' beyon' de branch, it seems like my baby calls me; an' I leabes dese chillen an' Tadgeous, an' goes an' lies down dyah by her; an' I wisht to Gawd I 'd nebbah had but one chile, an' dat wuz Little Jessamine!"

Marion Alexander Haskell.

The Old Story.

HE was a pious saint of old,
Who dwelt within a hermit's cell;
He had forsworn the face of Love,
And thought he knew him well.

One night—the moon was 'neath a cloud—
A hand tapped, timid, at his door,
And in the shadow he could see
A vague, slight shape—no more.

"Who art thou?" "Pity," whispered low
The visitor. The hermit smiled;
"Pity? Sweet virtue, enter here, '
For thou art Heaven's own child!"

He welcomed in the shadowy sprite;
He gave him lodgment in his breast;
He made him master. Then, ah, then—
You all can guess the rest!

The saint is ashes long ago;
But Love, delighted with the game,
Still masquerades as Pity—yes,
And still finds saints the same!

Priscilla Leonard.

A Ballad of the Balladist.

I.

So easy seems it as you read,
So gay the bard and debonair,
To follow Dobson's gentle lead
No wight there is who might not dare.
But let him fly the elfish snare!
Through thorn and bramble, turn and twist,
Through brake and thicket, he must fare
Who 'd be a modern balladist.

II.

What matters whither he would speed,
Or what the path he 'd fain forbear?
For him are winding ways decreed,
That carry him he knows not where.
Still must he wander here and there,
With shifting goal forever missed;
But he 'd his mother-tongue forswear
Who 'd be a modern balladist!

III.

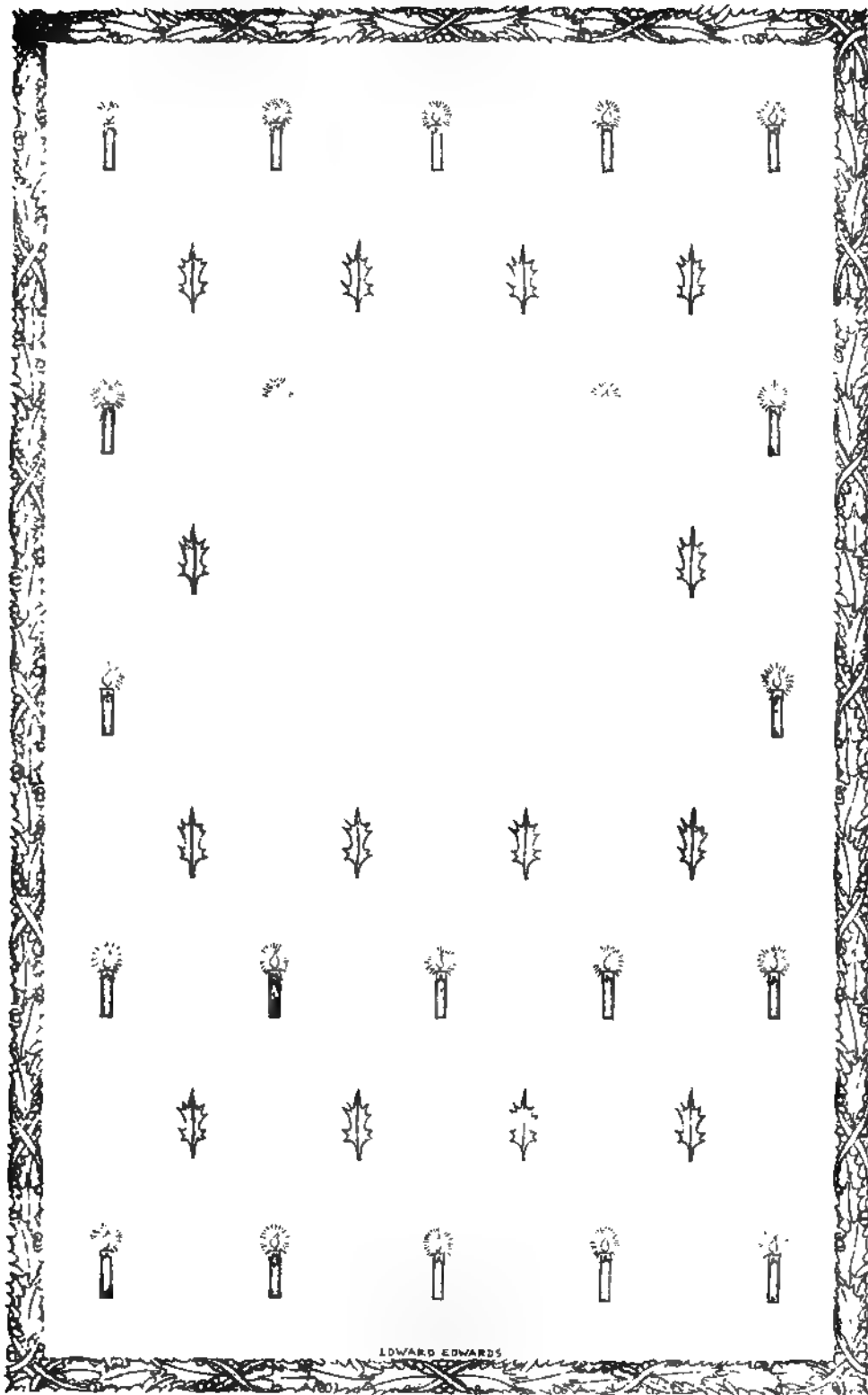
Aye, would he so! For him, indeed,
What did the Celt and Saxon care?
Should he of rhymes a dozen need,
He 'll find, perhaps, a paltry pair.
With aching head and clutched hair,
Still must he scan the meager list.
He has of woes, I wot, his share
Who 'd be a modern balladist!

L'ENVOI.

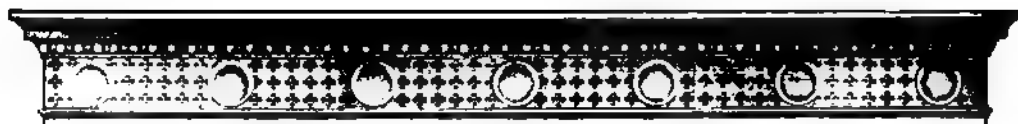
Friend of the editorial chair,
Yet may another ill exist:
Should you bestow a frigid stare,
Who 'd be a modern balladist?

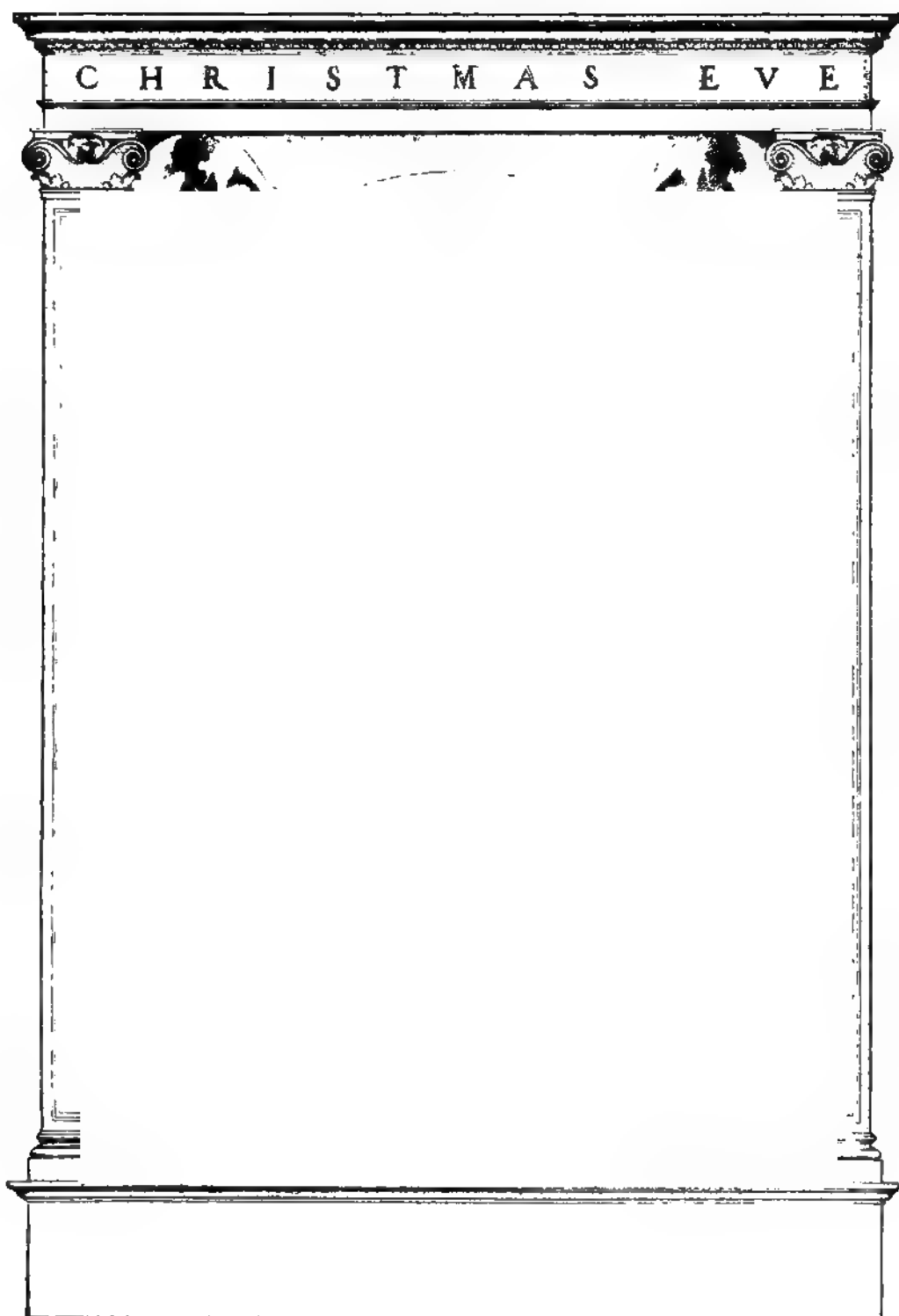
Annie Steger Winston.

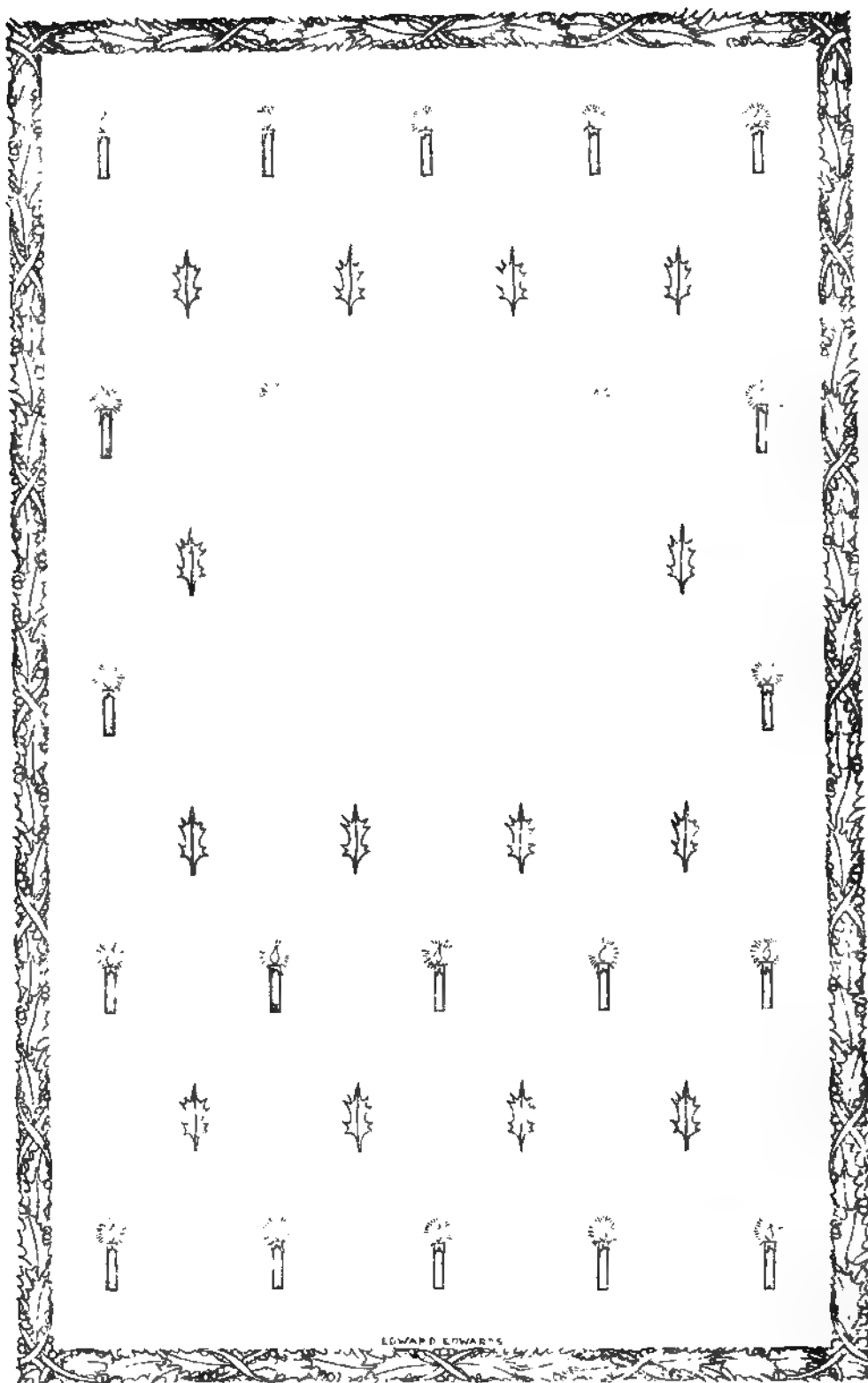
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EDWARD EDWARDS







EDWARD EDWARDS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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No. 2.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE
ARMENIAN CONVENT AT VENICE.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL.



I SAW THY BEAUTY IN ITS HIGH ESTATE
OF PERFECT EMPIRE, WHERE AT SET OF SUN
IN THE COOL TWILIGHT OF THY LUCENT LEAVES
THE DEWY FRESHNESS TOLD THAT DAY WAS DONE.



HAST THOU NO GIFT BEYOND THINE IVORY CONE'S
SURPASSING LOVELINESS? ART THOU NOT NEAR-
MORE NEAR THAN WE - TO NATURE'S SILENTNESS;
IS IT NOT VOICEFUL TO THY FINER EAR?

THY FOLDED SECRECY DOTH LIKE A CHARM
COMPEL TO THOUGHT. WHAT SPRING-BORN YEARNING LIES
WITHIN THE QUIET OF THY STAINLESS BREAST
THAT DOTH WITH LANGUOROUS PASSION SEEM TO RISE?

THE SOUL DOTH TRUANT ANGELS ENTERTAIN
WHO WITH RELUCTANT JOY THEIR THOUGHTS CONFESS:
LOW-BREATHING, TO THESE SISTER SPIRITS GIVE
THE VIRGIN MYSTERIES OF THY HEART TO GUESS.

WHAT WHISPERS HAST THOU FROM YON CHILDLIKE SEA
THAT SOBS ALL NIGHT BESIDE THESE GARDEN WALLS?
CANST THOU INTERPRET WHAT THE LARK HATH SUNG
WHEN FROM THE CHOIR OF HEAVEN HER MUSIC FALLS?

IF FOR COMPANIONSHIP OF PURITY
THE EQUAL PALLOR OF THE RISEN MOON
DISTURB THY DREAMS, DOST KNOW TO READ ARIGHT
HER SILVER TRACERY ON THE DARK LAGOON?

THE MISCHIEF-MAKING FRUITFULNESS OF MAY
STIRS ALL THE GARDEN FOLK WITH VAGUE DESIRES:
DOTH THERE NOT REACH THINE APPREHENSIVE EAR
THE FADED LONGING OF THESE DARK-ROBED FRIARS,

WHEN, IN THE EVENING HOUR TO MEMORIES GIVEN,
SOME GRAY-HAIRED MAN AMID THE GATHERING GLOOM
FOR ONE DELIRIOUS MOMENT SEES AGAIN
THE GLEAM OF EYES AND WHITE-WALLED ERZEROU?

HAST THOU NOT LOVED HIM FOR THIS HUMAN DREAM?
OR SIGHED WITH HIM WHO YESTER-EVENING SAT
UPON THE LOW SEA-WALL, AND SAW THROUGH TEARS
HIS RUINED HOME, AND SNOW-CLAD ARARAT?

IF THOU ART DOWERED WITH SOME REFINED SENSE
THAT SHARES THE COUNSELS OF THE NESTING BIRD,
CANST HEAR THE MIGHTY LAUGHTER OF THE EARTH,
AND ALL THAT EAR OF MAN HATH NEVER HEARD,

IF THE ABYSMAL STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT
BE ELOQUENT FOR THEE, IF THOU CANST READ
THE GLOWING RUBRIC OF THE MORNING SONG,
DOTH EACH NEW DAY NO GENTLE WARNING BREED?

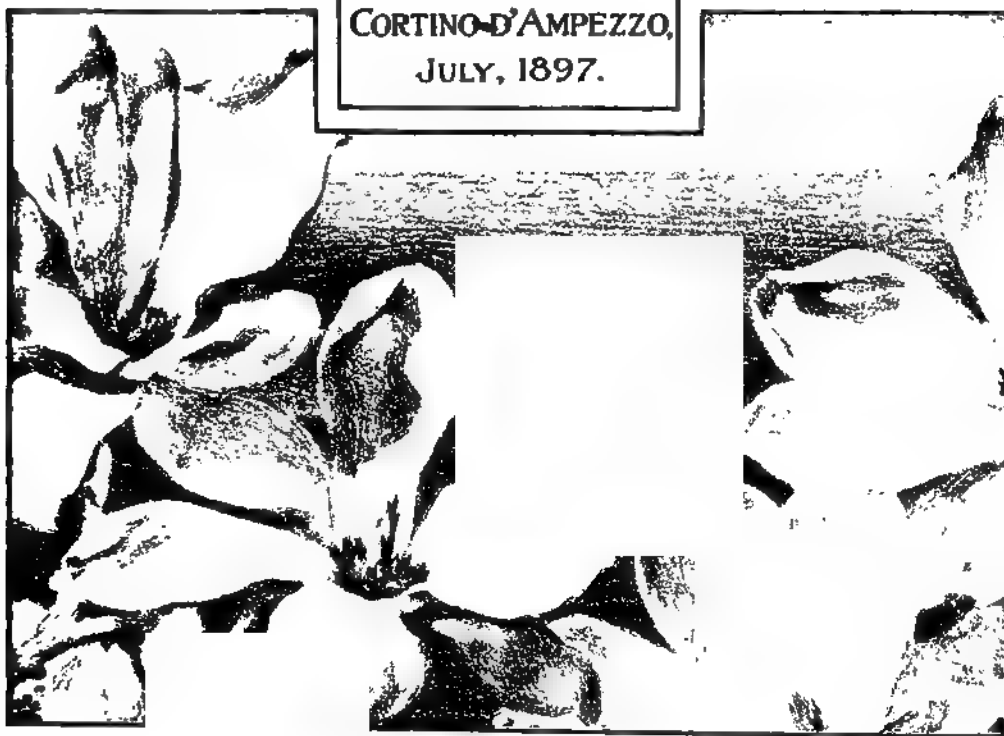
SHALL NOT THE GOSSIP OF THE MAUDLIN BEE,
THE FRAGRANT HISTORY OF THE FALLEN ROSE,
UNTO THE PRESCIENCE OF INSTINCTIVE LOVE
SOME HUMBLER PROPHECY OF JOY DISCLOSE?

COLD VESTAL OF THE LEAFY CONVENT CELL,
THE TRAITOR DAYS HAVE THY CALM TRUST BETRAYED;
THE SEA-WIND BOLDLY PARTS THY SHINING LEAVES
TO LET THE ANGEL IN. BE NOT AFRAID!

THE GOLD-WINGED SUN, DIVINELY PENETRANT,
THE PURE ANNUNCIATION OF THE MORN
BREATHES O'ER THY CHASTITY, AND TO THY SOUL
THE TENDER THRILL OF MOTHERHOOD IS BORNE.

SET WIDE THE GLORY OF THY PERFECT BLOOM!
CALL EVERY WIND TO SHARE THY SCENTED BREATHS!
NO LIFE IS BRIEF THAT DOTH PERFECTION WIN.
TO-DAY IS THINE - TO-MORROW THOU ART DEATH'S!

CORTINO-D'AMPEZZO,
JULY, 1897.



THE PASSING OF CAT ALLEY.

BY JACOB A. RIIS,

Author of "How the Other Half Live," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.



WHEN Santa Claus comes around to New York this Christmas he will look in vain for some of the slum alleys he used to know.

They are gone. Where some of them were, there are shrubs and trees and greensward; the sites of others are holes and hillocks yet, that by and by, when all the official red tape is unwound,—and what a lot of it there is to plague mankind!—will be leveled out and made into playgrounds for little feet that have been aching for them too long. Perhaps it will surprise some good people to hear that Santa Claus knew the old alleys; but he did. I have been there with him, and I knew that, much as some things which he saw there grieved him,—the starved childhood, the pinching poverty, and the slovenly indifference that cut deeper than the rest because it spoke of hope that was dead,—yet by nothing was his gentle spirit so grieved and shocked as by the show that proposed to turn his holiday into a battalion drill of the children from the alleys and the courts for patricians, young and old, to review. It was well meant, but it was not Christmas. That belongs to the home, and in the darkest slums Santa Claus found homes where his blessed tree took root and shed its mild radiance about, dispelling the darkness and bringing back hope and courage and trust.

They are gone, the old alleys. Three years of reform wiped them out. It is well. Santa Claus will not have harder work finding the doors that opened to him gladly, because the light has been let in. And others will stand ajar that before were closed. The chimneys in tenement-house alleys were never built on a plan generous enough to let him in in the orthodox way. The cost of coal had to be considered in putting them up. Bottle Alley and Bandits' Roost are gone with their bad memories. Bone Alley is gone, and Gotham Court. I well remember the Christmas tree in the court, under which a hundred dolls stood in line, craving partners among the girls in its tenements. That was the kind of battal-

ion drill that they understood. The ceiling of the room was so low that the tree had to be cut almost in half; but it was beautiful, and it lives yet, I know, in the hearts of the little ones, as it lives in mine. The "Barracks" are gone, a little ahead of time, it is true; but it was a good riddance. I believe the courts decided that they might have another chance, but they were gone then. The sanitary authorities were not so long-suffering as the judges, but then they had had the Barracks on their hands for half a lifetime. Child-murder was the profession of the old pigsty. We had almost forgotten that Hell's Kitchen existed till, the other day, it was heard from again in the old way of riot and murder. Never a squeak came from it in the three years of reform rule and Roosevelt. Nipsey's Alley is gone, where the first Christmas tree was lighted the night poor Nipsey lay dead in his coffin. And Cat Alley is gone.

Cat Alley was my alley. It was mine by right of long acquaintance. We were neighbors for twenty years. Yet I never knew why it was called Cat Alley. There was the usual number of cats, gaunt and voracious, which foraged in its ash-barrels; but beyond the family of three-legged cats, that presented its own problem of heredity,—the kittens took it from the mother, who had lost one leg under the wheels of a dray,—there was nothing specially remarkable about them. It was not an alley, either, when it comes to that, but rather a row of four or five old tenements in a back yard that was reached by a passageway somewhat less than three feet wide between the sheer walls of the front houses. These had once had pretensions to some style. One of them had been the parsonage of the church next door that had by turns been an old-style Methodist tabernacle, a fashionable negroes' temple, and an Italian mission church, thus marking time, as it were, to the upward movement of the immigration that came in at the bottom, down in the Fourth Ward, fought its way through the Bloody Sixth, and by the time it had traveled the length of

Mulberry street had acquired a local standing and the right to be counted and rounded up by the political bosses. Now the old houses were filled with newspaper offices and given over to perpetual insomnia. Week-days and Sundays, night or day, they never slept. Police Headquarters was right across the way, and kept the reporters awake. From his window the chief looked down the narrow passageway to the bottom of the alley, and the alley looked back at him, nothing daunted. No man is a hero to his valet, and the chief was not an autocrat to Cat Alley. It knew all his human weaknesses, could tell when his time was up generally before he could, and winked the other eye with the captains when the newspapers spoke of his having read them a severe lecture on gambling or Sunday beer-selling. Byrnes it worshiped, but for the others who were before him and followed after it cherished a neighborly sort of contempt.

In the character of its population Cat Alley was properly cosmopolitan. The only element that was missing was the native American, and in this also it was representative of the tenement districts in America's chief city. The substratum was Irish, of volcanic properties. Upon this were imposed layers of German, French, Jewish, and Italian, or, as the alley would have put it, Dutch, Sabé, Sheeny, and Dago; but to this last it did not take kindly. With the experience of the rest of Mulberry street before it, it foresaw its doom if the Dago got a footing there, and within a month of the moving in of the Gio family there was an eruption of the basement volcano, reinforced by the sanitary policeman, to whom complaint had been made that there were too many "Guineas" in the Gio flat. There were four—about half as many as there were in some of the other flats when the item of house-rent was lessened for economic reasons; but it covered the ground: the flat was too small for the Gios. The appeal of the signora was unavailing. "You got-a three bambino," she said to the housekeeper, "all four, lika me," counting the number on her fingers. "I no putta me broder-in-law and me sister in the street-a. Italian lika to be together."

The housekeeper was unmoved. "Humph!" she said, "to liken my kids to them Dagos! Out they go." And they went.

Up on the third floor there was the French couple. It was another of the contradictions of the alley that of this pair the man should have been a typical, stolid German, she a mercurial Parisian who at seventy

sang the "Marseillaise" with all the spirit of the Commune in her cracked voice, and hated from the bottom of her patriotic soul the enemy with whom the irony of fate had yoked her. However, she improved the opportunity in truly French fashion. He was rheumatic, and most of the time was tied to his chair. He had not worked for seven years. "He no goode," she said, with a grimace, as her nimble fingers fashioned the wares by the sale of which, from a basket, she supported them both. The wares were dancing-girls with tremendous limbs and very brief skirts of tricolor gauze,—"ballerinas," in her vocabulary,—and monkeys with tin hats, cunningly made to look like German soldiers. For these she taught him to supply the decorations. It was his department, she reasoned; the ballerinas were of her country and hers. *Parbleu!* must one not work? What then? Starve? Before her look and gesture the cripple quailed, and twisted and rolled and pasted all day long, to his country's shame, fuming with impotent rage.

"I wish the devil had you," he growled, with black looks across the table.

She regarded him maliciously, with head tilted on one side, as a bird eyes a caterpillar it has speared.

"Hein!" she scoffed. "Du den, vat?"

He scowled. She was right; without her he was helpless. The judgment of the alley was unimpeachable. They were and remained "the French couple."

Cat Alley's reception of Madame Klotz at first was not cordial. It was disposed to regard as a hostile act the circumstance that she kept a special holiday of which nothing was known except from her statement that it referred to the fall of somebody or other whom she called the Bastille, in suspicious proximity to the detested battle of the Boyne; but when it was observed that she did nothing worse than dance upon the flags "*avec ze leetle bébé*" of the tenant in the basement, and torture her "Dootch" husband with extra monkeys and gibes in honor of the day, unfavorable judgment was suspended, and it was agreed that without a doubt the "bastard" fell for cause; wherein the alley showed its sound historical judgment. By such moral pressure when it could, by force when it must, the original Irish stock preserved the alley for its own quarrels, free from "foreign" embroilments. These quarrels were many and involved. When Mrs. M'Carthy was to be dispossessed, and insisted, in her cups, on killing the housekeeper as a necessary preliminary, a study of the causes

THE BIG CHRISTMAS TREE, CAT ALLEY

that led to the feud developed the following normal condition: Mrs. M'Carthy had the housekeeper's place when Mrs. Gehegan was poor, and fed her "kids." As a reward, Mrs. Gehegan worked around and got the job away from her. Now that it was Mrs. M'Carthy's turn to be poor, Mrs. Gehegan insisted upon putting her out. Whereat, with righteous wrath, Mrs. M'Carthy proclaimed from the stoop: "Many is the time Mrs. Gehegan had a load on, an' she went up-stairs an' slept it off. I did n't. I used to show meself, I did, as a lady. I know ye 're in there, Mrs. Gehegan. Come out an' show yerself, an' I've the alley to judge betwixt us." To which Mrs. Gehegan prudently vouchsafed no answer.

Mrs. M'Carthy had succeeded to the office of housekeeper upon the death of Miss Mahoney, an ancient spinster who had collected the rents since the days of "the riot," meaning the Orange riot—an event from which the alley reckoned its time, as the ancients did from the Olympian games. Miss Mahoney was a most exemplary and worthy old lady, thrifty to a fault. Indeed, it was said when she was gone that she had literally starved herself to death to lay by money for the rainy day she was keeping a lookout for to the last. In this she was obeying her in-

stincts; but they went counter to those of the alley, and the result was very bad. As an example, Miss Mahoney's life was a failure. When at her death it was discovered that she had bank-books representing a total of two thousand dollars, her nephew and only heir promptly knocked off work and proceeded to celebrate, which he did with such fervor that in two months he had run through it all and killed himself by his excesses. Miss Mahoney's was the first bank-account in the alley, and, so far as I know, the last.

From what I have said, it must not be supposed that fighting was the normal occupation of Cat Alley. It was rather its relaxation from unceasing toil and care, from which no to-morrow held promise of relief. There was a deal of good humor in it at most times. "Scrapping" came naturally to the alley. When, as was sometimes the case, it was the complement of a wake, it was as the mirth of children who laugh in the dark because they are afraid. But once an occurrence of that sort scandalized the tenants. It was because of the violation of the Monroe Doctrine, to which, as I have said, the alley held most firmly, with severely local application. To Mulberry street Mott street was a foreign foe from which no interference was desired or long endured. A tenant in "the back"

had died in the hospital of rheumatism, a term which in the slums sums up all of poverty's hardships, scant and poor food, damp rooms, and hard work, and the family had come home for the funeral. It was not a pleasant home-coming. The father in his day had been strict, and his severity had driven his girls to the street. They had landed in Chinatown, with all that that implies, one at a time; first the older and then the younger, whom the sister took under her wing and coached. She was very handsome, was the younger sister, with an innocent look in her blue eyes that her language belied, and smart, as her marriage-ring bore witness to. The alley, where the proprieties were held to tenaciously, observed it and forgave all the rest, even her "Chink" husband. While her father was lying ill, she had spent a brief vacation in the alley. Now that he was dead, her less successful sister came home, and with her a delegation of girls from Chinatown. In their tawdry finery they walked in, sallow and bold, with Mott street

and the accursed pipe written all over them, defiant of public opinion, yet afraid to enter except in a body. The alley considered them from behind closed blinds, while the children stood by silently to see them pass. When one of them offered one of the "kids" a penny, he let it fall on the pavement, as if it were unclean. It was a sore thrust, and it hurt cruelly; but no one saw it in her face as she went in where the dead lay, with scorn and hatred as her offering.

VOL. LVII.—22.

The alley had withheld audible comment with a tact that did it credit; but when at night Mott street added its contingent of "fellows" to the mourners properly concerned in the wake, and they started a fight among themselves that was unauthorized by local sanction, its wrath was aroused, and it arose and bundled the whole concern out into the street with scant ceremony. There was never an invasion of the alley after that night. It enjoyed home rule undisturbed.

Withal, there was as much kindness of heart and neighborly charity in Cat Alley as in any little community up-town or down-town, or out of town, for that matter. It had its standards and its customs, which were to be observed; but underneath it all, and not very far down either, was a human fellowship that was capable of any sacrifice to help a friend in need. Many was the widow with whom and with whose children the alley shared its daily bread, which was scanty enough, God knows, when death or other disaster had brought her to the jumping-off place. In twenty years I do not recall a suicide in the alley, or a case of suffering demanding the interference of the authorities, unless with such help as the hospital could give. The alley took care of its own, and tided them over the worst when it came to that. And death was not always the worst. I remember yet with a shudder a tragedy which I was just in time with the police to prevent. A laborer, who lived in the attic, had gone mad, poisoned by the stenches of

THE ENTRANCE TO CAT ALLEY.

the sewers in which he worked. For two nights he had been pacing the hallway muttering incoherent things, and then fell to sharpening an ax, with his six children playing about—beautiful, brown-eyed girls they were, sweet and innocent little tots. In five minutes we should have been too late, for it appeared that the man's madness had taken on the homicidal tinge. They were better off of the world, he told us as we carried him off to the hospital. When he was gone, the children came upon the alley, and loyally did it stand by them until a job was found for the mother by the local political boss. He got her appointed a scrub-woman at the City Hall, and the alley, always faithful, was solid for him ever after. Organized charity might, and indeed did, provide groceries on the instalment plan. The Tammany captain provided the means of pulling the family through and of bringing up the children, although there was not a vote in the family. It was not the first time I had met him and observed his plan of "keeping close" to the people. Against it not the most carping reform critic could have found just ground of complaint.

The charity of the alley was contagious. With the reporters' messenger boys, a harum-scarum lot, in "the front," the alley was not on good terms for any long stretch at a time. They made a racket at night, and had sport with "old man Quinn," who was a victim of dropsy. He was "walking on dough," they asseverated, and paid no attention to the explanation of the alley that he had "kidney feet." But when the old man died and his wife was left penniless, I found some of them secretly contributing to her keep. It was not so long after that that another old pensioner of the alley, suddenly drawn into their cyclonic sport in the narrow passageway, fell and broke her arm. Apparently no one in the lot was individually to blame. It was an unfortunate accident, and it deprived her of her poor means of earning the few pennies with which she eked out the charity of the alley. Worse than that, it took from her hope after death, as it were. For years she had pinched and saved and denied herself to keep up a payment of twenty-five cents a week which insured her decent burial in consecrated ground. Now that she could no longer work, the dreaded trench in the Potter's Field yawned to receive her. That was the blow that broke her down. She was put out by the landlord soon after the accident, as a hopeless tenant, and I thought that she had

gone to the almshouse, when by chance I came upon her living quite happily in a tenement on the next block. "Living" is hardly the word; she was really waiting to die, but waiting with a cheerful content that amazed me until she herself betrayed the secret of it. Every week one of the messenger boys brought her out of his scanty wages the quarter that alike insured her peace of mind and the undisturbed rest of her body in its long sleep, which a life of toil had pictured to her as the greatest of earth's boons.

Death came to Cat Alley in varying forms, often enough as a welcome relief to those for whom it called, rarely without its dark riddle for those whom it left behind, to be answered without delay or long guessing. There were at one time three widows with little children in the alley, none of them over twenty-five. They had been married at fifteen or sixteen, and when they were called upon to face the world and fight its battles alone were yet young and inexperienced girls themselves. Improvidence! Yes. Early marriages are at the bottom of much mischief among the poor. And yet perhaps these, and others like them, might have offered the homes from which they went out as a valid defense. To their credit be it said that they accepted their lot bravely, and, with the help of the alley, pulled through. Two of them married again, and made a bad job of it. Second marriages seldom turned out well in the alley. They were a refuge of the women from work that was wearing their lives out, and gave them in exchange usually a tyrant who hastened the process. There was never any sentiment about it. "I don't know what I shall do," said one of the widows to me, when at last it was decreed that the tenements were to be pulled down, "unless I can find a man to take care of me. Might get one that drinks? I would hammer him half to death." She did find her "man," only to have him on her hands, too. It was the last straw. Before the wreckers came around she was dead. The amazed indignation of the alley at the discovery of her second marriage, which till then had been kept secret, was beyond bounds. The supposed widow's neighbor across the hall, whom we knew in the front generally as "the Fat One," was so stunned by the revelation that she did not recover in season to go to the funeral. She was never afterward the same.

In the good old days when the world was right, the Fat One had enjoyed the distinction of being the one tenant in Cat Alley whose growler never ran dry. It made no



THE COURT OF CAT ALLEY.

difference how strictly the Sunday law was observed toward the rest of the world; the Fat One would set out from the alley with her growler in a basket,—this as a concession to the unnatural prejudices of a misguided community, not as an evasion, for she made a point of showing it to the policeman on the corner,—and return with it filled. Her look of scornful triumph as she marched through the alley, and the backward toas of her head toward Police Headquarters, which said plainly: "Ha! you thought you could! But you did n't, did you?" were the admiration of the alley. It allowed that she had met and downed Roosevelt in a fair fight. But after the last funeral the Fat One never again carried the growler. Her spirit was broken. All things were coming to an end, the alley itself with them.

One funeral I recall with a pleasure which the years have in no way dimmed. It was at a time before the King's Daughters' Tenement-house Committee was organized, when out-of-town friends used to send flowers to my office for the poor. The first notice I had of a death in the alley was when a delegation of children from the rear knocked and asked for daisies. There was something unnaturally solemn about them that prompted me to make inquiries, and then it came out that old Mrs. Walsh was dead and going on her long ride up to Hart's Island; for she was quite friendless, and the purse-strings of the alley were not long enough to save her from the Potter's Field. The city hearse was even then at the door, and they were carrying in the rough pine coffin. With the children the crippled old woman had been a favorite; she had always a kind word for them, and they paid her back in the way they knew she

would have loved best. Not even the coffin of the police sergeant, who was a brother of the district leader, was so gloriously decked out as old Mrs. Walsh's when she started on her last journey. The children stood in the passageway with their arms full of daisies, and gave the old soul a departing cheer; and though it was quite irregular, it was all right, for it was well meant, and Cat Alley knew it.

They were much like other children, those of the alley. It was only in their later years that the alley and the growler set their stamp upon them. While they were small, they loved,

like others of their kind, to play in the gutter, to splash in the sink about the hydrant, and to dance to the hand-organ that came regularly into the block, even though they sadly missed the monkey that was its chief attraction till the aldermen banished it in a cranky fit. Dancing came naturally to them, too; certainly no one took the trouble to teach them. It was a pretty sight to see them stepping to the time on the broad flags at the mouth of the alley. Not rarely they had for an appreciative audience the Big Chief himself, who looked down from his window, and the uniformed policeman at the door. Even the commissioners deigned to smile upon the impromptu show in breathing-spells between their heavy labors in the cause of politics and pull. But the children took little notice of them; they were too happy in their play. They loved my flowers,

OLD BARNET.

too, with a genuine love that did not spring from the desire to get something for nothing, and the parades on Italian feast-days that always came through the street. They took a fearsome delight in watching for the big Dime Museum giant, who lived around in Elizabeth street, and who in his last days

BARNY INTRINCHED.

looked quite lean and hungry enough to send a thrill to any little boy's heart, though he had never cooked one and eaten him in his whole life, being quite a harmless and peaceable giant. And they loved Trilby.

Trilby was the dog. As far back as my memory reaches there was never another in Cat Alley. She arrived in the block one winter morning on a dead run, with a tin can tied to her stump of a tail, and with the Mott-street gang in hot pursuit. In her extremity she saw the mouth of the alley, dodged in, and was safe. The Mott-streeters would as soon have thought of following her into Police Headquarters as there. Ever after she stayed. She took possession of the alley and of Headquarters, where the reporters had their daily walk, as if they were hers by right of conquest, which in fact they were. With her whimsically grave countenance, in which all the cares of the vast domain she made it her daily duty to oversee were visibly reflected, she made herself a favorite with every one except the "beanery-man" on the corner, who denounced her angrily, when none of her friends were near, for coming in with his customers at lunch-time on pur-

pose to have them feed her with his sugar, which was true. At regular hours, beginning with the opening of the department offices, she would make the round of the police building, calling on all the officials, forgetting none. She rode up in the elevator and left it at the proper floors, waited in the anterooms with the rest when there was a crowd, and paid stated visits to the chief and the commissioners, who never omitted to receive her with a nod and a "Hello, Trilby!" no matter how pressing the business in hand. The gravity with which she listened to what went on, and wrinkled up her brow in an evident effort to understand, was comical to the last degree. She knew the fire-alarm signals and when anything momentous was afoot. On the quiet days, when nothing was stirring, she would flock with the reporters on the stoop and sing.

There never was such singing as Trilby's. That was how she got her name. I tried a score of times to find out, but to this day I do not know whether it was pain or pleasure that was in her note. She had only one, but it made up in volume for what it lacked in range. Standing in the circle of her friends,

she would raise her head until her nose pointed straight toward the sky, and pour forth her melody with a look of such unutterable woe on her face that peals of laughter always wound up the performance; whereupon Trilby would march off with an injured air and hide herself in one of the offices, refusing to come out. Poor Trilby! with the passing away of the alley she seemed to lose her grip. She did not understand it. After wandering about aimlessly for a while, vainly seeking a home in the world, she finally moved over on the East Side with one of the dispossessed tenants. But on all Sundays and holidays, and once in a while in the middle of the week, she comes yet to inspect the old block in Mulberry street and to join in a quartet with old friends.

Trilby and Old Barney were the two who stuck to the alley longest. Barney was the star boarder. As everything about the place was misnamed, the alley itself included, so was he. His real name was Michael, but the children called him Barney, and the name stuck. When they were at odds, as they usually were, they shouted "Barney Bluebeard!" after him, and ran away and hid in trembling delight as he shook his key-ring at them, and showed his teeth with the evil leer which he reserved specially for them. It was reported in the alley that he was a woman-hater; hence the name. Certain it is that he never would let one of the detested sex cross the threshold of his attic room on any pretext. If he caught one pointing for his airy, he would block the way and bid her sternly begone. She seldom tarried long, for Barney was not a pleasing object when he was in an ugly mood. As the years passed, and cobweb and dirt accumulated in his room, stories were told of fabulous wealth which he had concealed in the chinks of the wall and in broken crocks; and as he grew constantly shabbier and more crabbed, they were readily believed. Barney carried his ring and filed keys all day, coining money, so the reasoning ran, and spent none; so he must be hiding it away. The alley hugged itself in the joyful sensation that it had a miser and his hoard in the cockloft. Next to a ghost, for which the environment was too matter-of-fact, that was the thing for an alley to have.

Curiously enough, the fact that, summer and winter, the old man never missed early mass and always put a silver quarter—even a silver dollar, it was breathlessly whispered in the alley—in the contribution-box, merely served to strengthen this belief. The fact

was, I suspect, that the key-ring was the biggest end of the business Old Barney cultivated so assiduously. There were keys enough on it, and they rattled most persistently as he sent forth the strange whoop which no one ever was able to make out, but which was assumed to mean "Keys! keys!" But he was far too feeble and tremulous to wield a file with effect. In his younger days he had wielded a bayonet in his country's defense. On the rare occasions when he could be made to talk, he would tell, with a smoldering gleam in his sunken eyes, how the Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers had battled with the Rebs weary nights and days without giving way a foot. The old man's bent back would straighten, and he would step firmly and proudly, at the recollection of how he and his comrades earned the name of the "heroes of Lexington" in that memorable fight. But only for the moment. The dark looks that frightened the children returned soon to his face. It was all for nothing, he said. While he was fighting at the front he was robbed. His lieutenant, to whom he gave his money to send home, stole it and ran away. When he returned after three years there was nothing, nothing! At this point the old man always became incoherent. He spoke of money the government owed him and withheld. It was impossible to make out whether his grievance was real or imagined.

When Colonel Grant came to Mulberry street as a police commissioner, Barney brightened up under a sudden idea. He might get justice now. Once a week, through those two years, he washed himself, to the mute astonishment of the alley, and brushed up carefully, to go across and call on "the general's son" in order to lay his case before him. But he never got farther than the Mulberry-street door. On the steps he was regularly awe-struck, and the old hero, who had never turned his back to the enemy, faltered and retreated. In the middle of the street he halted, faced front, and saluted the building with all the solemnity of a grenadier on parade, then went slowly back to his attic and to his unrighted grievance.

It had been the talk of the neighborhood for years that the alley would have to go in the Elm-street widening which was to cut a swath through the block, right over the site upon which it stood; and at last notice was given about Christmas-time that the wreckers were coming. The alley was sold,—thirty dollars was all it brought,—and the old

tenants moved away, and were scattered to the four winds. Barney alone stayed. He flatly refused to budge. They tore down the church next door and the buildings on over, he punched a hole in the rear wall and stuck the stovepipe through that, where it blew defiance to the new houses springing up almost within arm's-reach of it. It suggested

THE DESTRUCTION OF CAT ALLEY.

Houston street, and filled what had been the yard, or court, of the tenements with debris that reached half-way to the roof, so that the old locksmith, if he wished to go out or in, must do so by way of the third-story window, over a perilous path of shaky timbers and sliding brick. He evidently considered it a kind of siege, and shut himself in his attic, bolting and barring the door, and making secret sorties by night for provisions. When the chimney fell down or was blown guns pointing from a fort, and perhaps it pleased the old man's soldier fancy. It certainly made smoke enough in his room, where he was fighting his battles over with himself, and occasionally with the janitor from the front, who climbed over the pile of bricks and in through the window to bring him water. When I visited him there one day, and, after giving the password, got behind the bolted door, I found him, the room, and everything else absolutely covered with soot, coal-black

from roof to rafters. The password was "Lettér!" yelled out loud at the foot of the stairs. That would always bring him out, in the belief that the government had finally sent him the long-due money. Barney was stubbornly defiant; he would stand by his guns to the end: but he was weakening physically under the combined effect of short rations and nightly alarms. It was clear that he could not stand it much longer.

The wreckers cut it short one morning by ripping off the roof over his head before he was up. Then, and only then, did he retreat. His exit was characterized by rather more haste than dignity. There had been a heavy fall of snow overnight, and Barney slid down the jagged slope from his window, dragging his trunk with him, in imminent peril of breaking his aged bones. That day he disappeared from Mulberry street. I thought he was gone for good, and through the Grand Army of the Republic had set inquiries on foot to find what had become of him, when one day I saw him from my window, standing on the opposite side of the street, key-ring in hand, and looking fixedly at what had once been the passageway to the alley, but was now a barred gap between the houses, lead-

ing nowhere. He stood there long, gazing sadly at the gateway, at the children dancing to the Italian's hand-organ, at Trilby trying to look unconcerned on the stoop, and then went his way silently, a poor castaway, and I saw him no more.

So Cat Alley, with all that belonged to it, passed out of my life. It had its faults, but it can at least be said of it, in extenuation, that it was very human. With them all it had a rude sense of justice that did not distinguish its early builders. When the work of tearing down had begun, I watched, one day, a troop of children having fun with a seesaw that they had made of a plank laid across a lime-barrel. The whole Irish contingent rode the plank, all at once, with screams of delight. A ragged little girl from the despised "Dago" colony watched them from the corner with hungry eyes. Big Jane, who was the leader by virtue of her thirteen years and her long reach, saw her and stopped the show.

"Here, Mame," she said, pushing one of the smaller girls from the plank, "you get off an' let her ride. Her mother was stabbed yesterday."

And the little Dago rode, and was made happy.

CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM

BY J. JAMES TISSOT.¹

THE town of Bethlehem is shaped in the form of a crescent, descending, terrace by terrace, the side of the hill on which it is built. On one of these terraces are grouped the massive buildings of the Latin and Greek convents, between which stands the basilica, charming the eye by the peculiar grace of its lines. All the houses are distinctly Jewish in appearance, with flat roofs capped by cupolas, and many of them have pointed archways which offer pleasant places for repose in hours of sun or shade.

This creeping of the houses down into the very gardens of the valley heightens wonderfully the beauty of the landscape; while in the background, toward the Dead Sea, the mountains of Moab tower majestically above the gentle undulations of hill and vale. Every feature of this never-to-be-forgotten scene

is full of sacred significance. In front of the city you are shown the field where Ruth and Boaz met, and near by is the spot where the shepherds were told of our Saviour's birth. At a point still nearer the crescent-shaped city is the well from which David so desired drink after doing battle. A little farther on, and quite by itself, is the tomb of Rachel, beyond which are other battle-fields mentioned in the Bible. Here one is in the very heart of the country described in the Holy Scriptures, and naturally scores of legends are called to mind, returning again and again to sweeten the soul through the weary hours of horseback journeying across desert wastes.

On the occasion of the Christmas fêtes, I was invited by the late French consul-general, M. Ledoux, to accompany him to Bethlehem and pass the night at the Casa-Nova. While awaiting midnight, we had supper with the Rev. Father Didon, who, I recall, was fairly teeming with wit and

¹ See articles in THE CENTURY for June, 1894, and December, 1895, on Tissot's illustrations of "The Life of Our Saviour Jesus Christ."—EDITOR.

wisdom. His arguments that night were in support of the Jews, in the persecution of whom all the races of the world seem to be united. This gifted Dominican contended with his usual eloquence that our religion is based upon the best features of ancient Judaism—that the first Christians were themselves Jews, that Jews were the pillars of the early church, and that, finally, we owe to them the very foundations of our cathedrals. Convinced by the logic and silenced by the eloquence of his intelligent arguments, we now awaited the beginning of the ceremonies.

These in the main proved long and monotonous, although relieved now and again by piquant episodes. One entire side of the Church of the Fathers of the Holy Land was occupied by crowds of Bethlehem women, attired for the occasion in their most beautiful costumes. Little gold tiaras glistened under their heavily embroidered veils, while shining coins dangled about faces lighted by more or less naturally brightened eyes. The scene called to mind an immense harem, for the women were seated or spread out on the floor, and all were profiting by the occasion to chatter among themselves like a parcel of magpies. In the midst of all this finery, of all this superexcited Oriental femininity, there suddenly appeared a young Franciscan friar, whose bearded countenance bore the unmistakable stamp of youthful vigor and intensity. Thrashing them right and left with his heavy rope girdle, fiercely cursing them in the Arabic, he actually trampled underfoot any who fell in his path. He seemed in very truth a young anchorite transported by the ardor of chastisement. The trembling crowd quieted down without a word; but ten minutes later the same chatter, chatter, broke out again. It seemed as though the lashings only made them worse, for the young monk was obliged to return twice, beating them furiously each time with his thick Franciscan girdle.

Finally order was restored, and the women, seemingly awed by the thunder-like tones of the great organ (played in the stiff-wristed Italian manner), suddenly became silent. The procession began at last, and what a procession it proved to be! How I remember being carried back hundreds of years by its strange, old-time features! The costumes of the monks, for example, have not changed in the least since their orders were founded: their hoods are still cut in the same way, and their heads are still capped by a crown of hair, while the veils of the sisters are precisely like those worn in the middle ages. Although

somewhat deadened by the subterranean passages, their chants could still be heard.

Through thick clouds of incense and the smoke from hundreds of tapers, we move on and on, down and down. Sometimes, owing to the windings of the path, we can distinguish for an instant, across the smoke-laden atmosphere, the embroidered uniform of some European dignitary, on whose breast dozens of decorations flash, or whose waistcoat is cross-barred by numerous *grands cordons*. Halts are often made before grottoes in which are altars to various early saints. We march along, two by two, and often in single file, through room after room, dedicated to St. Jerome, St. Joseph, and a score or more whose names I have quite forgotten. At every step the atmosphere becomes denser and hotter from the furnace of burning tapers.

We follow the human rope which stretches farther and farther in the distance; the journey is long; where can we be now? Have we not already passed the place where Christ was born—the manger? For a long time we have gone down and then up, and then down again; turning now to the right, and then to the left. Finally, after mounting upward again, we are at last in the principal church. Shortly afterward I turned into my cell, where I soon fell fast asleep.

During that half-comatose state which often precedes slumber, I managed, however, to rehearse the events of the day: departure from Jerusalem in the brilliant cavalcade escorting the consul; episodes during the journey; fantasia on the top of a wall by numerous daring dragomans; being photographed by a long-bearded Italian dressed in the traditional brown-velvet costume; more fantasias, this time by sheiks of the neighboring villages, who galloped their fine Arabian mounts under the olive-trees and broke off branches, which they presented to the consul, displaying, alas! much bravery for few bakshish.

Afterward came the reception on our arrival in the town, the visit to the convent, the official reception, the supper, the church services and procession, and now, at last, a halt—a moment's repose. And to think that I had not yet heard the midnight mass, not yet said my prayers here at Bethlehem at Christmas-tide—on Christmas eve! I was even a trifle wakeful and restless, when some one came to call me, and I quickly rejoined Father Didon, who was already arrayed in his sacerdotal robes for the mass which was about to be celebrated at the Altar of the

Manger. Accompanying him, I followed, as best I could, the holy rites held on that sacred spot, for I was greatly incommoded by the dense crowd which thronged the narrow sanctuary. Thousands of female eyes burning with curiosity were riveted upon us. It was an infantile crowd, inoffensive, but so avaricious and importunate that, in order to collect my thoughts, I was forced to take refuge behind a screen and bury my face in my hands. Into this retreat I retired, placing myself at the feet of Him who was born there only a few paces from me, of Him of whose body and whose blood I was about to partake. At length mass was over, and in departing I was surprised to see a long line of priests of all nationalities, wearing chasubles and holding in their hands covered chalice. They also were waiting for mass, and were pressing forward vigorously in order not to lose their places in the great crowd which thronged the sanctuary. When, at last, overcome with emotion and fatigue, I regained my cell, I solemnly vowed that I should never again run the risk of being literally ground to powder in that veritable mill of public prayers and ceremonies, which, instead of promoting the devout concentration of spirit which one has come so far to find, has quite the opposite effect. The following year, having these experiences fresh in mind, I gladly left the crowd to its churches, its processions, and its services.

THERE had been a snowfall during the day, and the ground glistened white beneath a brilliant moon as I directed my steps toward the newly established convent of the Sisters of *Marie réparatrice*, near Birket-Mamilla. I was certainly amply repaid for my trouble, for I there listened to the most eloquent and touching sermon it has ever been my good fortune to hear. Being addressed only to a dozen or so sisters and one solitary layman

(myself), who was installed behind the screen, the sermon was delivered in low, measured tones which could be easily heard throughout the small vaulted chapel. Turning toward the altar, the priest (who wore the blond beard of a missionary) began as follows:

"On this night and at this very hour the thoughts of the entire world are turned toward Bethlehem, where, long since, a child was born. This child, when he had grown to manhood, went often to Jerusalem in the furtherance of his divine mission. You know this; you know who he was; you know that he was there seized by the Jews, condemned to death, and crucified but a short distance from this very spot where we now are. You have all seen the holy sepulcher—but a stone's throw or so from here—where he was buried, and whence, on the third day, he arose, and before the eyes of all ascended into heaven from that selfsame Mount of Olives we can so easily see by day.

"This same man who was born in Bethlehem, who died upon the cross and was raised again, and who ascended into heaven, is the Son of God; it is his sacred memory which is being worshiped in that near-by village, and it is his body here beside me in the tabernacle of which you are now about to partake in solemn and holy communion."

I, having nothing to regret in the way of a crowded or uncomfortably filled sanctuary, passed the time in profound religious meditation.

Need I say more, or is it already appreciated—the vast difference between such exquisite religious calm and that absolute annihilation of it which obtains in churches on crowded fête-days? Of how much more moment is it to wander alone in the pure air on the heights about Jerusalem, where quiet contemplation is at once more possible and more profitable!

IF I REMEMBER YOU.

BY SARAH PIATT.

IF I remember you, it must be only
As this spent, lightning-shattered cloud I see
Remembers yon high star, divinely lonely,
The namesake of a god, and bright as he.

If I remember you—so loved, so hated!—
Why, it were better that the grave-rose grew
Between us (where yon hurt dove moans, unmated)
Forevermore—if I remember you.

THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

"WHEN WE LEFT CORDOVA."

"I DON'T see how you can help having your picture taken in these days," I said; "even if you refuse to go to a photographer's, you can't escape the kodak people. You have a striking presence."

"Oh, I can't get away from photographers," he answered. "I have had a number of pictures taken, at the request of my wife and other people. It is impossible to avoid it, and that is one of the reasons why I am now telling you my story. What is the other point about which you wished to ask me?"

"I cannot comprehend," I answered, "how you should ever have found yourself poor and obliged to work. I should say that a man who had lived so long would have accumulated, in one way or another, immense wealth, inexhaustible treasures."

"Oh, yes," said he, with a smile; "Monte Cristo, and all that sort of thing. Your notion is a perfectly natural one, but I assure

you, Mr. Randolph, that it is founded upon a mistake. Over and over and over again I have amassed wealth; but I have not been able to retain it permanently, and often I have suffered for the very necessities of life. I have been hungry, knowing that I could never starve. The explanation of this state of things is simple enough: I would trade; I would speculate; I would marry an heiress; I would become rich; for many years I would enjoy my possessions. Then the time would come when people said: 'Who owns these houses?' 'To whom belongs this money in the banks?' 'These properties were purchased in our great-grandfathers' times; the accounts in the banks were opened long before our oldest citizens were born. Who is it who is making out leases and drawing checks?' I have employed all sorts of subterfuges in order to retain my property, but I have always found that to prove my con-

tinued identity I should have to acknowledge my immortality; and in that case, of course, I should have been adjudged a lunatic, and everything would have been taken from me. So I generally managed, before the time arrived when it was actually necessary for me to do so, to turn my property, as far as possible, into money, and establish myself in some other place as a stranger. But there were times when I was obliged to hurry from my home and take nothing with me. Then I knew misery.

"It was during the period of one of my greatest depressions that I met with a monk who was afterward St. Bruno, and I joined the Carthusian monastery which he founded in Calabria. In the midst of their asceticism, their seclusion, and their silence I hoped that I might be asked no questions, and need tell no lies; I hoped that I might be allowed to live as long as I pleased without disturbance: but I found no such immunity. When Bruno died, and his successor followed him into the grave, it was proposed that I should be the next prior; but this would not have suited me at all. I had employed all my time in engrossing books, but the duties of a prior were not for me, so I escaped, and went out into the world again."

As I sat and listened to Mr. Crowder, his story seemed equally wonderful to me, whether it were a plain statement of facts or the relation of an insane dream. It was not a wild tale, uttered in the enthusiastic excitement of a disordered mind; but it was a series of reminiscences, told quietly and calmly, here a little, there a little, without chronological order, each one touched upon as it happened to suggest itself. From wondering I found myself every now and then believing: but whenever I realized the folly in which I was indulging myself, I shook off my credulity and endeavored to listen with interest, but without judgment, for in this way only could I most thoroughly enjoy the strange narrative; but my lapses into unconscious belief were frequent.

"You have spoken of marriage," said I. "Have you had many wives?"

My host leaned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling. "That is a subject," he said, "of which I think as little as I can, and yet I must speak to you of it. It is right that I should do so. I have been married so often that I can scarcely count the wives I have had. Beautiful women, good women, some of them women to whom I would have given immortality had I been

able; but they died, and died, and died. And here is one of the great drawbacks of living forever.

"Yet it was not always the death of my wives which saddened me the most; it was their power of growing old. I would marry a young woman, beautiful, charming. You need not be surprised that I was able to do this, for in all ages woman has been in the habit of disregarding the years of man, and I have always had a youthful spirit; I think it is Daudet who says that the most dangerous lover is the man of fifty-three. I would live happily with a wife; she would gradually grow to be the same age as myself; and then she would become older and older, and I did not. As I have said, there were women to whom I would have given immortality if I could; but I will add that there have been times when I would have given up my own immortality to be able to pass gently into old age with a beloved wife.

"You will want to know if I have had descendants. They exist by the thousand; but if you ask me where they are, I must tell you that I do not know. I now have but one child, a little girl who is asleep up-stairs. I have gathered around me families of sons and daughters; they have grown up, married, and my grandchildren have sat upon my knees. Sometimes, at long intervals, I have known great-grandchildren. But when my sons and daughters have grown gray and gone to their graves, I have withdrawn myself from the younger people,—some of whom were not acquainted with me, others even had never heard of me,—and then by the next generation the old ancestor, if known at all, was connected only with the distant past. And so family after family have melted into the great mass of human beings, and are as completely lost as though they were water thrown into the sea.

"I have always been fond of beautiful women, and as you have met Mrs. Crowder, you know that my disposition has not changed. Sarah, the wife of Abraham, was considered a woman of great beauty in her day, and the fame of her charms continues; but I assure you that if she lived now her attractions would not have given her husband so much trouble. I saw a good deal of Sarah when I visited Abraham with my master Alexander, and I have seen many more beautiful women since that time. Hagar was a fine woman, but she was too dark, and her face had an anxious expression which interfered with her beauty."

"Was Hagar really the wife of Abraham,"

I asked, "as the Mussulmans say, and was Ishmael considered his heir?"

"When I saw them," my host continued, "the two women seemed as friendly as sisters, and Isaac was not yet born. At that time it was considered, of course, that

"I never saw her," was the answer, "but, from what I have heard, I do not think I should have cared for her if I had seen her asleep. What might have happened had I seen her awake is quite another matter. I have noticed that women grow more beauti-

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"I HAD BEEN A BROKER IN POMPEII."

Ishmael was Abraham's heir. Certainly he was a much finer man than Isaac, with whom I became acquainted a long time afterward. There were some very beautiful women at the court of Solomon. One of these was Balkis, the famous Queen of Sheba."

"Did you ever meet Cleopatra?" I interrupted.

ful as the world grows older, and men grow taller and better developed. You would consider me, I think, a man of average size; but I tell you that in my early life I was exceptionally tall, and I have no doubt it was my stature and presence to which I largely owed my preferment at the court of Alexander. I was living in Spain toward the close of the tenth century, when I married the daughter

of an Arabian physician, who was a wonderfully beautiful woman. She was not dark, like the ordinary Moorish women. In feature and form she surpassed any creation of the Greek sculptors, and I have been in many of their workshops, and have seen their models. This lady lived longer than any other wife I had. She lived so long, in fact, that when we left Cordova we both thought it well that she should pass as my mother. She was one of the few wives to whom I told my story. It did not shock her, for she believed her father to be a miracle-worker, and she had faith in many strange things. Her great desire was to live as long as I should, and I think she believed that this might happen. She died at the age of one hundred and fifteen, and was lively and animated to the very last. My first American wife was a fine woman, too. She was a French creole, and died fifteen years ago. We had no children."

"It strikes me," I said suddenly, "that you must understand a great many languages—you speak so much of living with people of different nations."

"It would be impossible," he answered, "unless I were void of ordinary intelligence, to live as long as I have, and not become a general linguist. Of course I had to learn the languages of the countries I visited, and as I was always a student, it delighted me to do so. In fact, I not only studied, but I wrote. When the Alexandrian library was destroyed, fourteen of my books were burned. I was in Italy with my first American wife, when I visited the museum at Naples, and in the room where the experts were unrolling the papyri found in Pompeii, I looked over the shoulder of one of them, and, to my amazement, found that one of the rolls was an account-book of my own. I had been a broker in Pompeii, and these were the records of moneys I had loaned, on interest, to various merchants and tradespeople. I was always fond of dealing in money, and at present I am a broker in Wall street. During the first crusades I was a banker in Genoa, and lent large sums to the noble knights who were setting forth for Jerusalem."

"Was much of it repaid?" I asked.

"Most of it. The loans were almost always secured by good property. As I look back upon the vast panorama of my life," my host continued, after a pause, "I most pleasantly recall my various intimacies with learned men, and my own studies and researches; but in the great company of men of knowledge whom I have known, there was not one in whom I was so much interested as in

King Solomon. I visited his court because I greatly wished to know a man who knew so much. It was not difficult to obtain access to him, for I came as a stranger from Ethiopia, to the east of the Red Sea, and the king was always anxious to see intelligent people from foreign parts. I was able to tell him a good deal which he did not know, and he became fond of my society. As for me, I found Solomon a wonderfully well-informed man. He had not read and studied books as much as I had, and he had not had my advantages of direct intercourse with learned men; but he was a most earnest and indefatigable student of nature. I believe he knew more about natural history than any human being then living, or who had preceded him. Whenever it was possible for him to do so, he studied animal nature from the living model, and all the beasts, birds, and fishes which it was possible for him to obtain alive were quartered in the grounds of his palace. In a certain way he was an animal-tamer. You may well imagine that this great king's wonderful possessions, as well as the man himself, were the source of continual delight to me.

"The time-honored story of Solomon's carpet on which he mounted and was wafted away to any place, with his retinue, had a good deal of foundation in fact; for Solomon was an exceedingly ingenious man, and not only constructed parachutes by which people could safely descend from great heights, but he made some attempts in the direction of ballooning. I have seen small bags of thin silk, covered with a fine varnish made of gum to render them air-tight, which, being inflated with hot air and properly ballasted, rose high above the earth, and were wafted out of sight by the wind. Many people supposed that in the course of time Solomon would be able to travel through the air, and from this idea was derived the tradition that he really did so.

"Another of the interesting legends regarding King Solomon concerned his dominion over the jinns. These people, of whom so much has been written and handed down by word of mouth, and who were supposed by subsequent generations to be a race of servile demons, were, in reality, savage natives of surrounding countries, who were forced by the king to work on his great buildings and other enterprises, and who occupied very much the position of the coolies of the present day. But that story of the dead Solomon and the jinns who were at work on the temple gives a good idea of one of the most impor-

"LENT LARGE SUMS TO THE NOBLE KNIGHTS."

tant characteristics of this great ruler. He was a man who gave personal attention to all his affairs, and was in the habit of overseeing the laborers on his public works. Do you remember the story to which I refer?"

I was obliged to say that I did not think I had ever heard it.

"The story runs thus," said my host: "The jinns were at work building the temple, and Solomon, according to his custom, overlooked them daily. At the time when the temple was nearly completed Solomon

felt that his strength was passing from him, and that he would not have much longer to live. This greatly troubled him, for he knew that when the jinns should find that his watchful eye would be no more upon them, they would rebel and refuse to work, and the temple would not be finished during his reign.

Therefore, as the story runs, he came, one day, into the temple, and hoped that he might be enabled to remain there until the great edifice should be finished. He stood leaning on his staff, and the jinns, when they

beheld their master, continued to work, and work, and work. When night came Solomon still remained standing in his accustomed place, and the jinns worked on, afraid to cease their toil for a moment.

"Standing thus, Solomon died; but the jinns did not know it, and their toil and labor continued, by night and by day.

the jinns was also finished. Then the staff crumbled, and the dead Solomon fell, face foremost, to the earth. The jinns, perceiving that they had been slaving day and night for a master who was dead, fled away with yells of rage and vexation. But the glorious temple was finished, and King Solomon's work was done. Tabari tells this

SOLOMON AND THE JINNS.

Now, according to the tradition, a little white ant, one of the kind which devours wood, came up out of the earth on the very day on which Solomon died, and began to gnaw the inside of his staff. She gnawed a little every day, until at last the staff became hollow from one end to the other; and on the day when she finished her work, the work of

story, and it is also found in the Koran; but the origin of it was nothing more than the well-known custom of Solomon to exercise personal supervision over those who were working for him.

"I was the person from whom Solomon first heard of the Queen of Sheba. I had lived in her capital city for several years, and

she had summoned me before her, and had inquired about the places I had visited and the things I had seen. What I said about this wonderful woman and the admirable administration of her empire interested Solomon very much, and he was never tired of hearing me talk about her. At one time I believe he thought of sending me as an ambassador to her, but afterward gave up this notion, as I did not possess the rank or position which would have qualified me to represent him and his court; so he sent a suitable delegation, and, after a great deal of negotiation and diplomatic by-play, the queen actually determined to come to see Solomon. Soon after her arrival with her great retinue, she saw me, and immediately recognized me; and the first thing she said to me was that she perceived I had grown a good deal older than when I had been living in her domains. This delighted me, for before coming to Jerusalem I had allowed my hair and beard to grow, and had dispensed with as much as possible of my ordinary erect mien and lightness of step; for I was very much afraid, if I were not careful, that the wise king would find out that there was something irregular in my longevity, and an old man may continue to look old much longer than a middle-aged man can continue to appear middle-aged.

"It was a great advantage to me to find myself admitted to a certain intimacy with both the king and his visitor the queen. As I was a subject of neither of them, they seemed to think this circumstance allowed a little more familiarity than otherwise they would have shown. Besides, my age had a great deal to do with the freedom with which they spoke to me. Each of them seemed anxious to know everything I could tell about the other, and I would sometimes be subjected to embarrassing questions.

"There is a great deal of extravagance and perversion in the historical and traditional accounts of the tricks which these two royal personages played upon each other. Most of these old stories are too silly to repeat, but some of them had foundation in fact. They tell a tale of how the queen set five hundred boys and five hundred girls before the king, all the girls dressed as boys and all the boys dressed as girls, and then she asked him, as he was such a wise man, immediately to distinguish those of one sex from those of the other. Solomon did not hesitate a moment, but ordering basins of water to be brought, he commanded the young people to wash their

hands. Thereupon he watched them closely, and as the boys washed only their hands, while the girls rolled up their sleeves and washed their arms as well as their hands, Solomon was able, without any trouble, to pick out the one from the other. Now, something of this kind really happened, but there were only ten boys and ten girls. But in the course of ages the story grew, and the whole thing was made absurd; for there never was a king in the world, nor would there be likely to be one, who could have a thousand basins ready immediately to put before a company who wished to wash their hands. But the result of this scheme convinced the queen that Solomon was a man of the deepest insight into the manners and customs of human beings, as well as those of animals, birds, and fishes.

"But there is an incident with which I was personally connected which was known at the time to very few people, and was never publicly related. The beautiful queen desired, above all other things, to know whether Solomon held her in such high esteem because she was a mighty queen, or on account of her personal attractions; and in order to discover the truth in regard to this question, she devised a little scheme to which she made me a party. There was a young woman in her train, of surpassing beauty, whose name was Liridi, and the queen was sure that Solomon had never seen her, for it was her custom to keep her most beautiful attendants in the background. This maiden the queen caused to be dressed in the richest and most becoming robes, and adorned her, besides, with jewels and golden ornaments, which set off her beauty in an amazing manner. Then, having made many inquiries of me in regard to the habits of Solomon, she ordered Liridi to walk alone in one of the broad paths of the royal gardens at the time when the king was wont to stroll there by himself. The queen wished to find out whether this charming apparition would cause the king to forget her for a time, and she ordered me to be in the garden, and so arrange my rambles that I could, without being observed, notice what happened when the king should meet Liridi. I was on hand before the appointed time, and when I saw the girl walking slowly up the shaded avenue, I felt obliged to go to her and tell her that she was too soon, and that she must not meet Solomon near the palace. As I spoke to her I was amazed at her wonderful beauty, and I did not believe it possible that the king could gaze upon her without such emotion

as would make him forget for the moment every other woman in the world.

"The queen had purposely made an appointment with him for the same hour, so that if he did not come she would know what was detaining him. At length Solomon appeared

tion. He asked her who she was, and when she had told him he gazed at her with still greater attention. Then suddenly he laughed aloud. 'Go tell the queen,' said he, 'that she hath missed her mark. The arrow which is adorned with golden trappings and precious



"GO TELL THE QUEEN."

at the far end of the avenue, and Liridi began again her pensive stroll. When the king reached her, she retired to one side, her head bowed, as if she had not expected to meet royalty in this secluded spot. King Solomon was deep in thought as he walked, but when he came near the maiden, he raised his eyes and suddenly stopped. I was near by, behind some shrubbery, and it was plain enough to me that he was dazzled by this lovely apparition.

stones cannot fly aright.' Then he went on, still laughing to himself. In the evening he told me about this incident, and said that if the maiden had been arrayed in the simple robes which became her station he would have suspected nothing, and would probably have stopped to converse with her so long that he would have failed to keep his appointment with his royal guest.

"The queen was very much annoyed at the

ill success of her little artifice, but it was not long after this that she and the king discovered their true feeling for each other, and they were soon married. The wedding was a grand one—grander than tradition relates, grander than the modern mind can easily comprehend. When they went to the palace to sit for the first time in state before the vast assembly of dignitaries and courtiers, the queen found, beside the throne of Solomon, her own throne, which he had caused to be brought from Sheba in time for this occasion. This incident, I think, affected her more agreeably than anything else that happened. Great were the festivities. Honors and dignities were bestowed on every hand, and I might have come in for some substantial benefit had it not been that I committed a great blunder. I had fallen in love with the beautiful Liridi, and as the queen seemed so gracious and kind to everybody, I made bold to go to her and ask that she would allow me to marry her charming handmaiden. But, to my surprise, this request angered the queen. She told me that such an old man as myself ought to be ashamed to take a young girl to wife; that she was opposed to such marriages; and that, in fact, I ought to be punished for even mentioning the subject.

"I retired in disgrace, and very soon afterward I left Jerusalem, for I have found, by varied experiences, that the displeasure of rulers is an unhealthful atmosphere in which to live. However, the Queen of Sheba did not get altogether the better of me. As you know, King Solomon and his royal wife did not reign together very long. They ruled over two great kingdoms, each of which required the presence of its sovereign; so Queen Balkis soon went back to Sheba with more wealth, more soldiers, more camels, horses, and grand surroundings of every kind, than she had brought with her. She carried in her baggage-train her royal throne, but she did not take with her the beautiful Liridi. That lady had been given in marriage to an officer in Solomon's army, and thirty years afterward, in the land of Asshur, where her father was stationed, I married the youngest daughter of Liridi. The latter was then dead, but my wife, with whom I lived happily for many years in Phenicia, was quite as beautiful. I was greatly inclined, at the time, to send a courier with a letter to the Queen of Sheba, informing her of what had happened; but I was afraid. She was then an elderly woman, and I was informed that age had actually sharpened her wits, and

if I had incensed her and given her reason to suspect the truth about my unnatural age, I believe there was no known country in which I could have concealed myself from her emissaries.

"There are many, many incidents which crowd upon my memory," continued my host, "but—" and as he spoke he pulled out his watch. "My conscience!" he exclaimed, "it is twenty minutes past three! I should be ashamed of myself, Mr. Randolph, for having kept you up so long."

We both rose to our feet, and I was about to say something polite, suited to the occasion, but he gave me no chance.

"I felt I must talk to you," he said, speaking very rapidly. "I have discovered you to be a man of appreciation—a man who should hear my story. I have felt for some years that it would soon become impossible for me to conceal my experiences from my fellow-men. I believe mankind has now reached a stage of enlightenment—at least, in this country—when the person who makes strange discoveries which cannot be explained, and the person who announces facts which cannot be comprehended by the human mind, need not fear to be punished as a sorcerer, or thrust into a cell as a lunatic. I may be mistaken in regard to this latter point, but I think I am right. In any case, I do not wish to live much longer as I have been living. As I must live on, with generation after generation rising up about me, I want those generations to know before they depart from this earth that I am a person who does not die. I am tired of deceptions; I am tired of leaving the places where I have lived long and am known, and arriving in other places where I am a stranger, and where I must begin my life again.

"I do not wish to be in a hurry to make my revelations to the world at large. I do not wish to startle people without being able to show them proof of what I say. I wish to speak only to persons who are worthy to hear my story, and I have begun with you. I do not want you to believe me until you are quite ready to do so. Think over what I have said, consider it carefully, and make up your mind slowly.

"You are a young man in good health, and you will, in all probability, live long enough to assure yourself of the truth or falsity of what I have told you about my indefinite longevity. I should be glad to relate my story to scientific men, to physicians, to students; but, as I have said, we shall wait for that. In the meantime, you may, if you

choose, write down what I have told you, or as much of it as you remember. I have no written records of my past life. Long, long ago I made such, but I destroyed them, for I knew not what evil they might bring upon me, were they discovered. But you may write the little I have told you, and when you feel that the time has come, you may give it to the world. And now we must retire. It is wicked to keep you out of your bed any longer."

"One word," said I. "Do you intend now to tell your wife?"

"Yes," he answered; "I shall tell her tomorrow. Having reposed confidence in you, it would be treating her shamefully if I should withhold that confidence from her. She has often said to me that I do not look a day older than when I married her. I want her now to know that I need never look a day older; I shall counterfeit old age no more."

I did not sleep well during what was left of the night, for my mind went traveling backward and forward through the ages. The next morning, at breakfast, Mr. Crowder appeared in his ordinary good spirits, but his wife was very quiet. She was pale, and occasionally I thought I saw signs of trouble on her usually placid brow. I felt sure that he had told her his story. As I looked at her, I could not prevent myself from seriously wondering that a man who had seen Abraham and Sarah, and had been personally acquainted with the Queen of Sheba, should now be married to a Quaker lady from North

Sixteenth street, Philadelphia. After breakfast she found an opportunity of speaking to me privately.

"Do you believe," she asked very hurriedly, "what my husband told you last night—the story of his earthly immortality?"

"I really do not know," I answered, "whether I believe it or not. My reason assures me that it is impossible; and yet there is in Mr. Crowder's manner so much sincerity, so much—"

Contrary to her usual habits, I am sure, she interrupted me.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I must speak while I have the chance. You must believe what my husband has said to you. He has told me everything, and I know that it is impossible for him to tell a lie. I have not yet arranged my ideas in regard to this wonderful revelation, but I believe. If the time should ever come when I shall know I should not believe, that will be another matter. But he is my husband. I know him, I trust him. Will you not do the same?"

"I will do it," I exclaimed, "until the time comes when I shall know I should not do so."

She gave me her hand, and I shook it heartily.

It is now three years since I became acquainted with Mr. Crowder, and he has consented that I should publish his story. I am still waiting, and his wife is still waiting, for the time to come when we shall know that we ought not to believe it.

VIA CRUCIS.¹

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

IV.



TWO months after Sir Arnold de Curboil had left Gilbert Warde in the forest, believing him to be dead, the ghostly figure of a tall, wafer-thin youth, leaning on the shoulders of two gray brothers, was led out into the warm shadows of the cloister in Sheering Abbey. One of the friars carried a brown leathern cushion, the other a piece of stiff parchment for a fan, and when they reached the first stone seat, they installed the sick man as comfortably as they could.

Three traveling monks, tramping homeward by the short forest path from Harlow to Sheering, had found Gilbert lying in his blood not ten minutes after the knight had ridden away. Not knowing who he was, they had brought him to the abbey, where he was at once recognized by the monks who had formed the funeral procession on the previous evening and by others who had seen him. The brother whose duty it was to tend the sick, an old soldier with the scars of a dozen deep wounds on him, and by no means a despicable leech, pronounced Gilbert's condition almost hopeless, and assured the abbot that it would be certain death to the young Lord of Stoke to send him back to his home. He was therefore laid upon a new bed in an upper chamber that had fair arched windows to the west, and there the brothers supposed that Gilbert Warde would before long breathe his last and end his race and name. The abbot sent a messenger to Stoke Regis to inform the Lady Goda of her son's condition, and on the following day she came to see him, but he did not know her, for he was in a fever; and three days passed, and she came again, but he was asleep, and the nursing brother would not disturb him. After that she sent messengers to inquire about his state, but she herself did not come again, whereat the abbot and many of the monks

marveled for a while, but afterward they understood.

Gilbert lived, and the desperate wound slowly healed, for he was strong and young, and his blood was untainted; but when at last he was allowed to stand upon his feet, he seemed to be little more than a fine-drawn shadow. They dressed him first in a novice's frock, because it was easier for him to wear, and at last he was well enough to be carried down from his room, and to sit for an hour upon the stone bench in the cloister. One of the brothers sat down beside him and slowly fanned his face with a stiff sheet of yellow parchment, such as the monks used for binding their books; the other went away to his work. Gilbert leaned back and closed his eyes, drinking in the sun-sweetened air and the scent of the flowers that grew in the cloister garden; and the indescribable sense of peace descended upon his body and soul which comes to men wrested from death, when danger is past and their strength is slowly growing again within them.

It is impossible for any young man of sensitive and believing mind to spend two months in a great religious institution of his own faith without feeling himself drawn to the religious life. Lying in his room, alone for many hours of the day, alone in waking watches of the night, though a brother was always within call, Gilbert had followed with a sick man's second sight the lives of the two hundred monks who dwelt in Sheering Abbey. By asking questions, he knew how they rose at dawn, and trooped into the dim abbey church to early mass, and went to their daily work, the lay brethren and the novices in the field, the learned fathers in the library and the writing-room. He could follow their daily round of prayer and work, and his heart was with them in both. Bloodless and emaciated as he lay there, the life of love and war, which had once seemed to him the only one worth living, faded away into the dimness of an undesired impossibility. He had failed, too, in his first great deed of arms; his

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father's murderer was alive, and he himself had most narrowly escaped death. It seemed to him that his thin, white hands, which could hardly pull the blanket to his chin when he felt cold, could never again have strength to grasp sword-hilt or hold bridle, and in the blank collapse of his physical existence the image of himself as a monk, young, ascetic and holy in his life, presented itself with a marvelous and luring attraction. He made the nursing brother teach him prayers from the offices of the night and day, and he repeated them at the right hours, feeling that he was taking a real part in the monastic existence. Gradually, too, as he caught the spirit of the place, the gospel of forgiveness, ever the stumbling-block of fighting men, appeared to him as something that could be practised without dishonor, and the determination to kill Sir Arnold gave way to a sort of attempt at repentance for having even wished to be revenged upon him.

One thing troubled him constantly and was altogether beyond his comprehension. His mother seemed to have forgotten his very existence, and he had not consciously seen her since he had been wounded. He asked questions every day, and begged the abbot himself to send word to the Lady Goda asking her to ride over to the abbey. The abbot smiled, nodded, and seemed to promise; but if the message was ever sent, it elicited no answer, and after a time, as Gilbert grew steadily better, not even a messenger came from Stoke Regis to ask about him. Now, Gilbert had worshiped his mother as a sort of superior being, and, like his father, had deceived himself with the belief that she was devoted to him; so that, as time went on, and he was utterly neglected by her, the conviction was forced upon him that something terrible and unforeseen had happened. Yet the abbot would tell him nothing, nor the brothers who tended him; to the best of their knowledge, they said, the Lady of Stoke was well.

"Before long," Gilbert would answer, "I shall be able to go home and see for myself."

And at this the abbot smiled and nodded, and began to talk of the weather, which was hot.

But to-day, since he had been allowed to leave his room, Gilbert was determined to force an explanation. It wanted yet an hour of midday and dinner-time when the abbot came sauntering along the cloister, followed at a respectful distance by a couple of monks, who walked side by side with down-

cast eyes and hands hidden in their sleeves, their cord girdles bobbing and swinging rhythmically as they walked. As he came up to Gilbert, the nursing brother rose and hid his hands in his gray woolen sleeves.

Gilbert opened his eyes at the sound of the abbot's footsteps, and made a movement as though he would have risen to greet the lordly churchman, who had so often visited him in his room, and for whom he felt a natural sympathy, as for a man of his own race and breeding; for Lambert, Abbot of Sheering, came of the great Norman house of Clare, which had taken Stephen's side in the civil war, a fact which did not prevent the aristocratic abbot from talking with gentle satire and occasional bitter sarcasm about the emptiness of Stephen's claims.

He laid his hand on Gilbert's sleeve to make him keep his seat, and sat down beside him on the bench. He waved the monks away, and they retired to the other end of the cloister, where all three sat down together in silence. The abbot, a delicately made man, with high Norman features, a colorless beard, once fair, and very bright blue eyes, laid one of his beautiful hands kindly upon Gilbert's.

"You are saved," he said cheerfully. "We have done our part; youth and sunshine will do the rest; you will grow strong very quickly, now, and in a week you will be asking for your horse. They found him beside you, and he has been well cared for."

"Next week, then," said Gilbert, "I will ride over to Stoke and see my mother. But I think I shall come back and stay with you again—if you will have me."

Gilbert smiled as he spoke the last word; but the abbot's face was grave, and his brows were drawn together as though he were in some trouble.

"Better stay with us altogether," he said, shaking his head and looking away.

Gilbert sat motionless for a few seconds, as if the remark had made no impression upon him; then, as if realizing that the words contained some special meaning, he started slightly and turned his hollow eyes to the speaker's face.

"And not go to see my mother?" His voice expressed the utmost surprise.

"No—not at present," answered the abbot, taken off his guard by the directness of the question.

Weak as he was, Gilbert half rose from his seat, and his thin fingers nervously grasped his companion's arm. He would have spoken, but a sort of confusion came

over him, as if he could not decide which of many questions to ask first, and before words could form themselves, the abbot was speaking to him with quiet authority.

"Listen to me," he said; "sit quietly beside me and hear what I have to say, for you are a man, now, and it is better that you should know it all at once, and from me, than get it distorted, in miserable morsels, from the gossip of the brothers within the next day or two."

He paused a moment, holding the young man's hand soothingly while keeping him in his seat and making him feel that he must stay there.

"What is it?" asked Gilbert, nervously, with half-closed eyes. "Tell me quickly."

"An evil thing," answered the churchman—"a sad thing, and one of those that change men's lives."

Again Gilbert started in his seat, more violently this time than before, and there was the broken ring of genuine fear in his voice.

"My mother is dead!" he cried.

"No, not that. She is in no danger. She is well. She is more than well; she is happy."

Gilbert was staring almost stupidly at his companion, not in the least understanding that there could be any evil news about his mother if all these things were true.

And yet it seemed strange that the abbot should lay stress upon the Lady Goda's happiness, when Gilbert had been at death's door for many weeks, and when, as he well knew, she was without news of him.

"Happy!" he echoed, half dazed.

"Too happy," answered the prelate. "Your mother was married when you had been scarcely a month here with us."

Gilbert stared into the older man's face for one moment after he had ceased speaking, and then sank back against the wall behind him with something between a groan and a sigh. One word had struck the ground from under his feet; the next was to pierce his soul.

"Who is her husband?" he asked under his breath.

Before he spoke the abbot's grasp tightened upon Gilbert's hands with a friendly grip that was meant to inspire courage.

"Your mother has married Sir Arnold de Curboil."

Gilbert sprang to his feet, as though he had been struck in the face by an enemy. A moment earlier he could not have risen without help; a moment later he fell backward into the abbot's arms.

Nothing that he had felt in his whole short life—not all the joys and fears of childhood, which, after all, contains the greatest joys and fears in life, compounded with the clash of his first fighting day and the shock of seeing his father killed before his eyes—not all these together could be compared with what he felt at that plain statement of the dishonor done upon his house and upon his father's memory. Yet he was not unconscious.

"Now, by the Sacred Blood—"

Before he could pronounce the solemn vow of revenge that was on his lips, the abbot's delicate hand was almost crushing his mouth with open palm to stop the words.

"Arnold de Curboil, perjured to God, false to his king, the murderer of his friend, the seducer of his friend's wife, is fit for my prayers," said the abbot, "not for your steel. Swear no great oaths that you will kill him; still less swear that you will be avenged upon your mother: but if you must needs swear something, vow rather that you will leave them to their fate and never willingly cross their path again. And, indeed, whether you promise that or not, you must needs keep away from them until you can claim your own with the chance of getting it back."

"My own!" exclaimed Gilbert. "Is Stoke not mine? Am I not my father's son?"

"Curboil has got Stoke Regis by treachery, as he got your mother. As soon as he had married her he took her with him to London, and they two did homage to King Stephen, and the Lady Goda made apology before the king's court that her former husband had been faithful to the Empress Maud; and she besought the king to bestow the lordship of Stoke Regis, with the manor-house and all things thereto appertaining, upon her present lord, Sir Arnold de Curboil, disinheriting you, her son, both because you are true to the empress, and because, as she did swear, you tried to slay Sir Arnold by stealth in Stortford wood. So you have neither kith nor kin, nor lands nor goods, beyond your horse and your sword; wherefore, I say, it were as well for you to stay with us altogether."

Gilbert was silent for some time after the abbot had ceased speaking. He seemed to be utterly overcome by the news that he was disinherited, and his hands lay upon his knees, loosely weak and expressive of utter hopelessness. Very slowly he raised his face at last and turned his eyes upon the only friend that seemed left to him in his destitution.

"So I am an outcast," he said, "an exile, a beggar—"

"Or a monk," suggested the churchman, with a smile.

"Or an adventurer," said Gilbert, smiling also, but more bitterly.

"Most of our ancestors were that," retorted the abbot, "and they have picked up a fair living by it," he added. "Let me see: Normandy, Maine, Aquitaine, Gascony—and England. Not a bad inheritance for a handful of pirates matched against the world."

"Yes, but the handful of pirates were Normans," said Gilbert, as if that statement alone should have explained the conquest of the universe. "But the world is half won," he concluded, with a rather hopeless sigh.

"There is enough to fight for yet," answered the abbot, gravely. "The Holy Land is not half conquered, and until all Palestine and Syria shall be one Christian kingdom under one Christian king, there is earth for Norman feet to tread, and flesh for Norman swords to hack."

Gilbert's expression changed a little, and a light came into his eyes.

"The Holy Land—Jerusalem!" The words came slowly, each with its dream. "But the times are too old. Whoshould preach another crusade in our day?"

"The man whose word is a lash, a sword, and a crown—the man who rules the world to-day."

"And who is that?" asked Gilbert.

"A Frenchman," answered the abbot—"Bernard of Clairvaux, the greatest man, the greatest thinker, the greatest preacher, and the greatest saint of these late days."

"I have heard of him," Gilbert answered, with a sick man's disappointment at not learning anything new. Then he smiled faintly. "If he is a miracle-worker, he might find me a good subject."

"You have a home here, Gilbert Warde, and friends," said the abbot, gravely. "Stay while you will, and when you are ready for the world again you shall not lack for a coat of mail, a spare mount, and a purse of gold with which to begin your life."

"I thank you," said Gilbert, feebly, but very gratefully. "I feel as if my life were not beginning, but ending. I have lost my inheritance, my home, and my mother in one hour. It is enough, for it is all, and with it is taken love also."

"Love?" The abbot seemed surprised.

"Can a man marry his mother's husband's child?" asked Gilbert, bitterly, almost contemptuously.

"No," answered the abbot; "that would be within the degrees of affinity."

For a long time Gilbert sat still in mournful silence. Then, seeing that he was very tired, the abbot beckoned to the brothers, who came and led him back to the stairs, and carried him up to his room. But, when he was gone, the Abbot of Sheering walked thoughtfully up and down the cloister for a long time, even until the refectory bell began to ring for dinner, and he could hear the shuffling steps of the two hundred hungry monks hurrying to their food, through the distant staircases and corridors.

V.

AN autumn morning at dawn, the beach of Dover, the tide at flood, and fifty half-naked sailors launching a long, black Norman sea-boat bows on, over chocks, through the low surf to the gray swell beyond. The little vessel had been beached by the stern, with a slack chain hooked to her sides at the water-line, and a long hawser rove through a rough fiddle-block of enormous size, and leading to a capstan set far above high-water mark and made fast by the bight of a chain to an anchor buried in the sand up to the heavy wooden stock. And now a big old man, with streaming gray beard and a skin like a salted ox-hide, was slacking the turns of the hawser from the capstan-drum as the boat moved slowly down over the well-greased chocks, stopping short now and then of her own accord, and refusing to move on till twenty stout sailors on each side, their legs half buried in the sand, their broad shoulders flattened under the planking, their thick brown hands planted upon their thighs, like so many Atlases, each bearing a world, had succeeded, by alternately straining and yielding, in making the little vessel rock on her keel and start again toward the water's edge. On board, the master stood at the stern, ready to ship the long rudder as soon as he had taken the water. Two men in the bows took in the slack of the cable, by which the anchor had been dropped some fifty yards out, so as to keep her head straight when she should leave the temporary ways. By the mast, for the vessel had but one, stood Gilbert Warde, watching all that was done with the profoundly ignorant interest which landsmen always show in nautical matters. It seemed very slow to him, and he wondered why the man with the long beard, far up the beach, did not let go, so that the boat might launch herself. And while he was trying to solve the problem, something happened, a

chorus of wild yells went up from the sailors under the sides, the master in the stern threw up one hand and shouted, the old man let go, and yelled back an answer, Gilbert heard a rattling of chains, and then all at once the boat gathered way, and shot like an arrow through the low, curling surf, far out upon the heaving, gray water beyond, while the two men in the bows hauled on the cable, hand over hand, like madmen, panting audibly, till at last the vessel swung off by her head and rode quietly at her anchor. An hour later, with twenty sweeps swinging rhythmically in the tholes, and a fair south-westerly breeze, the sharp-cut boat was far out in the English Channel, and before night, the wind holding fair and freshening, the master dropped anchor almost under the shadow of the Count of Flanders's castle at Calais.

• So Gilbert Warde left England, a wanderer, disinherited of all that should have been his, owing all that he had to Lambert de Clare, Abbot of Sheering, in the shape of mail and other armor, with such fine clothes as a young nobleman should have with him on a journey, two horses, and a purse of which the contents should last him several months on his travels. For attendants he had with him a fair-haired Saxon lad who had run away from Stoke to Sheering and had refused to leave Gilbert, whom he looked upon as his lawful master; and there was with him, too, a dark-skinned youth of his own age, a foundling, christened Dunstan by the monks, after a saint of their order, brought up and taught at the abbey, who himself knew neither whose child he was, nor whence he came, but who could by no means be induced to enter the novitiate so long as the world had room for wanderers and adventurers. He was a gifted fellow, quick to learn and tenacious to remember, speaking Latin and Norman French and English Saxon as well as any monk in the abbey, quick of hand and light of foot, with daring black eyes in which the pupils could hardly be found, while the whites were of a cold, blue gray and often bloodshot; and he had short, straight black hair, and a face that made one think of a young falcon. He had begged so hard to be allowed to go with Gilbert, and it was so evident that he was not born to wear out a church pavement with his knees, that the abbot had given his consent. During the last weeks before Gilbert's departure, when he was hourly gaining strength and could no longer bear to be shut up within the walls of the convent, he

had made a companion of Dunstan, walking and riding with him, for the fellow could ride, and sometimes entering into long arguments with him about matters of belief and conscience and honor; and the two had become attached to each other by their unlikeness, not precisely as friends and equals, yet by no means as master and man: it was rather the sort of relation which often existed between knight and squire, though the two were of the same age, and Gilbert had no immediate prospect of winning knightly spurs.

It would have been impossible, however, to admit that Dunstan could ever develop into a knight himself. There were strange little blanks in his ideas of chivalry, curious, unfeeling spots in his moral organization, which indicated another race, another inheritance of thought, the traditions of a world older and less simple than the one in which Gilbert had been brought up.

For Gilbert was the type of noble youth in the days when the light of chivalry had dawned upon an age of violence, but was not yet fully risen. God, honor, woman—these made up the simple trinity of a knight's belief and reverence, from the moment when the church began to make an order of fighting men, with ceremonies and obligations of their own, thereby forever binding together the great conceptions of true Christianity and true nobility.

In the absence of anything like real learning among the laymen of those days, education in its simplest and most original sense played a very large part in life; and Gilbert had acquired that sort of culture in its highest and best form. The object of instruction is to impart learning for some distinct purpose, but most chiefly, perhaps, in order that it may be a means of earning a livelihood. The object of education is to make men, to produce the character of the man of honor, to give men the inward grace of the gentleman, which cannot manifest itself outwardly save in good manners, modesty of bearing, and fearlessness. And such things in earlier days were profoundly associated in the minds of men with the inward principles and the outward rites of Christianity. It was the perfect simplicity, and in a measure the ample harmony, of beliefs, principles, and rules of action that made life possible at all at a time when the modern art of government was in its earliest infancy, when the idea of a constitution had been lost in the chaos of the dark ages, and when the direction of kingdoms, principalities, and societies was a purely per-

sonal matter, wholly dependent upon individual talent or caprice, virtue or vice, charity or greed. Without some such foundation in the character of the times, society, the world, and the church must have fallen a prey to the devouring ambition of that most horrible of human monsters, the princely unbeliever of the middle ages, who flourished again and again, sporadically, from England to Constantinople, from Paris to Rome, but who almost invariably ended in disastrous failure, overcome and trodden down by the steadily advancing morality of mankind. Such men were John XII, of the evil race of Theodora in Rome, and the Jewish Pierleone who lived a hundred years later, King John of England; last and greatest of all, perhaps, as he was most certainly the worst, Cæsar Borgia.

To be a gentleman when Henry Plantagenet was a boy of twelve, and Gilbert Warde was going to the Duke of Normandy's court, implied not many gifts, few principles, and only two or three accomplishments at most; but it meant the possession of those simple requirements in their very best accepted form, and that species of thoroughness in a few matters which has been at the root of social superiority in all ages. We have heard of amateur artists, amateur soldiers, amateur statesmen; but no one has ever heard of an amateur gentleman. Gilbert Warde knew little Latin beyond the few prayers taught him by the manor priest at Stoke; but in the efficacy of those prayers he believed with all his heart and soul. The Norman-French language of the nobles in England was no longer that of their more refined cousins over the water; but though his tongue betrayed him for an Englishman, Gilbert had the something which was of more worth among his equals than a French accent—the grace, the unaffected ease, the straightforward courtesy, which are bred in bone and blood, like talent or genius, but which reach perfection only in the atmosphere to which they belong, and among men and women who have them in the same degree. Possessing belief and good manners, the third essential was skill in arms, and, as has been seen, Gilbert was a match for a swordsman of considerable reputation. The only absolutely necessary accomplishment for a gentleman in his day was a thorough knowledge of the chase as a fine art in all its branches, from falconry to boar-hunting, and in this respect Gilbert was at least the equal of the average young noble. In spite of his youth, he was therefore thoroughly equipped for the world; and besides

the advantages here set forth, he had the very great one of feeling that, although he might be going among strangers, he was going to meet men all brought up to act and think like himself, in the belief that their ways of acting and thinking were very much better than those of other people.

But as he rode along the sandy dunes he was not reflecting upon his own gifts or prospects. His life was strange to him by its sudden and complete change, from an existence of more or less peaceful enjoyment, in which the certainty of fortune, local dignity, and unthwarted love made the idea of ambition look empty and foolish, to the state of possessing only a pair of good horses, good weapons, and a little ready money, with which to lay siege to the universe. Yet even that wide difference of conditions was insignificant beside the deeper and sadder misfortunes upon which the young man brooded as he rode, and which had already embittered his young existence by the destruction of his highest and most beautiful illusion and of his dearest and happiest hope.

In the fall of his mother's image from the altar upon which he had set it, there was the absolute destruction of his own past childhood as it had always appeared to him. In the sudden and fearful illumination of her true nature, the little good there might have been faded to nothing in the broad glare of evil. It was not possible that she who had married her husband's murderer within the month could ever have felt one sincere impulse of love for Raymond Warde, nor that she could ever have known the slightest real affection for the son whom she had first left to his fate, and then treacherously cheated of his birthright. The temple where she had dwelt was still in his heart and mourned her in emptiness. For nothing else had taken the place of her there: she was not transformed; she was gone, and had taken with her a lifetime of tender and gentle memories. When his inward eyes sought her they found nothing, and their light was quenched in her darkness. She was not as his father was, dead in fact, but dead in honor. There he lay, as Gilbert had last looked upon his white face and stiff, mailed form, himself still, himself as he had been in life and as he was thereafter, in that place of peace and refreshment where brave men rest. In the quiet features was reflected forever the truth whereby his life had been lived; in the crossed hands upon the breast was the last outward symbol and sign of the simple faith that had been life's guide; in the strong,

straight outlines of a strength splendid in death was the record of strong deeds well done. Alive, he had been to his son the man of all others; dead, he was still the man of men, without peer and without like. It mattered not that he was silent, for he had spoken the truth; that he was as motionless as stone, for the cold hand had been swift to thrust and smite, and had dealt unforgotten blows in a good cause; that he was deaf, for he had heard the cry of the weak, and had forborne; that he was blind, for his eyes had seen the light of victory and had looked unflinching upon an honorable death. Loyal, true, brave, strong, he lay in his son's heart, still at all points himself. And Gilbert turned his mind's eye to the darkness on the other side, and many a time, as the unwept tears burned in his brain, he wished that his mother were lying there too, beside his father, dead in the body, but alive forever to him in that which is undying in woman; to be cherished still, still honored; to be loved and still obeyed in the memory of precept and teaching; to be his mother always, and he to be in thought her child, even until the gray years should be upon him, and the Bridge of Fear in sight.

Instead, as his thoughts went back to his home, the woman herself faced him, not as he had always seen her, but as she had been sometimes seen by others. The deed she had done—the greatest, the worst, the most irrevocable—was in her face, and Gilbert's unconscious memory brought back the details his love of her had once rejected. The cold face was as hard as flint, the deep blue eyes were untrue and unbelieving, the small red lips were scornfully parted to show the cruel little teeth, and there were dashes of flame in the russet hair. Better she had been dead, better a thousand times that she had come to the sharp end before her time, than that such a face should be her son's only memory of his mother.

The lines of the image had been etched in the weak places of his heart with the keen point of his first grief, and the biting acid of a new and unnatural hate was eating them deeper, day by day. And when, in spite of himself, his mind dwelt upon her and understood that he was cursing her who had borne him, he turned back in sheer despair to the thought of a religious life.

But though it drew him and appealed to all in his nature which had been uppermost when death had almost tripped him into his grave, it spoke only half a language now, and was less than half convincing. He could

understand well enough that the monastery might hold the only life for men who had fought through many failures, from light to darkness, from happiness to sorrow—men who loved nothing, hoped nothing, hated nothing any longer in the great democracy of despair. They sought peace as the only earthly good they might enjoy, and there was peace in the cloister. Hope being dead in life, they tasted refreshment in the hope of a life to come. The convent was good enough for the bankrupt of love and war. But there must be another rule for those in whom youth was wounded but not dead, whose hearts were offended but not slain, whose blood was still strong and hot for good and evil, for men whose battles were before them still. There must be a remedy against fate which should not be an offense to God, a struggle against God's will which should not be a revolt, a life in which virtue should not mean a prison for soul and body, nor the hope of salvation a friar's cell.

Like many enthusiasts, knowing nothing of the world save by guesswork, and full of an inborn belief in the existence of perfection, Gilbert dreamed of realizing the harmony of two opposites—the religious life and the life of the world. Such dreams seemed not so wild in those days, when the very idea of knighthood was based upon them, and when many brave and true men came near to making them seem anything but fanciful, and practised virtue in a rough-and-ready fashion which would not pass muster in modern society, though it might in heaven. The religious idea had taken hold of Gilbert strongly, and before he had left the abbey he had fallen into the habit of attending most of the offices in the choir, still wearing the novice's frock which had been at first only an invalid's robe. And now that he was out in the world to seek his fortunes, tunic and hose, spur and glove, seemed strange to him, and he would have felt more at home in a friar's hood. So he felt that in his life he should never again quite lose the monastic instinct, and that it was well for him that he could not. He stood on that perilous thin ridge between past and future to which almost every man of heart is sooner or later led by fate, where every step may mean a fall, and where to fall is almost to be lost. The things he had lived for, the things he had hoped, the things he had loved, had been taken from him violently and all at once. There was neither clue, nor guide, nor hope, and on each side of him yawned the hideous attraction of despair. Even the

recollections of first love were veiled by what he understood to be the irrevocable interdiction of the church, and, in his strongly spiritual mood, to think of Beatrix appeared to him like a temptation to mortal sin.

In leaving England without any definite aim, but with a vague intention of making his way to Jerusalem, he had obeyed the Abbot of Sheering rather than followed friendly advice, and his obedience had savored strongly of the monastic rule. Lambert de Clare, a man of the world before he had become a churchman, and a man of heart before he was a ruler of monks, had understood Gilbert's state well enough, and had forced the best remedy upon him. The cure for a broken heart, if there be any, is not in solitude and prayer, but in facing the wounds and stings of the world's life; and the abbot had almost forcibly thrust his young friend out to live like other men of his order, while suggesting a pilgrimage to the Holy Land as a means of satisfying his religious cravings.

As for the material help which Gilbert had received, it was no shame, in an age not sordid, for a penniless gentleman to accept both gifts and money from a rich and powerful person like the Abbot of Sheering, in the certainty of carving out such fortune with his own hands as should enable him amply to repay the loan. So far as his immediate destination was concerned, the abbot, who considered his house to be vastly superior to political dissension, and secretly laughed at his cousins for supporting King Stephen's upstart cause, had advised Gilbert to make his way directly to the court of Geoffrey Plantagenet, Duke of Normandy and Grand Seneschal of France, the husband of the Empress Maud, rightful Queen of England. Thither he was riding, therefore, with Dunstan on his left hand, mounted upon his second horse, while Alric, the sturdy little Saxon groom and archer, rode behind them on a stout black mule laden with Gilbert's possessions.

VI.

THOSE were the early days of Geoffrey's lordship in Normandy. Twice and three times he had come up from Anjou with his men-at-arms and his footmen to take possession of his wife's lawful inheritance. Again and again he had been repulsed and driven back to his own dominions, but at the last he prevailed, and the iron will of the man whose royal race was to give England fourteen kings forced Normandy to submission, and thereafter he ruled in peace. Yet he was not so strongly established but that he desired

sound friendships and strong alliances to support him, and at the same time he was anxious to obtain help for his wife in her prolonged struggle for the English crown. In his office of Grand Seneschal of France he generally caused himself to be represented by a deputy; but he had lately determined to make a journey to Paris, in the hope of winning over the young King Louis, and perhaps the beautiful Queen Eleanor, who was feudal sovereign, in her own right, of Guienne, Poitou, and Aquitaine, and in reality a more powerful personage than the king himself.

So it fell out that before Gilbert reached his destination he met a great and splendid train riding toward him on the highroad, two hundred horse, at the very least, and as many footmen, followed by a long line of sumpter-mules. The road was narrow at that place, so that Gilbert, with his two men, saw that it would be impossible to pass, and though it was not natural to him to cede the right of way to any one, he understood that, in the face of what was a little army, it would be the part of wisdom to draw aside. A thick growth of thorn-bushes made a natural hedge at that part of the road, and Gilbert and his companions were obliged almost to back into the briers, as four handsomely dressed outriders trotted past them abreast, not without a glance of rather supercilious inquiry, for they did not fail to see that Gilbert was a stranger in their country; and, for a traveler, his retinue was anything but imposing. He, however, barely glanced at them as they passed him, for his eyes were fixed upon the advancing cavalcade, a river of rich and splendid color flowing toward him between soft green banks. They were men who rode in peace; for though a standard rose in the middle rank, it was furled and cased in leather, and the horsemen who surrounded it were dressed in tunic and hose—crimson, green, rich dark brown, with the glint of gold, the sheen of silver, the lightning of steel, relieving the deep hues of dark cloth and velvet here and there.

A length behind the furled flag rode a man and a boy, side by side, and the next riders followed two or three lengths behind them. The man, mounted on a huge white Norman weight-carrier, kept the off side of the road, his great beast trotting leisurely with a long, pounding step and an occasional lazy shake of the big white head with the iron-gray forelock and the well-combed mane. The rider sat square and upright in the saddle, the plain leathern bridle neither

too short nor too long in the light, strong hand, that just moved perceptibly with the horse's step. He was a man evidently of good height, but not over tall, of surpassing beauty of form, young in figure, but past middle age, as his hard features and already furrowed brow showed; his deep gray eyes looked steadily ahead from beneath black eyebrows which contrasted oddly with hair already iron-gray. There was something immovable and fateful about the clean-shaven jaw, the broad, flat chin, the wide, strong mouth—something strangely durable which contrasted with the rich softness of his splendid dress, as though the man, and what the man meant, were to outlive the fashions of the world.

The boy who rode by his near side, a lad of a little more than twelve years, was both like him and unlike. Sturdy, broad, short-legged, square beyond his age, any one could see that he was never to inherit his father's beauty of proportion and grace of bearing; but there was something in his face which promised all his father's strength and an even greater independence. The gray eyes were the same, but nearer together, and almost sinister in their gaze, even at that age; the nose was already long and rather flat than sharp; and the large, straight lips, even and close set, would have seemed strong in a grown man's face. The boy sat upon his small gray Andalusian horse as if he had lived a lifetime in the saddle, but his twelve-year-old hand was heavier on the bridle than ever his father's had been.

There was something in the bearing of the two, father and son, so kingly and high that Gilbert, who had been brought up in Norman courtesy, involuntarily rose in the saddle as much as his long stirrups would allow, and lifted his cap from his head, supposing, as was natural, that he was saluting the lord of the lands through which he was traveling. The other returned the salutation with a wave of the hand, looked sharply at Gilbert, and then, to the latter's surprise, drew rein, the lad beside him ranging back half a length so as not to be in the way between the other two. For a few seconds neither said a word. Then the elder man, as though expecting something of which the younger was not aware, smiled kindly and spoke. His voice was strong and manly, but clear and sweet.

"You are strange here, sir," he said, with something more like an assertion than a question in his turn.

"From England, sir," answered Gilbert, bowing slightly in the saddle.

The elder man looked hard at him and

knit his brows. Few English gentlemen had refused allegiance to King Stephen.

"From England? And what may you be doing in Normandy, young sir? Stephen's friends find little friendship here."

"I am not of them, sir," answered Gilbert, drawing himself up somewhat haughtily. "I am rather of those who would shorten Stephen's reign by the length of his life, and his body by a head."

The broad, handsome face of the man with whom he was speaking relaxed into a smile, and his son, who had at first eyed Gilbert with distrust, threw back his head and laughed.

"Then I suppose that you are for the empress," said the man. "But if you are, why are you not in Gloucester?"

"Sir," answered Gilbert, "being made homeless and landless by Stephen, I chose rather to cut a fortune out of the world than to beg one of the queen, who has none left to give."

"You could fight for her," suggested the other.

"Aye, sir; and I have, and will again, if such gentlemen of Normandy as you will cross the water and fight also. But as the matter stands to-day, whosoever shall break the truce shall break his own neck, without serving the empress. And meanwhile I ride to the Duke of Normandy's court, and if I may serve him I will, but if not, I shall go farther."

"But who are you, sir, that seek the duke?"

"I am Gilbert Warde, and my fathers held Stoke Regis in Hertfordshire from Duke William. But Stephen took it when I was lying ill of a wound in Sheering Abbey, and bestowed it upon another. And you, sir? I crave your name."

"Geoffrey Plantagenet," answered the duke, quietly. "And this is my son, Henry, who by the grace of God shall yet be King of England."

Gilbert started at the name, and then noticed for the first time that both father and son wore in their velvet caps a short, dry sprig of the broom-plant. He sprang to the ground and came forward on foot, bare-headed, and stood beside the duke's near stirrup.

"Your pardon, my lord," he said. "I should have known you."

"That might have been hard," answered Geoffrey, "since you had never seen me. But as you were on your way to find me and wished to serve me, mount again and ride with us to Paris, whither we go."

So Gilbert mounted, and would have fallen back in the train among the young squires, behind the five ranks of knights who rode after the duke. But Geoffrey would not let him take his place at once, for he was glad to have news of the long struggle in England, the end of which was to set a Plantagenet upon the throne, and he asked many questions, which the young man answered as well as he could, though some of them were not easy, and the boy Henry listened with grave face and unwinking eyes to all that was said.

"If I had been in my mother's place," he said at last, in a pause, "I would have cut off Stephen's head in Bristol Castle."

"And let your uncle Gloucester be put to death by Stephen's wife?" Geoffrey looked at his son curiously.

"She would not have done it," answered Henry. "There could have been no more war, with Stephen dead. But if she had killed my uncle, well, what of that? The crown of England is worth one life, at least."

Gilbert heard, and wondered at the boy's hardness, but held his peace. He was surprised also that the duke should say nothing, and the speech of the one and the silence of the other clearly foreshadowed the kingdom for one or both. But the boy's speech seemed heartless and not altogether knightly to Warde, who was himself before all things a man of heart; and the first impression made on him by the precocious lad was more or less a wrong one, since Henry afterward turned out a just and kind man, though often stern and unforgetful of offense. And Gilbert was very far from guessing that the young prince was suddenly attracted to him in the strongest possible way, and that in the first meeting he had unconsciously laid the foundations of a real friendship.

After a time, as the duke asked no more questions, Gilbert took it for granted that he was no longer wanted, and fell back to his proper place among the riders. The young squires received him with cordiality and not without a certain respect for one who, though not even a knight, had been so much honored by their sovereign. And Gilbert himself, though he felt at home among them at first, as man feels with his own kind, yet felt that he was divided from them by the depth of his own misfortunes. One of them spoke of his home at Bayeux, and one of his father, and Gilbert's face grew grave; another told how his mother had herself embroidered with gold the fine linen collar

that showed above his low-cut tunic. Gilbert bit his lip and looked away at the rolling green country. And one, again, asked Gilbert where his home might be.

"Here," answered Warde, striking the pommel of his saddle with his right hand and laughing rather harshly.

He was older than most of them, for they ranged from fourteen to eighteen years, and were chiefly beardless boys who had never seen fight, whose fathers had fought Geoffrey Plantagenet until they had recognized that he was the master, as the great Duke William had been in his day, and then, being beaten, had submitted whole-heartedly and all at once, as brave men do, and had forthwith sent their sons to learn arms and manners at Geoffrey's court. So none of these youths had slain a man with his own hand, as Gilbert had at Farringdon, nor had any of them faced an enemy with plain steel in a quarrel, as Gilbert had faced Sir Arnold de Curboil. Though Gilbert told little of his story and less of his deeds, they saw that he was older than they. They felt that he had seen more than they had, and they guessed that his hand was harder and heavier than theirs.

As the day wore, and they rode, and halted, and dined together in the vast outer hall of a monastery which they reached soon after midday, the young men who sat beside Gilbert noticed that he could repeat the Latin words of the long grace as well as any monk, and one laughed and asked where he had got so much scholarship.

"I lay two months in an abbey," answered Gilbert, "healing of a wound, and the nursing brother taught me the monks' ways."

"And how came you by such a wound?" asked the young squire.

"By steel," answered Gilbert, and smiled, but he would say no more.

And after that, two or three asked questions of Gilbert's man Dunstan, and he, being proud of his master, told all he knew, so that his hearers marveled that such a fighter had not yet obtained knighthood, and they foretold that if Long Gilbert, as they named him for his height, should stay in the duke's service, he would not be a squire many weeks.

And on the next day and the days following it was clear to them all that Gilbert was in the way of fortune by the hand of favor; for as the company rode along in the early morning by dewy lanes, where Michaelmas daisies were blooming, a groom came riding back to say that the young Henry—the count, as they began to call him about

that time—wished the company of Master Warde, to tell him more of England. So Gilbert cantered forward and took his place on the left beside the young prince, and for more than an hour answered questions of all sorts about Englishmen, English trees, English cattle, and English dogs.

"It will all be mine before long," said the boy, laughing; "but as I have never seen it, I want your eyes."

And every day thereafter, in the morning and afternoon, Gilbert was sent for to tell the lad stories about England; and he talked as if he were speaking to a grown man, and said many things about his own country which had long been in his heart, in the strong, good language of a man in earnest. Henry listened, and asked questions, and listened again, and remembered what he heard, not for a day only, or a week, but for a lifetime, and in the boy the king was growing hour by hour.

Sometimes, while they talked, the duke listened and said a few words himself, but more often he rode on out of the train alone, in deep thought, or called one of the older knights to his side; and when Gilbert's quick ear caught fragments of their conversation, they were generally talking of country matters—crops, horse-breeding, or the price of grain.

So they rode, and in due time they came to fields of mud left by a subsiding river, and here and there green hillocks rose out of the dreary expanse, and on them were built castles of gray stone. But in the flats there were the mud hovels of brickmakers and of people living miserably by the river; and then all at once the ground rose a little to the bank, with a street, and houses of brick and stone; and between these, upon an island, Gilbert, rising in his stirrups to see over the heads of his companions, descried the castle of the King of France, with its towers and battlements, its great drawbridge, and its solid gray walls, in those days one of the strongest holds in all the world.

Then they all halted, and the duke's herald rode forward to the gate, and the king's herald was seen within, and there was a great blowing of horns and a sound of loud, high voices reciting formal speeches in a monotone. After that there was a silence, and horns again, and more recitation, and a final blast, after which the duke's herald came back, and the king's herald came out upon the drawbridge, followed by men in rich clothes of white cloth, embroidered with gold lilies that shone in

the autumn sun like little tongues of flame; and the duke's standard was unfurled to the river breeze, and the goodly train rode slowly over the drawbridge at the end of the solid wooden causeway which spanned the main width of the stream, and so, by the chief gate, into the great court of honor. And Gilbert rode close behind young Henry, who called him his chancellor, in jest, and would not let him ride out of his sight.

Within the court were great buildings reared against the outer walls; but in the midst was the king's hall and dwelling, and in the porch at the head of the steps which led to the main door, the king and queen were waiting in state, in their robes of ceremony, with all their household about them, to receive their Grand Seneschal and brother sovereign, Geoffrey Plantagenet. But Gilbert, looking boldly before him, saw that the King of France was a fair, pale man with a yellow beard, strong and knightly, but with dull and lifeless blue eyes; and Gilbert looked at the lady who sat beside him, and he saw that the Queen of France was the most beautiful woman in the world; and when his eyes had seen her it was long before he looked away.

He saw a being so unlike all he had known before that his idea of woman changed from that hour for his whole life—a most perfect triplicity of beauty, grace, and elastic strength. Some have doubtless possessed each separate perfection, but the names of those who have had all three are as forgotten as those of conquerors and supreme poets. Gilbert's eyes fixed themselves, and for a moment he was in a sort of waking trance, during which he could not for his life have described one feature of the queen's face; but when she spoke to him his heart leaped and his eyelids quivered, and her image was fixed upon his memory forever. Young though he was, it would have been contrary to his grave and rather melancholy disposition to lose his heart at first sight to any woman, and it was neither love, nor love's forerunner, that overcame him as he gazed at the queen. It was a purely visual impression, like that of being dazzled by a bright light, or made giddy by sudden motion.

She was as tall as the king, but whereas he was heavily and awkwardly built, her faultless proportion made an ungraceful movement an impossibility, and the rhythmic ease of her slightest gesture expressed an unfaltering bodily energy which no sudden fatigue or stress of long weariness could bring down. When she moved, Gilbert wished that he might never see her in

repose, yet as soon as the motion ceased, it seemed a crime upon beauty to disturb her rest.

Her face and her throat, uncovered to the strong morning light, were of a texture as richly clear as the tinted leaves of young orange-blossoms in May; and like the flowers themselves, it seemed to rejoice in air and sun, in dew and rain, perfected, not marred by the touch of heat and cold. The straight white throat rose like a column from the neck to the delicate lobe of the faultless ear, and a generously modeled line sprang in a clean curve of beauty to the sudden rounding of the ivory chin, cleft in the midst by nature's supreme touch. Low on her forehead the heavy waves of her hair were drawn back to each side under the apple-green silk coverchief that was kept in place by the crown of state. But she wore no wimple, and the broad waves flowed down upon her shoulders and hung behind her like a heavy mantle. And they were of that marvelous living hue that the westering sun casts through oak-leaves upon an ancient wall in autumn. All in her face was of light, from her hair to her white forehead; from her forehead to her radiant eyes, deeper than sapphires, brighter than mountain springs; from the peach-blossom bloom of her cheeks to the living coral of her lips.

She wore a close-fitting body of fine green cloth, embroidered with a small design in silver thread, in which the characteristic cross of Aquitaine alternated with a conventional flower. The girdle of fine green leather, richly embroidered in gold, followed exactly the lower line of this close garment round the hips, and the long end fell straight from the knot almost to the ground. The silken skirt in many folds was of the same color as the body, but without embroidery. The mantle of state, of a figured cloth of gold lined with straw-colored silk, hung in wide folds from her shoulders, her hair falling over it, and it was loosely held in place by a twisted cord of gold thread across her breast. Contrary to the fashion of the day, her sleeves were tight and closed at the wrists, and green gloves incased her hands, and were embroidered on the back with the cross of Aquitaine.

Gilbert was standing two steps behind young Henry, who was on his father's left, and was consequently directly opposite to the queen, as the boy bent one knee, and taking her gloved hand, touched the embroidery with his lips. Gilbert was hardly aware

that she was looking into his eyes, while his own were riveted on her face, and when she spoke, he started in surprise.

"And who is this?" she asked, smiling, as she saw what an effect her beauty produced upon the young man.

Henry turned half round, with a step backward, and took Gilbert's hand.

"This is my friend," he said, dragging him forward; "and if you like me, you shall please to like him, too, and tell the king to knight him at once."

"You have a strong recommendation to grace, sir," said the queen.

She looked down at the imperious boy's square face and laughed; but looking up and meeting Gilbert's eyes again, the ring of her laugh changed oddly, and died away in a short silence. It was long since she had looked upon so goodly a man; she was weary of her monkish husband, and she was the granddaughter of William of Aquitaine, giant, troubadour, and lover. It was no wonder that there was light in her eyes, and life in every fiber of her beautiful body.

"I think I shall like your friend," she said, speaking to Henry, but still looking at the man.

And so Gilbert first met the queen; and as she held out her hand to him and he took it, kneeling on one knee, she unconsciously drew young Henry close to her, and her arm was round his neck, and her hand pressed his shoulder in a very gentle way, so that he looked up into her face. But if any one had told her then that she should love a man in vain, that she should be divided from the fair-haired king beside her and become the wife of the broad-faced, rough-fisted little boy whose curly head barely reached her shoulder, the prophet might have fared ill, as readers of the future often do.

But meanwhile the king stood talking quietly with Duke Geoffrey, who presently crossed to salute the queen, not dreaming what strange spirits had taken possession of the hearts of three persons in one moment. For the third was Henry himself. When the queen gave her right hand to his father, her other was still on the boy's shoulder, and when she would have withdrawn it, he caught it with both his own and held it there; and suddenly the blood sprang up in his cheeks even to the roots of his hair, and for the first and last time in his life Henry Plantagenet was almost ridiculous, and wished that he might hide his head. Yet he would not loose his hold on the queen's hand.

(To be continued.)

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

"SO GILBERT FIRST MET THE QUEEN."

VOL. LVII.—26.

PART OF THORWALDSEN'S "TRIUMPH OF ALEXANDER," A FRIEZE IN THE VILLA CARLOTTA, LAKE COMO, ITALY.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

HIS VICTORIES IN THRACE, ILLYRIA, AND GREECE.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
Professor of Greek in Cornell University.

SECOND PAPER.

WHEN Philip fell at the theater gates in *Egæ* it seemed likely that his empire had fallen with him. It had been a creation of his personality, and that personality seemed essential to its continuance. In the opinion of the best political judges of the time, Macedonia's control south of the Cambunian range, the northern limit of Thessaly, was at an end. If Alexander had accepted the advice of his friends, indeed, he would have relinquished all thought of asserting himself in Greece proper, and have restricted his attention entirely to maintaining and securing his position at home. Here there were difficulties enough for a youth of twenty years to face. The Illyrian, Pæonian, and Thracian tribes, which bordered on three sides of the Macedonian territory, were ready to take quick advantage of any weakness, and throw off the yoke, or, as the case might be, overleap the restraint of Macedonian authority.

Even his claim to the succession did not remain unchallenged. Only a few days before Philip's death a son had been born to the king by Cleopatra. The marriage with Cleopatra had been not only a vigorous affair of the heart with Philip, but bore a decided political significance. Attalus, her uncle, was a leading personality in army and nation, and embodied in his connections and influence the old-fashioned Macedonian ideas and spirit. He was now, in conjunction with Parmenion, in command of an army in Asia Minor, and was sure, at the first news of Philip's death, to use his strength in supporting the claims

of his niece's child. Also, a very considerable number of influential Macedonians favored the claims of Amyntas, son of Philip's elder brother Perdiccas; while others would have preferred the Lyncestian line, which early in the century, in the person of *Æropus*, had held the throne. The popular prejudice against the foreign ideas, the new notions of life, manners, education, and, above all, the new ambitions and far-reaching imperial schemes which had been identified with the reign of Philip, could be easily appealed to in the interest of preventing Alexander's accession. The voice of the chauvinists who demanded a Macedonian for Macedonians had already been heard, at the wedding-feast of Cleopatra, protesting against the succession of Alexander, the foreign woman's son.

Alexander gave opposition no time to formulate. He acted with decision and rapidity. The two Lyncestian princes who were suspected of being accomplices of Pausanias were immediately put to death. Their only surviving brother promptly recognized Alexander as king, and was spared. Hecataeus, one of the young king's most intimate and trusted friends, was despatched with a body of troops into Asia Minor, with definite orders to seize Attalus alive, if he could; if not, to put him quietly out of the way. It was a dubious mission. Attalus had made himself singularly popular with the army. Parmenion, his associate in command, was his father-in-law, and he might naturally count upon him. The Athenians, quick to

use their opportunity, had sent messengers to encourage him against recognizing Alexander. A letter from Demosthenes himself gave the plot official status. The conspiracy took shape in support of the claims of Amyntas, Perdiccas's son. He was a likelier pretender than Cleopatra's infant son, and, like a Spanish Don Carlos, could raise a fair claim to legitimacy. But when Parmenion proved true to Alexander, and the tide

activity already made himself favorably known to the army. There seem, at any rate, to have been no evidences of disloyalty among the regular troops concentrated about Pella, the capital.

But Alexander was in pursuit of bigger game than mere security at home. It was this, indeed, which determined the confidence of his action and assured his easy success. The affairs at home were treated

ALEXANDER AND ATHENA.

From a cameo in the Cabinet des Médailles, Paris.

set strong toward his recognition, Attalus showed the faint heart, and hastened to set himself right by sending Demosthenes's letter to Alexander, and protesting his loyalty. Too late! Hecateus was gone on his mission, and no one moved to recall him. Before winter came Attalus had disappeared, and no record tells how. Amyntas and all the male relatives of Attalus and Cleopatra shared in Macedonia a like fate.

Antipater, the leading general at home, proved loyal to Alexander, and his aid in assuring the loyalty of the army was undoubtedly of importance; and yet it must be remembered that Alexander had by his own

as petty things, to be settled at a stroke and without the slightest doubt or hesitation, in order that he might be free to move out into the greater world where his real work lay.

Alexander declined to be a creature of small things. Within a fortnight after his father's death he had made it evident that he was to be either "the Great" or nothing. He declined to recognize defeat or failure. He took it for granted that he was to succeed. What men called failure he named, and made to be the prelude to, success. Men came to believe in his star. It soon became evident that he was either to be a brilliantly

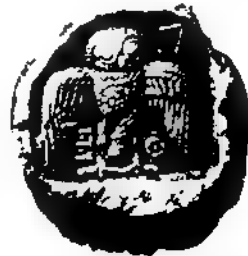
MACEDONIANS OF TO-DAY. BULGARIAN PEASANTS OF THE VARDAR VALLEY, IN SOUTHERN MACEDONIA.

successful man, or a failure so colossal as to establish a classical standard.

Without waiting to reorganize his government at home or to reassure himself of the allegiance of the barbarous tribes that skirted his western and northern frontiers, and even before he had heard the result of Hecatæus's mission against Attalus, he set forth with startling suddenness into Greece itself. Here was the field where all was to be won or lost. The moment the news of Philip's death had reached the cities of Greece they had assumed themselves free from all obligations to Macedonian authority. The Ambraciotes had expelled their Macedonian garrison. The Ætolians voted to admit into their land the Acharnanian malcontents whom Philip had banished. The Argives, the Eleans, the Spartans, made official assertion of their independence. Thebes, despite its garrison, muttered insurrection, but nowhere was the news received with more unconcealed evidences of joy than at Athens.

A private messenger sent by Charidemus, who was at the time reconnoitering off the coast of Macedonia, first brought the tidings to Demosthenes. Though the orator was

then in mourning for his daughter, who had died a week before, he put on a white festal robe and a crown of flowers, appeared before the assembled council, and in most dramatic fashion made announcement of the news as something communicated to him by Athena and Hero in a dream. Alexander he ventured in his ill-judged speech of congratulation to characterize as a cad, a genuine stuffed hero Margites, who for fear of his skin was not like to trust himself outside the precincts of Pella. The orator carried the council and the town-meeting with him, and on his motion the murderer Pausanias was proclaimed a public benefactor, and offerings of thanksgiving to the gods were decreed.



REVERSE OF HEAVY EUBÆAN OR SOLONIAN DEKADRACHM, SHOWING THE ATHENIAN OWL.

Demosthenes was certainly a master of sentimental politics. But in all this he reckoned without his host, as Greeks of this latter day have been known to do. The Macedonian army, twenty-five thousand strong, was already on the march. Unheralded by bulletin or courier, unannounced and unnoticed, this black storm-cloud of war gathered at the north and swept down like the whirlwind. It was no locust horde of Scyths or Goths; it was the terrible machine of war that Philip had built, a superbly disciplined army massed in companies and battalions, moving in rank and file. War was no longer free-and-easy sport; Philip had made it a practical thing of machinery. There were no baggage-trains, ammunition-wagons, sutlers, or commissaries.

yeomen of the phalanx, who made the mass of the army, trudged sturdily on, each bearing the small round shield and towering eighteen-foot pike, girt with the short sword, and wearing cap, cuirass, and greaves. And so they moved fast. The first day they passed through the plain and on by the shore of the sea, by Methone and Pydna. Philip had trained them to march thirty and thirty-five miles in a day. The second day they passed under the shadow of Mount Olympus and came to the mouth of the river Peneus, where the road turns west to enter Thessaly by the vale of Tempe. But still they kept to the sea-shore to avoid risk of giving the alarm, and, fording the river, pushed around the foot of Mount Ossa until they could force their way by a path of their own mak-



Pella, and the right bank of the Axios or Vardar River. The contents of one of them, pierced by the railroad line from Salonica to Monastir, and on view in the Imperial Museum of Constantinople, show that these sepulchral mounds belong to a preclassical epoch, and are the work of a native race closely related to the Phrygian or Dardanian Trojan. These mounds were therefore familiar to Alexander, being among the few works of human hands seen by him that remain to our time.

Each man carried in a simple basket haversack his own frugal store of provisions—bread, olives, onions, and salt fish or meat. The heavy-armed horsemen alone were allowed a single attendant or groom. The stout

ing over its southern slopes, down into the plain of Thessaly. Scarcely had the echoes of the thanksgiving festival died away at Athens when they stood at the gates of Larissa.

In the face of a fact like this army the Thessalians experienced no difficulty in realizing themselves faithful adherents of Philip's son. All Thessaly, a fifth of Greece, was his without a struggle, and with it came its famous cavalry, the most important contingent Greece ever furnished to his army.

Before central Greece was really aware of Alexander's approach, he had entered Bœotia and was encamped before Thebes, on the road joining it to Athens, forty miles distant. In the metropolis panic took the place of cheap confidence. The country population left the fields of Attica and swarmed within the walls.

THE GREEK COUNCIL MEET AT THE SEPTEMBER session. We know, in any case, that he received prompt renewal of the recognition it had previously given the Macedonian claims to leadership in Greek affairs. The council represented merely an association of twelve tribes or nations, most of them the lesser peoples of northern Hellas, organized in early times to conduct and protect the temple service and the temple fairs, first at Thermopylæ, then at Delphi; but it had the sanctions of long tradition and religion, and was almost the only organized form of union among the Greek states, and so its indorsement carried weight. In northern Greece the game was won.

DRAWN BY HARRY FERR.

Hurried preparations were made for defense. The town-meeting hastened to reverse its attitude, and promptly decreed an embassy to Alexander, to apologize for their former action and sue for mercy.

The king was found in gracious mood. After chiding them for their impulsive disloyalty, he gave them assurances of peace and of a continuance of their local autonomy, and summoned them to meet him later in the National Council at Corinth. The same spirit characterized his treatment of the other cities. The king proved himself great in generosity of spirit before ever he showed

himself great at arms, and on the return of their ambassadors the Athenians voted him a benefactor of the city, and awarded him two golden crowns of honor.

All semblance of opposition to the new authority had disappeared like dew before the rising sun. At Corinth, representatives of all the states speedily assembled and hastened to renew the league which they had made with Philip, and to proclaim Alexander the military leader of the Hellenic empire. Sparta alone

stood out in sulky stubbornness. To the summons for the council she sent the characteristic reply: "It is not our usage to follow others, but ourselves to lead them." Sparta was, however, now only a provincial village. She no longer counted in the affairs of Greece. Alexander could afford to smile and leave her in her sulks.

The right to lead Greece against the Orient, which had been to his father, we

may surmise, little more than a politician's device for consolidating empire, had become to him a real and all-absorbing aim. Toward that aim as a goal he proceeded with the fervid energy of a half-fanatic. His father had been rather a man of practical affairs, but Alexander was a man of ideas, and to him ideals assumed the form of realities. He was young, and the full flush of strength, the consciousness of power, and the love of action

and creation, urged him nervously and relentlessly toward the fulfilment of his dream. Prudent men may well have shaken their heads in distrust, as they nowadays do in Germany at the restless energy and rash idealism of their young Kaiser, but it was of no avail. A century of intestine struggles had slackened faith in the old doctrines of states' rights and local independence, and the power was now hopelessly concentrated in the hands of one man, who could do what he willed.

This visit to Corinth brought the young

DRAWN BY HARRY PENN.

IN THE VALE OF TEMPE.

DRAWN BY HARRY PENN.

MOUNT OSEA.

Alexander's march in the first invasion of Greece led over the southern slope of the mountain seen to the right of the picture.

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

DEMOSTHENES BEFORE THE ATHENIAN COUNCIL.
(SEE PAGE 204).

autocrat, if gossip is true, one opportunity of learning a helpful lesson. All the men of note, soldiers, politicians, and sages, came to pay their respects to the young king. Only Diogenes, who dwelt in Craneum, a suburb of Corinth, came not. All the more Alexander wished to see him. So he went where he was, and found him lying and sunning himself in the court of the gymnasium. Standing before him, surrounded by his suite of officers, the king ventured to introduce himself: "I am Alexander the king." "I am Diogenes the cynic," was the reply. Then Alexander, as the conversation made no headway, asked if there were aught that he could do for him. "If you and your men would stand from between me and the sun." And Alexander marveled, and on reflection was inclined to admire the man, saying, as the story has it: "If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes."

From Corinth Alexander crossed to Delphi. The blessing of the Pythian priestess was all that he lacked for the beginning of his great enterprise. It was already late in November (336). The sun-god Apollo had yielded his place in the sanctuary to the god of the slumbering vegetation, Dionysus, who held it for the winter months. The mouth of the oracle was by established tradition closed. But tradition was a slight matter to a man who has power and must. He caught the Pythia by the arm, and essayed to drag her to the tripod seat of augury; and to his compulsion the unwilling priestess answered in words he was glad to accept as the voice of deity and the sufficient blessing upon his mission: "My son, thou art irresistible!"

In the early winter Alexander returned to Macedonia. Here he found, to his shame and disgust, that his mother, Olympias, true to her savage instincts, had utilized his absence to sate her vengeful jealousy upon the helpless Cleopatra. She had caused Cleopatra's babe to be killed in the mother's arms, and had forced the poor woman herself to end her life with the cord. Displeased as the young king was at this act of cool savagery, the ethics and usages of the Macedonian "change of administration" tolerated and encouraged the "clean sweep," and, as occasion offered, he proceeded to make it, as we have already shown.

The Macedonian army in Asia, under command of Parmenion, now occupied the extreme northwestern corner of Asia Minor, bounded by a line stretching in general from Cyzicus to Pergamon. It had no mission of aggression for the present, but could serve to hold in check any possible movement of the Persian forces toward the north. Before venturing upon a campaign against the East, Alexander was bound to secure his northern frontier.

No single central power existed here, but only a mass of more or less warlike tribes with short memories and a consequent need of periodic castigation. Even those who had submitted to Philip required to taste the quality of the new ruler's power before being confidently assured that he was not merely "painted to resemble iron." Besides, there were the Triballi, snugly ensconced between the Balkans and the Danube, in what is now western Bulgaria, who had never been any too docile, and against whom a family grudge was still standing for the mischievous treatment they had once shown Philip, on his return in 339 from raiding the Scythians; for they had caught him at a disadvantage on his march, robbed him of a good share of the booty he had with him, and left him a wound that hurried him home. The busy years that followed had given Philip no opportunity to take his revenge; so Alexander assumed the responsibility as part of his inheritance.

In April (335), therefore, Alexander set forth from Amphipolis, and, moving up the valley of the Nestus, a march of one hundred and twenty miles or so, crossed the pass between Rhodope and Dunax, which separate the valleys of the Nestus and the Hebrus. He then crossed the valley of the Hebrus in modern eastern Roumelia, leaving Philippopolis, a secure Macedonian stronghold, at his rear; and in ten days from the time he had crossed the Nestus was at the foot of the Balkans, anciently known as the Hæmus range, prepared to force the narrow route between modern eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria, now famous since the Russo-Turkish war as the Shipka Pass.

Here he encountered from the Thracian mountaineers his first resistance, and Arrian's¹ graphic story of the way in which he

¹ Flavius Arrianus, born in Nicomedia, on the coast of the Sea of Marmora, wrote his "Anabasis of Alexander" in the second century after Christ. If in the following pages his statements are cited more frequently and with more assurance than those of any other ancient biographer of our hero, it is not because he exhibits a finer sense for historical perspective, or

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

(SEE PAGE 200.)

overcame it offers a striking testimonial to that practical military gumption which characterized all his career as a general: "Crossing the river Nestus, they say he reached Mount Hæmus on the tenth day. And there met him here, along the defiles as he ascended the mountain, masses of well-armed traders, as well as bands of free Thracians, who had made preparations to check the further advance of the army by occupying the summit of the Hæmus, where the troops had to pass. They had collected together their wagons and placed them in their front, not only using them as a rampart from which they might defend themselves, if hard pressed, but also intending to let them loose, where the mountain was precipitous, upon the phalanx of the Macedonians in its ascent. . . . But Alexander conceived a plan for crossing the mountain with the minimum of danger, and being resolved to take all risks, knowing there was no other possible route, he commanded the heavy-armed soldiers, whenever the wagons came rolling down the slopes, to open ranks so far as the width of the road permitted, and let the wagons run by; but if they were hemmed on either side, to huddle down in a mass and lock their shields compactly together, so that the wagons by their very impetus should leap over them and pass on without doing hurt. And it turned out just as Alexander had conjectured and commanded. . . . The wagons rolled on over the shields without doing much injury. Indeed, not a single man was killed under them. Then the Macedonians, regaining their courage, inasmuch as the wagons, which they had greatly dreaded, inflicted no damage upon them, charged with a shout against the enemy."

The rest of the battle developed nothing more remarkable than the fleetness of foot of the Thracians, fifteen hundred of whom, however, fell in spite of it. Sending his booty off south to the sea-shore, where it would find a market, Alexander pushed on

toward the Danube through the country of the Triballi. Not far from the river he met them in a drawn battle, which proved how ill adapted were the loose, irregular methods of even these hearty fighters to cope with the order and discipline of a war-machine like the Macedonian phalanx, supported by cavalry.

Coming in sight of the Danube, Alexander conceived the desire of at least crossing it in order to convey if no more than the fame of his arms to the powerful tribes that dwelt to the north. On the north shore, in the territory known to the Romans as Dacia, and now occupied by the kingdom of Roumania, dwelt the Getæ, a powerful folk of Thraco-Phrygian connection, known to the Greeks chiefly through their famous Zamolxis cult, in which the belief in immortality received a peculiar emphasis. Arrian refers to them as "the Getæ, who hold the doctrine of immortality." A small fleet of ships, coöperating with the Macedonians, had come around by the Black Sea and were now in readiness. With the help of these, and of rafts constructed of hides stuffed with hay, as well as of a lot of dugouts collected from the fishermen and river-pirates, he succeeded, under cover of the night, in landing a force of fifteen hundred cavalry and four thousand infantry on the other shore, thus surprising the enemy, who were collected in force to prevent a landing, and who had relied upon the mighty stream as a sufficient protection against the passage of any considerable number of Alexander's forces at one time.

The Macedonians had landed at a point where the bank was covered by grain-fields, and they were concealed for a while, as Arrian tells us, by the high-standing grain. This marks the time as the end of May. The Getæ, panic-stricken at the apparition of the wonder-working Southmen, as they emerged from the grain, made little resistance, and fled with all expedition to their fortified town three miles back from the

soldier and man of affairs, who undertook to rescue the story of Alexander's career from the haze in which rhetoric and marvel had enshrouded it, by returning to the prosaic basis of fact contained in the records of Alexander's associates, Ptolemy and Aristobulus. These records are now lost to us, except as they are cited and used by others. When he uses materials from other writers he can, as a rule, be relied upon to indicate it by an "it is said." His rather cut-and-dried rule of critical procedure, coupled with his lack of dramatic power and of sense for historical horizon, leaves to his narrative only the charm which inheres in its own simplicity and truth. The soldier's interest in battle, maneuver, and topography is apparent in every chapter.

Our other chief sources include Plutarch, Arrian's

senior by some fifty years, who, with finer sense for the framework of personality and for the dramatic interest of anecdote and the human element, and with larger confidence in his ability to sift the truth from many various accounts, composed the famous *Life of Alexander*; furthermore, Diodorus Siculus, Justinus, Trogus Pompeius, and Curtius Rufus, who represent, in general, a preference for the more romantic and rhetorically embellished accounts which had their chief source in the story of Clitarchus, dating from the early years of the third century B. C. They all contain undoubtedly much sound material of fact under the romantic guise; and especially Curtius Rufus, since it has been demonstrated how faithfully he used in the main his sources, is worthy of a larger credence than has often been accorded him.

DESIGN BY A. CASTAGNONE.

ALEXANDER COERCING THE DELPHIAN ORACLE.
(SEE PAGE 209.)

river, only to abandon it shortly after, transporting upon the backs of their horses all that the animals would carry of women and children and goods, and making off for the steppes beyond.

Before night Alexander had recrossed the Danube. Embassies of the nations dwelling about came shortly to pay him homage and claim his friendship. There were first in line the well-humbled Triballi, who thenceforth became his vassals and furnished a contingent for his army. Some even came from the Celts, who lived in the present Hungary and the lands to the west, and who in the next century (284-278 B. C.) were to make themselves known for a brief period, in the terror of Galatian desolation, to the whole Balkan peninsula, parts of Greece and of central Asia Minor. They were the same people, too, whom later history finds in occupation of France and the British Isles, and whose language still persists in the Irish of Ireland, the Gaelic of Scotland, the Welsh of Wales, the Manx of the Isle of Man, and the Bretonic of the French Basse-Bretagne. Arrian says that they were "a people of great stature and haughty disposition."

The young autocrat, in essaying for the gratification of his curiosity and his personal pride to catechize them a bit, met with a classic disappointment, which has given joy to the souls of free men ever since. He asked them, to quote Arrian's words, "what thing in the world caused them special apprehension, expecting that his own great fame had reached the Celts and had penetrated still farther, and that they would say they feared *him* most of all things. But the answer of the Celts turned out quite contrary to his expectation; for, as they dwelt so far away from Alexander, inhabiting districts difficult of access, and as they saw he was about to set out in another direction, they said they were afraid that the sky would sometime or other fall upon them." Alexander dismissed them kindly, dignifying them with the title of friends and allies, but he retained his own private opinion of them, for he always claimed to know that "the Celts are great braggarts."

Returning toward home, he passed by another route farther to the west, leading up the valley of the Isker by the site of Sofia, the present capital of Bulgaria, and coming into the territory of the friendly Agrianians and Pæonians, neighbors of Macedonia on the north, learned that the Illyrian chieftain Clitus, whose father, Bardylis, of bellicose

memory, Philip had defeated and slain twenty-four years before, and who had himself, fourteen years before, required to receive severe chastising at the hands of the same king, had now again revolted, and had been joined by Glaucias, chief of the Taulantians, a people dwelling farther to the west, in the neighborhood of the modern Durazzo in Albania. To reach Pelion, the chief city of Clitus, required a march of some two hundred miles, but Alexander did not hesitate. Accompanied by a considerable auxiliary force of Agrianians, he marched directly thither and laid siege to Pelion. Though almost caught here in a trap by the approach of Glaucias's army in his rear, he succeeded by a series of brilliant manœuvres in extricating himself, and then, three days later, in surprising and soundly defeating the joint forces of his opponents. The city was later evacuated and burned, and the enemy dispersed and driven back into the mountains of the west.

For five months Alexander had been absent from the seat of government. He was now (summer of 335 B. C.) about one hundred and fifty miles from home, and three hundred miles from the centers of political activity in Greece, buried in the mountains, where communication was difficult and movement slow. It was a great risk to take in the first year of a reign. Already sinister rumors concerning the fortunes and fate of the young daredevil were coursing about in the cities of Greece. The report that he had been killed in battle obtained the more easily credence because for a long time no news had been received from him. The anti-Macedonian politicians certainly took no pains to check the circulation of these stories, and a considerable burden of responsibility for them is laid by concurrent testimony upon the good Demosthenes. Demades says he "all but showed the corpse of Alexander there on the bema before our eyes." This probably refers to an incident related by both Justinus and the Pseudo-Callisthenes, to the effect that the orator brought into the Athenian town-meeting as witness a wounded man who testified that Alexander was killed in the battle with the Triballi, and that he himself, according to the Pseudo-Callisthenes, actually had seen the dead body of the king.

The popular belief in these stories afforded to the malcontents of the opposition a most appropriate occasion for raising the flag of revolt. Already for several months the movement had been in preparation. After Alexander's successful descent into Greece, and

to recross into Europe. The chief reliance was not, however, placed in force of arms, but rather in the old approved method of manipulating the internal politics of Greece. The strife of internal politics in democracies always offers easy prey to autocrats when international policies are involved, and Persia had now come to learn by the experience of a century just how to proceed. During the summer of this year Darius had made proposals to different states looking to defections from Alexander, and had offered to supply money for the support of the revolt. The Peloponnesian war (431-404 B. C.) had been kept alive in part by means of Persian money supplied at the fitting time to what appeared the weaker party, and since then Persia had often intervened to preserve a balance of power between the Greek states and to insure inaction.

None of the states, except Sparta, are known publicly to have accepted money, but the leaders of the anti-Macedonian parties in different cities were undoubtedly well supplied with it, and more was effected through them than by Sparta. Two years later, after the battle of Issus, Alexander, in his letter to Darius, rehearsing the offenses which the Persian king had committed against him, and which had given open occasion to war, refers to this matter: "You have also sent money to the Lacedæmonians and certain other Greeks, though none of the states accepted it except the Lacedæmonians. As your agents corrupted my friends, and were striving to dissolve the league which I had formed among the Greeks, I took the field against you, because you were the party commencing the hostility."

It was a well-known fact, never denied even by his own partisans, that Demosthenes

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GIBAUDON FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE LOUVRE.

BRONZE STATUETTE OF ALEXANDER IN ARMOR.

The straight border of the breastplate at the neck, and the wide flanges of the Corinthian helmet, belong to the Macedonian type of fashioning these parts of the hoplite uniform. A spear must be imagined in the right hand. It is thought that this statuette may preserve the *motif* of one of the statuary portraits of Alexander by Lykippus.

the renewal at Corinth of the Hellenic league, Persia, reawakening to the danger, had immediately begun operations to check the ambitious schemes of the young aggressor. An army sent into northern Asia Minor had forced the Macedonian troops back into the Troad, and compelled a portion of them

accepted from the Shah three hundred and fifty thousand dollars (three hundred talents) to be used as a corruption fund or as he might see fit. Eighty thousand dollars of this, according to Æschines's accusation, passed into the private purse of the great patriot, while the rest was set at its work in the Greek cities. The accusation cannot be proved or disproved. In the nature of the case, no account was rendered, and it would have been difficult in any case to determine where the line was drawn between the private and the public use of such a corruption fund. Eleven years later we know by Demosthenes's own admission that he accepted twenty-three thousand dollars from the Harpalus fund, that he was unable to show that he made any other than private use of it, and that he was condemned by the court, imprisoned, and fined fifty talents.

The Persian funds were variously used: part was sent to different cities, notably Thebes, to influence, through paid leaders, political action; part was doubtless used in procuring equipment and hiring mercenaries; part stayed at home to aid the party machinery; part, in the nature of things, stayed in the purses of the agents.

Demosthenes was a politician with a con-

sistent program, but a thoroughly practical politician, to whom it seemed well to do evil that good might come. His patriotism respected religiously the limits of his own platform, and he saw no treachery in entering into correspondence with the Persian satrap of Sardes and planning with him the details of the plot. Plutarch tells us that Alexander later discovered at Sardes some of these letters of Demosthenes, which contained also evidence of the amount of money received. In doing as he did, Demosthenes merely adopted the orthodox methods of his day. His enthusiasm was doubtless genuine and grounded in public spirit. Our protest is directed, therefore, not so much against him as against those versions of Greek political history which blacken the political motives of his opponents by assigning to them a monopoly of blackened methods. Demosthenes had now become more than an Athenian statesman; he was a politician at large. All Greece recognized him as the champion, almost the personal embodiment, of a political policy which defended the régime of old Greece, with its independent cities and its balance of weakness, against the policy of union in a military leadership.

As the summer proceeded, his plans, aided



DRIVEN BY HARRY FEAR.

BRIDGE OVER THE PENEUS NEAR KALABAKA, NOT FAR FROM TRIKKALA, THESSALY.

This modern photograph shows the rugged character of some of the country traversed by Alexander in his second forced march into Greece. (See page 217.)

DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

THE BATTLE WITH THE CARTS IN THE THRACIAN PASS,
THE MODERN SHIPKA PASS.

(SEE PAGE 211.)

by the absence of Alexander, and later by the stories of his death, made brilliant progress. In Elis the Macedonian sympathizers were banished from the city. Various Arcadian towns were in ferment. The Ætolians were moving to revolt. Athens was arming. The open breach came, however, at Thebes. Here a large Macedonian garrison occupied the citadel. Any step that was taken was, in consequence, bound to involve open war. One night after the story of Alexander's death had assumed credible form, a body of Theban citizens who had been living in banishment at Athens quietly entered the town, proclaimed the supposed news as certain fact, and called upon the people to revolt. Amyntas and Timolaus, the one a Macedonian officer, the other a prominent Theban leader of the Macedonian party, were caught by the mob in the lower city and slain. A mass-meeting of citizens, hurriedly called, proclaimed the freedom of the city by unseating the officials appointed by the Macedonians and naming a board of *boiotarchoi* to assume the supreme control, as under the old constitution. The Cadmea was thereupon blockaded by a double rampart drawn about it to prevent the garrison from sallying out or receiving reinforcement and supplies. Arms were supplied from Athens with the fund in Demosthenes's hands. The insurrection was an accomplished fact. Athens sent messengers far and wide to arouse the people to arms. An armed force was moving forward from the Peloponnesus. Athens stood ready to aid. The Hellenic empire of Alexander seemed utterly undermined and tottering to the fall, and he was three hundred miles away, in the mountain wilderness of Illyria.

When the news of the insurrection reached him, he turned immediately from the pursuit of the Illyrians, and leading his army by forced marches through the rough lands of Eordæa and Elimiotis, through wildernesses, across rivers, and over the slopes of the great mountain-ranges which separate Illyria from Thessaly, on the seventh day was at Pelinna, in the Peneus valley, not far from the modern Trikkala in northern Thessaly. Pushing on from there across the great Thessalian plain, over the pass by the modern Domoko, to Lamia and Thermopylæ, and then across the Locrian hills, he entered Bœotia on the sixth day from Pelinna, with one hundred and thirty miles behind him. His approach had been entirely unheralded and unexpected. When the report reached Thebes that Alexander, at the head of a Macedonian army, was already within the district, the leaders of the

revolt insisted that it must be Antipater, for Alexander was surely dead; or, if it was Alexander, it must be the other Alexander, the son of Æropus—a mere confusion of names.

Thebes was a city of some forty thousand inhabitants. It stood on the lower northern slopes of a chain of flat hills, just where three brooks, two of them known to fame as Dirce and Ismenus, issue forth into the plain. Its walls inclosed a circuit of four miles. In the southeastern part of the city a long, low hill, called the Cadmea, carried the citadel, and at its southern post was the Electra gate, where the road from Athens came in. It was a solid, rather staid old town, wealthy, and much given to ease and good living. We hear that the public square was surrounded by colonnades, and that there were various temples located throughout the city; but there were no wonders of architecture or art such as Athens had to boast. Theban interest did not run that way. We know of no single artist who came from Thebes. Pindar is the one great writer. Athens and Thebes, near neighbors, gave an easy opportunity of contrast, and no doubt the latter has suffered unduly for it in history. The Bœotians have come down to us labeled "Pigs," and every one has heard of Bœotian stupidity; they are often called, too, "the Dutchmen of Greece," having been wronged in the comparison with the sprightly and quick-witted Athenians, much as the good people of Holland have been by the comparison with the French.

The next day Alexander advanced toward the city, but finally halted and made his camp at some distance from it, with the purpose of giving the Thebans opportunity to repent their rashness, and in the hope that the last moment might still effect a compromise and reconciliation. In this he was disappointed, for the Theban forces showed themselves disposed to take the aggressive, and instead of ambassadors seeking peace, a body of cavalry and light-armed infantry shortly appeared before his camp and engaged his outposts. Even yet the king refrained from beginning hostilities. His desire was to have the Greek cities his allies and friends. He had better use for his arms than in destroying those who might be his co-workers. In perfect consciousness of power, he waited still. The next day, as the warlike attitude of the Thebans showed no relenting, he marched round to the south gate of the city, whence issued the main road joining the city to Athens, and took his position directly under the walls of the Cadmea, where he might easily come into communication with

its beleaguered garrison. Still he hesitated to order an attack, and finally, as it would appear, only by half-accident and through the restlessness of one of his generals, Perdiccas, did the battle begin. Perdiccas, who was in the command of the advanced guard, becoming involved in a skirmish with the Theban outposts, was reinforced by other troops, and so a general attack was begun. After the advance forces of the Macedonians had been repulsed by the Theban forces defending the gate outside the walls, Alexander advanced with the solid phalanx, driving the Thebans in a confused rout back through the gates, and, before they had time to close the gates, pressed in behind them. The garrison of the citadel now sallied forth to join the invaders. The defenders retired to the public square just north of the citadel, and made a brief stand near the temple of Amphis; but the fight was hopeless. From this time on the battle became little better than a massacre.

Six thousand Thebans were killed, and the city and its wealth became the prey of the victor. To give it in Arrian's own words: "Then indeed the Thebans, no longer defending themselves, were slain not so much by the Macedonians as by the Phocians, Platæans, and other Bœotians, who by indiscriminate slaughter vented their rage against them. Some were even attacked in the houses, and others as they were supplicating the protection of the gods in the temples, not even the women and children being spared."

At last, after much long-suffering, the strong hand of the Macedonian power, contrary to all its purposes and policy, had laid itself with violence upon one of the great Greek cities. Once and again it had forgiven, but Thebes had transgressed the bounds of endurance and could expect no mercy. She obtained none. The city was razed to the ground, only the house of Pindar being spared; the territory was distributed among the allies, and the inhabitants who survived, some thirty thousand in number, excepting only the priests and priestesses, the descendants of Pindar, and the guests, friends of Philip and Alexander, were sold into slavery, making a slave-market so vast that, as we hear, the standard price of slaves in the markets of the Ægean was seriously depressed in consequence.

The ordinary price for a slave was from twenty to thirty-five dollars. Abundant supply kept the price low. Society was built on slavery. Slaves, or, as in Sparta and Crete, serfs attached to the soil, were the farm-laborers; in manufactories they took the place

of modern machinery; they were a form of investment, being often rented out in gangs, as for work in the mines; large numbers were used, too, for domestic service, seven being an average number for an ordinary house. Corinth is said to have had 460,000 slaves, Ægina 470,000, and a census of the year 309 B. C. showed 400,000 in Attica. These figures have sometimes been doubted, but other known facts go to confirm them. Most of the slaves apparently came from outside Greece, as from Lydia, Syria, Bithynia, Thrace, and Illyria, but there were also among them Italians, Egyptians, and Jews. The supply from outside was maintained by the slave-traders, who obtained them either in barter or by robbery along the coasts of the Ægean and the Euxine. The slave-market was a feature of every city agora, and especially of the temple fairs. Captives in war were, like the rest of the booty, treated as merchandise. They were disposed of chiefly to the professional traders and sold mostly abroad. Thus men of culture and education often appeared in the condition of slaves. Employed as teachers, readers, secretaries, musicians, they often served the purpose of spreading the knowledge of art, manners, and life among other peoples, and aided in mixing the soils and forwarding the interests of cosmopolitanism.

It was a form of poetic justice that the conqueror allowed the fate of Thebes to be spoken by the mouth of a tribunal composed of its neighbors, the Phocians, the Platæans, the Thespians, and the Orchomenians. The hatred engendered out of generations of oppression reveled in its opportunity for revenge. All Greece shuddered to hear the fate of this famous city, but it could not be forgotten that, in the day of the great distress when Persian hordes threatened utterly to submerge Hellenism, Thebes played the part of traitor and stood with the invader.

As prelude to the war of revenge against the Persians, it could not be without the sanction of the gods that the chosen leader had laid his hand upon the historic accomplice. So, at any rate, many chose to regard the matter. Alexander, later in life, seems to have regretted his summary treatment of the city; at least, his natural tenderness of heart asserted itself in a feeling of compassion toward the unfortunate inhabitants, who had been made homeless wanderers or slaves, and wherever he afterward met them he seemed inclined to show them consideration and do them kindness.

In 316 B. C. the city was refounded by Cassander, and a small population assembled in

it, probably not over ten thousand. It never regained anything of its old importance, though it was for a time, in the middle ages, a prosperous seat of silk manufacture. To-day it is a town of from thirty to thirty-five hundred inhabitants, occupying the old Cadmea.

How rapidly the scene had shifted! Only fifteen days had elapsed since Alexander heard the tidings of revolt in the mountains of the north, and now Thebes lay in ashes. One terrible thunderbolt stroke, and the insurrection that seethed over all Greece was at an end. The Arcadian troops who were coming to the support of Thebes had halted at the isthmus on hearing of the Macedonian approach. Now they hastened to pass sentence of death upon those who had instigated their movement. The Eleans recalled the Macedonian sympathizers they had banished. The Ætolians sent embassies to offer abject apologies.

The Athenians, when the news came of the fall of Thebes, were just on the point of celebrating the Greek mysteries (at the end of September). Panic seized upon the populace. The sacred rites were interrupted and forgotten. The country population, with herds and chattels, came swarming in to seek the protection of the walls. Preparations for defense were begun, and the collection of a special fund for war. But suddenly the whirligig of politics went round; the control of the town-meeting passed from the hands of Demosthenes and his anti-Macedonian partizans to those of the opposition. On motion of Demades, a commission of ten was appointed, composed of those friendly to Alexander, with instructions to congratulate the king upon his return in safety from the land of the Triballi and of the Illyrians, and upon his righteous punishment of the Thebans. No wonder Alexander's sense for nobility and straightforwardness shrank in disgust from such flunkysim. He is said, when the ambassadors first appeared before him, to have torn in pieces the address they delivered to him, and to have turned his back and left them to their shame.

The embassy finally returned with the king's answer. He was willing to forgive the Athenians on condition of their expelling the Theban fugitives, and delivering to him the politicians and generals whom he regarded as responsible for the opposition which had culminated three years before at Chæronea, as well as for the more recent demonstrations against the Macedonian power. He especially named Demosthenes, Lycurgus, Polyæuctus, Ephialtes, Mærocles,

Demon, Callisthenes, and Charidemus, and, according to other good authority, Hyperides and Diotimus as well.

The communication of the king's demands produced the intensest excitement at Athens. In the town-meeting, opinion was raised against opinion. To surrender its own citizens at the mandate of an autocrat involved self-humiliation and dishonor. And yet the fate of the city was at stake. In trying times no one was listened to with more respect than the old general Phocion, her "first citizen." Good, old-fashioned citizen and statesman that he was, he took the high, old-fashioned ground that the few ought to be willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of the many. Hyperides and Demosthenes pleaded for the assertion of national dignity and the recognition of the obligations which the state owed to those who had watched over its interests. Demosthenes recounted the fable of the sheep who made a treaty with the wolves, agreeing to deliver over to them the watch-dogs. He likened the case, further, to that of "grain-dealers who carry about a sample in a bowl, by means of a few grains of wheat selling the whole mass; so in us you give yourselves all captive, but you see it not."¹

When it appeared, after ample discussion, that the citizens were in no mood to assent to Alexander's humiliating proposition, a compromise offered by Demades was finally adopted. It provided that another embassy should be sent, asking Alexander's mercy in the matter of the men whose surrender had been demanded, and promising, should they be found guilty, to deal with them under Athenian law; and asking, furthermore, that they be permitted to retain the Theban refugees within their walls. In obtaining the king's assent to this compromise, the personality of Phocion, the chairman of the embassy, was an important factor. His advice that the king should now prefer to turn his arms against the barbarians was a view of the matter that Alexander was only too glad to accept, and making an exception only of the able and unscrupulous Charidemus, he wisely sealed the compact. Greece was at peace. The efforts of Persia to stir internal discord had met with signal failure. Within the entire extent of the Balkan peninsula no hand or voice raised itself against the leadership of the King of Macedon. There remained nothing now to do but to carry the war into Asia.

¹ Plutarch, Demosthenes, chap. xxiii.

UNCLE 'RIAH'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART,

Author of "Sonny," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY EDWARD POTTHAST.



UNCLE 'RIAH WASHINGTON was a healer of diseases on the plantation, and although he practised his profession without degree or license, the people believed in him; and the fact that he "did n't know B from a bull's foot" was rather in his favor with his unlettered constituency.

It is something, surely, to receive one's authority directly from on high, without the inadequate and oftentimes unfaithful medium of books. So they thought, and so assented Uncle 'Riah; "fer," he argued, "who knows whether all dese heah book-writers is got de divine license or not, an' ain't jes a-makin' up as dey go along? Dey say de devil don't want no better tool 'n a pen to work wid, nohow—jes git some po' fool-human simple enough to sign what he choose to signify." This was a brave defense, but it only voiced the faith of his simple followers.

Of course 'Riah had never hung out a sign, nor had he been known to present bills for services. Even had he been inclined to reduce his benefactions to terms of money, and able to cast them in the ordinary offensive form, the offended parties would have known no way to discover the extent of their injuries without interpreters. 'Riah did not even call himself a doctor, and although the "chimbly end" of his one-roomed cabin was a sort of home-made pharmacy, redolent of the fragrant herbs that dried in bunches about his mantel or were brewing in the numerous tomato-cans that dotted his hearth, he seldom administered physic to a patient. His system of medicine was his own, and it seems to have been this:

Seeing disease with his mind's eyes within the body of a patient, he "opened the doors of his own life to it," inviting it in, and leaving the patient to go on his way rejoicing. This, he explained, he could not have dared but for the fact that, when God had given him "the eye of insight," he had also bestowed a body of exceptional "robustiousness."

It is one thing to take a disease, and quite another for a disease to take you, or, to borrow his own figure, "hit 's all right to take bog'ders, jes so you don't let 'em keep house."

When he had once received a disease into his own body, there to await elimination by the ordinary processes of medicine and sanitation, he held it as a thing apart,—at arm's-length, so to speak,—and no matter how many of these guests there might happen to be living, or dying, in his hospitable frame, there was never for a moment a question as to who was master. Neither was there a difference between charity-patients and others, in this regard. It is only fair to say, however, that most of his were not charity-patients—that is, not in any offensive sense.

When there was much sickness on the bayou, 'Riah was usually a groaning, limping embodiment of ill-assorted ills, many of which would seem to have been essentially incompatible, as, for instance, a chill and a fever, both of which he did not hesitate to declare raging within him at the same time. Of course they were of "different sets," as he expressed it,—that is to say, no chill came at the same time with its own particular fever,—but this did not prevent the crossing of separate attacks, and although it may at first appear that such a combination would be disastrous, the reverse seems to have been the case, and the old man would suffer only to the degree that Tom's chill was harder than Dick's fever, or the reverse; and, indeed, there were times when they so nearly balanced that he would not have known "when they het up or cooled off" but for the brief periods of heat or chill at the beginning and the end. As he said himself, "dey can't no mo' 'n cancellize so fer as dey laps," and, of course, they rarely struck at precisely the same moment. Manifestly Uriah's periods of greatest affliction were those of his finest triumphs, as for every ill he endured there was presumably a prisoner of pain set free.

In such a system as this it was specially essential that there should be living witnesses to its efficacy. Nor were they want-

ing. For example, when he sat within his front door with his swollen leg wrapped in flannels and raised to a chair for support, and declared with groans that he was "sufferin' wid Aunt Salina Sue's milk-leg," and everybody knew that the hitherto limping Salina had the week before actually thrown her baby into a neighbor's lap and danced at her own wedding—

Well, seeing is believing.

It was but natural that the ailment in question should have been somewhat exaggerated in the transfer, and for several reasons. In the first place, it was one that could hardly have been indigenous, and any exotic takes time to adjust itself to new conditions. In this instance, too, the difficulties of readjustment were no doubt further heightened by the fact that it was grafted on to a case of dropsy that Uriah had taken from the Baptist minister. And even back of this were further complications, for, as he would have told you himself, he was "sufferin' wid information o' de lungs an' pleurisy o' de breath" before he relieved the Baptist man, and for some of these affections he was employing remedies distinctly at war with the milk-leg.

The doctor who could exhibit half a dozen diseases in his own body at the same time, and combat them without confusion by the employment of such simples as he culled from the wood, seems to have merited all the respect he enjoyed, and, indeed, there were some who, knowing the old man's poverty, felt that he was inadequately paid for a life so freely shared with his fellow-man.

Indeed, there seems to have been no limit to his generosity in assuming pain, for did he not once even intercept a case of fever *on its way* to a neighboring well-digger, taking it thus in all its malignity, wholly unspent, and incurring a six weeks' case which nearly got the better of him, according to the reports of such as saw him in its toils. There is no reason to doubt this statement, and, indeed, the only man who had the temerity to do so was even the ungrateful neighbor whose very immunity made good the claim of the vicarious sufferer. This was, of all his cases, the one that put the old man's robustness to the severest test; but although he came out of it gray about the lips and with trembling hands, his invincible spirit was in no wise disturbed. Even before he had been able to rise from his bed, he had assumed the "seven years' shortness of breath" of the man who sat up with him, and taken the wasp-

sting from yellow Frances's cow after it had "traveled round in her circulation" all day, the only thing he required of her being to cover the stung spot with mud compounded of earth and tobacco-juice, "to keep de pizen f'om gittin' into de milk."

It did not get into the milk, and this late interception was considered almost as wonderful as his cure of Slim Sam's little Sam of lockjaw. The junior Sam had always been subject to spells of unconsciousness, when things went wrong with him, and these generally set them right; but after a time he felt himself losing ground, when he recovered his sway through the lockjaw development.

On the occasion in question, the little fellow professed to have trodden on a thorn; but of this some were skeptical until Uriah, after sitting in stiff-jawed silence for nine days, drew the thorn from the sole of his own foot, and not until it lay in his trembling palm was his speech restored. This story, thorn and all, was vouched for by seven witnesses, two of whom, at least, would not exaggerate, and all the seven agreed furthermore that the thorn was blunted in the point and twice bent.

Of course there were some who, in spite of everything, refused to believe in the old man Uriah; but we find skeptics even in matters of religion. We are all skeptical of some things—a terrible fact to realize. Uriah's followers were all of his own race—that is, all excepting one family of poor whites who lived beyond the palmetto marsh, in the bottom lands; but the Suttons were clay-eaters, and had n't blood enough in their bodies to disbelieve anything. It is certainly true that when Sutton's wife had what Uriah diagnosed as "scoldin' hysterics an' mor'-bun' appetites," and had grown so bad that even he could hardly live with her, he did fetch her to the old "yarb-kyorer," and she went home quieted down and in a submissive state of mind, while 'Riah took such a spell of scolding that nothing but a basket of fresh mushrooms, gathered from Sutton's field while the dew was on them, and brought to him daily by the ailing woman, kept the disease in check until he could "git it subdued down an' broke up."

If it was true that prior to his treatment she did nothing but "set in de door an' eat dirt," as he affirmed, it is possible that the daily walk of two miles in the sun had something to do with her restoration. At any rate, there is no question of her successful treatment, for she told it herself, confessing every detail of it excepting one. It was said that,

when the old man took her tantrums, he threw knives and forks about promiscuously, and this, she protested, "if he did it, it was n't on account of *her* hysterics, for the only knife she ever th'owed was n't to say no mo' 'n a handle, the blade bein' that wore away."

Of course, in a position so unique as that of the old man Uriah, there were trials other than those legitimately belonging to his profession. Sometimes the young men along the bayou—that is to say, the white men—thought it would be fun to tease him; but they were generally worsted in the encounters, for although he was of lowly mind and a bearer of ills galore, Uriah was a wielder of two-edged words on provocation, and of personal fear he had no knowledge. Indeed, he had no need of it, really; for there was something in his age and isolation that established relations that were kindly, even though they were slight, between him and such of the better class as passed his door, and nearly all the small coins that crossed his old palm were their gratuities. But without these trifling benefactions, which were indeed too insignificant to be taken into account at all excepting as an indication of feeling, there was no danger of the old healer's ever being in want so long as he had a patient.

A fundamental thought in Uriah's system was that, in case he should ever die with any of their discarded diseases in him, they would instantly return to their original possessors. It became Salina Sue's care, therefore, to see that he was duly nourished through the slow process of treatment for her discarded lameness, and, as he generally entertained several resident ailments at the same time, and each had its guardian angel, he was blessed with a protective body-guard quite adequate to the modest needs of his simple life. There were some diseases that required warm clothing and occasionally a bit of stimulant, and while he asked outright for nothing, it was but fair to his patients to let them know the only means by which their relief might become permanent.

When he took a disease home and boarded it, he could look after it properly. While some things needed discipline, there were others, as, for instance, the morbid appetite, that required "satisfaction," and the same intelligently administered.

Of course there were times when he was unfortunate, as when he took panting Polly's palpitations the week before she was drowned, and had to struggle along with them alone un-

til some one else brought him a similar case the needs of which about covered the ground. And, as in all relations in life, there were a few cases of forgetfulness and ingratitude. One of these, indeed, was so flagrant that Uriah, after struggling awhile with the forgotten malady, sent it flying back home, and when he was induced to assume it a second time, there was no further cause for complaint. Who would not, if he could, send his rheumatism out to board rather than entertain it in his own body?

From the fact of his isolation it may appear that the old man Uriah was by choice a hermit, yet such is by no means the truth. The fact is, he had been three times married—twice in his early life, when he was widowed, so to speak, in the best way, even though it be the saddest, and a third time, when his bereavement was less regular and was attended by circumstances which in a community of less sensitiveness in such matters might have been embarrassing.

The mate of his maturity was fully his age, and, it does seem, ought to have known her own mind. After struggling for several winters with the diseases of the community as they were brought home to her, she finally grew weary, and one day she quietly walked off and left her lord alone, declaring simply that she "had done lost her taste for him."

This was bad enough; but when it is known that she did not go alone, but was ably escorted by the bronze-colored half-Indian who left his phthisic with the deserted husband, it is hard to forgive her. Even had there been no other man in the case, it would seem that her excuse was inadequate to the crime of doubly breaking her registered vow to stand by him of her choice "in sickness and in health." Manifestly the man of always ultimate robustiousness, who entertained all manners of sicknesses, was perennially in both conditions, "in sickness *and* in health," and a more sensitive soul than she would have realized herself thus twice bound.

About a quarter of a mile from 'Riah's cabin, beyond the Cherokee hedge that marked the turn of the road, was the Bradshaw place. Here lived the brothers Teddy and Tim Bradshaw, two manly but mischievous young scamps, aged respectively about seventeen and nineteen. They had been away at school for several seasons, returning only for vacations and holidays, when they usually brought several of their school-mates home with them; and when they were "in town," which is to say, on the bayou, there was a general feeling in the community

that there was no knowing what a day would bring forth. The old man Uriah had once been the property of a remote connection of the Bradshaw family, and though the thread was slight which thus connected him with the past régime, it was strong enough to establish relations with traditions that counted for much in his scant estate.

The Christmas eve of the year of the memorable freeze which killed nearly all the orange-trees in Louisiana was a bleak day on Cherokee Bayou. Even at the "white end," around the turn, where conditions were better, it was a day to remember, and many an old resident who never thought of such a thing as keeping a diary took out his account-book and "put it down" in marginal notes. In the negro settlement, for the first time in the history of things, the cabin doors were kept more or less closed, and the inhabitants went about wrapped in gray blankets borrowed from their beds, and were gray about their steaming lips, while they chafed one another in the road. There were Christmas preparations going on in most of the cabins to-day, and from more than one emanated the odor of burning feathers. There had been other times when, for prudential reasons, the Christmas turkeys had been plucked indoors and their feathers burned as they fell, even when there was nothing wrong with the mercury; but it is nothing new in Christendom to burn witnesses.

Whether it were in the heavy odor of smoking feathers, or the sweet scent of molasses cooking itself into holiday shape, or the even more suggestive composite fragrance of frying-pan and oven, all but one of the bayou chimneys bore witness to the anticipation of the day of days.

Only in Uncle 'Riah's cabin was there nothing discernible by any sense to mark the season—and for very comfortable reasons. If the good man had "loaded up" beyond his habit with maladies just before the Christmas season, his policy seems to have been as provisional as it was kindly, for there was not a delicacy known to the Southern table—none, that is, that was in any way available—that was not assured by the crying demand of his sometimes exacting ills; and the habit of trusting this sort of providence was so strong that he did not even speculate, while he sat alone in the gathering twilight, as to what the season would bring.

It is even possible that he had worn the edge off the enjoyment of such delicacies as calf's-foot jelly and "floating island," for instance, in his recent entertainment of the

malady the guardian angel of which was the famous cook Salina Sue.

But none of these things was on the old healer's mind to-day. Indeed, he had even neglected his case of "mor'bun' appetites," as he sat at his window waiting until he was weary.

It was cold in the little cabin when the sun was low, and the old man realized it. He even turned more than once and glanced toward the pile of fire-wood,—a supply that was kept up by his consumption cases, and which there was no earthly need of his sparing,—and he wished that some of its best logs were on the hungry coals; yet he did not move. The day had been long and disappointing. He had heard the familiar laughter of the Bradshaw boys when the carriage whizzed past his cabin at midnight the night before, and so he knew that they had come home; and he had been looking for them all day. He had even swept his cabin before the sun was up, and red up his hearth, in anticipation of their coming.

It does not seem much to wait for, really, all day "Christmas eve," the trivial visit of two teasing boys who had never in their lives held him in their thoughts for an hour at a time, probably; but it was all there was. It is something to "belong" to the same family as another, even when the "belonging" be as this—a variable and attenuated relation. Last things are apt to count for more than their abstract value, especially in matters of the affections.

When in the gathering darkness the narrow vista beyond the Cherokee hedge began to fade, the old man turned away with a sigh. He knew the boys would not come to-night. And yet the sigh went out in a low chuckle, as he muttered, "Reckon dey so tooken up wid Christmas, dey forgits."

He hobbled to the fire then, and after casting on the best of his pine-knots and watching them blaze and flare, he reached up to the mantel, seized the knife and plate there, uncovered a pan of food sitting in the warm ashes, and began looking after his cases. First there were those that needed strong food, then came a case to be "pampered," one the condition of which called for a moderate draft from a thick black bottle, and finally there were the lingering remains of the "mor'bun' appetites," which were put to rest by a general picking here and there, in a sort of dilettante fashion, from the several paper sacks upon his table.

By this time the old man himself was growing sleepy; but he had no disposition to

go to bed, and as he raked the coals and covered such exposed parts of his fire as were wasting heat, he talked to himself about the boys. No doubt they would rush in the first thing in the morning, and almost certainly they "would n't half behave,"—they never did,—but when they showed the first signs of "uppishness," they would have to be "taken down," as usual; but no matter: it made the coming all the sweeter that he dared reprove them. There was always a kindness about their visits that he loved to recall even in certain situations evoking his resentment. During the vacations they had always bothered him in a thousand trivial ways. Many a time the only way he knew that they had borrowed his crawfish-net was that he would find it wet. And yet—this happened the last time they had used it, just at the end of the summer vacation—when they were so unfortunate as to tear it badly, they had tied in its meshes a little parcel that evidently contained the best contributions of their pockets. Here were two or three bits of tobacco, four nickels, an old silk handkerchief, an odd mitten, a pen-knife with a single broken blade, and a box of matches. This was such a note of reparation and apology as the old man could read, and as he opened it, scolding all the while over "de rascality o' dem no-'count boys," he more than once chuckled as he wiped his eyes with the crumpled silk handkerchief. Mending the net in the autumn afternoons after the boys had gone sweetened many a lonely hour for him, and even while he looked at the setting sun and complained of the shortening days, he was glad to carry the work over.

The boys had no doubt forgotten the incident before they reached school. Indeed, the inadequate reparation had been made as much in a spirit of devilry as anything else—a daring confession from a distance where the merited scolding could not reach them. But the old man remembered, and often, as he sat waiting to-day, he had cast his eyes up to the rafters where the mended net hung, and chuckled softly.

Bedtime came and went,—even Christmas bedtime, which is not exactly an affair of the clock,—but still Uriah nodded in his chair, and although he would start up when the wind twisted off bits of branches from the trees and whirled them against his roof, or the shutters rattled suddenly, it was only to drop back into a happy semi-consciousness of warmth and contentment, to which blissful state he even nodded a stupid assent

again and again. So he told the fire that all was well with him, and the fire, glowing with a sense of its own comfort, smiled back as it took on gray edges and fell half asleep, too.

So fire and man dosed for a while, when a slight noise, less than that of the wind, but different, made the man open his eyes. But the stillness within and the recurring outside disturbances were reassuring, and he nodded again, but only for a moment. Three times he was suddenly awakened before a thumping sound brought him to his feet, and he exclaimed, seeing no sign of anything wrong, "Wonder ef Skittish Kate's nightmares is a-comin' on me ag'in," and, standing alone in the half-light, he felt his own pulse, in lieu of hers. "No, dat ain't no nightmare pulse," he muttered; "hit ain't a thing but loss o' de bed. I forgits all about ole Uncle Si's weak back, settin' up heah half de night." He turned to go to bed, but had taken only a single step when there came a timid knock at the door. Midnight though it was, he thought only of the Bradshaw boys as he strode forward to open the door.

But he was disappointed, for the figure that entered at his bidding was that of an old woman. A first glimpse was enough to awaken the professional instinct in the old man, and, as he motioned her to a chair, he said:

"Howdy, lady! Howdy, ma'am! I hope I fin' you sanitary an' salub'ious."

This was his favorite form of greeting. The visitor, who seemed to be a very old, very black woman, courtesied deeply, and, shading her eyes with her hand, drew her chair so that its back was toward the fire.

"No, sah," she began, as she sat down, and her voice was cracked and high; "I ain't to say neither sanitary nur salub'ious, an' dat's what fetched me heah. I's a-sufferin' mightily wid my eyesight, an' I come to pray you to lay de hand o' healin' on me."

Her host laboriously lifted his ailing leg with both hands and placed it on the stool before him. Then he coughed and wheezed a little, and closed his eyes as if in thought.

"Yas, ma'am," he said in a minute; "I see you in half-darkness. I see you pickin' yo' way along de road an' feelin' fer de do'-latch befo' you find it—ain't dat so?"

"Yas, sah, dat's so. An' I got consider'ble in'ard mis'ry, too."

The old man kept his eyes shut, speaking as if from mental sight alone.

"Yas," he repeated, "yas; I feels yo' affliction an' I see it, too. You got consid-

er'ble bilious bile on yo' stomick, an'—an' you got a floatin' liver, an' yo' lights is all extinguished. De wonder to me is dat you kin see at all."

He opened his eyes now and looked at his patient.

"I got a lot o' cases on han' at present." He spoke now in a business tone quite unlike that of the diagnostician. "Dis leg, now. De lady dat had it, she tampered wid it so long befo' I took it, it's purty nigh wo' me out. An' ole man Colbert's heart-disease it's about kyored, but it's lef' me wid a sort

loud rap at the door, and, without waiting for an invitation, a huge fat man came in. He seemed to breathe with difficulty, and with each step he panted woefully.

Seeing him in more pain than she, the old woman rose as he entered, and offered to retire to "the other room" until he should be first served.

The newcomer moved slowly, and after a swift glance at the chairs in the room, he took from under the shawl with which he was enveloped a piece of plank, and laying it upon a stool, sat upon it.

"MENDING THE OLD NET IN THE AUTUMN AFTERNOONS."

o' palpitation o' de sperit, an'— But ef you'll tek good keer o' yo' case yo'se'f— eat a-plenty fresh aigs an' cream, an' drink a little good wine, an' poultice de back o' yo' head good wid three-times-sifted-meal poultice two degrees below de simmerin'-p'int, an'—"

He would have gone on, but she interrupted him.

"Hold on, please, sir," she began; "hold on! How you 'spec' me to git an' poultice an' do all you sayin', when I 'bleege' to work in de fiel'? I wants to be *kyored now*. Dat what fetched me heah, in all dis win' an' col'."

The old man cleared his throat and looked important.

"Well, lady, of co'se yo' case is got to be taken keer of, don' keer who teks it. Ef I teks it, I got to be shore it'll have proper nour'shmint an' usage. You see, ef I'm a-settin' in half-darkness whiles I'm a-doctorin' it, I mus' have—"

The interview was interrupted here by a
Vol. LVII.—29.

The plank was at least three feet long, but when he was seated there was little of it to spare.

"I 'm a-sufferin' from a case o' general swellin'," he began, as he fanned himself with a huge palmetto fan, "an' I come to be reduced down."

The old man regarded him askance over the rim of his spectacles.

"Well, I should say you is," he said presently—"I should say you sho is. An' what you needs is a life-size poultice, to git you reduced down even. 'T would n't do to reduce you down in spots, noways. You'd look wuss'n ole man Bible-Job wid all his biles—you sho would. But huccome you fans yo'se'f so? Is you hot?"

"My insides is het up yit f'om las' summer. I 'm cool enough outside. I 'm jest a-fannin' my breath." And with this he flourished the palmetto swiftly.

"I 'spec' you feels like I does sometimes

"'I 'M A-SUPPERIN' FROM A CASE O' GENERAL SWELLIN'."

—wid two seasons ragin' in you at once-t—when I has two chills to one fever, or, maybe, disgus' for victuals an' mor'bun' appetites bofe ragin' in me at de same time. Ef I was n't so nachelly robustious as I is, I'd bre'k down sometimes wid all de contrari-nesses I has to deal wid—"

A loud thumping sound at the door at this point, as if some one were falling against it, startled the old doctor so that he involuntarily rose to his feet. It began to seem as if strange things were happening. But his patient appeared in no wise disturbed. He continued his fanning, and did not even turn his head until a tall, slim man passed before him, bearing a pack upon his back. Then the fat man complained that the fire was oppressive, and, with more alacrity than he seemed capable of, retired to the other room. It was a common thing for his patients to wait in this other chamber—that is, behind the curtain that screened the old man's bed in the other end of his cabin—while another was served.

If Uriah had been a hospitable host up to

this moment, his manners failed him somewhat now, for he did not like the peddler's looks. Indeed, the old negro shared the popular mistrust of peddlers in general, and especially of such as were belated on stormy nights. For a moment he stood and looked at his third guest in embarrassed silence, even moving back a step or two as he measured him with his eye, before he found voice to say: "I—I—I don't keer 'bout buyin' nothin' dis evenin', thank you, sah, an'—an' I 'spec' you better be a-movin' on—"

Even while he was speaking, there came a terrible gust of wind, slamming the shutters noisily, while it whistled around the mud chimney like a voice of warning. Uriah was superstitious, and in these manifestations of the infinite he felt himself challenged. He could not turn a brother man from his door on such a night as this.

"An' yit," he added, involuntarily moving back as the peddler deposited his pack upon the floor and sat upon it—"an' yit—"

Another warning came from the storm. A heavy limb fell upon the roof.

"An' yit," he hastened to say, "so long as it 's blowin' so outside—I don' know what de elemints is doin' to-night, nohow—but tell dey eases down, of co'se you 'll haf to set down—an' den you better pass on; I ain't got but one bed, an' one set o' kivers— Seem to me like you 'd 'a' managed to git home befo' Christmas, anyhow."

The peddler had not yet suggested remaining for the night, but at this hint, notwithstanding its breech presentation, he hastened to remark that he was n't at all particular about a bed. Indeed, he liked the idea of sitting up all night. He was a sociable man. He even proceeded to exhibit his sociable nature, as he spoke, by drawing the old man's chair quite near him and begging him to be seated, quite as if he were host of the evening. The real host, for once in his life, was evidently intimidated, and although he drew it some feet away, he took the proffered chair. Seeing him seated, the visitor remarked, reverting politely to his former suggestion:

"I would 'a' managed to git home to-night, ef I 'd 'a' had a home to go to, an ef I was n't so forgetful. I never can ricollect

where no place is, once I leave it, an' ef I had a home, I 'd likely forgit where it was—ef I did n't forgit I had it."

By this time the old negro was peering forward, scanning his guest's face. He saw that he was a white man, and eccentric-looking. His earlier guests were both colored.

"How is you talkin', anyhow?" he asked eagerly and with evident apprehension. "Ef you forgits so constant, maybe you is got a home, an' done forgot it."

The forgetful man looked straight into the fire as he replied in an even voice:

"All I can say is I disremember havin' any. I am a too honest man to claim what I can't ricollect of havin', be it either riches or relations. Ef I could ricollect any family thet might be lookin' for me to-night, I 'd shoulder this pack an' start—ef I could ricollect the road. It 's bad—havin' no ricollection. I 'd tell you lots o' tight places it 's got me in—ef I could ricollect 'em."

"Scuse me, please, sah, but— What dis you say?" Uriah was frightened.

"I never know what I 've said. I only know what I 'm sayin'."

At this, the old man moved his chair back,

and mopped his forehead. Then, recovering himself, he added:

"Scuse me movin' back. I jes took a case o' smallpox 'istiddy, an' f'om de way I begins to feel de fire, I looks fer it to bre'k out on me any minute. Has you ever had de black smallpox?"

"I don't ricollect." It was a quiet answer, but it moved Uriah back fully three feet.

"Ef I could be cured of not ricollectin'," the placid voice continued, "I'd be willin' to give all I've got in my pack—to whoever cured me."

This roused his professional instinct, and Uriah's voice was almost normal as he asked, looking askance at the object in question as he spoke:

"What is you got in yo' pack, anyhow?"

But when his prospective patient replied blandly, "I don't ricollect," he seemed to feel a sudden return of the smallpox symptoms, for he drew his chair quite to the other side of the fire.

"But I know I've got the pack," the peddler continued, "because I never trust no past tenses in my mind about *it*. I know the things I've got. It's them I've had I disremember. I'm always under my pack or on it. Ef I was to let go of it a minute, it would be good-by to it."

Weird as it was, the situation was interesting to the humble observer of physical and mental phenomena, and he ventured to ask tentatively:

"Has you ever los' anything so—by lettin' go of it?"

"How in thunder do I know?" This was spirited, and Uriah glanced toward the door. But the next words of his guest were reassuring in their placidity. "The only way I know I ain't got no memory is by realizin' what I have got. I've got a' absence of memory—an' that covers the ground."

"Look to me like you mought kiver de ground 'twix' heah an' wharsomever you started from." This rejoinder came as a growl and was most uncivil, but the old man was tried beyond his strength, and his masterful nature suddenly surprised him by asserting itself.

As he spoke, there was a distinct titter from behind the curtain, and Uriah was sure he saw the peddler's shoulders shake a little.

He raised his head and looked about him, and for a moment there was something really tragic in his fear. Then a change came over his face. There had been a familiar note in that titter. It sounded like—it *was*—the laugh of the older Bradshaw boy.

The old man made no sign for nearly a minute. Then he rose to his feet, and as he began to speak, he took in the whole cabin with one comprehensive sweep of his arm.

"Um—hm," he began. "Yas, I see. You-all is sick, an' you wants to know what yo' trouble is. Well, I'll tell yer. Don't be afeard—I'll tell yer. In de fust place, you's all afflicted wid absence o' de brain, an' you's jes nachelly a pack o' no-count scound'els—dat what you is. Yo' heads is holler as drinkin'-gou'ds, an' as fer yo' hearts, dey's so swunk an' swiveled up, dey ain't no bigger'n chicken hearts. God forgive me fer sayin it, but you-all is sufferin' wid a fatal case o' durn fool—de whole passel o' yer!"

The storm of his wrath seemed to break here, and, trembling still with rage, he dropped back into his chair, and while he took his poker and began vigorously to stir his fire, he muttered:

"Makin' game of a ole sick man wid de nervous p'ostration, an'—an'— Purty-lookin' set o' college gemmen you is, I mus' say—gwine off to learn manners an'—an'—ca'yin' on sech dog-gone nonsense—"

The violence of his own speech evidently startled him, and he paused and cast his eyes up to the ceiling.

"Yas, Lord," he exclaimed fervently, "yas; I is cussin', an' I can't he'p it ef I is. Anybody but You'd cuss, ef—ef—ef a passel o' boys you been knowin' befo' dey was born—"

There was something suggestive of tears in the old man's distressed voice, and all at once the boys realized it, and they could be quiet no longer. When the old woman came forward, only partly free from her disguise, and he recognized in her the younger Bradshaw boy, his favorite of the two, he covered his face with his hands. The boy was full of contrition, but he hardly knew what to do.

"Come on out, Teddy," he called to his brother, as he dropped his skirt and began untying the peddler's pack. "Come on, an' no more foolin'. Come, help me an' George undo this pack. We have n't got much for you here, Uncle 'Riah," he added, as he struggled with the knotted twine—"just a few Christmas things we brought you. We were going to fetch 'em to you this morning, but we got to foolin', an' then, when it got late, we thought we'd have a little lark, an' leave the things for you; but George—this is our friend Mr. George Moulton. He lives in Connecticut, an' he could n't do the plantation talk, so he took the peddler part, an' he was so long-winded an' funny that he

"‘I WONDER EF DAT COULD BE DE SAME OLE STAR!’"

made us giggle—an' then you went an' got mad—"

By this time the pack was open, and he lifted out a half-worn coat and laid it on the old man's lap. It was followed by two hats and a cap, several pairs of shoes, a lot of cravats, some collars and cuffs, and a number of packages.

"Why don't you tell him that mother sent the packages?" said the older brother. "Really, they are all there is that's any account. We just put in the other things, thinking you might give them to a beggar—or something."

The old man was laughing by this time.

"I say beggar!" He was proudly holding the coat up before him, "I say—I say beggar! I gwine take out my buryin'-coat an' wear it out, an' subs'tute dis one in its place. Umh! I niver expected to be able to be buried in a cutaway."

Seeing the old man draw a purse from the coat pocket, the younger brother said, "We did n't have any money to put in that. We never have any when we come home. But I promise you a dime to-morrow, anyhow, an' maybe more."

"And I'll give you a dollar right now," said he who had been the peddler, "if you'll say over again what was the matter with us boys—and say it slowly, so I can write it down."

"What dat you say? Say all dem cussin' 'jaculations over ag'in? No, sah, not ef de cote knows itse'f. I's 'shamed enough now, cussin' out loud, an' it a-fixin' to be Christmas terreckly. You-all is sho put me to shame wid all dese Christmas gif's—an' me not got a thing fer yer." He stopped short here, as if suddenly remembering something. "Lessen I'd give yer yo' vacation present now, an' let you save it."

He mounted his footstool as he spoke, and reaching over the old crawfish-net that lay on the rafters, he drew down a new one lying above it.

"When you yo'ng rascals busted my new net las' summer, an' I had no end o' trouble a-mendin' it, I said to myse'f I war n't gwine to have my fine net snook away no mo' by a passel o' no-count boys, so I turned to an' made y' all dis little one."

The net was far finer and larger than his own had ever been, and the boys were ominously silent when they took it from his hands.

"I ain't got no presents to put in it," the old man continued, as he took his seat, "but I ax y' all to forgive me fer cussin'—an' it

Christmas, too. I ain't no cussin' man, no-how, but, sence I been wrastlin' wid so many sicknesses— It's good you-all did n't ketch me wid de scoldin' hysterics on me. I'd 'a' sca'ed you-all but to death."

The boys had at last thanked him many times for the net, and each in his own way—some without words—apologized for his part in the invasion; and at this reference to his professional life there was not one who did not envy him his courage, as the younger Bradshaw boy said, leaning on the arm of his chair as he spoke, in a way that was irresistible:

"And do you mean to say that you really do take people's diseases from them, Uncle 'Riah—honest Injun, now?"

The old man was taken by surprise, but he chuckled softly as he answered quite seriously:

"I takes de 'sponsibility of 'em, honey. An' quick as anybody kin shake off de 'sponsibility of anything, it's good-by to it. I don't say I ain't wropped up a well leg an' nussed it 'fo' to-day. But dat's 'caze some folks is slow-faithed. Dey won't b'lieve nothin' widout a witness. When ole man Simpson was limpin' roun' de plantation, an' de leaders of 'is legs refused to lead, an' he had deze heah *very coa'se veins* in 'is lef' leg, I tole 'im to saw lef'-handed tell I could tek his mis'ry away; an' 't warn't no trouble. You see, sawin' lef'-handed dat th'owed 'is weight on de yether fine-vein leg, an' swapped leaders. But ef I had n't 'a' tied up my leg an' showed up de trouble in my system, you reckon he'd 'a' supplied me wid winter socks an' coal-ile? No, sah. You see, all I gits fer my kyorin' folks is what nourishmint an' cherishin' the cases needs. Heap o' deze heah college doctors could kyore folks better 'n dey does ef dey had eyes in dey jedg-mint. I done kyored a heap o' ole puny an' peaked folks, an' started dey circulation wid de word o' healin', 'fo' to-day—yas, I is. I jes speaks freedom fer 'em, an' when dey slow to see de light, I takes dey cases to board an' show 'em up fer 'em. Why, you could have de best pair o' lung-belluses Gord ever made, an' set down an' study about makin' 'em wheeze, an' dey 'll mighty soon squeak an' leak win'. I done tried it."

"And yet, Uncle 'Riah, when you were by yourself, we heard you talking about somebody's weak back."

The old man turned and looked at the boy.

"An' was you in my cabin all dat time?" He turned almost fiercely as he spoke.

"No, uncle; but I was in and out several

times during the evening. Don't get mad again, now. We just slipped some blankets on your bed to surprise you—some mother sent. If you don't have these diseases, what makes you talk about 'em when you are alone?"

"Well, as to dat, of co'se, I got so in de habit, I thinks in de language—dat 's all. I is got a plaster on my back now, one ole man Si fetched me, so he could feel eased a little. Settin' heah so still some days, my back gits sort o' set in de sockets, an' ef I could build up ole man Si's faith an' my back at de same time, I don't see no p'tic'lar harm in it."

"And what about all those tomato-cans, Uncle 'Riah? We 're on to you, now, and we 're not going to let you off till you tell us all about it."

"Dey ain't nothin' to tell you about de tomaters-cans, honey. It 's jes de same thing—to sustain de weak-faithed, dat 's all. Dey ain't no mo' 'n pennyryle in most of 'em, an' dat keeps de muskitties away; an' de fleas, dey flee f'om it, too. Umh! Listen at me, matchin' my words!

"De on'ies' mission o' physic, honey, is to ketch de eye o' faith—dat 's all. I 'spec's to do away wid my tomaters-cans gradu'ly, but *don't you tell it*. I know you-all 's too much gemmen to talk behin' a' ole nigger like me, anyhow. You done complimented me enough, a-listenin' at me. But you know what time it is? Hit 's Christmas, dis minute, dat what it is. Listen at de clock! Go on home now, an' 'flect on de shepherds an' de wise men an' frankincense an' myrrh an' de star in de east, an' forgit de meanderin' talk of a ole fool nigger an' de common yarbs o' Cherokee Bayou. Go on now, an' 'spress my happy Christmas an' thank-y-ma'am to yo' ma fer dem blankets. Git along, I say! I feels Sam Tyler's third-day chill a-comin' on me now, an' I gwine git it in 'twix' dem new blankets."

He had followed the boys to the door, and as they passed out, he called to them:

"Look up in de firmament todes de east, chillun! Bless Gord, I wonder ef dat could be de same ole star!"

SOME OF LEWIS CARROLL'S CHILD-FRIENDS.

WITH UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

BY S. D. COLLINGWOOD.

FROM very early college days began to emerge that beautiful side of Lewis Carroll's character which afterward was to be, next to his fame as an author, that for which he was best known—his attitude toward children, and the strange attraction they had for him. I shall attempt to point out various influences which led him in this direction; but if I were asked for one comprehensive word wide enough to explain this tendency of his nature, I would answer unhesitatingly—love. My readers will remember a beautiful verse in "Sylvie and Bruno"; trite though it is, I cannot forbear to quote it:

Say, whose is the skill that paints valley and hill,
Like a picture so fair to the sight?

That flecks the green meadow with sunshine and shadow,

Till the little lambs leap with delight?

'T is a secret untold to hearts cruel and cold,

Though 't is sung, by the angels above,

In notes that ring clear for the ears that can hear,
And the name of the secret is Love!

That "secret," an open secret for him, explains this side of his character. As he read everything in its light, so it is only in its light that we can properly understand him. I think that the following quotation from a letter to the Rev. F. H. Atkinson, accompanying a copy of "Alice" for his little daughter Gertrude, sufficiently proves the truth of what I have just stated:

Many thanks to Mrs. Atkinson and to you for the sight of the tinted photograph of your Gertrude. As you say, the picture speaks for itself, and I can see exactly what sort of a child she is; in proof of which I send her my love and a kiss herewith! It is possible I may be the first (unseen) gentleman from whom she has had so ridiculous a message; but I can't say she is the first unseen child to whom I have sent one! I think the most precious message of the kind I ever got from a child I never saw (and never shall see in this world) was to the effect that she liked me when she read about Alice, "but please tell him, whenever I read that Easter letter he sent me, I *do* love him!" She was in a hospital, and a lady friend

THE ORIGINAL ALICE.

who visited there had asked me to send the Letter to her and some other sick children.

And now as to the secondary causes which attracted him to children. First, I think children appealed to him because he was pre-eminently a teacher, and he saw in their unspoiled minds the best material for him to work upon. In later years one of his favorite recreations was to lecture at schools on logic; he used to give personal attention to each of his pupils, and one can well imagine with what eager anticipation the children would have looked forward to the visits of a schoolmaster who knew how to make even the dulllest subjects interesting and amusing.

Again, children appealed to his esthetic faculties, for he was a keen admirer of the beautiful in every form. Poetry, music, the drama, all delighted him, but pictures more than all put together. I remember his once showing me "The Lady with the Lilacs," which Arthur Hughes had painted for him, and how he dwelt with intense pleasure on the exquisite contrasts of color which it contained—the gold hair of a girl standing out against the purple of lilac-blossom. But with those who find in such things as these a complete satisfaction of their desire for the beautiful he had no sympathy; for no imperfect representations of life could, for him, take the place of life itself, life as God has made it—the babbling of the brook, the singing of the birds, the laughter and the sweet faces of children. And yet, recognizing, as he did, what Mr. Pater aptly terms "the curious perfection of the human form," in man, as in nature, it was the soul that attracted him more than the body. His intense admiration—one might almost call it adoration—for the white innocence and uncontaminated spirituality of childhood emerges most clearly in "Sylvie and Bruno." He says very little of the personal beauty of his heroine; he might have asked, with Mr. Francis Thompson:

How can I tell what beauty is her dole,

Who cannot see her countenance for her soul?

so entirely occupied is he with her gentleness, her pity, her sincerity, and her love.

Again, the reality of children appealed strongly to the simplicity and genuineness of his own nature. I believe that he understood children even better than he understood men and women. Civilization has made adult humanity very incomprehensible, for convention is as a veil which hides the divine spark that is in each of us, and so this strange thing has come to be that the imperfect mirrors perfection more completely

than the perfected, that we see more of God in the child than in the man.

And in those moments of depression of which he had his full share, when old age seemed to mock him with all its futility and feebleness, it was the thought that the children still loved him which nerved him again to continue his life-work, which renewed his youth, so that to his friends he never *seemed* an old man. Even the hand of death itself only made his face look more boyish—the word is not too strong. "How wonderfully young your brother looks!" were the first words the doctor said, as he returned from the room where Lewis Carroll's body lay, to speak to the mourners below. And so he loved children because their friendship was the true source of his perennial youth and unflagging vigor. This idea is expressed in the following poem, an acrostic, which he wrote for a friend some twenty years ago:

Around my lonely hearth, to-night,
Ghost-like the shadows wander:
Now here, now there, a childish sprite,
Earth-born and yet as angel bright,
Seems near me as I ponder.

Gaily she shouts: the laughing air
Echoes her note of gladness—
Or bends herself with earnest care
Round fairy fortress to prepare
Grim battlement or turret-stair—
In Childhood's merry madness!

New raptures still hath Youth in store:
Age may but fondly cherish
Half-faded memories of yore—
Up, craven heart! Repine no more!
Love stretches hands from shore to shore:
Love is, and shall not perish!

His first child-friend, so far as I know, was Miss Alice Liddell, the little companion whose innocent talk was one of the chief pleasures of his early life at Oxford, and to whom he told the tale that was to make him famous. In December, 1885, Miss M. E. Manners presented him with a little volume of which she was the author, "Aunt Agatha Ann, and Other Verses," and which contained a poem about "Alice." Writing to acknowledge this gift, Lewis Carroll said:

Permit me to offer you my sincere thanks for the very sweet verses you have written about my dream-child (named after a real Alice, but none the less a dream-child) and her Wonderland. That children love the book is a very precious thought to me, and next to their love I value the sympathy of those who come with a child's heart to what I have tried to write about a child's thoughts. Next to what conversing with an angel *might* be, —for it is hard to imagine it,—comes, I think, the

privilege of having a real child's thoughts uttered to one. I have known some few real children (you have, too, I am sure), and their friendship is a blessing and a help in life.

It is interesting to note how in "Sylvie and Bruno" his idea of the thoughts of a child has become deeper and more spiritual. Yet in the earlier tale, told "all in a golden afternoon," to the plash of oars and the swish of a boat through the waters of the Thames at Cherwell, the ideal child is strangely beautiful: she has all Sylvie's genuineness and honesty, all her keen appreciation of the interest of life; there lacks only that mysterious charm of deep insight into the hidden forces of nature, the gentle Power that makes the sky "such a darling blue," which almost likens Sylvie to the angels.

It would be futile to attempt even a bare list of the children whom he loved, and who loved him; during forty years of his life he was constantly adding to their number. Some remained friends for life, but in a large proportion of cases the friendship ended with the end of childhood. To one of those few whose affection for him had not waned with increasing years, he wrote:

I always feel specially grateful to friends who, like you, have given me a child-friendship and a woman-friendship. About nine out of ten, I think, of my child-friendships get shipwrecked at the critical point "where the stream and river meet," and the child-friends, once so affectionate, become uninteresting acquaintances, whom I have no wish to set eyes on again.

These friendships usually began all very much in the same way: a chance meeting on the sea-shore, in the street, in some friend's house, led to conversation; then followed a call on the parents, and after that all sorts of kindnesses on Lewis Carroll's part—presents of books, invitations to stay with him at Oxford or at Eastbourne, visits with him to the theater. For the amusement of his little guests he kept a large assortment of musical boxes, and an organette which had to be fed with paper tunes. On one occasion he ordered about twelve dozen of these tunes "on approval," and asked one of the other dons, who was considered a judge of music, to come in and hear them played over. In addition to these attractions there were clockwork bears, mice, and frogs, and games and puzzles in infinite variety.

One of his little friends, Miss Isabel Standen, has sent me the following account of her first meeting with him:

We met for the first time in the Forbury Gardens, Reading. He was, I believe, waiting for a

train. I was playing with my brothers and sisters in the Gardens. I remember his taking me on his knee and showing me puzzles, one of which he refers to in the letter given below. This puzzle was, by the way, a great favourite of his: the problem is to draw the three interlaced squares, without going over the same lines twice, or taking the pen off the paper, which is so thoroughly characteristic of him in its quaint humour.

THE CHESTNUTS, GUILDFORD,

August 22, 1869.

MY DEAR ISABEL: Though I have only been acquainted with you for fifteen minutes, yet as there is no one else in Reading I have known so long, I hope you will not mind my troubling you. Before I met you in the Gardens yesterday, I bought some old books at a shop in Reading, which I left to be called for, and had not time to go back for them. I did n't even remark the name of the shop, but I can tell *where* it was, and if you know the name of the woman who keeps the shop, and would put it into the blank I have left in this note, and direct it to her, I should be much obliged. . . . A friend of mine, called Mr. Lewis Carroll, tells me he means to send you a book. He is a *very* dear friend of mine. I have known him all my life (we are the same age) and have *never* left him. Of course he was with me in the Gardens, not a yard off—even while I was drawing those puzzles for you. I wonder if you saw him?

Your fifteen-minute friend,

C. L. DODGSON.

Have you succeeded in drawing the



Another favorite puzzle of Mr. Dodgson's was the following—I give it in his own words:

A is to draw a fictitious map, divided into counties.

B is to colour it (or rather mark the counties with *names* of colours), using as few colours as possible. Two adjacent counties must have *different* colours. A's object is to force B to use as *many* colours as possible. How many can he force B to use?

One of Mr. Dodgson's most amusing letters was to a little girl called Magdalen, to whom he had given a copy of his "Hunting of the Snark":

CHRIST CHURCH, December 15, 1875.

MY DEAR MAGDALEN: I want to explain to you why I did not call yesterday. I was sorry to miss you, but, you see, I had so many conversations on the way. I tried to explain to the people in the street that I was going to see you, but they would n't listen; they said they were in a hurry, which was rude. At last I met a wheelbarrow that I thought would attend to me, but I could n't make out what was in it. I saw some features at first; then I looked through a telescope, and found it was a countenance; then I looked through a microscope, and found it was a face! I thought it was rather like me, so I fetched a large looking-glass to make sure, and then to my great joy

I found it was me. We shook hands, and were just beginning to talk, when myself came up and joined us, and we had quite a pleasant conversation. I said: "Do you remember when we all met at Sandown?" And myself said: "It was very jolly there; there was a child called Magdalen"; and me said: "I used to like her a little. Not much, you know—only a little." Then it was time for us to go to the train, and who do you think came to the station to see us off? You would never guess, so I must tell you. They were two very dear friends of mine, who happen to be here just now, and beg to be allowed to sign this letter as your affectionate friends,

LEWIS CARROLL and C. L. DODGSON.

Another child-friend, Miss F. Bremer, writes as follows:

Our acquaintance began in a somewhat singular manner. We were playing on the Fort at Margate, and a gentleman on a seat near asked us if we could make a paper boat, with a seat at each end, and a basket in the middle for fish! We were, of course, enchanted with the idea, and our new friend, after achieving the feat, gave us his card, which we at once carried to our mother. He asked if he might call where we were staying, and then presented my elder sister with a copy of "Alice in Wonderland," inscribed, "From the Author." He kindly organised many little excursions for us, chiefly in the pursuit of knowledge. One memorable visit to a lighthouse is still fresh in our memories.

It was while calling one day upon Mrs. Bremer that he scribbled off the following double acrostic on the names of her two daughters:

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—FIVE LETTERS.

Two little girls near London dwell,
More naughty than I like to tell.

1.

Upon the lawn the hoops are seen;
The balls are rolling on the green. TurF

2.

The Thames is running deep and wide,
And boats are rowing on the tide. RiveR

3.

In winter-time, all in a row,
The happy skaters come and go. IcE

4.

"Papa!" they cry, "do let us stay!"
He does not speak, but says they may. NoD

5.

"There is a land," he says, "my dear,
Which is too hot to skate, I fear." Africa

At Margate also he met Miss Adelaide Paine, who afterward became one of his greatest favorites. He could not bear to see the healthy pleasures of childhood spoiled

by conventional restraint. "One piece of advice given to my parents," writes Miss Paine, "gave me very great glee, and that was not to make little girls wear gloves at the seaside; they took the advice, and I enjoyed the result." Apropos of this I may mention that, when staying at Eastbourne, he never went down to the beach without providing himself with a supply of safety-pins. Then if he saw any little girl who wished to wade in the sea, but was afraid of spoiling her frock, he would gravely go up to her and present her with a safety-pin, so that she might fasten up her skirts out of harm's way.

Tight boots were a great aversion of his, especially for children. One little girl who was staying with him at Eastbourne had occasion to buy a new pair of boots. Lewis Carroll gave instructions to the boot-maker as to how they were to be made, so as to be thoroughly comfortable, with the result that when they came home they were more useful than ornamental, being very nearly as broad as they were long! Which shows that even hygienic principles may be pushed too far.

The first meeting with Miss Paine took place in 1876. When Lewis Carroll returned to Christ Church he sent her a copy of "The Hunting of the Snark," with the following acrostic written on the fly-leaf:

"Are you deaf, Father William?" the young man said;

"Did you hear what I told you just now?
Excuse me for shouting! Don't waggle your head
Like a blundering, sleepy old cow!"

"A little maid dwelling in Wallington town
Is my friend, so I beg to remark:

Do you think she'd be pleased if a book were sent
down
Entitled 'The Hunt of the Snark'?"

"Pack it up in brown paper!" the old man cried,
"And seal it with olive-and-dove.

I command you to do it!" he added with pride.
"Nor forget, my good fellow, to send her beside
'Easter Greetings,' and give her my love."

This was followed by a letter, dated June 7, 1876:

MY DEAR ADELAIDE: Did you try if the letters at the beginnings of the lines about Father William would spell anything? Sometimes it happens that you can spell out words that way, which is very curious.

I wish you could have heard him when he shouted out, "Pack it up in brown paper!" It quite shook the house. And he threw one of his shoes at his son's head (just to make him attend, you know), but it missed him.

He was glad to hear you had got the book safe, but his eyes filled with tears as he said: "I sent *her* my love, but she never—" He could n't say any more, his mouth was so full of bones (he was just finishing a roast goose).

Another letter to Miss Paine is very characteristic of his quaint humor:

CH. CH., OXFORD, March 8, 1880.

MY DEAR ADA: (Is n't that your short name? "Adelaide" is all very well, but you see when one is *dreadfully* busy one has n't time to write such long words—particularly when it takes one half an hour to remember how to spell it—and even then one has to go and get a dictionary to see if one has spelt it right, and of course the dictionary is in another room, at the top of a high bookcase—where it has been for months and months, and has got all covered with dust—so one has to get a duster first of all, and nearly choke oneself in dusting it—and when one *has* made out at last which is dictionary and which is dust, even *then* there's the job of remembering which end of the alphabet "A" comes—for one feels pretty certain it is n't in the *middle*—then one has to go and wash one's hands before turning over the leaves—for they've got so thick with dust one hardly knows them by sight—and, as likely as not, the soap is lost, and the jug is empty, and there's no towel, and one has to spend hours and hours in finding things—and perhaps after all one has to go off to the shop to buy a new cake of soap—so, with all this bother, I hope you won't mind my writing it short and saying "my dear Ada".) You said in your last letter you would like a likeness of me; so here it is, and I hope you will like it. I won't forget to call the next time but one I'm in Wallington. Your very affec^t friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

It was quite against Mr. Dodgson's usual rule to give away photographs of himself. He hated publicity, and the above letter was accompanied by another to Mrs. Paine, which ran as follows:

I am very unwilling, usually, to give my photograph, for I don't want people who had heard of Lewis Carroll to be able to recognise him in the street—but I can't refuse Ada. Will you kindly take care, if any of your ordinary acquaintances (I don't speak of intimate friends) see it, that they are *not* told anything about the name of "Lewis Carroll"?

He even objected to having his books discussed in his presence; thus he writes to a friend:

Your friend Miss — was very kind and complimentary about my books, but may I confess that I would rather have them ignored? Perhaps I am too fanciful, but I have somehow taken a dislike to being talked to about them; and consequently have some trials to bear in society, which otherwise would be no trials at all. . . . I don't think any of my many little stage-friends have any

shyness at all about being talked to of their performances. *They* thoroughly enjoy the publicity that *I* shrink from.

During the last fifteen years of his life Lewis Carroll always spent the long vacation at Eastbourne; in earlier times, Sandown, a pleasant little seaside resort in the Isle of Wight, was his summer abode. He loved the sea both for its own sake, and because of the number of children whom he met at seaside places. Here is another "first meeting"; this time it is at Sandown, and Miss Gertrude Chataway is the narrator.

I first met Mr. Lewis Carroll on the sea-shore at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, in the summer of 1875, when I was quite a little child.

We had all been taken there for change of air, and next door there was an old gentleman—to me, at any rate, he seemed old—who interested me immensely. He would come on to his balcony, which joined ours, sniffing the sea air with his head thrown back, and would walk right down the steps on to the beach with his chin in air, drinking in the fresh breezes as if he could never have enough. I do not know why this excited such keen curiosity on my part, but I remember well that whenever I heard his footstep I flew out to see him coming, and when one day he spoke to me my joy was complete.

Thus we made friends, and in a very little while I was as familiar with the interior of his lodgings as with our own.

I had the usual child's love for fairy tales and marvels, and his power of telling stories naturally fascinated me. We used to sit for hours on the wooden steps which led from our garden on to the beach, whilst he told the most lovely tales that could possibly be imagined, often illustrating the exciting situations with a pencil as he went along.

One thing that made his stories particularly charming to a child was that he often took his cue from her remarks: a question would set him off on quite a new trail of ideas, so that one felt that one had somehow helped to make the story, and it seemed a personal possession. It was the most lovely nonsense conceivable, and I naturally revelled in it. His vivid imagination would fly from one subject to another, and was never tied down in any way by the probabilities of life.

To *me* it was, of course, all perfect, but it is astonishing that *he* never seemed either tired or to want other society. I spoke to him once of this since I have been grown up, and he told me it was the greatest pleasure he could have to converse freely with a child and feel the depths of her mind.

He used to write to me, and I to him, after that summer, and the friendship thus begun lasted. His letters were one of the greatest joys of my childhood.

I don't think he ever really understood that we, whom he had known as children, could not always remain such. I stayed with him, only a few years

ago, at Eastbourne, and felt for the time that I was once more a child. He never appeared to realise that I had grown up, except when I reminded him of the fact, and then he only said: "Never mind; you will always be a child to me, even when your hair is grey."

Some of the letters to which Miss Chataway refers in these reminiscences I am enabled, through her kindness, to give below:

CH. CH., OXFORD, Oct. 13, 1875.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: I never give birthday presents, but, you see, I *do* sometimes write a birthday letter; so, as I've just arrived here, I am writing this to wish you many and many a happy return of your birthday to-morrow. I will drink your health, if only I can remember, and if you don't mind—but perhaps you object? You see, if I were to sit by you at breakfast, and to drink your tea, you would n't like *that*, would you? You would say: "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my tea, and I have n't got any left!" So I'm very much afraid, next time Sybil looks for you, she'll find you sitting by the sad sea-wave, and crying: "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson has drunk my health, and I have n't got any left!" And how it will puzzle Dr. Maund, when he is sent for to see you! "My dear madam, I'm very sorry to say your little girl has got *no health at all*! I never saw such a thing in my life!" "Oh, I can easily explain it!" your mother will say. "You see, she *would* go and make friends with a strange gentleman, and yesterday he drank her health!" "Well, Mrs. Chataway," he will say, "the only way to cure her is to wait till his next birthday, and then for *her* to drink *his* health."

And then we shall have changed healths—I wonder how you'll like mine! Oh, Gertrude, I wish you would n't talk such nonsense! . . .

Your loving friend,
LEWIS CARROLL.

CH. CH., OXFORD, Dec. 9, 1875.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: This really will *not* do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post: the parcel gets so heavy, it is quite expensive. When the postman brought in the last letter, he looked quite grave. "Two pounds to pay, sir!" he said. "*Extra weight*, sir!" (I think he cheats a little, by the way. He often makes me pay two pounds, when I think it should be *pence*.) "Oh, if you please, Mr. Postman!" I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to a postman—it's a very pretty sight), "do excuse me just this once! It's only from a little girl!"

"Only from a little girl!" he growled. "What are little girls made of?" "Sugar and spice," I began to say, "and all that's ni—" but he interrupted me. "No! I don't mean *that*. I mean, what's the good of little girls, when they send such heavy letters?" "Well, they're not *much* good, certainly," I said, rather sadly.

"Mind you don't get any more such letters," he said, "at least, not from that particular little girl. I know her well, and she's a regular bad one!"

That's not true, is it? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him we would send each other *very* few more letters—"Only two thousand four hundred and seventy, or so," I said. "Oh!" he said, "a little number like *that* does n't signify. What I meant is, you must n't send *many*."

So, you see, we must keep count now, and when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy, we must n't write any more, unless the postman gives us leave.

I sometimes wish I was back on the shore at Sandown; don't you?

Your loving friend,
LEWIS CARROLL.

Why is a pig that has lost its tail like a little girl on the sea-shore?

Because it says: "I should like another tale, please!"

CH. CH., OXFORD, July 21, 1876.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: Explain to me how I am to enjoy Sandown without *you*. How can I walk on the beach alone? How can I sit all alone on those wooden steps? So, you see, as I sha'n't be able to do without you, you will have to come. If Violet comes, I shall tell her to invite you to stay with her, and then I shall come over in the Heather Bell and fetch you.

If I ever *do* come over, I see I could n't go back the same day; so you will have to engage me a bed somewhere in Swanage; and if you can't find one, I shall expect you to spend the night on the beach, and give up your room to *me*. Guests, of course, must be thought of before children; and I'm sure in these warm nights the beach will be quite good enough for *you*. If you *did* feel a little chilly, of course you could go into a bathing-machine, which everybody knows is *very* comfortable to sleep in. You know they make the floor of soft wood on purpose. I send you seven kisses (to last a week), and remain,

Your loving friend,
LEWIS CARROLL.

CH. CH., OXFORD, Oct. 28, 1876.

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE: You will be sorry, and surprised, and puzzled, to hear what a queer illness I have had ever since you went. I sent for the doctor, and said: "Give me some medicine, for I'm tired." He said: "Nonsense and stuff! You don't want medicine; go to bed!" he said. "No; it's n't the sort of tiredness that wants bed. I'm tired in the *face*." He looked a little grave, and said: "Oh, it's your *nose* that's tired; a person often talks too much when he thinks he nose a great deal." I said: "No; it is n't the nose. Perhaps it's the *hair*." Then he looked rather grave, and said: "Now I understand; you've been playing too many hairs on the pianoforte." "No, indeed, I have n't," I said, "and it is n't exactly the *hair*; it's more about the nose and chin." Then he looked a good deal graver, and said: "Have you been walking much on your chin lately?" I said: "No." "Well!" he said, "it puzzles me very much. Do you think that it's in the lips?" "Of course!" I said, "that's exactly what it is!" Then he looked very grave indeed, and said: "I think you must have been giv-

ing too many kisses." "Well," I said, "I did give *one* kiss to a baby child, a little friend of mine." "Think again," he said. "Are you sure it was only *one*?" I thought again, and said: "Perhaps it was eleven times." Then the doctor said: "You must not give her *any* more till your lips are quite rested again." "But what am I to do?" I said, "because, you see, I owe her a hundred and eighty-two more." Then he looked so grave that the tears ran down his cheeks, and he said: "You may send them to her in a box." Then I remembered a little box that I once bought at Dover and thought I would some day give it to *some* little girl or other. So I have packed them all in it very carefully; tell me if they come safe, or if any are lost on the way.

READING STATION, April 13/78.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: As I have to wait here for half an hour, I have been studying Bradshaw (most things, you know, ought to be studied: even a trunk is studded with nails), and the result is that it seems I could come, any day next week, to Winchfield, so as to arrive there about one; and that, by leaving Winchfield again about half-past six, I could reach Guildford again for dinner. The next question is, *How far is it from Winchfield to Rotherwick?* Now do not deceive me, you wretched child! If it is more than a hundred miles, I can't come to see you, and there's no use to talk about it. If it is less, the next question is, *How much less?* These are serious questions, and you must be as serious as a judge in answering them. There must n't be a smile in your pen, or a wink in your ink (perhaps you'll say: "There can't be a *wink* in *ink*, but there *may* be *ink* in a *wink*"—but this is trifling; you must n't make jokes like that when I tell you to be serious), while you write to Guildford and answer these two questions. You might as well tell me at the same time whether you are still living at Rotherwick—and whether you are at home—and whether you get my letter—and whether you're still a child, or a grown-up person—and whether you're going to the seaside next summer—and anything else (except the alphabet and the multiplication table) that you happen to know. I send you 1,000,000 kisses, and remain,

Your loving friend,
C. L. DODGSON.

THE CHESTNUTS, GUILDFORD,
April 19/78.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE: I'm afraid it's "no go"—I've had such a bad cold all the week that I've hardly been out for some days, and I don't think it would be wise to try the expedition this time, and I leave here on Tuesday. But, after all, what does it signify? Perhaps there are ten or twenty gentlemen all living within a few miles of Rotherwick; and any one of them would do just as well! When a little girl is hoping to take a plum off a dish, and finds she can't have that one, because it's bad or unripe, what does she do? Is she sorry or disappointed? Not a bit! She just takes another instead, and grins from one little ear to the other as she puts it to her lips! This is a little fable to do you good: the little girl means *you*—the bad

plum means *me*—the other plum means some other friend—and all that about the little girl putting plums to her lips means—well, it means—but you know you can't expect *every bit* of a fable to mean something! And the little girl grinning means that dear little smile of yours, that just reaches from the tip of one ear to the tip of the other!

Your loving friend,
C. L. DODGSON.

I send you 4½ kisses.

The next letter is a good example of the dainty little notes Lewis Carroll used to scribble off on any scrap of paper that lay to his hand.

CHESTNUTS, GUILDFORD,
January 15, 1886.

Yes, my child, if all be well, I shall hope, and you may fear, that the train, reaching Hook at two-eleven, will contain Your loving friend,
C. L. DODGSON.

Only a few years ago, illness prevented him from fulfilling his usual custom of spending Christmas with his sisters at Guildford; this is the reference in the following letter:

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: (The friendship is old, though the child is young.) I wish a very happy New Year, and many of them, to you and yours; but specially to you, because I know you best, and love you most. And I pray God to bless you, dear child, in this bright New Year, and many a year to come. . . . I write all this from my sofa, where I have been confined a prisoner for six weeks, and as I dreaded the railway journey, my doctor and I agreed that I had better not go to spend Christmas with my sisters at Guildford. So I had my Christmas dinner all alone, in my room here, and (pity me, Gertrude!) it was n't a Christmas dinner at all. I suppose the cook thought I should not care for roast beef or plum-pudding, so he sent me (he has general orders to send either fish and meat, or meat and pudding) some fried sole and some roast mutton! Never, never have I dined before, on Christmas day, without *plum-pudding*. Was n't it sad? Now I think you must be content; this is a longer letter than most will get. Love to Olive. My dearest memory of her is of a little girl calling out "Good night" from her room, and of your mother taking me in to see her in her bed and wish her good night. I have a yet dearer memory (like a dream of fifty years ago) of a little barelegged girl in a sailor's jersey, who used to run up into my lodgings by the sea. But why should I trouble you with foolish reminiscences of *mine* that *cannot* interest you?

Yours always lovingly,
C. L. DODGSON.

It was a writer in the "National Review" who, after eulogizing the talents of "Lewis Carroll," and stating that *he* would never be forgotten, added the harsh prophecy that "future generations will not waste a single thought upon the Rev. C. L. Dodgson."

If this prediction is destined to be fulfilled, I think my readers will agree with me that it will be solely on account of his extraordinary diffidence about asserting himself. But such an unnatural division of Lewis Carroll, the author, from the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, the man, is forced in the extreme. His books are simply the expression of his normal habit of mind, as these letters show; in literature, as in everything else, he was absolutely natural.

To refer to such criticisms as this (I am thankful to say they have been very few) is not agreeable; but I feel that it is owing to Mr. Dodgson to do what little I can to vindicate the real unity which underlay both his life and all his writings. I shall have more to say on this subject elsewhere.

Of many anecdotes which might be adduced to show the lovable character of the man, the following little story has reached me through one of his child-friends:

My sister and I [she writes] were spending a day of delightful sight-seeing in town with him, on our way to his home at Guildford, where we were going to pass a day or two with him. We were both children, and were much interested when he took us into an American shop, where the cakes for sale were cooked by a very rapid process before your eyes, and handed to you straight from the cook's hands. As the preparation of them could easily be seen from outside the window, a small crowd of little ragamuffins naturally assembled there, and I well remember his piling up seven of the cakes on one arm, and himself taking them out and doling them round to the seven hungry little youngsters. The simple kindness of his act impressed its charm on his child-friends inside the shop, as much as on his little stranger friends outside.

It was only to those who had but few personal dealings with him that he seemed stiff and "donnish"; to his more intimate acquaintances who really understood him, each little eccentricity of manner or of habits was a delightful addition to his charming and interesting personality. That he was, in some respects, eccentric cannot be denied; for instance, he never wore an overcoat, and always wore a tall hat, whatever might be the climatic conditions. He would wear only cotton gloves; in these small personal matters he had a great fear of extravagance. At dinner in his rooms, small pieces of cardboard took the place of table-mats; they answered the purpose perfectly well, he said, and to buy anything else would be a mere waste of money.

On the other hand, when purchasing books for himself, or giving treats to the children

he loved, he never seemed to consider expense at all.

He very seldom sat down to write, preferring the erect attitude. When making tea for his friends, he used—in order, I suppose, to expedite the process—to walk up and down the room waving the tea-pot about, and telling meanwhile those delightful anecdotes of which he had an inexhaustible supply.

In church he would never stand while the procession was entering the choir, thinking that the custom had a tendency to make the little choristers conceited. He did not care to speak for several minutes after service, so that the transition from spiritual to worldly matters in his mind might not be too sudden.

Great were his preparations before going a journey: each separate article used to be carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper all to itself, so that his trunks contained nearly as much paper as more useful things. The bulk of the luggage was sent on a day or two before by goods-train, while he himself followed on the appointed day, laden only with his well-known little black bag, which he always insisted on carrying himself.

He had a strong objection to staring colors in dress, his favorite combination being pink and gray. One little girl who came to stay with him was absolutely forbidden to wear a red frock, of a somewhat pronounced hue, while out in his company.

At meals he was always very abstemious, while he took nothing in the middle of the day except a glass of wine and a biscuit. Under these circumstances it is not very surprising that the healthy appetites of his little friends filled him with wonder, and even with alarm. When he took a certain one of them out with him to a friend's house to dinner, he used to give the host or hostess a gentle warning, to the mixed amazement and indignation of the child: "Please be careful, because she eats a good deal too much."

Another peculiarity was his objection to being invited to dinner or any other social gatherings. He made a rule of never accepting invitations. "Because you have invited me, therefore I cannot come," was the usual form of his refusal. I suppose the reason of this was his hatred of the interference with work which engagements of this sort occasion.

He had an extreme horror of infection, as will appear from the following illustration: Miss Isa Bowman and her sister Nellie

were at one time staying with him at Eastbourne, when news came from home that their youngest sister had caught the scarlet fever. From that day every letter which came from Mrs. Bowman to the children was held up by Mr. Dodgson, while the two little girls, standing at the opposite end of the room, had to read it as best they could. Mr. Dodgson, who was the soul of honor, used always to turn his head to one side during these readings, lest he might inadvertently see some words that were not meant for his eyes.

I will conclude this paper with some extracts from letters of his to a child-friend, who prefers to remain anonymous:

Nov. 30/79.

I have been awfully busy, and I've had to write *heaps* of letters—wheelbarrows full, almost. And it tires me so that generally I go to bed again the next minute after I get up; and sometimes I go to bed again a minute *before* I get up! Did you ever hear of any one being so tired as *that*? . . .

Nov. 7/82.

MY DEAR E—: How often you must find yourself in want of a pin! For instance, you go into a shop, and you say to the man: "I want the largest penny bun you can let me have for a halfpenny." And perhaps the man looks stupid and does n't quite understand what you mean. Then how convenient it is to have a pin ready to stick into the back of his hand, while you say: "Now then! Look sharp, stupid!" . . . And even when you don't happen to want a pin, how often you must think to yourself: "They say Interlachen is a very pretty place. I wonder what it looks like!" (That is the place that is painted on this pincushion.)

When you don't happen to want either a pin or pictures, it may just remind you of a friend who sometimes thinks of his dear little friend E—, and who is just now thinking of the day he met her on the parade, the first time she had been allowed to come out alone to look for him. . . .

Dec. 26/86.

MY DEAR E—: Though rushing rapid rivers are between us (if you refer to the map of England, I think you'll find that to be correct), we still remember each other, and feel a sort of shivery affection for each other. . . .

March 31.90.

I *do* sympathise so heartily with you in what you say about feeling shy with children when you

have to entertain them! Sometimes they are a real *terror* to me—specially boys; little girls I can now and then get on with, when they're few enough. They easily become *de trop*. But with little *boys* I'm out of my element altogether. I sent "Sylvie and Bruno" to an Oxford friend, and, in writing his thanks, he added: "I think I must bring my little boy to see you." So I wrote to say "*Don't*," or words to that effect; and he wrote again that he could hardly believe his eyes when he got my note. He thought I doted on *all* children. But I'm *not* omnivorous!—like a pig. I pick and choose. . . .

You are a lucky girl, and I'm rather inclined to envy you, in having the leisure to read Dante. I have never read a page of him; yet I am sure the "*Divina Commedia*" is one of the grandest books in the world—though I am *not* sure whether the reading of it would *raise* one's life and give it a nobler purpose, or simply be a grand poetical treat. That is a question you are beginning to be able to answer. I doubt if I shall ever (at least in this life) have the opportunity of reading it; my life seems to be all torn into little bits among the hosts of things I want to do! It seems hard to settle what to do *first*. One piece of work, at any rate, I am clear ought to be done this year, and it will take months of hard work; I mean the 2nd Vol of "Sylvie and Bruno." I fully *mean*, if I have life and health till Xmas next, to bring it out then. When one is close on sixty years old, it seems presumptuous to count on years and years of work yet to be done. . . .

. . . she is rather the exception among the hundred or so of child-friends who have brightened my life. Usually the child becomes so entirely a different being as she grows into a woman that our friendship has to change, too; and *that* it usually does by gliding down from a loving intimacy into an acquaintance that merely consists of a smile and a bow when we meet! . . .

Jan. 1/95.

. . . you are quite correct in saying it is a long time since you have heard from me; in fact, I find that I have not written to you since the 13th of last November. But what of that? You have access to the daily papers. Surely you can find out negatively that I am all right? Go carefully through the list of Bankruptcies, then run your eye down the Police Cases; and if you fail to find my name anywhere, you can say to your mother, in a tone of calm satisfaction: "Mr. Dodgson is going on *well*."



PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE "MAINE."

BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, U. S. N.

SECOND PAPER.

II. THE EXPLOSION.



THE MAINTOP.

The Stars and Stripes flying at half-mast over the wreck of the *Maine*, and above the flag is seen hanging from a line of the signal-yard a swab blown from the deck.

ON the night of the explosion, the *Maine*, lying in the harbor of Havana at the buoy where she was moored by the Spanish pilot on her entrance into the port, was heading in a direction quite unusual—at least, for the *Maine*. In this connection it should be explained that Havana is in the region of the trade-wind, which, however, is not so stable there as farther to the eastward, especially in the winter months. During the day the wind is commonly from the eastward, and about sundown it is likely to die down. During the night there may be no wind at all, and a ship swinging at her buoy may head in any direction. On the night of the explosion the *Maine* was heading to the northward and westward, in the general direction of the Machina, or naval "shears," near the admiral's palace. Some of the watch-officers said afterward that they had not before known her to head in that direction at Havana. I myself did not remark any peculiarity of heading, because I had not been on deck much during the night-watches. Stated simply as a fact, the *Maine* was lying in the position in which she would have been sprung to open her batteries on the shore fortifications. If an expert had been charged with

mining the *Maine's* mooring-berth, purely as a measure of harbor defense, and having only one mine available, it is believed that he would have placed it under the position that the *Maine* occupied that night.

A short distance astern, or nearly astern, was the American steamer *City of Washington*, Captain Frank Stevens, of the Ward line. The *Alfonso XII* and the *Legazpi* occupied the berths mentioned in the first paper. They were on the starboard side of the *Maine*. There were other vessels in the harbor, but they were more remote from the *Maine's* berth. It was a dark, overcast night. The atmosphere was heavy, and the weather unusually hot and sultry. All of the twenty-six officers¹ were aboard excepting Passed Assistant Engineer F. C. Bowers, Naval Cadet (Engineer) Pope Washington, Paymaster's Clerk Brent McCarthy, and Gunner Joseph Hill.

The members of the crew, three hundred and twenty-eight in number, were on board as usual. One of the steam-launches was in the water, and riding at the starboard boom. The crew, excepting those on watch or on post, were turned in. The men of the quarter-watch were distributed about the deck in various places, wherever they could make themselves comfortable within permissible limits as to locality. Some of the officers were in their state-rooms or in the mess-rooms below; others were on the main or upper deck, in or about the officers' smoking-quarters, which were abaft the after-turret, on the port side, abreast the after-superstructure.

I was in my quarters, sitting on the after-side of the table in the port or admiral's cabin. As previously stated, the *Maine* had been arranged to accommodate both an admiral and a captain. For this purpose her

¹ The officers of the *Maine* at the time were: captain, Charles D. Sigbee; executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright; navigator, Lieutenant George F. W. Holman; lieutenants, John Hood and Carl W. Jungen; lieutenants, junior-grade, George P. Blow, John J. Blandin, and Friend W. Jenkins; naval cadets, Jonas H. Holden, Watt T. Cluverius, Amon Bronson, and David F. Boyd, Jr.; surgeon, Lucien G. Hene-

berger; paymaster, Charles M. Ray; chief engineer, Charles P. Howell; passed assistant engineer, Frederic C. Bowers; assistant engineers, John R. Morris and Darwin R. Merritt; naval cadets (engineer division), Pope Washington and Arthur Crenshaw; chaplain, John P. Chidwick; first lieutenant of marines, Albertus W. Catlin; boatswain, Francis E. Larkin; gunner, Joseph Hill; carpenter, George Helms; pay-clerk, Brent McCarthy.

VIEW OF HAVANA HARBOR FROM A WHARF IN REGLA—I.

cabin space in the after-superstructure had been divided into two parts, starboard and port, which were perfectly symmetrical in arrangement and fittings. Looking from one cabin into the other through the large communicating doorway, one cabin was like the reflection of the other seen in a mirror. The two cabins were alike even in furniture. In the November article the illustration on page 90 shows me sitting at the starboard-cabin table, in my own cabin, looking at the log-book. At the time of the explosion I was sitting in the port cabin in the corresponding position. The situation would be shown if that illustration were reversed by reflection in a mirror.

About an hour before the explosion I had completed a report called for by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, on the advisability of continuing to place torpedo-tubes on board cruisers and battle-ships. I then wrote a letter home in which I struggled to apologize for having carried in my pocket for ten months a letter to my wife from one of her friends of long standing. The cabin mess-attendant, James Pinckney, had brought me, about an hour before, a civilian's thin coat, because of the prevailing heat; I had taken off my blouse, and was wearing this coat for the only time during the cruise. In the pocket I had found the unopened and undelivered letter. Pinckney, a light-hearted colored man, who spent much of his spare time in singing, playing the banjo, and dancing jigs, was for some reason in an especially happy frame of mind that night. Poor fellow! he was killed, as was also good old John R. Bell, the colored cabin

steward, who had been in the navy twenty-seven years.

At taps ("turn in and keep quiet"), ten minutes after nine o'clock, I laid down my pen to listen to the notes of the bugle, which were singularly beautiful in the oppressive stillness of the night. The marine bugler, Newton, who was rather given to fanciful effects, was evidently doing his best. During his pauses the echoes floated back to the ship with singular distinctness, repeating the strains of the bugle fully and exactly. A half-hour later, Newton was dead.

I was inclosing my letter in its envelop when the explosion came. The impression made on different people on board the *Maine* varied somewhat. To me, in my position, well aft, and within the superstructure, it was a bursting, rending, and crashing sound or roar of immense volume, largely metallic in character. It was followed by a succession of heavy, ominous, metallic sounds, probably caused by the overturning of the central superstructure and by falling debris. There was a trembling and lurching motion of the vessel, a list to port, and a movement of subsidence. The electric lights, of which there were eight in the cabin where I was sitting, went out. Then there was intense blackness and smoke.

The situation could not be mistaken: the *Maine* was blown up and sinking. For a moment the instinct of self-preservation took charge of me, but this was immediately dominated by the habit of command. I went up the inclined deck into the starboard cabin, toward the starboard air-ports, which were relieved somewhat against the background of the sky. The sashes were out, and the

openings were large. My first intention was to escape through an air-port, but this was abandoned in favor of the more dignified way of making an exit through the passageway leading forward through the superstructure. I groped my way through the cabin into the passage, and along the passage to the outer door. The passage turned to the right, or starboard, near the forward part of the superstructure.

When the turn was reached, some one ran into me violently. It was Private William Anthony, the orderly at the cabin door. He said something apologetic, and reported that the ship had been blown up and was sinking. He was directed to go out on the quarter-deck, and I followed him. Anthony has been pictured as making an exceedingly formal salute on that occasion. The dramatic effect of a salute cannot add to his heroism. If he had made a salute it could not have been seen in the blackness of that compartment. Anthony did his whole duty, at great personal risk, at a time when he might have evaded the danger without question, and deserved all the commendation that he received for his act. He hung near me with unflagging zeal and watchfulness that night until the ship was abandoned.

I stood for a moment on the starboard side of the main-deck, forward of the superstructure, looking toward the immense dark mass that loomed up amidships, but could see nothing distinctly. There I remained for a few seconds in an effort to grasp the situation, and then asked Anthony for the exact time. He replied: "The explosion took place at nine-forty, sir." It was soon necessary to retire from the main-deck, for that part of

the ship was sinking rapidly. I then went up on the poop-deck. By this time Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and others were near me. Everybody was impressed by the solemnity of the disaster, but there was no excitement apparent; perfect discipline prevailed.

The question has been asked many times if I believed then that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside. My answer to this has been that my first order on reaching the deck was to post sentries about the ship. I knew that the *Maine* had been blown up, and believed that she had been blown up from the outside. Therefore I ordered a measure which was intended to guard against attack. There was no need for the order, but I am writing of first impressions. There was the sound of many voices from the shore, suggestive of cheers.

I stood on the starboard side-rail of the poop and held on to the main-rigging in order to see over the poop-awning, which was bagged and covered with debris. I was still trying to take in the situation more completely. The officers were near me and showing a courteous recognition of my authority and responsibility. Directions were given in a low tone to Executive Officer Wainwright, who himself gave orders quietly and directed operations. Fire broke out in the mass amidships. Orders were given to flood the forward magazine, but the forward part of the ship was found to be under water. Inquiry as to the after-magazines and the guncotton magazine in the after-part of the ship showed a like condition of those compartments, as reported by those who had escaped from the ward-room and junior officers' quar-

DRAWN BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE

THE LAST SCENE ON THE SINKING DECK OF THE "MAINE."

ters. In the captain's spare pantry in the after-superstructure there was spare ammunition. It was seen that this would soon be submerged, and that precautions in respect to the magazines were unnecessary.

The great loss of life was not then fully realized. Our eyes were not yet accustomed to the darkness. Most of us had come from the glare of the electric lights. The flames increased in the central superstructure, and

I directed Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright to make an effort to play streams on the fire, if practicable. He went forward on the poop-awning, accompanied by Lieutenant Hood and Naval Cadets Boyd and Cluverius, making a gallant inspection in the region of the fire, but was soon obliged to report that nothing could be done. The fire-mains and all other facilities were destroyed, and men were not available for the service.

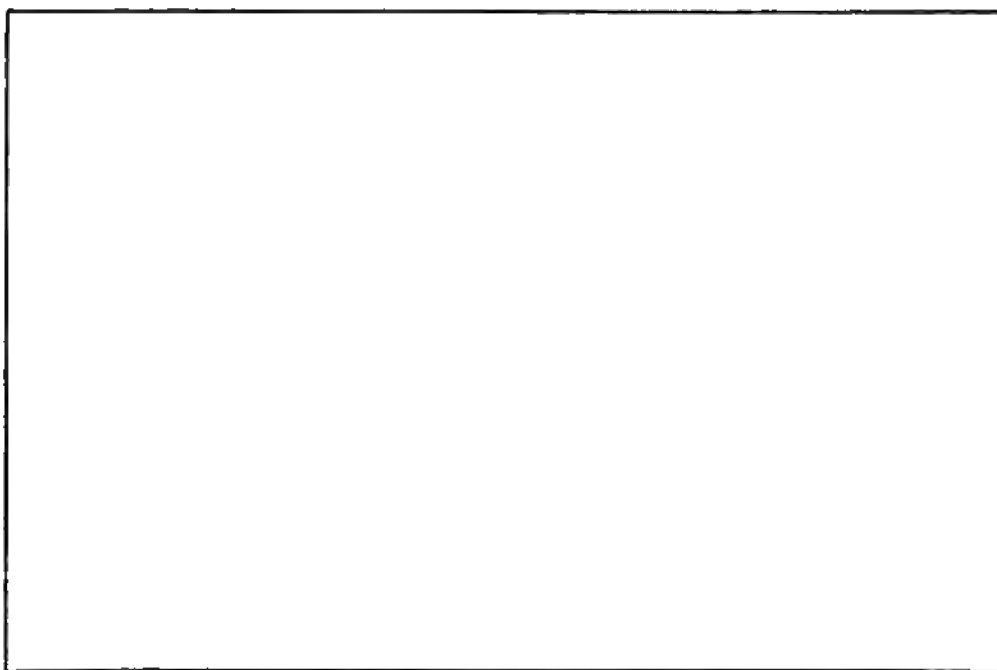
We then began to realize more clearly the full extent of the damage. One of the smokestacks was lying in the water on the starboard side. Although it was almost directly under me, I had not at first identified it. As my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I could see, dimly, white forms on the water and hear faint cries for help. Realizing that the white forms were our own men, boats were lowered at once and sent to the assistance of the injured and drowning men. Orders were given, but they were hardly necessary: the resourceful intelligence of the officers suggested correct measures in the emergency. Only three of our fifteen boats were available—the barge, the captain's gig, and the whale-boat. The barge was badly injured. Two of these were manned by officers and men jointly. How long they were gone from the ship I cannot recall, but probably fifteen minutes. Those of us who were left on board remained quietly on the poop-deck.

Nothing further could be done; the ship was settling rapidly. There was one wounded man on the poop; he had been hauled from under a ventilator on the main-deck by Lieutenants Hood and Blandin just as the water was rising over him. Other boats, too, were rescuing the wounded and drowning men. Chief among them were the boats from the *Alfonso XII*, and from the steamer *City of Washington*. The visiting boats had arrived promptly, and were unsparing of effort in saving the wounded. The Spanish officers and crews did all that humanity and gallantry could compass. During the absence of our boats the fire in the wreck of the central superstructure became fiercer. The spare ammunition that had been stowed in the pilot-house or thrown up from the magazines below was exploding in detail. It continued to explode at intervals until nearly two o'clock in the morning.

At night it was the custom on board the *Maine* to close all water-tight compartments except the few needed to afford passageway for the crew. They had been reported closed as usual that night. Down the cabin sky-

lights the air could be heard whistling through the seams of the doors and hatches, indicating that even the after-bulkheads had been so strained as to admit the water into the compartments. Presently Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright came to me and reported that our boats had returned alongside the ship at the stern, and that all the wounded that could be found had been gathered in and sent to the Spanish cruiser and the *City of Washington* and elsewhere. The after-part of the poop-deck of the *Maine*, the highest intact point above water, was then level with the gig's gunwale, while that boat was in the water alongside. We had done everything that could be done, so far as could be seen.

It was a hard blow to be obliged to leave the *Maine*; none of us desired to leave while any part of her poop remained above water. We waited until satisfied that she was resting on the bottom of the harbor. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright then whispered to me that he thought the forward ten-inch magazine had been thrown up into the burning material amidships and might explode at any time, with further disastrous effects. He was then directed to get everybody into the boats, which was done. It was an easy operation; one had only to step directly from the deck into the boat. There was still some delay to make sure that the ship's stern had grounded, and still more because of the extreme politeness of the officers, who considerately offered me a steadying hand to step into the boat. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright stood on one side and Lieutenant Holman on the other; each offered me a hand. I suggested the propriety of my being the last to leave, and requested them to precede me, which they did. There was favorable comment later in the press because I left last. It is a fact that I was the last to leave, which was only proper; that is to say, it would have been improper otherwise; but virtually all left last. The fine conduct of those who came under my observation that night was conspicuous and touching. The heroism of the wounded men I did not see at the time, but afterward good reports of their behavior were very common. The patient way in which they bore themselves left no doubt that they added new honors to the service when the *Maine* went down. Our boats pulled to the *City of Washington*. On the trip I called, or sent, to the rescuing boats, requesting them to leave the vicinity of the wreck, and informing them that there might be another explosion. Mr. Sylvester Scovel,



VIEW OF THE WRECK FROM THE STERN.

the newspaper correspondent, was asked to translate my request to the Spanish boats, which he did.

On arriving on board the *City of Washington*, I found there a number of our wounded men. They had been carried below into the dining-saloon, where they had been placed on mattresses. They were carefully tended by both officers and crew of the vessel. Every attention that the resources of the vessel admitted had been brought to bear in their favor. The *City of Washington*, then under command of Captain Stevens, did great service. The same was true of the *Alfonso XII*, and, it may be, of the other Spanish vessels also. One or more wounded men were cared for on board the Spanish transport *Colon*.

I walked among the wounded some minutes, and spent a few more in watching the fitful explosion of ammunition on board the *Maine*. Then I went to the captain's cabin, and composed my first telegram to the Navy Department, a facsimile of which is given on page 253. I had already directed that a muster be taken of the survivors, and had sent a request to the captain of the *Alfonso XII* that he keep one or more patrol-boats about the wreck. The relations between the United States and Spain had reached a condition of such extreme tension that the patience of the people of the United States was about exhausted. Realizing this fully

that night, I feared the result of first impressions of the great disaster on our people, for I found it necessary to repress my own suspicions. I wished them, as a matter of national pride and duty, to take time for consideration. Naval officers, no less than other citizens, have unlimited confidence in the sober judgment of the people of the United States. It seemed also to be a duty of my position to sustain the government during the period of excitement or indignation that was likely to follow the reception of the first report; therefore I took the course of giving to my telegram an uncommonly strong advisory character. The facsimile illustration of the telegram shows that, after advising that public opinion be suspended, and signing my name, I erased the name, and added a few more words relative to the visit and sympathy of the Spanish officers. I added these additional words to strengthen the quieting effect of the telegram. After my name had been signed in the first instance, I was informed that a number of Spanish officers—civil, military, and naval—had arrived on board to express sympathy. I went out on the deck, greeted these gentlemen, and thanked them for their visit. Among them were Dr. Congosto, Secretary-General of the island; General Salano, chief of staff to General Blanco; the civil governor of the province, and a number of

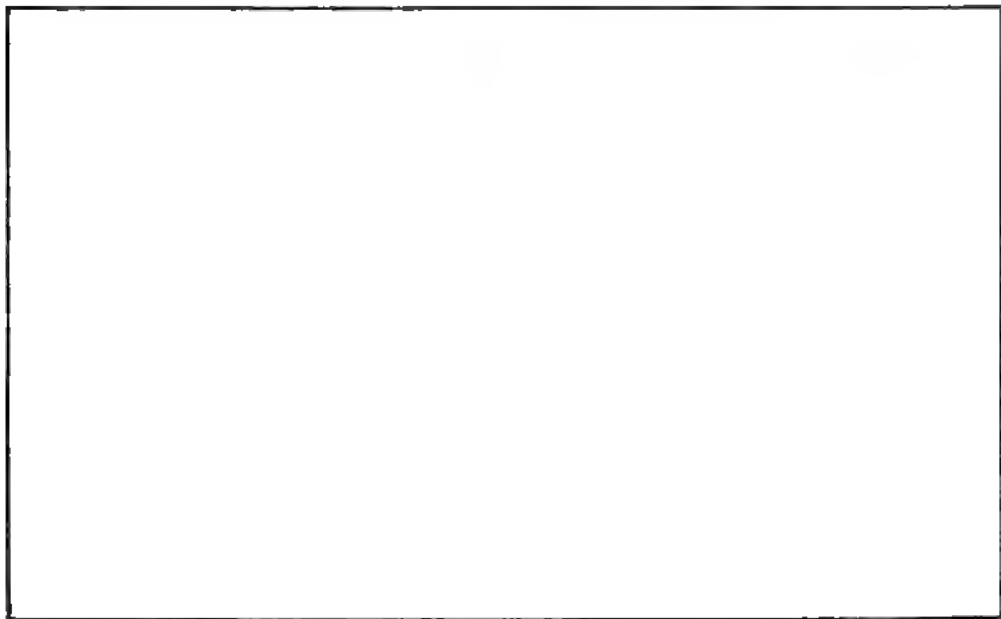
others whose names I cannot now remember. I think the captain of the *Alfonso XII* was also there. After asking them to excuse me for a few moments, to complete my telegram, I returned to the captain's cabin, erased the first signature, and added the additional words. I then called in Dr. Congosto, read the telegram to him, and stated that, as there would be great excitement in the United States, it was my duty to diminish it so far as possible. Dr. Congosto had been a Spanish consul in the United States, and a practising physician there for a number of years. He remarked feelingly that my telegram was "very kind."

The next step was to get the despatch over the cable. It was written about fifteen minutes after we left the *Maine*, and had to be taken ashore in a boat, and thence in a cab to the telegraph office. It must therefore have reached the cable office about eleven o'clock. There was a likelihood that the office would be closed at that time of night, but Dr. Congosto promised me the right of way over the cable, and gave directions that the office, if closed, should be reopened. I requested Mr. George Bronson Rea, then correspondent, I think, of "Harper's Weekly," to carry the telegram ashore and send it. He readily consented. At the office he transcribed it on a regular form; then, it appears, he sent the original to a New York newspaper, where it was reproduced. Mr. Rea

soon afterward volunteered to return me the original. It is through his courtesy that it is now in my possession. At the time it was written it did not occur to me that the document would be deemed worthy of preservation.

Having disposed of the telegram, I returned to the Spanish officials. They seemed especially desirous of having my opinion as to the cause of the explosion. I invariably answered that I must await investigation. General Salano, a handsome and distinguished-looking officer, of dignified bearing and address, declared to me that the Spanish authorities knew nothing whatever as to the cause of the destruction of the *Maine*. He said that he made the assertion as a man, an officer, and a Spaniard. I assured him of my ready acceptance of his statement, and remarked that I had not yet permitted myself to give any thought to the question of responsibility for the disaster. The Spanish officers remained only a short time. In the length of their visit, and the character of it, they displayed exquisite tact. General Fitzhugh Lee arrived on board the *City of Washington* soon after we boarded her, and remained all night, I think. It has always seemed to me that it took high courage for the United States consul-general to traverse the city and the water during the uncertainties of those early hours.

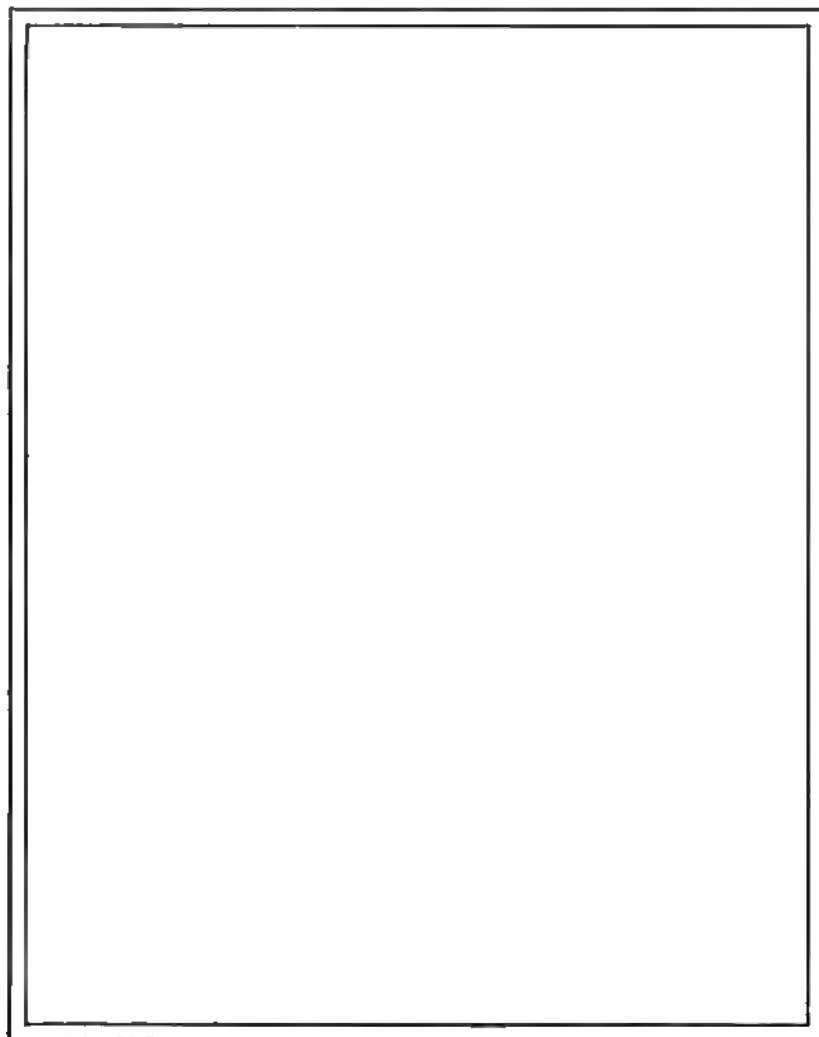
After the first muster that night it was



THE CENTRAL SUPERSTRUCTURE, INCLUDING THE CONNING-TOWER, THROWN UPSIDE DOWN.

reported to me that only eighty-four or eighty-five survivors could be found: I have forgotten the precise figures. Only nineteen of the crew of the *Maine* were uninjured. There were, in fact, two hundred and fifty-four of the *Maine's* people lost that night.

not refer to me before he sent the wounded ashore; but I soon came to the conclusion that he had used his best judgment, and with every desire to be kind and sympathetic. The subsequent treatment of our wounded by the Spaniards was most considerate and humane.



CAPTAIN-GENERAL RAMON BLANCO.

One hundred were saved, including the wounded. Seven of the latter died at Havana. Some of the wounded were taken to the landing at the Machina, where they were cared for by the fire organizations of Havana. The wounded who were gathered in by the Spaniards and Americans that night were sent to two hospitals in Havana, the *Alfonso XIII* and the *San Ambrosio*. I was inclined to feel offended when the commanding officer of the cruiser *Alfonso XII* did

They did all that they habitually did for their own people, and even more.

This paper was given the form of a personal experience, first, because I alone was personally connected with the complete chain of incidents to be recited; secondly, because the form promised less labor of preparation in the time at my disposal. But the explosion, and its immediate consequences, were too momentous and harrowing, and too varied, to be narrowed down to the view of

one person, even in so personal a narrative. None can ever know the awful scenes of consternation, despair, and suffering down in the forward compartments of the stricken ship; of men wounded, or drowning in the swirl of water, or confined in a closed compartment gradually filling with water. But from those so favorably situated that escape was possible, much may be gathered to enable us to form a conception of the general chaos. It is comforting to believe that most of those who were lost were killed instantly; and it is probably true, also, for many of the wounded who recovered had no knowledge of the explosion; they remembered no sensations, except that they awoke and found themselves wounded and in a strange place.

The phenomena of the explosion, as witnessed by different persons, and the personal experiences of officers and men, may be derived from the "Report of the Naval Court of Inquiry upon the Destruction of the United States Battle-ship *Maine*."¹ I have, in addition, reports from the officers of the *Maine*, and my recollections of conversations with those who were informed in various directions.

Before the court, Captain Frederick G. Teasdale, master of the British bark *Deva*, testified as follows: He was aboard the *Deva*, which was lying at a wharf at Regla, from a quarter to half a mile from the *Maine*. He said, in continuation of his previous testimony: "... sitting at the cabin table writing when I heard the explosion. I thought the ship had been collided with. I ran on deck when I heard the explosion. I felt a very severe shock in my head, also. I seized my head this way [indicating]. I thought I was shot, or something. The transoms of the doors of the cabin are fitted in the studs on the side, and they were knocked out of place with the shock. The first seemed to be a shot, and then a second, or probably two seconds, after the first report that I heard, I heard a tremendous explosion; but as soon as I heard the first report,—it was a very small one,—thinking something had happened to the ship, I rushed on deck, and was on deck just in time to see the whole debris going up in the air. . . . The stuff ascended, I should say, one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty feet up in the air. It seemed to go comparatively straight until it reached its highest point of ascent; then it divided and passed off in kinds of rolls or clouds. Then I saw a series of lights fly-

ing from it again. Some of them were lights—incandescent lights. Sometimes they appeared to be brighter, and sometimes they appeared to be dim, as they passed through the smoke, I should presume. The color of the smoke, I should say, was a very dark slate-color. There were fifteen to twenty of those lights that looked like incandescent lights. The smoke did not seem to be black, as you would imagine from an explosion like that. It seemed to be more a slate-color. . . . Quantities of paper and small fragments fell over our ship, and for some time after."

Mr. Sigmund Rothschild, a passenger on board the *City of Washington*, went on deck about half-past nine with his fellow-passenger Mr. Wertheimer. They drew chairs toward the railing. Mr. Rothschild testified: "In doing so, I had brought my chair just about in this condition [indicating], and had not sat down when I heard a shot, the noise of a shot. I looked around, and I saw the bow of the *Maine* rise a little, go a little out of the water. It could not have been more than a few seconds after that noise, that shot, that there came in the center of the ship a terrible mass of fire and explosion, and everything went over our heads, a black mass. We could not tell what it was. It was all black. Then we heard a noise of falling material on the place where we had been, right near the smoking-room. One of the life-boats, which was hanging, had a piece go through it and made a big hole in it. After we saw that mass go up, the whole boat [*Maine*] lifted out, I should judge, about two feet. As she lifted out, the bow went right down. . . . We stood spell-bound, and cried to the captain [of the *City of Washington*]. The captain gave orders to lower the boats, and two of the boats, which were partly lowered, were found broken through with big holes. Some iron pieces had fallen through them. Naturally, that made a delay, and they had to run for the other boats, or else we would have been a few minutes sooner in the water. Then the stern stood out like this, in this direction [indicating], and there was a cry from the people: 'Help!' and 'Lord God, help us!' and 'Help! Help!' The noise of the cry from the mass of human voices in the boat [*Maine*] did not last but a minute or two. When the ship was going down, there was the cry of a mass of people, but that was a murmur. That was not so loud as the single voices which were in the water. That did not last but a minute, and by that time we saw somebody on the deck in the stern

¹ United States Senate Document No. 207, Fifty-fifth Congress, Second Session.

of the ship, and it took about a few minutes when the boats commenced to bring in the officers. [The last to come on board.] We took them to our rooms. A great many of them came without anything on but a pair

nell of the *City of Washington* said: "I was standing on the gangway, and giving the quartermaster orders to call the men at five o'clock in the morning. While I was standing there I heard a rumbling sound, and we saw the *Maine* raise up forward. After that the explosion occurred, and the stuff was flying in the air in all directions. She sank immediately at the forward end."

Captain Frank Stevens, master of the *City of Washington*, testified: "I heard a dull, muffled explosion and commotion, like as though it was under the water, followed instantly by a terrific explosion, lighting up the air with a dull red glare, filling the air full of flying missiles, which lit all around us. We were struck, I think, in four places."

It has been said before that some of the *Maine's* officers and some of the crew were on the main or upper deck at the time of the explosion. We have the testimony of some of them relative to the phenomena. Lieutenant John Hood was one of these. His testimony is very interesting. I quote it at some length: "I was sitting on the port side of the deck, with my feet on the rail, and I both heard and felt—felt more than I heard—a big explosion, that sounded and felt like an underwater explosion. I was under the impression that it came from forward, starboard, at the time. I instantly turned my head, and the instant I turned my head there was a second explosion. I saw the whole starboard side of the deck, and everything above it as far aft as the after-end of the superstructure, spring up in the air, with all kinds of objects in it—a regular crater-like performance, with flames and everything else coming up. I immediately sprang myself behind the edge of the superstructure, as there were a number of objects flying in my direction, for shelter. I ran very quickly aft, as fast as I could, along the after-end of the superstructure, and climbed up on a kind of step. I went under the barge, and by the time I went up on the superstructure this explosion had passed. The objects had stopped flying around. Then I saw on the starboard side there was an immense mass of foaming water and wreckage and groaning men out there. It was scattered around in a circle, I should say about a hundred yards in diameter, off on the starboard side. I immediately proceeded to lower the gig, with the help of another man. After I got that in the water several officers jumped in it, and one or two men. In the meantime somebody else was lowering the other boat on the port side. I heard some groans forward, and ran forward

Inboard profile of the *Maine*. The star near the foremast indicates the height to which some of the keel-plates were blown, and the dotted lines leading down from it the lifting of the keel.

of pants and nothing else. That is about the whole story in regard to the shot." Mr. Louis Wertheimer, another passenger aboard the *City of Washington*, gave testimony to the same effect.

In his testimony First Officer George Cor-

on the quarter-deck down the poop-ladder, and I immediately brought up on an immense pile of wreckage. I saw one man there, who had been thrown from somewhere, pinned down by a ventilator."

The main-deck: The x in the admiral's cabin shows where Captain Sigbee was sitting, and the dotted line from it indicates his course in escaping to the quarter-deck.

whom we heard out in the water. The orders had been given by the captain and the executive officer to lower the boats as soon as they came on deck. I spoke of lowering the gig because I was on the deck before they got

up there, and began to lower it anyway, to pick up these men. As I was saying a minute ago, I found this one man lying there on the quarter-deck in this wreckage, pinned down by a ventilator. With Mr. Blandin's help we got him up just in time before the water rose over him. The captain and the executive officer ordered the magazines to be closed [flooded]. We all saw at once that it would be no use flooding the magazines. We saw that the magazines were flooding themselves. Then the captain said he wanted the fire put out that was starting up in the wreckage. I made my way forward through the wreck and debris, up to the middle superstructure, to see if anything could be done toward putting out this fire. When I got there I found nothing could be done, because the whole thing was gone.

"When I climbed up on this wreck on the superstructure I saw similar piles of wreckage on the port side which I had not seen before, and I saw some men struggling in that, in the water; but there were half a dozen boats there, I suppose, picking them up and hauling them out; and after pulling down some burning swings and things that were starting to burn aft, to stop any fire from catching aft, I came aft again out of the wreckage. There was no living thing up there at that time. Shortly after that we all left the ship. There were two distinct explosions,—big ones,—and they were followed by a number of smaller explosions, which I took at once to be what they were, I suppose—explosions of separate charges of the blown-up magazine. The in-

The berth-deck, on which most of the officers and crew were quartered; only two persons escaped from the space between the bow and the x near the after-turret. The star indicates where one of the two men saved from the berth-deck was sleeping.

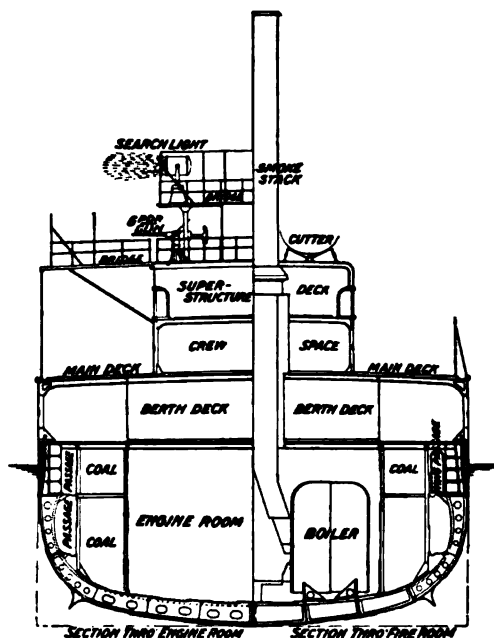
THE COURT. "May I interrupt Mr. Hood a moment? He said several officers jumped into the gig. He does not say for what purpose or what they did. That might leave a bad impression unless he states what the object was."

ANSWER. "They jumped into the gig, commanded to pick up these wounded men

stant this first explosion occurred I knew the ship was gone completely, and the second explosion only assisted her to go a little quicker. She began to go down instantly. The interval between the two was so short that I only had time to turn my head and see the second. She sank on the forward end—went down like a shot. In the short time that I took to run

the length of that short superstructure aft, the deck canted down, showing that her bow had gone at once.

"At the same time the ship heeled over considerably to port, I should say about ten degrees, the highest amount, and then the stern began to sink very rapidly, too; so rapidly that by the time I got that gig lowered, with the assistance of another man or



MIDSHIP SECTION. ONLY HALF OF THE BRIDGE AND SMOKE-STACK ARE SHOWN.

two, the upper quarter-deck was under water, and the stern was sinking so quickly that when I began to pick this man up, whom I spoke of on the quarter-deck, the deck was still out of water. Before I got this ventilator off him—it did n't take very long, as Mr. Blandin assisted to move that to get him up—the water was over my knees, and just catching this fellow's head, the stern was sinking that quickly. The bow had gone down, as I say, instantly."

Special interest attaches to the personal experiences of Lieutenant John H. Blandin, who has since died. The disaster appeared to affect him greatly, and led, doubtless, to the impairment of his health. He had made an unusually long tour of continuous sea duty, and had suffered considerable disappointment because of his failure to secure his detachment from the *Maine*. For certain public reasons it had not been granted him, but it would have come soon. He said: "After the third quarter-watch at nine o'clock was piped

down, I was on the starboard side of the deck, walking up and down. I looked over the side, and then went over to the port side and took a look. I don't remember seeing any boats at all in sight. I thought at the time the harbor was very free from boats. I thought it was about three bells, and I walked over to the port side of the deck, just abaft the after-turret. Mr. Hood came up shortly afterward, and was talking to me when the explosion occurred. I am under the impression that there were two explosions, though I could not be sure of it. Mr. Hood started aft to get on the poop to lower the boats, I suppose, and I followed him. Something struck me on the head. My cap was in my hand. My head was slightly cut, and I was partially knocked over, but not stunned. I climbed on the poop and went on the starboard side, and found Captain Sigsbee there. I reported to him. He ordered the boats lowered at once to pick up any of the wounded. The officers very rapidly got on the poop, and there were one or two men there, but very few.

"The barge and gig were lowered, and just then I heard a man crying out down on the quarter-deck. I went to the ladder, and I saw Mr. Hood trying to pull a ventilator off the man's legs. He was lying in the wreckage, jammed there. The water then was not deep. I went down and helped Mr. Hood to pull this ventilator off, and carried the man on the poop, with the help of Private Loftus, I think it was. It was a private man [marine]. Then the captain told Mr. Wainwright to see if anything could be done to put out the fire. Mr. Wainwright went forward to the middle superstructure, and shortly afterward came back and reported to the captain that it was hopeless to try to do anything. Then in a very few moments the captain decided that it was hopeless, and gave the order to abandon ship. Boats came from the *Alfonso Doce*, and two boats from the *City of Washington*, and those, with our boats, picked up the wounded and sent most of them, by the captain's order, to the *Alfonso*. There were thirty-four sent there. We abandoned ship, the captain getting in his gig after everybody had left, and went to the *City of Washington*."

One of the narrowest escapes of an officer was that of Naval Cadet D. F. Boyd, Jr. I quote a large part of his report to me. It gives all that is known of the case of Assistant Engineer Darwin R. Merritt, who was drowned. "About nine-thirty, as well as I am able to judge, on the night of February

NEW YORK TO
VERA CRUZ
PROGRESO
CAMPECHE
FRONTERA
TAMPICO
TUXPAM

SSS

189.

accounted for. ~~Spanish~~ Representative of General
Many Spanish officers including representative
of General Blanco now hold the fort from Aguapallan

splinter and dazed for a moment. I grasped Mr. Merritt by the arm, exclaiming: 'Out of this! Up on deck!' Together we groped our way out of the steerage, and along the bulkhead in the after torpedo-room, where we met a cloud of steam and tremendous rush of water. The force of the water separated us,

and as I was lifted off my feet, I caught a steam-heater pipe, and reached for the steerage ladder. It was gone. I worked my way along the steam-pipe until I reached the port side of the ship. Water was rushing through the air-ports, and as I reached the side, I heard some one cry: 'God help me! God help me!' I think it must have been Merritt. At that moment I found the two torpedoes that were triced up under the deck-beams, and, twining my legs around them, I worked my way inboard. The water was then at a level of about one foot from the deck-beams. At that moment some burning cellulose flared up, and I was able to reach the hatch-coaming and work my way up on deck. I rushed on the poop, and there found Captain Sigsbee, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, Lieutenants Holman and Hood, and Naval Cadet Cluverius. The remaining boats were away, picking up these men in the water. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and I then went on the quarter-deck awning and on the middle superstructure to help out any wounded.

"When the captain gave the order to abandon ship, we were brought over in the Ward line steamer *City of Washington's* boat. The boats present, as well as I remember, were two of our boats, two from the *City of Washington*, three from the *Alfonso XII*, and several shore boats."

The circumstances connected with the loss of Lieutenant Friend W. Jenkins have been involved in much mystery. Lieutenant Holman testified that he himself, together with Lieutenants Jungen and Jenkins and Chief Engineer Howell, were in the officers' mess-room. All were saved but Lieutenant Jenkins. Mess-attendant John H. Turpin (colored) was in the ward-room pantry, which is next forward of the officers' mess-room. In his testimony Turpin says: "It was a jarring explosion—just one solid explosion, and the ship heaved and lifted like that, and then all was dark. I met Mr. Jenkins in the mess-room, and by that time the water was up to my waist, and the water was running aft. It was all dark in there, and he hollered to me, and he says: 'Which way?' I don't know what he meant by that. I says: 'I don't know which way.' He hollered again: 'Which way?' I says: 'I don't know, sir, which way.' And he hollered the last time; he says: 'Which way?' I says: 'I don't know, sir.' Then I was groping my way, and the water was up to my breast. Mr. Jenkins started forward, and then the whole compartment lit right up. That whole compartment where the

torpedoes were lit right up, and I seen Mr. Jenkins then throw up both hands and fall, right by the steerage pantry. Then I groped my way aft, and got to the captain's ladder—the ladder coming out of the ward-room—just as you come out of the ward-room to go up in the cabin. When I got there the ladder was carried away, and somehow or other the manrope kept fast upon the deck, but the ladder got adrift from it down below in the water. By that time the water was right up even with my chin. Then I commenced to get scared, and in fooling around it happened that a rope touched my arm, and I commenced to climb overhand and got on deck."

Fireman William Gartrell was in the steam-steering room, two decks lower than the officers' mess-room. He was lower down in the ship than any other man that escaped. To reach the level of the officers' mess-rooms he had to run forward about twenty feet, pass through a doorway, spring across to a ladder, climb up two flights of ladders, and pass through another doorway—a narrow and difficult route under the best of conditions (see profile of the *Maine*). I quote his testimony in part: "I could see through the door, sir. It was a kind of a blue flame, and it came all at once. The two of us jumped up, and I went on the port side up the engine-room ladder, and Frank Gardiner he went up the starboard side—at least, he did n't go up, because he hollered to me. He struck the door right there where the partition separates the two doors, and he must have struck his head. He hollered to me; he says: 'O Jesus, Billy, I am gone.' I did n't stop then, because the water was up to my knees. I made a break as quick as I could up the ladder, and when I got up the ladder into the steerage-room the ladder was gone. Everything was dark. I could n't see nothing; everything was pitch-dark, and I gave up, or I started to give up. There was a colored fellow with me; I did n't know his name until afterward. His name was Harris. We got hold of each other. I says: 'Let's give up; there is no hope.' I started in to say a prayer the best I knew how, and I heard a voice. It must have been an officer; it could n't have been a man's voice, because he says: 'There is hope, men.' I knew from that that he was an officer. After that I seen a little light. It looked like an awful distance from me, but I made for that light, and when I got there it seemed like I could see the heavens. I got jammed in the ladder. My head was right up against the deck. I seen the ladder, and I caught hold of Harris, and the two of us hugged

each other. . . . The ladder was hung cross-ways on top. There was n't no ladder that we could walk up. The ladder was up above us. . . . I don't know whether I got out first, or this colored fellow, but when I did get out I tried to say a prayer. I looked where I was, and I saw the heavens and everything, and I tried to say a prayer or something, and I fainted away. I felt some one picking me up, and they throwed me overboard."

The foregoing extracts refer to those who escaped from that part of the ship that was not destroyed. The fearful loss of life was forward. I believe only two men escaped from the berth-deck forward of the officers' quarters, the principal sleeping-quarters of the crew, namely, Charles Bergman, boat-swain's mate, and Jeremiah Shea, coal-passer. I regret that I have no report of Shea's experience. He was sleeping below the great pile of wreckage that is shown distinctly in the pictures of the wreck. Afterward when asked to account for his miraculous escape, he replied: "I think I must be an armor-piercing projectile, sir." Bergman was turned in, in his hammock, which was swung from the beams in the forward crew-space, just abaft the "brig," or prison, on the starboard side. In his testimony Bergman says:

"I heard a terrible crash, an explosion I suppose that was. Something fell, and then after that I got thrown somewhere in a hot place. Wherever that was I don't know. I got burned on my legs and arms, and got my mouth full of ashes and one thing and another. Then the next thing I was in the water—away under the water somewhere, with a lot of wreckage on top of me that was sinking me down. After I got clear of that I started to come up to the surface of the water again, and I got afoul of some other wreckage. I got my head jammed in, and I could n't get loose, so I let myself go down. Then it carried me down farther. I suppose when it touched the bottom somewhere it sort of opened out a bit, and I got my head out and started for the surface of the water again. I hit a lot of other stuff with my head, and then I got my head above the water. I got picked up by a Spanish boat, one of these shore boats, I think."

The narratives of others might be continued at much greater length, but the advisability is lessened by the existence of a very complete record in the report of the court of inquiry.

At 2 A. M. on the night of the explosion I lay down in a state-room of the *City of Wash-*

ington, hoping to get enough sleep to give me a clear head for the difficulties of the following day, which I knew would be great. The bunk was uncomfortable, the weather hot, and the stench from the harbor water disagreeable. A few feet from my state-room the wounded lay. Some of them groaned pitifully, and doubtless unconsciously; one had nausea. I tried hard to ignore all disturbances, but got very little sleep that night.

At daylight I again went among the wounded men. As I patted a wounded Japanese messman on the shoulder, the poor fellow looked greatly pleased and made a futile effort to rise up and be respectful. Then I gazed long and sadly at the wreck of the *Maine*. How great the destruction! She had settled in the mud, and her poop-deck, where we had stood at the last moment, was under water. There was no part of her hull visible except that torn and misshapen mass amidships and three pieces of iron jutting out of the water farther forward. The forward part of the central superstructure had been blown upward and somewhat to starboard, and had folded back on its after-part, carrying the bridge, pilot-house, and six-inch gun and conning-tower with it, and completely capsizing them. The broad surface that was uppermost was the ceiling of the berth-deck, where many men had swung from beam to beam in their hammocks the night before. On the white paint of the ceiling was the impression of two human bodies,—mere dust,—so I was told afterward. The great pile was so torn, twisted, and confused with structural details that the identification of visible parts was only possible after careful study. The foremast had toppled over forward and disappeared. Only one end of the signal-yard was above water; this was well forward of everything else and looked like a spar-buoy. Even the mooring-buoy had gone down. The cellulose from the coffer-dams was still burning.

The *Alfonso XII* and the *City of Washington* had shifted their berths farther from the wreck to avoid the bursting rapid-fire ammunition. The Spanish patrol-boats were on duty. But saddest of all was the reflection that many dead were down there in the wreck and that many homes were made desolate. It was not difficult to conceive what the day and the water would bring forth. My thoughts naturally turned toward Jenkins and Merritt, whose safety was in doubt; we had not wholly given them up for lost. Inquiries were made as to their move-

ments the night before, but no hope could be built up.

The officers of the *Maine* were in good physical condition that morning: none showed signs of nervous shock. The same is true of the uninjured men. None had saved more than he had upon him when the explosion came, and some had been wet by the filthy harbor water; kind-hearted passengers and officers of the vessel had supplied deficiencies so far as possible, but we were a gruesome party. During the day the United States despatch-steamer *Fern*, Lieutenant-Commander W. C. Cowles, commanding, arrived. So did the steamer *Mangrove* of the United States Lighthouse Establishment, with Commander Samuel Belden, U. S. N., on board, and the American passenger-steamer *Olivette* of the Plant line. Assistant Surgeon Spear of the flagship *New York* and Surgeon Clendenin of the army post at Key West came to render assistance.

The day after the explosion of the *Maine*, I sent to Key West, by the *Olivette*, every officer and man that could be spared or who could travel. My desire was to retain no one in Havana that could get away; and thereafter the wounded men were taken from the hospitals and sent to Key West as soon as they could bear the journey. I retained on duty in Havana Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, Paymaster Ray, Dr. Heneberger, Chaplain Chidwick, Lieutenant Holman, and Naval Cadets Holden and Cluverius. I also retained my orderly, Private William Anthony, and a very worthy gunner's mate named Bullock. The greater part of the day was spent on the water, on board the visiting vessels already named, receiving reports, parting with the officers and men, and preparing for the work to come. In the forenoon I sent the following telegram to the Secretary of the Navy:

Advise sending wrecking-vessel at once. *Maine* submerged except debris. Mostly work for divers now. Jenkins and Merritt still missing. Little hope for their safety. Those known to be saved are: officers, 24; uninjured, crew, 18; wounded now on Ward line steamer, in city hospitals and hotels, 59, so far as known. All others went down on board or near the *Maine*. Total lost or missing, 253. With several exceptions, no officer or man has more than a part of a suit of clothing, and that is wet with water. Ward steamer leaves for Mexico at 2 this afternoon. The officers saved are uninjured. Damage was in compartments of crew. Am preparing to telegraph list of saved and wounded. *Olivette* leaves for Key West at 1 P. M. Will send by her to Key West officers saved, except myself and Wainwright, Holman, Hene-

berger, Ray, and Holden. Will turn over three uninjured boats to captain of port, with request for safe-keeping. Will send all wounded men to hospital in Havana.

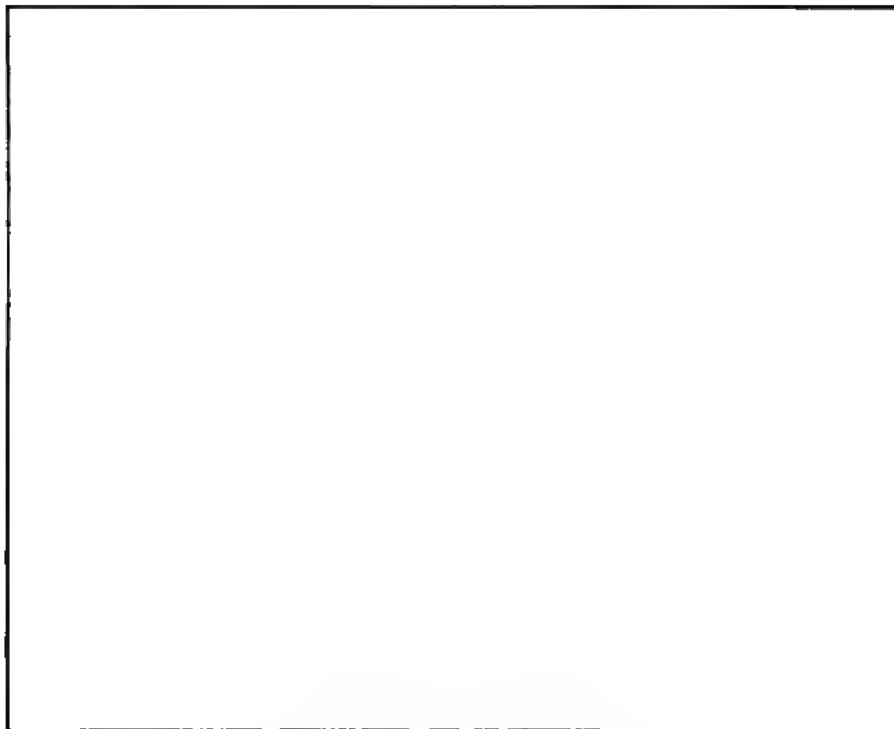
The following telegram was received from the secretary:

The President directs me to express for himself and the people of the United States his profound sympathy with the officers and crew of the *Maine*, and desires that no expense be spared in providing for the survivors and caring for the dead.

The *Olivette* and the *City of Washington* left during the afternoon, the latter for Vera Cruz, Mexico, the wounded men having been transferred from her to the San Ambrosio Hospital. At 4 P. M. I went ashore and took up my quarters at the Hotel Inglaterra, where General Lee lived. Others of the *Maine's* officers were there with me or at another hotel near by. Lieutenant Wainwright preferred to remain on board the *Fern* with his friend, Lieutenant-Commander Cowles. Anthony and Bullock went with me to the Inglaterra. The Inglaterra occupied a central position with respect to the harbor, the palace, the cable office, the consulate, the morgue, and the cemetery. It was the rational residence for me at the time. I remained there about a week. There were many evidences that the people of Havana, as a body, gave us sincere sympathy, at least at that time. That day, General Lee, whose opportunity for judging was better than mine, sent the following telegram to the Department of State:

Profound sorrow expressed by government and municipal authorities, consuls of foreign nations, organized bodies of all sorts, and citizens generally. Flags at half-mast on governor-general's palace, on shipping in harbor, and in city. Business suspended; theaters closed. Dead number about 260. Officers' quarters being in rear and seamen's forward, where explosion took place, accounts for greater proportional loss of sailors. Funeral tomorrow at 3 P. M. Officers Jenkins and Merritt still missing. Suppose you ask that naval court of inquiry be held to ascertain cause of explosion. Hope our people will repress excitement and calmly await decision.

The swirl of responsibilities in which I found myself can well be understood. I had lost my vessel and more than two hundred and fifty of my crew in a foreign port, politically unfriendly at least, where I could not command the resources that were needed. It was a land of one creed. The recovery of the dead was reported to me hour after hour; more were down in the wreck. State papers



THE AFTER TORPEDO-TUBE (SEE PLAN OF THE BERTH-DECK, PAGE 251,
AND TORPEDO-ROOM NEAR THE AFTER-TURRET).

The ladders and hatches by which the officers and others escaped were inboard from this tube. Naval Cadet Boyd clasped his legs around the torpedoes along to the ceiling, or underside of the main-deck, when the compartment was nearly full of water, and worked his way to the hatch. (See page 254.) Lieutenant Jenkins's body was found wedged against these torpedoes.

must be recovered, the vessel protected, the dead assembled, coffined, and buried. Bereaved families and friends would be emotional and might not be satisfied with my measures. There were questions of diplomacy, policy, investigation, resources, and expense; there were telegrams, private and official, to answer and to frame, during the day and far into the night, and statistics to gather and report. The situation was complex and trying. Although without personal dread of the responsibility as relating to myself or my career, I was much concerned to do only that which would meet the approval of my own government and of the relatives of the deceased men of the *Maine*.

We were face to face with innumerable difficulties when a large measure of relief came from an unexpected source. That night General Blanco, accompanied by the mayor of Havana, visited me at the hotel, where they personally expressed their sympathy and made offers of service. They requested that the authorities of Havana be allowed to give public burial to the dead already recovered from the *Maine*, in order

that public sympathy and sorrow might be shown, and honor done the dead. While it seemed probable that the acceptance of this offer would not meet with approval on all sides among Americans who were most concerned, it was accepted with suitable acknowledgments. General Lee thought as I did in the matter. It is gratifying to remember that we were always in harmony. Relative to the visit of General Blanco and the mayor of Havana, I sent the following telegram to the Secretary of the Navy:

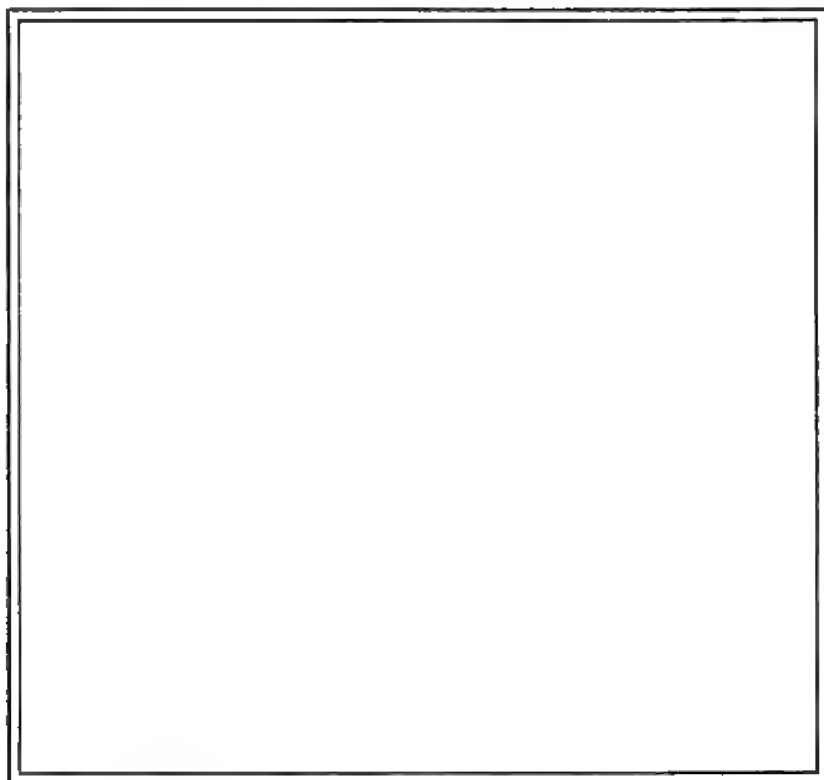
General Blanco called on me personally at the hotel last night, and also the mayor of the city. They have requested me to permit the government here to give a public burial to the dead already found, in order that public sympathy may be expressed thereby, and due honor shown the dead. Ground for the burial has been secured. It is assumed that I am expected by the department to bury the dead here. In fact, it would be impracticable to transport remains to the United States. Means and facilities are lacking. I have accepted the offer of the authorities, and there will be a public funeral at 3 o'clock to-day. All here from the *Maine* will go; also a delegation from the *Fern*.

Fifteen bodies recovered during operations. Operations prevented by rough weather.

On the afternoon of February 17, funeral services were held over nineteen bodies, the first that were recovered. It was only necessary for the officers of the *Maine* to attend the funeral as mourners for the dead. We were notified that we were to appear at three o'clock at the municipal palace, which forms part of the building in which the government of the island is quartered, and in which the captain-general has his residence. On entering one of the state apartments, we found nineteen coffins, covered with mourning emblems of various kinds and from all classes of people, bearing the names of individuals and organizations—civic, military, and naval. No greater demonstration of sympathy could have been made.

At the gathering in the municipal palace I conversed with Dr. Congosto, and asked him to present me to the Bishop of Havana. Appreciating the sentiments of the relatives of those who were lost, I had previously asked Chaplain Chidwick if some arrangement could not be made whereby prayers might

be read over the Protestant dead by a Protestant clergyman or by myself. He had referred the question to the bishop, who had politely negatived the proposition. I did not like this, because I desired to do everything in my power to comfort the families and friends of the deceased men; therefore, when I was presented to the bishop, I renewed my request with a statement of the difficulties of the case. The bishop was very kind, but had to regret his inability to concede the point. I was much disturbed; in fact, I was indignant, for my mood in the presence of those coffins was one requiring great effort at self-repression; therefore I remarked to Dr. Congosto that if I had been fully prepared for a refusal I should probably not have felt free to accept the offer of the Spanish authorities to take charge of the funeral ceremonies—that I should have preferred to take them under my own charge, in such a way that I could have given to each creed freedom to bury its dead after its own forms. In this I was doubtless lacking in tact. Nevertheless, I was sincere. My position was so difficult that I felt that I could speak plainly to Dr. Congosto, who, as I have already said,



FUNERAL OF NINETEEN OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD, FROM THE MUNICIPAL PALACE, HAVANA.

GRAVE OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD IN THE CEMETERY AT HAVANA.

had lived in the United States. In my opinion, the Bishop of Havana and Chaplain Chidwick were quite acceptable to officiate at the grave of any Christian: but this was not a matter for my consideration alone; others were to be considered. Having failed in my second request, I next requested that Chaplain Chidwick might officiate at the grave. This was promptly granted. I had brought to the palace an Episcopal prayer-book, which I had procured at the last minute, intending to read the service myself, for no Protestant clergyman could be found in Havana; and, in fact, I did read the service, a part at a time, as opportunity offered, chiefly in the carriage on the way to the cemetery, and afterward in my room at the hotel.

The funeral cortège was very imposing. In addition to the hearses, there were many carriages and also a large military, naval, and civic escort, provided by the Spaniards. Even the poor reconcentrados were in line. No such demonstration had been made in Havana for very many years; in fact, I was informed that it had not been paralleled, except in one instance, in the history of Havana. The Bishop of Havana went to the cemetery in person, which, I was also informed, was a most unusual mark of sympathy. As the procession passed through the streets it seemed that all the people of Havana were present along the route, in respectful sym-

pathy. At a certain point the carriages were stopped; the occupants alighted and marched, as an additional token of respect, for some distance, when they again entered the carriages and proceeded therein through the suburbs to the Colon Cemetery, one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen. The carriages were left just within the entrance, and the procession continued to the grave on foot.

After the burial I again presented myself to the bishop and apologized for having made a request which could not meet his approval. I thanked him for his sympathy and kindness, and assured him that I believed he had gone to the utmost limits of his authority. He replied that he had done all that he could, and drew attention to the fact that he had buried all of the *Maine's* men in the same plot of ground, without respect to creed, Protestant or Catholic. It was quite true, and the ground was given for all time to the United States, without expense. After the funeral I sent a long telegram to the Navy Department.

The burial of those nineteen men ended the official demonstration on the part of the Spaniards, which was proper. Thereafter, having been furnished the facilities for subsequent burials, we were allowed to proceed in our own way. Chaplain Chidwick, assisted by a most devoted and kind-hearted undertaker, a Spaniard, identified the bodies, saw them prepared for the grave, and then Chaplain

Chidwick conducted the burials so long as we continued to bury the dead at Havana. When it became possible to forward bodies to Key West by steamer, they were sent in that way and buried in Key West. Surgeon Heneberger gave his attention to the wounded and to mortuary statistics, while Paymaster Ray quietly, and with the greatest promptness, managed the financial intricacies of the situation.

I felt that I took upon myself a great

ish authority in Cuba has so long been dominant and exacting that Spanish officials do not know how to unbend in a practical way, as we understand it, however much they may concede in the way of sentiment and sympathy. I have stated that on the night of the disaster I requested the captain of the cruiser *Alfonso XII* to place patrol-boats about the *Maine* to guard her from intrusion. The request was complied with, and thereafter, for many days, the Spanish boats kept up their patrol. Nobody was allowed to approach the wreck without proper authority; but at first their vigilance extended, adversely, even to the captain and officers of the *Maine*.

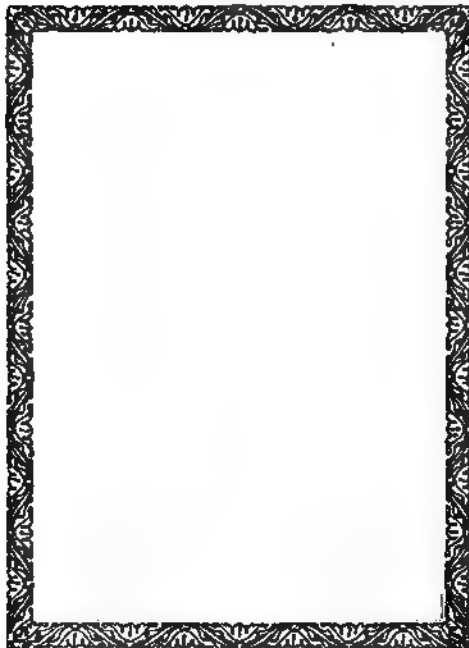
On the first or second day after the explosion, I myself attempted to go on board the wreck. I was stopped by a Spanish patrol-boat, which refused to allow me on board, even when it was explained that I was the captain of the *Maine*. My first impulse was to ignore the boats and force a passage on board, but, on second thought, I went on board the *Alfonso XII*, and suggested to her captain that the Spanish boats had misconceived their orders, since they had declined to allow me to board the wreck. The captain explained that it was simply a matter of identification, and that he would give me certain passes for myself and officers whereby I could pass the patrol. I approved this plan on the ground that, having asked him to set the patrol, it was only proper that I should support him in demanding complete identification. But I could not understand why passes had not been sent me before.

Shortly afterward I became very much concerned at the slow recovery of bodies. It was evident that many were down in the wreck. I knew that relatives and friends would be urgent at the Navy Department, and it was very necessary to respect their sentiments. I felt it very keenly. At the American consulate I had met certain Cuban divers, and arranged that they should visit me the next day with a view to going down in the *Maine* for the recovery of bodies. These divers afterward disposed of their services to an American newspaper correspondent, who visited me in their company. He offered—as I then knew, by direction of his paper—to send down the divers entirely at the expense of his paper, for the avowed purpose of recovering the dead. I suspected at the time that his paper had directed him to make an investigation of the wreck of the *Maine*. Of course I promptly declined any effort to anticipate the official

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER RICHARD WAINRIGHT, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "MAINE."

moral responsibility in burying the *Maine's* dead at Havana; but in the tropics it was necessary to bury the dead very promptly, which may well be imagined. Fault was found with me on some sides by a few patriotic citizens of the United States for permitting the Spanish authorities to bury our dead; but I thought that I knew the administration of our government and the people of the United States well enough to count on their approval of my course as the only one practicable under the circumstances in which we were so unfortunately placed. After results showed that I was not mistaken.

It is exceedingly difficult for the American mind to comprehend certain subsequent procedures of the Spanish officials. It can be explained only on the ground that Span-



LIEUTENANT FRIEND W. JENKINS, WHO WAS LOST.

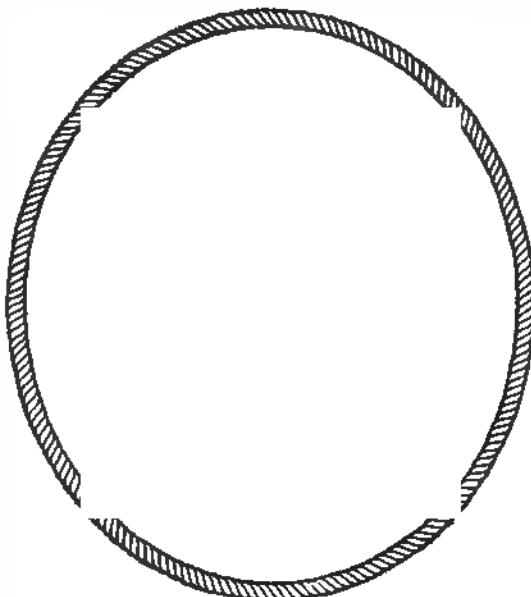
investigation, but, finally, when the correspondent surrendered his divers to me and placed them absolutely under my direction, I sent them over to the wreck with an officer, with instructions to allow them to make a descent, under his superintendence, for the sole purpose of recovering bodies. The party was stopped by the Spanish boats with the remark that "no American diver could go down without a Spanish diver, and no Spanish diver without an American diver."

I also was not allowed to go on board to hoist the national ensign. This was taking charge of matters unjustifiably. In respect to these several hindrances, I had received no notification in advance. However grateful I was for the good offices of the Spanish officials, I could not concede such a state of things. Shortly after these incidents, and while I was preparing to visit the *Alfonso XII* to protest, her captain chanced to come aboard the *Fern* to make a return visit of ceremony, I believe, to Lieutenant-Commander Cowles, in command of the *Fern*. I stated the case to the Spanish captain, and asked if the Spanish boatmen had misconstrued his orders. He was requested to take such measures as would insure me thereafter access to the wreck of the *Maine* without any interference, on the presentation of a pass or identi-

fication paper. He was somewhat embarrassed, and courteously explained that he was obeying the orders of Admiral Manterola, to whom I should appeal. I assured him that I fully realized that he must obey his orders, and said that I would carry the case higher. Then the conversation was changed to more agreeable topics.

I had no intention to apply to Admiral Manterola, because I felt that the case should be taken from the hands of subordinates. The matter was reported to General Lee, who made an appointment for us with Captain- and Governor-General Blanco. When we visited General Blanco, there were present, besides himself, only Dr. Congosto, General Lee, and myself. General Lee recited the circumstances to which I have already referred; he did it gravely and with due composure. Although outwardly composed, I was naturally indignant that an officer in my difficult position should be hedged in with vexatious restrictions, and determined to demand that they be ended. I suggested to General Lee that I, as a naval officer, understood international comity as applying to my command, for which reason I hoped that he would trust me to state my view of the case. He at once complied.

I then reminded General Blanco, through Dr. Congosto, who acted as interpreter, that the *Maine* had entered the port of Havana with, at least, the implied assent of the Spanish government; that having so entered, she

ASSISTANT ENGINEER DARWIN R. MERRITT,
WHO WAS LOST.

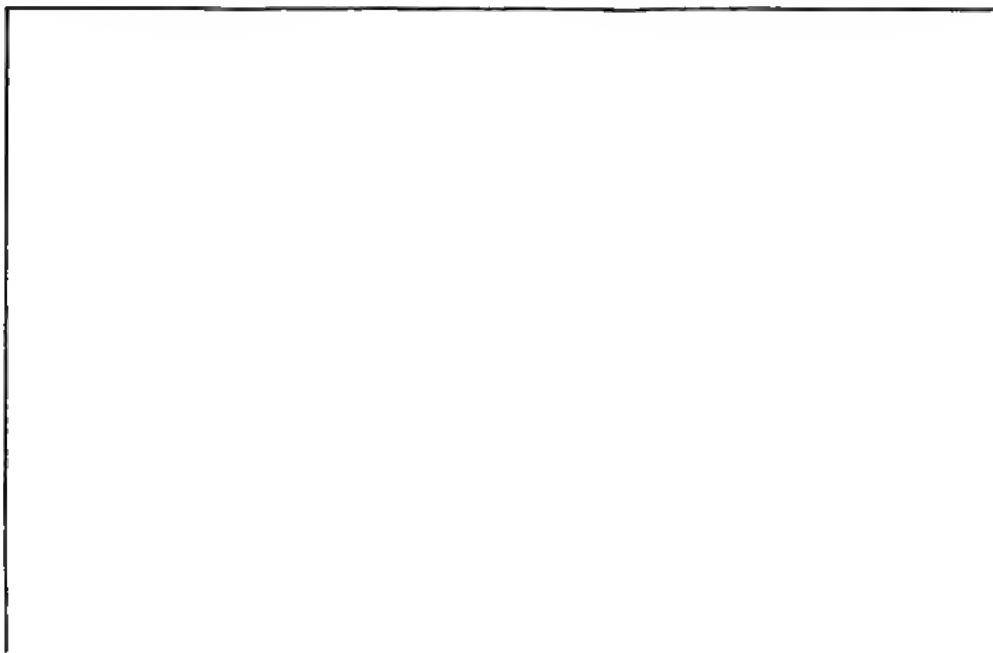
was constructively under the protection of the Spanish government and entitled to extra-territorial courtesy and to exemptions from local jurisdiction and control, as recognized in international law. So far as her internal affairs were concerned, she was entitled, under international usage and courtesy, to be considered a part of the territory of her own country, and under the direction of her own commanding officer, who was responsible to his government. Nevertheless, an attempt had been made to keep me out of my command while my pennant was flying at the masthead; and Admiral Manterola had undertaken to say when I could or could not be permitted to visit my command. I stated further that so long as my pennant flew I could yield no part of my responsibility without orders, and I hoped he would remove restrictions.

General Blanco urged that there should be a joint investigation; that a Spanish law required a Spanish investigation, and Spanish honor was involved. To which I replied that I recognized that the Spanish government had a moral right to investigate the loss of the *Maine*, but that any investigation by the Spanish government within the ship should, properly, be pursued after an appeal directly to the United States government. I said that although I did not believe the United States would consent to a joint investigation, it was probable that the gov-

ernment would desire that Spain should have an opportunity to make an independent investigation.

General Lee took the same ground and entered into the discussion generally. We both agreed that we would take pleasure in approving to the United States government an independent investigation by the Spanish government. General Blanco yielded with the remark that, if the interior of the vessel was subject to the control of the United States, the outside was under the control of Spain. I then said that I should refrain from exploring the harbor. Dr. Congosto replied with some spirit, "You may, if you like." Knowing that the remark should not be taken seriously, I again disclaimed any intention of pursuing our operations into the region surrounding the *Maine*.

The interview was ended pleasantly with the promise of General Blanco to issue immediate orders to Admiral Manterola to give me access to board the *Maine* thereafter. That day the United States national ensign was hoisted, and then hauled down to half-mast, where it remained always, day and night, during the remainder of my stay at Havana. The ensign on board a national ship is hauled down at sundown, and is not again hoisted until eight o'clock the following morning. Since the *Maine* was blown up at 9:40 P. M., it is apparent why her flag was



THE "MONTGOMERY" SALUTING AFTER MOORING AT HAVANA.

not up until I hoisted it on that occasion. In keeping it up, day and night, I desired to make it clear that interference with the ship was interference with the flag. Most of the photographs taken of the wreck of the *Maine* show the flag at half-mast.

The incident which I have related made my position stronger thereafter, so far as pertained to my own control of the *Maine*. It was not again questioned until just before my departure from Havana.

Notwithstanding the sympathy evinced in Havana for the survivors of the *Maine*, the Havana press was not friendly. Certain papers made petty and unfavorable remarks about me, quite different from the tone of the press of the United States in respect to Captain Eulate personally, when the *Vizcaya* visited New York, while the excitement over the loss of the *Maine* was at its highest. On the other hand, a part of our press was merciless toward the Spaniards generally, and this did not tend to make more comfortable the position of the survivors of the *Maine* at Havana. There was reason to believe that the tone of these papers was galling to the Spaniards.

On February 20 I visited the San Ambrosio Hospital to see the wounded men. There had been some cases of yellow fever at the hospital, and we felt concern at that fact, but there was probably no hospital in Havana where yellow fever had not been present at one time or another.

There can be no doubt that the Spaniards gave us the benefit of the best they had at their disposal. To enter the ward where our men were installed it was necessary to pass through a ward of Spanish invalids, many of whom appeared to be convalescent. At the entrance of the ward set aside for our use there was exhibited a characteristic bit of Spanish courtesy. On the wall was a placard demanding that all who entered that room should remove their hats. I visited each cot and talked with each patient, asked his location on board the *Maine* at the time of the explosion, his sensations and experiences, and wished him speedy recovery. They seemed delighted to welcome me, and said pleasant things, in forgetfulness of their own sufferings. At that hospital, Andrew V. Erikson, seaman, and Carl A. Smith, seaman, had died on the 18th, Alfred J. Holland, cockswain, on the 19th, and Harry Jetson, seaman, and Frank Fisher, ordinary

seaman, on the day of my visit. George A. Koebler, apprentice, first-class, and Frederick C. Holzer, ordinary seaman, both young and excellent men, were very low.

Koebler was a handsome, cheery, willing, and capable apprentice, equally a pronounced favorite forward and aft. When there was doubt as to the proper man to employ for any special service, young Koebler was generally selected. He was in everything that was going on on board the *Maine*, and had lately been married in Brooklyn, New York. It was his habit on board the *Maine* to come to me occasionally and ask my advice in his private affairs. I found that he accepted it and acted upon it. He was delirious during my visit, but in some way he became aware of my presence as soon as I entered the ward. He kept calling for me, so I visited him out of his regular turn. He imagined that the *Maine* was to go to New Orleans and leave him at the hospital. He declared that he was able to go on board, and that it was not right to leave him there, and appealed to me to take him with me. He became perfectly quiet and resigned when I assured him that the *Maine* should never leave Havana without him. It was very affecting. Poor fellow! he died on the 22d.

Holzer seemed in better condition than Koebler, and I formed the hope that he would recover. His mind was clear. When I took his hand he said: "Captain, I'm sorry such bad luck has come upon you." I replied: "Thank you, Holzer; I fear you have sailed with the wrong captain this time." He disputed the point with such nice consideration that my hope for him was strengthened, but he died on the 25th. Holzer was Chaplain Chidwick's assistant at religious services; the chaplain had a high regard for him, and felt his loss keenly, as we all did.

It was not until February 23 that I managed to read newspapers from the United States. The tone of the press toward me and the officers and men surprised and pleased me. It was sympathetic and commendatory, and without rebuke. The importance attached to my first telegram was far beyond my anticipation. Although I had hoped that some good effect might flow therefrom, it had not entered my mind that it would reflect on me in a laudatory sense. It was hardly possible that a captain who had just lost his ship should look further than exoneration so soon afterward.

(To be concluded.)

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, BOWDOURNE.

MRS. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF. PAINTED BY HENRY RAEBURN.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC."¹

PART I. THE SCHEME AND THE PREPARATIONS.

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, U. S. N.

ON May 29, 1898, Admiral Sampson's flagship, the *New York*, lay at Key West, outside the reef, hurriedly coaling from lighters on both sides. The *Oregon*, just arrived after her notable voyage around Cape Horn, lay near at hand, coaling with equal despatch. It was evident to all that an urgent purpose and a definite objective were in mind.

A few days before the flagship had suddenly left the squadron patrolling along the mouths of the channels of the Bahamas, and had run full speed to Key West. Despatches had come on board giving information that the Spanish fleet, under Admiral Cervera, had put into Santiago harbor; but evidently Admiral Sampson's anxiety was not relieved, for he left the squadron under Commodore Watson to guard the approaches to Havana, despatched the *New Orleans* to Commodore Schley on the south of Cuba, and went post-haste to the nearest coaling-station, taking his flagship alone.

The admiral's purpose was not known to me, but the circumstances of the coaling showed clearly that distant service was in view. I deemed it proper, before leaving for such service, to make known to him certain features of a plan relating to the prospective reduction of Havana, the details of which, if it should be adopted, would require early attention; and it was while making this report that the scheme of sinking the *Merrimac* began to take shape.

THE WRITER'S PLAN TO DESTROY TORPEDOES AT SAN JUAN.

THE reduction of so strongly garrisoned a city by land forces would involve enormous loss of life, but our armored vessels, under cover of night, could run the formidable fortifications, if only the mines and torpedoes could be disposed of. For many weeks, as assistant naval constructor with the fleet, I had been studying the elements of strength and weakness in our own vessels and the vessels of the enemy, particularly from the standpoint of stability and fire service in battle, and I had made special reports to the admiral upon each vessel. This investiga-

tion showed that our vessels were particularly weak before torpedo or mine attack. In fact, the *New York*, the *Wilmington*, and the *Helena* were about the only vessels of the admiral's squadron that could stand a single torpedo blow, and these vessels were among those least adapted for standing the fire of fortifications. The vessels best adapted for running fortifications, the monitors, would sink like a shot under the blow of a torpedo.

This fact had been emphasized during the action at San Juan, Porto Rico, on May 12. It became evident, after three hours' bombardment, that the fortifications could not be reduced at ranges above two thousand yards, and could be reduced at short ranges only after heavy loss. It appeared to me that the best method of reducing San Juan was to run by the fortifications into the harbor. The entrance was of course mined, and it was reported, on good authority, that a vessel had been sunk in such a way as to leave only a narrow space for passage, this narrow space itself being heavily mined. Soon after the bombardment I had reported to the admiral on a method of going in, asking to be allowed to take two steam-launches with volunteer crews, to start about midnight, and slip in close under the shore through the neck from the westward, and then come out by the main channel, dragging it, sweeping the mines, and locating sunken vessels, the exit of the launches to be followed by the entrance of the armored vessels. The admiral had listened to the proposition kindly and apparently with approval, but had replied that until the enemy's fleet was met he could not risk even a single vessel, and that, under the conditions, it was evident that the sweeping of the channel could be only partial at best.

"UNSINKABLES" FOR HAVANA.

I THEN had set to work on the problem of disposing of torpedoes otherwise. The result

¹ Lieutenant Hobson's narrative will be continued in two future papers, treating respectively of the manœuver at the entrance of Santiago harbor, and of the captivity and return of the crew of the *Merrimac*.—EDITOR.

was the outline design of a craft specially constructed to be unsinkable, having the general form of an iron canal-boat, with its own motive power, and rendered unsinkable by being stowed with air-tight cans a foot long, and made indestructible by special arrangements in construction and by the use of wire cables. I had elaborated a plan for the use of five such unsinkable craft, to precede the fleet in entering the harbor of Havana. As the construction and preparation of the unsinkables would require six weeks or two months, I thought it best to make report of my plan to the admiral before the departure from Key West. I did so on May 29.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON ANNOUNCES HIS PURPOSE.

AFTER listening with kindly attention to the plans, the admiral said that at the time it was not a question of how to make a vessel unsinkable while entering an enemy's harbor protected by mines, torpedoes, and artillery, but how to make a vessel sink in an enemy's harbor, and make her sink swiftly and surely; that it was "not a question of an unsinkable, but of a sinkable"; not a question of Havana, but of Santiago; and that at a subsequent date he would consider the question of unsinkables.

He then confided to me that he was about to start for Santiago, where Admiral Cervera's fleet had taken refuge, and that he intended to sink a collier in the channel, stating that he had, indeed, already ordered the commanding officer off Santiago to sink such a collier, naming the *Merrimac*, which was then on the south side of Cuba, but scarcely expected to find it done, though the order had been sent by the *New Orleans*.

He then asked how an iron ship could be scuttled and made to sink quickly. After thinking over the question for some time I replied, in effect, that there seemed to be two effective methods, one to drive off bottom plates from the inside, and the other to explode a series of torpedoes placed advantageously on the outside. We

examined the chart of the harbor together, and I expressed full confidence in the practicability of putting the vessel into the channel, and stated that I should be happy to be allowed to endeavor to carry out the work. The admiral then instructed me to study the question in detail and report to him. This was on the morning of May 29. I studied the subject during the afternoon and evening, and thought about it during the night. We got under way about midnight, and stood to the southward, the *Oregon* having already left. We were off Havana early in the morning, were joined by the *Oregon* and the *Mayflower*, and stood to the eastward at full speed.

My study included the complete plans, the choice of circumstances, and the navigation and manœuvring of the vessel, as well as the method of sinking her. All these features were reported upon, and the plans being approved by the admiral, preliminary preparations were begun on the 30th.

THE PLAN OF FEIGNING A CHASE—WHY DISCARDED.

VARIOUS plans were considered. That of feigning a chase suggested itself from the fact that Spanish colliers were supposed to be on their way to Santiago. One had recently been captured by the *St. Paul*, and from her it was learned that others were soon expected. By this method the *Merrimac* would approach by night from the eastward; when about five miles away she would be discovered by blockading vessels, search-lights would be thrown toward her, and fire opened, care being taken to fire wide and throw the lights in front and on the sides, to show the splash of striking projectiles.

The *Merrimac*, upon discovery, would bear in toward the shore to within about two thousand yards, apparently to seek the shelter of batteries; she would throw pitch on the fires to make heavy black smoke, as if forcing to the utmost. She would head in toward the entrance and turn full down the course for entering the channel, blowing her whistle in



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

SHAPE OF THE TORPEDOES USED TO SINK THE "MERRIMAC."

blasts as of fright and distress. The search-light would flash across and show a Spanish flag at her peak. On approaching, the lights would be thrown on the entrance to facilitate her navigation, but carefully avoiding resting upon her. The shore batteries opening on the chasing vessels would be replied to and kept diverted. If they opened on the *Merrimac*, search-lights would be thrown in the gunners' faces.

However, an examination of the chart showed the difficulties of navigation to be so great that no sane captain would attempt to take in a collier at night or under circumstances that did not admit of the utmost deliberation. It was known that tugs were used by single-screw vessels of any size on account of the turn in the channel abreast Estrella Point. (See map, page 271.) The chances seemed to be against the enemy's being deceived, and navigation depending upon search-lights would entail chances of failure.

THE PLAN OF STEALING IN ADOPTED.

THIS plan, and various other plans involving the coöperation of the fleet, were discarded in favor of the simpler plan of going in alone by moonlight, just before the moon should set. Surprise, under any condition, could be only partial at best, since a certain amount of light was absolutely necessary for navigation. The conditions for surprise would be more favorable toward daybreak. Moreover, a flood-tide must be chosen, so that, in case of breaking the anchor gear, the vessel would be set into the channel and have ample time for sinking before the ebb could tend to throw her out, while the chances of being carried by the tide through the whole length of the narrow channel into the inner harbor were very small. The "establishment of the port," or time of high tide, was about eight hours and a quarter, so that the tide would be running strong flood as the moon set. The moon was then approaching full, and calculations showed that it would set at Santiago about half-past three on Thursday, June 2. We were speeding at about thirteen knots, — the *Oregon* had demonstrated her ability to maintain that speed, — and we would therefore arrive off Santiago early Wednesday morning and have most of the day and night of Wednesday for preparations. Thursday was therefore set for entering, though the admiral expressed the opinion that it would be found impossible to complete the preparations in time. The special advantage of Thursday was that there would be an interval of dark-

ness of about an hour and a quarter between the time of moonset and daybreak, while on Friday this interval would be reduced to about half an hour, and on Saturday day would break before moonset. It will be understood that an interval of darkness, though short, might be found of advantage for completing the work or for making escape.

Preparations were therefore begun at once, the greatest amount of detail being required for the process of sinking.

TWO METHODS OF SINKING THE COLLIER.

INVESTIGATION had shown that the two methods of sinking the vessel that first suggested themselves were the only ones practicable — that of driving off bottom plates by forces applied inside, and that of using a series of torpedoes on the outside. Both of these methods were reported on to the admiral, my recommendation being in favor of the torpedo method.

The method of driving off bottom plates consisted in selecting six plates in advantageous positions along the length, about twelve to fifteen feet below the water-line, cutting off all rivet-heads on the inside, leaving the plates simply held in place, then placing a small improvised cannon near the center of each plate, with cross-bars to distribute the force of the explosion and cause the plate to be blown off whole in each case, instead of merely causing a hole to be blown through it. This improvised cannon was to be nothing more than a short length of nine-inch piping, containing black powder, rammed tight, and held by a strut carried up to the deck-beam above, with wedges under the heel, the powder being fired at will by an ordinary electric primer.

It was explained to the admiral that the cutting off of rivet-heads would be difficult under the circumstances and would involve two, if not three, days' delay; in consequence only the torpedo method was practicable for Thursday or Friday. The latter method, therefore, was the one adopted.

The torpedo method was to arrange ten torpedoes on the port side, placed outside abreast the bulkheads and the cargo hatches so as to give the maximum sinking effect to a breach opened up by each, the torpedoes being carried by a fore-and-aft belt-line extending along the outside from end to end about twelve feet below water, each torpedo, in addition, having a hogging-line, or girth-line, extending around underneath the keel, for holding the torpedo in its place. The pur-

pose of the fore-and-aft belt-line was to take up the strain due to resistance in the water.

THE TORPEDOES.

THE form of torpedo selected, after considering all the forms available under the circumstances, was the simple eight-inch charge in its own can or tank, to be fired by its own electric primer. The use of guncotton, placed inside as well as out, was duly considered and discarded. Various difficulties were encountered in the preparation of the torpedoes, important among which was the arrangement for insuring water-tightness in connection with the admission of the wire cable through the can or tank for the purpose of firing. The charge selected was what is known as the reduced charge, being about seventy-eight pounds of brown prismatic powder, this quantity being large compared with the quantities used effectively for torpedoes in previous warfare. The eight-inch charge was made up of two parts in serge sack or bags, as shown on page 269. The tank was as long as the tank for the full charge, and this left the requisite amount of space for arranging for water-tightness. The charge for the torpedo was arranged to be fired by the electric primer, carried in a small bag of four pounds of quick black powder, this bag being in the center between the two charges, as indicated in the sketch, the insulated wire cable passing from the primer through the mouth of the small sack, and up along and outside of one of the charges.

On top of the upper charge were placed two white-pine disks, seven eighths of an inch in thickness, fitting the can more or less tightly, each disk having a hole in the cen-

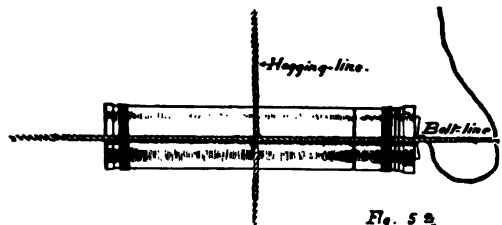
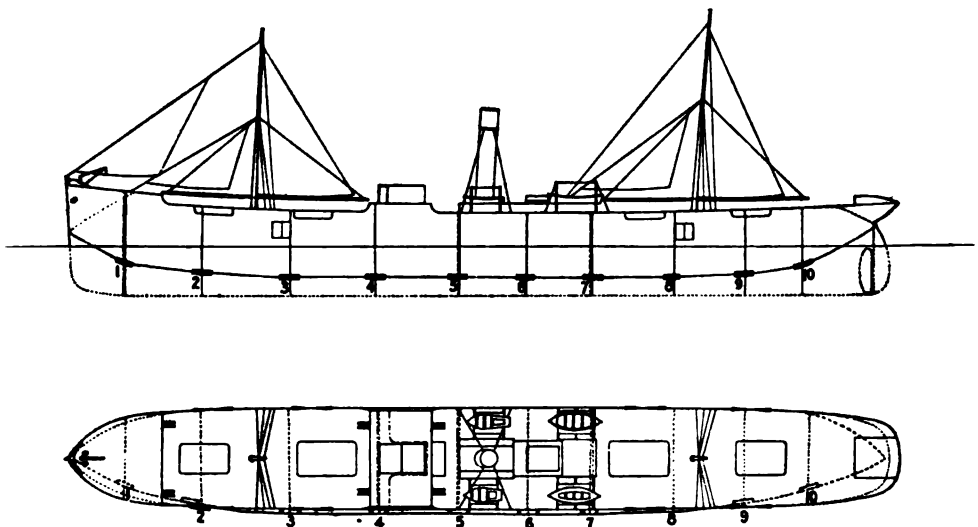


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ATTACHMENT OF THE TORPEDOES TO THE BELT-LINE AND THE HOGGING-LINE.

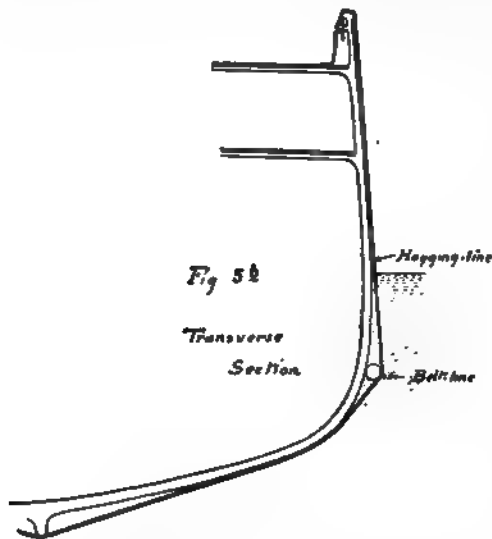
ter for the passage of the wire cable. On top of these disks, and for a depth of about nine inches of the can, was poured hot a gummy substance made up of pitch and tallow, which, while warm, would close all openings and make a substance entirely water-tight, and which, in hardening, would still be pliable and spongy and not easily cracked, acting also as additional insulation for the wire cable passing through it. Care was taken to examine whether this pitch composition, poured in hot, would burn the insulation off the wire; but no difficulty of the sort was met with.

The question of making the cans water-tight had been the subject of a conference with the admiral, in which he had first suggested the use of paraffin; but not having paraffin on board, the mixture of tallow and pitch was decided upon, with the addition of



CONTEMPLATED ARRANGEMENT OF THE TORPEDOES ON THE PORT SIDE. (SEE PAGE 269.)

gum from rubber gaskets intermingled, if it were found necessary to reduce the brittleness. The top of the tank was left the same as usual, only a hole large enough to admit



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE "MERRIMAC," SHOWING POSITION OF THE BELT-LINE HOLDING THE TORPEDOES AND OF THE HOGGING-LINE.

of the passage of the cable was drilled in the center. At the bottom of the can was a short thickness of mineral wool.

The preparation of the torpedoes was begun at once, Gunner Morgan of the *New York* and the gunner's gang being detailed for its execution.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE TORPEDOES.

THE torpedoes, ten in number, were to be secured on the port side at the points determined upon for producing the maximum sinking effect, being held by the belt-line, extending entirely around the vessel from forward aft at a depth of about twelve feet below the water, as above mentioned, the torpedoes lying lengthwise along this belt-line, as indicated above. The wire-cable end or head of the torpedo was pointed aft, in order to reduce the chances of leakage, the eddy created by the torpedo reducing the water-pressure at the hole. In addition, as was mentioned above, each torpedo had a hogging- or girth-line extending completely around the ship, by which the tor-

pedo was kept close in to the side and at the proper depth. Two lashings in addition were placed near the ends of each torpedo, securing it more tightly to the belt-line. Torpedo No. 1 was abreast the collision bulkhead, No. 2 abreast the forward cargo hatch, No. 3 abreast the large space forward of the boiler-room, No. 4 abreast the forward boiler-room bulkhead, No. 5 abreast the forward engine-room bulkhead, and so on from forward aft, the positions being chosen, as has already been stated, so as to give the maximum sinking effect. All were placed on the port side, because, in turning with the port helm, it would be the forward side, so to speak, making the inrush of water more rapid than would be the case on the starboard side. At the same time, the fact that all the torpedoes were on the same side would cause a list to port, making the water reach more quickly the level of the cargo ports, and would tend in every way to cause the sinking to be more rapid, while the vessel, being without longitudinal bulkheads, would right herself finally as she went under in deep water. Besides, the crew would abandon the ship from the starboard side.

THE FIRING OF THE TORPEDOES.

THE cables from all the torpedoes were led up to the bridge, and from this position all were to be exploded simultaneously at a given moment.

With a view to affording an additional guaranty of sinking, the sea connections were to be prepared for opening, and all apertures forward and aft were to be opened—all doors, hatches, and manholes on the inside, and the cargo ports in the sides.

The question of firing the torpedoes involved a serious difficulty. Signals were made

SECTIONAL DRAWING OF THE TORPEDOES.

to the *Oregon* and the *Mayflower*, accompanying us, for an electric machine; but neither of these vessels had such a machine, nor did we have one on board the *New York*. It was evident that unless we should find that some

vessel of Commodore Schley's Flying Squadron had such a machine, it would be necessary to fire by batteries, which are particularly fragile; and in such case it was decided to increase the number of cells far beyond the ordinary number required to fire the primers. The questions of wiring and of the amount of cable required careful attention.

These details of the program were approved by the admiral. There was one feature, however, which he did not grant. It seemed to me that there was an element of weakness in the firing of the torpedoes. The number of torpedoes had been fixed at ten, which at first sight would seem excessive. I estimated that if all of them went off the vessel would sink in a minute and a quarter. This number was made large because of the innate weakness of the firing arrangements and the probability of injury before the time for firing. I requested the admiral to allow me to take in addition two war-heads from the torpedoes on the *New York* and place them inside the *Merrimac*, abreast the two most important bulkheads, leading their connections up inside, where they could not be injured by the enemy's fire, thus having at hand at all times a positive means of instantly sinking the ship. When these war-heads were asked for the admiral pondered a moment and then said: "No, I cannot let you have them; two hundred pounds of guncotton on the inside would blow everything to the devil." Those who know the uniformly temperate language of the admiral will understand the emphasis of this reply.

THE GENERAL PLAN OF THE MANŒUVER.

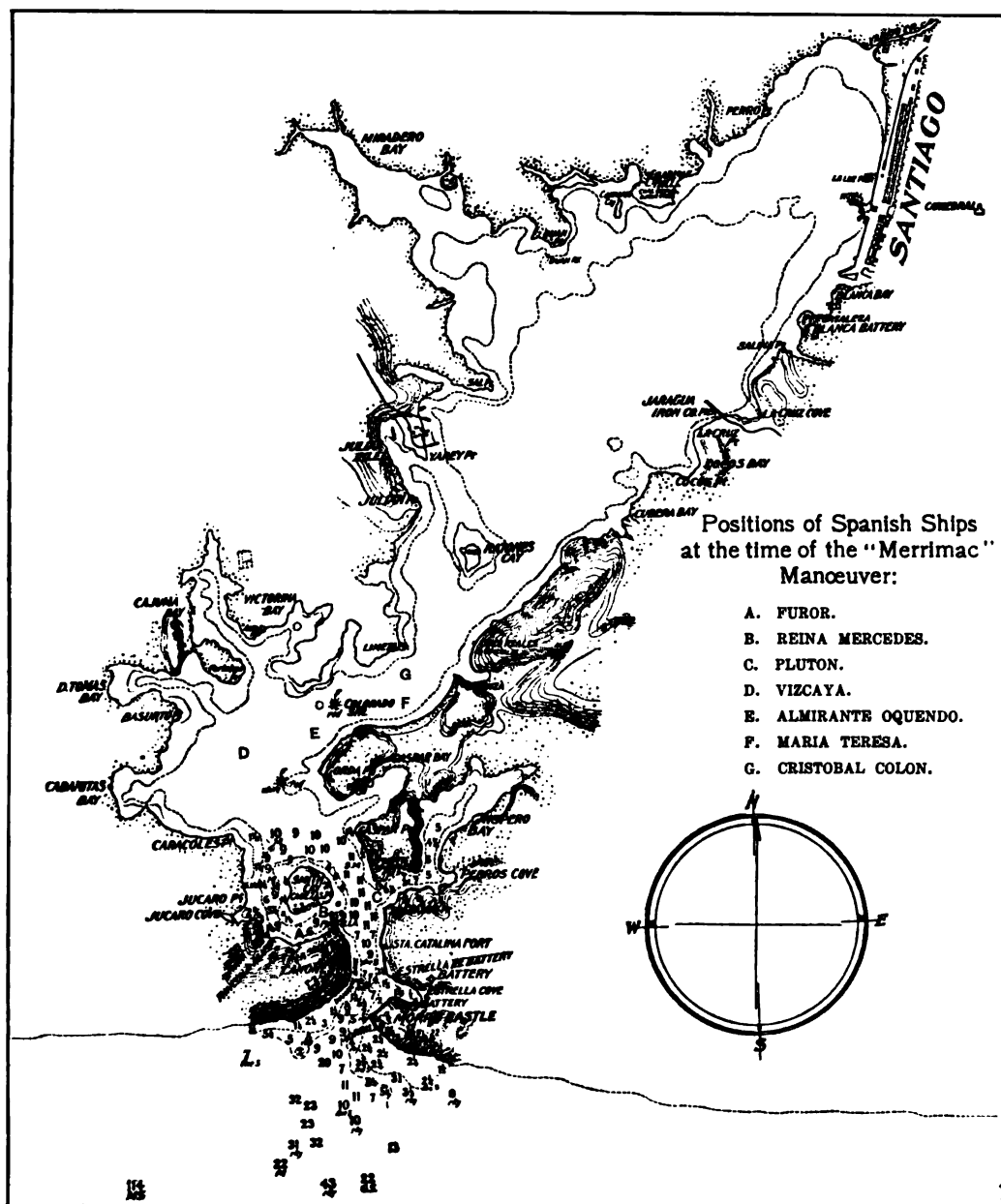
THE parts of the program pertaining to navigation had been studied in connection with the chart of the harbor and the pilotage publications. The difficulties of navigation were of even greater consequence than those associated with the sinking of the vessel. Referring to the map, it will be seen that the entrance is very narrow, and that the shoal water on the left, near the course of the channel, would cause a failure to enter with the slightest deviation or error. Once entered, however, the conditions of the long, narrow channel were favorable for obstruction for some distance. It would therefore be necessary to have the vessel pointed fair, with sufficient speed at the entrance to insure complete control with the helm. The length of the *Merrimac* was about 333 feet, and the width of the channel ranged

from 350 to 450 feet in the narrow portions. It would be necessary, therefore, after swinging the vessel athwart the channel, to catch and hold her in this position. The depth of the channel varied from about five fathoms to ten or eleven fathoms; the vessel would draw about seventeen feet, and the most advantageous position for swinging was carefully chosen. There being only a short distance in which to overcome the speed of the vessel, special elastic arrangements would be necessary to enable the anchor gear to check and absorb the speed, so as to catch and hold the vessel in the athwart position. To realize this elasticity, and at the same time to enable the anchor and chain to work automatically, the chain would be roused up out of the lockers and ranged along the deck. After running out a certain length the chain would begin to break elastic-rope stops, one end of the stop being made fast to the chain, the other to a long rope hawser of larger size, so that each stop before breaking would bring into play the elasticity of the large hawser, which itself would be finally broken.

The manœuver decided upon and approved by the admiral was to approach at full speed, stopping a short distance from the entrance, so that the speed on arriving at the point for the final manœuver would be about from four and a half to five knots. At this point the helm would be put hard aport. As soon as the ship began to swing, the starboard bow-anchor would be let go with sixty fathoms of chain; when in a second position farther in, the starboard stern-anchor would be let drop with forty fathoms of chain, the two permitting the ship to take the desired position, where she would be lying on a span directly athwart. Any additional motion still remaining would be absorbed by the vessel sticking her nose into the shoal on the right side of the channel. If the stern anchor-chain were carried away the movement would cause the vessel to throw her port quarter into the shoal on the port side, the bank being only one and a quarter fathoms deep.

OTHER DETAILS.

THE general plan contemplated a minimum crew of volunteers for its execution, with the simplest form of duty for each member to perform. The anchors were to be slung over the sides and held by simple lashings, ready to be cut with an ax, a man being stationed at each anchor. Only two men were to be kept below, one in the engine-room and one



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER FROM A UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CHART.

MAP OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

in the boiler-room. One man would be at the wheel and one to assist with the torpedoes, making in all a crew of six men.

The signaling was to be by cord pulls. The men were to lie on their faces at their separate stations with the end of a cord wrapped around the wrist, awaiting the pull from the bridge, where all the cords were to converge. A simple pull would mean to "stand by"; then three steady, deliberate

pulls in succession would be the signal for action.

The plan contemplated having a life-boat in tow at the stern, with a long painter, or line, leading forward. After the performance of duty the first man was to pull in the long painter, haul the boat up toward the ship's side, jump overboard, get into the boat, turn it around to head out, and hold it just off from the ship as it swung; then

each man, after completing his duty, was to jump overboard and get into the boat.

The torpedoes were to be fired at the moment when all was secure and the ship had reached her position athwart the channel. They were to be fired from the bridge. After firing them, I was to jump overboard and join the boat, which would then be ready to pull away, the crew having all had time to reach it.

The boat was to be fitted with life-preservers under the bulwarks and thwarts to prevent sinking when riddled. It was to carry seven rifles, and seven belts with one hundred and fifty cartridges in each.

The uniform was to consist of woolen underwear and two pairs of socks, each man having on a life-preserver, and a revolver-belt with a revolver and a box of cartridges, the cartridges being immersed in tallow.

If I should not appear after the explosion, the boat was to pull away in charge of the senior petty officer present. If the boat were interfered with, it should give account of itself while endeavoring to escape. If destroyed, a rendezvous was fixed on the bank under the Morro, just inside the cove, from which an effort would be made, by creeping along the bank and swimming at the steep parts, to make our way around and well to the eastward of the entrance before putting to sea to try to reach the squadron. In all cases the party would endeavor to keep together and act as a unit.

The question of volunteers being referred to, the admiral expressed the belief that there would be no difficulty in getting the men wanted.

ARRIVAL AT SANTIAGO AND RECONNOITERING.

By Tuesday afternoon all the preparations that could be made beforehand were well under way. The three vessels were speeding onward along the north shore of Cuba. It is a fine coast, with mountains rising straight up from the sea. No wind was stirring, and the clouds hung motionless on the mountainsides. The sky was preparing a weird sunset, remarkable even for the tropics, and the water reflected the weirdness.

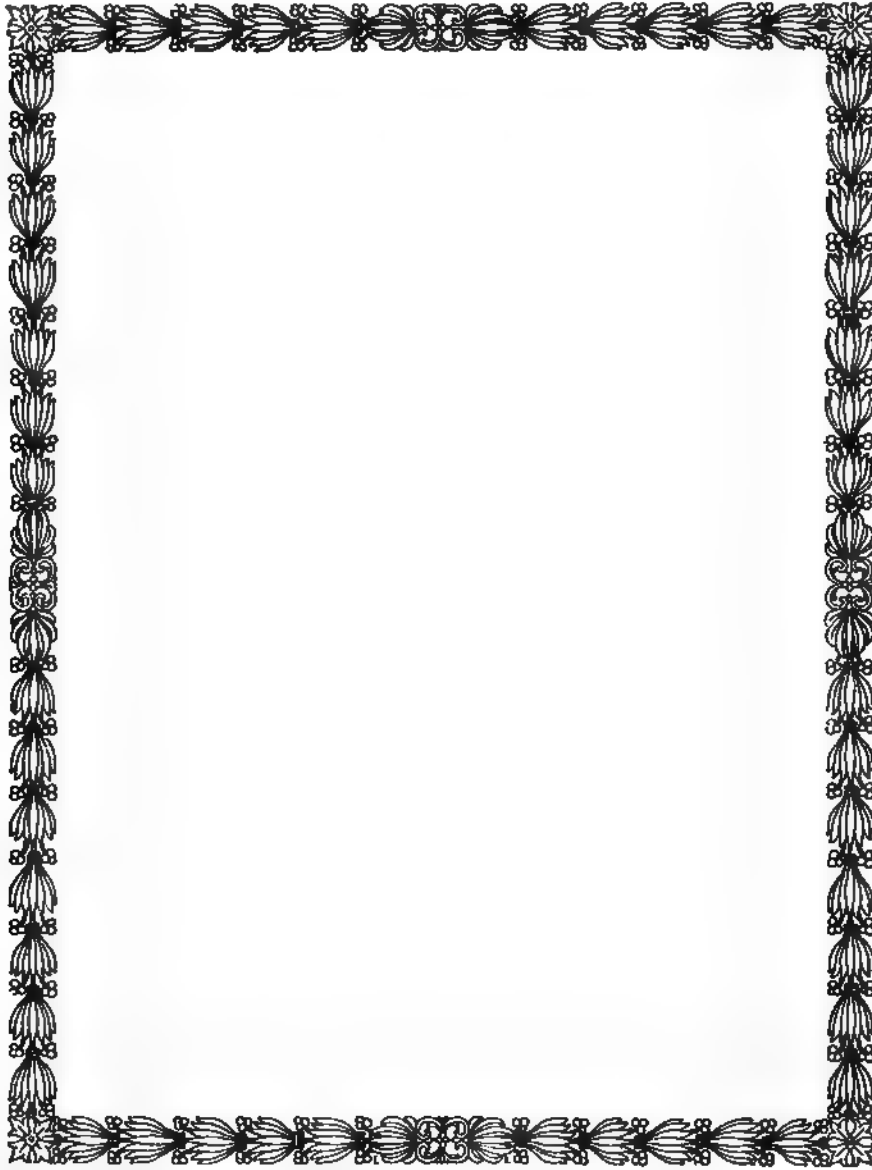
The spirit of mystery over land and sea and air and sky extended to the sounds. Even the regular bugle-call to quarters and evening prayers appeared different. All nature seemed to be preparing tragedy. The enemy was near. The time for action in our sacred cause was close at hand. I lingered on deck. The moon rose bright and clear, approaching

its full. Because of singular coincidences in the past I had come to associate important changes with the filling moon. On the ships sped. Cape Maisi light appeared in the distance and drew aft till it lay abeam. We changed our course to the southward, and standing down the Windward Passage, passed close to the land, and caught whiffs of the tropical vegetation. The moon was near its meridian as the vessels rounded the southeastern end of Cuba. To-morrow we should see the sun rise on Santiago.

All hands were up early, and as we went out on deck we made out the Flying Squadron ahead in the distance. As the *New York* stood down toward the *Brooklyn*, there, off the starboard bow, stood the Morro, frowning down on the narrow entrance; back in the distance rose the mountains beyond the city. From aloft we could see the military tops of the *Vizcaya* and the *Cristobal Colon*, behind the cliffs of Cay Smith and Punta Gorda Neck. As the *New York* passed the bearing in line with the inner channel, a shot came out at long range, apparently from the *Vizcaya*. It fell short, of course, but it spoke challenge and defiance, with perhaps a tinge of irritation.

We passed the *Merrimac*, lying to the eastward, locked with the *Massachusetts* coaling alongside, and stopped near the *Brooklyn*. Commodore Schley and his flag-lieutenant came off, and were met by the admiral and his chief of staff and flag-lieutenant, and all went below to the admiral's cabin. Soon the admiral and the commodore came on deck, and the admiral called me aft. The commodore pointed out the location of batteries as he had brought them out in the bombardment of the previous day. The sea batteries to the eastward and westward of the entrance could be made out, though dimly, but the batteries described by the commodore as lying on the slope of La Socapa, the west bank of the channel, could not be located. The galleries and gun-ports of Morro could be seen, but Estrella Point and the heights of Charrucca and Punta Gorda necks were obscured. I asked for a steam-launch to go in closer to reconnoiter, but my request was declined. After the commodore left, the *New York* stood farther to the westward to get on the bearing, Estrella Point, north, 34° E., the course for entering. The admiral, the chief of staff, the navigator, and I then went up on the forward bridge. There was a division of opinion as to what was really Estrella Point. It was then decided to let me take the steam-launch and go in for reconnoitering. The launch was hoisted out and fired

were lighted. The quartermaster reported the masts and funnel of a small craft behind a neck of land to the westward. The *New* not completed, and work seemed to be going on. All question about Estrella Point disappeared, and I found two good ranges on the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROLKWOOD.

LIEUTENANT RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

York dropped the launch and stood down to investigate the craft, which proved to be one of our auxiliaries.

When steam was up on the launch we headed in, though we were delayed by the feed-pump getting out of order. We soon were able to make out distinctly the batteries to the eastward of Morro, and those to the westward of the entrance. They were

Vol. LVII.—35.

mountains behind to help in running in, and mentally photographed the view, noting specially the high points that would facilitate recognizing the entrance at night. We avoided some objects awash that looked as though they might be range-buoys, but stood for the most part straight up the course for entering.

This course leads nearer the western shore,

and one of the crew reported seeing men in the bushes, and then a rifle-bullet passed overhead. The launch was slowed down, and directions were given to have a full head of steam, with plenty of water in the boiler, in order to be independent of the laboring feed-pump, and the cockswain was ordered to stand by to go about.

One of the crew now reported a signal flying from the *New York*, which had come back; it was the general recall. I had desired to find out something about the batteries on the slopes of La Socapa, and to get some sure mark on the western side to guide in entering at night. It soon became evident, however, that the batteries on the slopes could not be seen without actually entering, while the bushes came down to the water's edge on the west, and no mark for guidance could be found. Only the Morro side would be distinct, and the course to pass would have to be regulated by estimating the distance from the Morro. Fortunately, on this side the water was deep, and would permit of passage close aboard. The launch turned and stood out slowly, and when well away went full speed for the *New York*. It was now nearly noon. The *Merrimac* had drifted farther to the eastward. Signal had been sent to all the vessels calling for an electric machine for firing torpedoes, and the torpedoes were well in hand; but half the day was gone, and no preparations had been made on the *Merrimac*.

INSPECTING THE "MERRIMAC."

THE *New York* stood back at speed, and shortly after noon stopped near by. Boatswain Mullen and I went off in a pulling-boat, and crossed over the *Massachusetts* to the *Merrimac*; coaling was going on at all the hatches. The officers of the *Merrimac* were at luncheon, the captain and other officers forming a single mess. Everybody was completely surprised when I announced the purpose of the admiral to have the *Merrimac* sunk in the channel that night, and I was pelted with questions.

Coaling was to continue; the *Merrimac's* crew were already more or less fatigued, and as they would have their hands full in getting their effects away, could give but little, if any, assistance. I made a rapid inspection: the anchors weighed fourteen thousand pounds; the hold contained about twenty-three hundred tons of coal, which lay heaped up against some of the bulkheads where the torpedoes would be placed. A signal was sent to the *New York* to send over one watch,

or half her deck force, and forty coal-heavers, the deck force to be employed in preparing the anchors, chains, belt- and hogging-lines, the coal-heavers to shovel the coal away from the sides at the points of location of the torpedoes, to prevent interference with their action in blowing in the sides and to prevent the clogging of the ruptures.

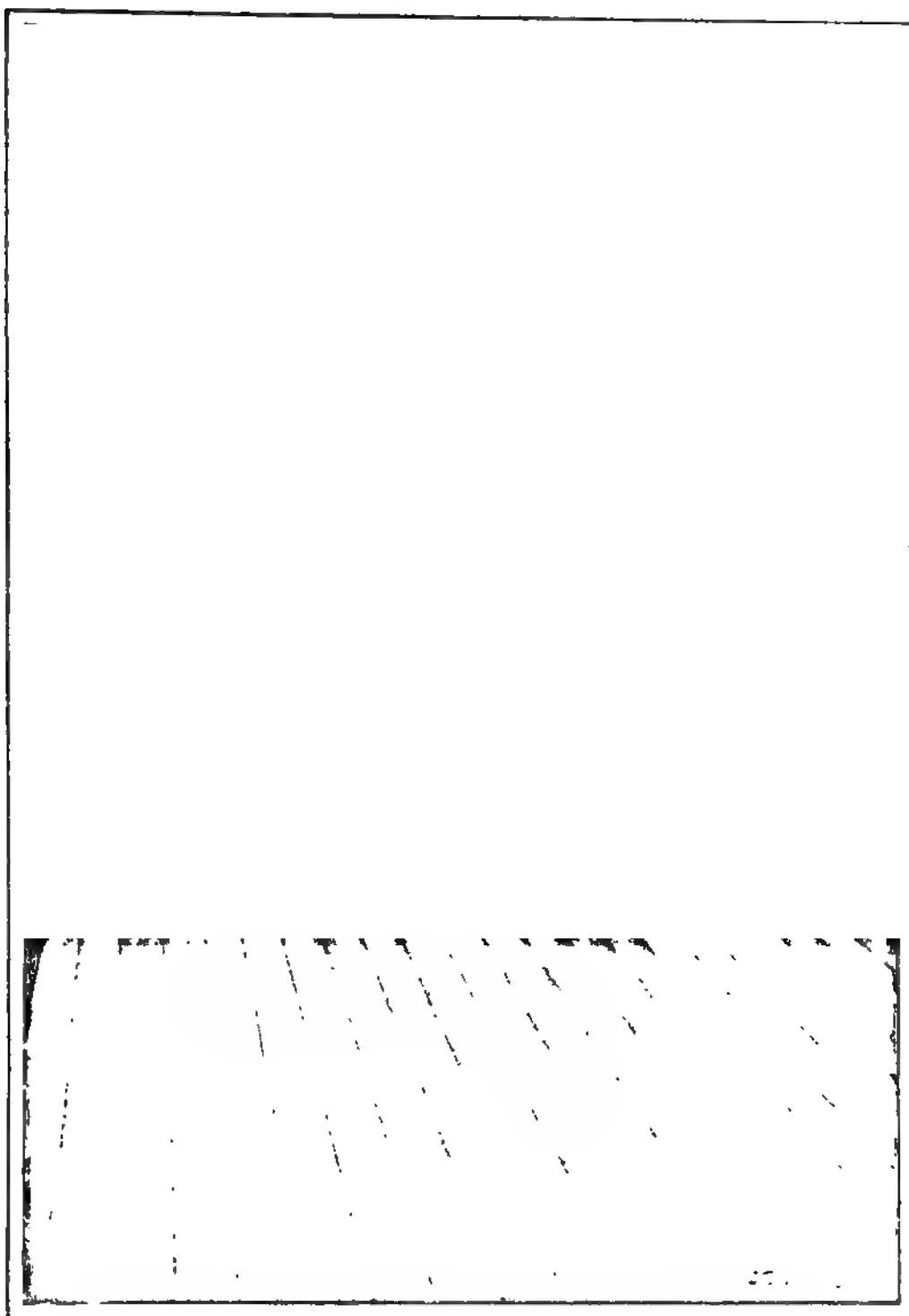
While waiting for the men from the *New York*, the boatswain and I went below and located the bulkheads, taking tape-measure distances to fix their positions accurately on the outside. Assistant Engineer Crank went with me through the boiler- and engine-rooms, and agreed to the use of part of his own force to do the work of preparing the sea connections for flooding and of opening up the cargo ports and all openings throughout. When all the work was done, we were to go through for final inspection.

The preparation of anchors and chains, belt- and hogging-lines, was explained in full to the boatswain. The starboard chain was to be roused up and ranged along the forecastle; the starboard anchor to be got over the bow; the port anchor to be unshackled and transported aft to the starboard quarter, the port chain being similarly transported; the bow anchor to have sixty fathoms clear, and the stern anchor about forty fathoms, the last fifteen fathoms to have the stops for breaking.

We went into the forehold to look for gear, and found plenty in the *Merrimac's* supply. We selected eight-inch new Manila for the long lengths of elastic hawser, and five-inch new Manila for the stops; a large coil of new four-and-a-half inch Manila would answer admirably for the belt-line and eighteen-thread stuff for the hogging-lines. As we expected the stripping of the ship to begin soon, we set this gear aside to prevent its falling into the hands of some boatswain's mate or other provident pillager.

When I returned to the *New York* to see about the question of personnel and the status of torpedoes, the starboard watch from the *New York* had come over under Naval Cadet Boone, and forty coal-heavers were on their way from the *Brooklyn*. Captain Miller had given directions to the officers and crew of the *Merrimac* to prepare for leaving the ship, and was himself leaving to go to see the admiral.

In reply to the signal for an electric machine, a negative answer had come from all ships. There was not one in the squadron. It seemed a coincidence that the vessels that



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

**ADMIRAL SAMPSON, COMMODORE SCHLEY, AND LIEUTENANT HOBSON INSPECTING
THE SANTIAGO ENTRANCE FROM THE DECK OF THE "NEW YORK."**

DRAWN BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE.

THE "MERRIMAC" AS A COLLIER AMONG THE FLEET.

were known to have them were all north of Cuba. Batteries of cells would have to be depended on. The *New York* had only a few spare firing-cells. The fleet was called upon. I requested Lieutenant Roller to take the matter in hand, get together the cells, allowing three or four times the number usually required for the eight-inch primers, arrange the cells for maximum efficiency, test all the cable for insulation, and actually fire trial primers under the conditions of use.

HUNDREDS OF VOLUNTEERS.

WHILE I was on the *Merrimac*, Assistant Engineer Crank had expressed a wish to go in with the ship, and had recommended a machinist and a water-tender, Phillips and Kelly, who had shown themselves competent and reliable, and who wished to go. Captain Miller, who expected to go in, had spoken in high terms of his quartermaster and cockswain, young Deignan. There was advantage in having men for the wheel, the engines, and the boilers from the *Merrimac's* crew, on account of their familiarity with the particular vessel; so I called the three men up, looked at them well, explained the nature of the mission, and asked if they wished to go. All replied affirmatively, so I decided to take them.

The call for volunteers had been made by signal, and names were pouring in by the

hundred. It may be said broadly that the bulk of the fleet was anxious to go. The admiral had thought that perhaps it might be well to have a junior officer, and had asked for volunteers from the junior officers of the *New York*. The junior officers' mess responded en masse. Powell, one of my pupils at the Naval Academy, was on deck when I came on board, and begged me to take him. Eggert, another of my pupils, saw me, and pleaded to go. Men of the *New York's* crew pressed upon me and used all kinds of arguments to persuade me to take them. It was as though a great favor were being asked and every means must be taken to have it granted.

Captain Miller had now returned to the *Merrimac*. When I was about to leave, the admiral sent for me and said that Captain Miller claimed it as his right as commanding officer of the vessel to go in with the *Merrimac*, and that he did not see how his claim could be disregarded. My answer was in effect that I should be happy to serve in any capacity, but that it must be evident to all that Captain Miller could not be anything but a passenger, even if nominally in command, being entirely unfamiliar with the details of the plans, while it was, of course, too late in the day to become properly acquainted with them; that I had carefully reduced the crew to a minimum, and had made the duties the very simplest, and felt it would be unjustifiable, even wrong, to allow a single

man in excess of the requirements, and for this reason had refused the junior officers and all others; that, besides other considerations, we should all certainly be overboard; that my men should be young, athletic, and used to exposure; that probably no one of the age of a commander would be equal to the physical strain; that if there should be a chance to escape we should certainly not abandon the captain, and his presence would probably entail the loss of all; that when the situation was clear to the captain he surely would not insist on going, however great his desire, as he could not really consider it right or his duty to go. The admiral concluded that he would not allow the captain to go.

It was understood with the executive officer of the *New York*, who was handling the list of volunteers, that word would be sent as to the men to be selected.

CHAOS ON THE "MERRIMAC."

I THEN left the *New York*, with the understanding that notice would be sent when all was ready on the *Merrimac*, whereupon the admiral would go on board to inspect.

Matters on the *New York* detained me, and the afternoon had worn well along when I reached the *Merrimac*. The conditions on board can hardly be conceived. Orders had been given to strip the ship, and only a few hours remained in which to do it. Squads from different vessels were everywhere removing articles. The crew of the *Merrimac* were looking to their own effects. The gangways were piled with boxes, cans, and debris of all kinds. A barrel of beer had gotten adrift. To my horror, the port bower-chain had not been unshackled; the boatswain and his gang were still at work



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARNAN.

LIEUTENANT HOBSON RECONNOITERING THE HARBOR ENTRANCE.

DRAWN BY C. M. RILEY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE "TEXAS."

THE "MERRIMAC" COALING THE "TEXAS" AT SEA. THE SAILORS HOISTING IN A SHARK AT THE BOW.

on it, and still it resisted; the starboard anchor and chain were still untouched. The coal-heavers, misunderstanding the instructions given, had been shoveling coal from port to starboard. Men in the stripping squads were everywhere in the way. It was impossible to tell who belonged to the working squads and who did not. Utter confusion existed, and under the circumstances would admit of but slight remedy. Even the gear laid aside for belt- and hogging-lines, stops, and hawsers, had been pillaged. It was evidently to be a desperate fight against time.

TROUBLE WITH ANCHORS AND CHAINS.

THE idea of getting the fourteen-thousand-pound anchor aft had to be abandoned, but there was a heavy stream-anchor already aft and another forward. We slung the one forward from the cargo boom to the deck of the *Massachusetts*, which dropped aft; then we took it up with a cargo boom aft, and proceeded to lash the two stream-anchors together, crown to ring, or tandem fashion, which would give the two combined as great holding-power as the heavier bower-anchor.

When we started rousing up the starboard chain, the anchor windlass worked badly. Soon the port anchor-chain was unshackled, and it was apparent that the heaviest work would come in getting the chain aft; for the fifteen-fathom lengths could not be unshackled, as the shackle-pins could not be driven out; so the heavy chain, the very largest size manufactured, would have to be transported aft in one piece the whole length of the ship.

To save time, we started rousing this chain up without stopping the rousing up of the starboard chain. The windlass utterly rebelled. About thirty fathoms of the latter chain were already up, and it started back by the run into the locker. It was fairly heart-rending to see the chain go charging back, undoing the results of such hard work. More than half had run back before it could be checked. The port chain would have to wait till the starboard chain was completely up. The sun was setting before the heavier work could be begun, when finally the chain started up, and after getting aft as far as the deck-house, would not budge farther. I appealed to all the men from all the gangs. They took hold, some with their

hands, some with the chain-hooks, some with ropes' ends. The chain started up, but soon stopped again. No effort could make it move a second time. Darkness was setting in. The search for lanterns showed that the strippers had preceded us in the lamp-room; only two or three lanterns, and those in bad shape, could be found. The men were nearly exhausted, having been working without relief and without supper. We turned steam on the after-winches, determined to make them haul the chain aft, but no tackles could be found; all had been taken off. We used part of the coil for belt-line, and after breaking it several times finally started the chain, and this measure gave promise of getting the required amount aft in course of time.

FINAL PREPARATIONS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

HOGGING-LINES had been started by means of a weight put over the bow in a span of the line, carrying it below the keel, a man on each side walking aft outside of everything till the desired point was reached. As bad fortune would have it, the lines already put over became entangled, and nearly all had to be hauled in, and the work done over. Moreover, the strippers having got to the gear laid aside, as mentioned above, the stuff for hogging-lines was found to be missing. In fact, the hawsers were just being started over the side, and the coil for the belt-line was on deck, when we caught and saved them. So material for the hogging-lines had

DRAWN BY GEORGE YARMAL.

STRIPPING THE "MERRIMAC."

to be improvised by unreeving tackles from the cargo booms and by searching among the debris. The *Massachusetts*, after transporting the stream-anchor aft, had shoved off, and with her departure the stripping abated. Now only a squad from the *Texas* and the force from the *Brooklyn* remained, besides the men from the *New York*. The *New York* hailed, and said she would send off the port watch to relieve the starboard watch. We had been drifting steadily to the eastward; the *Texas* and the *Brooklyn* were not in sight. The coal-heavers could do no more work in the darkness below, so the two squads were sent to the *New York* with the *New York's* starboard watch when the port watch came off. The steam-launch had brought off the gunner, with the torpedoes, batteries, and wire, and some dynamo-men were sent for to help in running the wires. It was dark, for the moon was obscured, and we had little lantern-light; but the men just arrived were

fresh, and the interfering groups were gone, so we could work with more organization.

Cadet Boone took a squad and started the belt-line, and when the belt-line was around at the height of the rail, where the torpedoes were to be attached, he continued with the same men to get the hogging-lines in place.

Assistant Engineer Crank had been at work with his men below, and now reported the cargo ports opened and the sea connections prepared, all ready for inspection. I went below with him and found things in excellent shape; the nuts were off the bonnet of the main injection, a strut held the bonnet in place, and it required only a blow to knock the strut out and release the bonnet, which was under a head of about fifteen feet of water-pressure. The smaller connections and also the condenser discharge, which went overboard below the water-line, would be readily cut in two by the blow of an ax. All openings, hatches, manhole covers, etc., were opened. At Mr. Crank's suggestion we had already admitted about seven hundred tons of water to the double bottom. Ensign Luby of the *Merrimac*, who had been lending a hand during the day, took charge of the stern anchors. As soon as these should be lashed together and slung over the side, and the chain bent on and ranged clear, the boatswain was to take the most of the men to get the bower-anchor over and put on the stops and hawsers. The gunner and his own men and the dynamo-men were leading the wires to the positions on the rail, ready to connect with the short lengths coming out of the torpedoes. The torpedoes were to be attached the last thing, and secured to belt-line and hogging-lines at the height of the rail, where it was intended they should remain for inspection by the admiral.

I had hoped to report the vessel ready by midnight, but this hope had been early abandoned. Toward ten or eleven o'clock the different tasks were advancing along together, and there seemed to be a fighting chance of being ready before moonset, when the gunner reported an insufficient quantity of wire; a mistake had been made in the quantity first reported and supposed to be at hand. The *New York* had remained near us, and I hailed for her steam-launch and went on board, but no wire was to be found. The vessels of the squadron were out of sight, but a Norwegian steamer, fitted out for cable service, lay at a distance. I ran down to her in the launch. She did not have what we wanted, but had any quantity of an insu-

lated wire that would answer. We took a coil, and came back by the *New York* for items of which a memorandum had been left, such as life-preservers, boat equipment, signal-cord, new axes for cutting the anchor lashings, seizing stuff for securing the torpedoes, an ensign, etc.

THE "MERRIMAC'S" FLAG.

WITH regard to the ensign, I had asked Captain Miller about the ensign of the *Merrimac*. He said that he had already considered the matter, but had found that the strippers had taken off the ensign and the contents of the signal-chest, and even the signal-halyards. In fact, the men had been so keen for relics and souvenirs, that nothing seemed to have escaped. He said that he had, however, an enormous flag, blue field, or background, with "Maine" across it in large letters, which he proposed to have bent on. But I was particularly anxious for a large national flag, and put it down on the list of items for the executive officer to get us on the *New York*. I was a little afraid they would not let us have the flag, so I asked the executive officer not to say anything about it to the captain until we were gone, and told him that I should not hoist it while running in, or while doing so could in any way affect the success of the effort; but that I did wish very much to hoist it after firing the torpedoes, as the vessel sank. The executive officer was not convinced, and his instinct of the risk involved was true; for though the captain let me have the flag without asking any questions, and it was bent on the halyards at the bridge ready for hoisting, it was never hoisted, for after the work was done, and the *Merrimac* was sinking, and a strong impulse set in to have the flag flying, it was clear, lying at the muzzles of the enemy's guns, that any movement to hoist it would betray our position and cost the life of all. Responsibility for the group forbade the attempt.

TRIAL TRIP AND INSPECTION.

BEFORE leaving the *New York* the captain said that we had drifted twelve or fifteen miles to the eastward. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and it was necessary to start to the westward without delay. The admiral had ordered the *Mayflower* and one of the other vessels to place themselves on a range with the course, with the harbor for a starting-point.

The admiral was to come off to inspect

with the boats that came to take off the men to the *New York*. Montague, the only member of the volunteer crew not already on board, came off with me.

While on the *Merrimac*, Mullen, the boatswain, had asked to go. As the letting go of the bow anchor would be especially perilous, with the running out of the chain and the breaking of stops and hawsers, and no one would appreciate the danger better than the boatswain, he was accepted.

About the same time, Charette came to me and said that he had put down his name with the volunteers before leaving the *New York*, and he hoped I would take him, for he had served with me when I was a midshipman on the *Chicago*. I remembered his service well, and good service it was. He had been in the dynamo-room, and was afterward gunner's mate, and was the very man to help with the torpedoes and be at hand for anything that might arise. This left only one more man to choose—the man to cut the lashing of the stern anchor. There would be advantage in having a man who could best handle the men in case Mullen and I did not appear. After consultation with the executive officer of the *New York*, Montague, the chief master-at-arms of that vessel, was selected, and the crew was complete.

It was about midnight when the launch reached the *Merrimac*. After discharging, it was sent back to the *New York*, and preparations were made for getting under way. It had been arranged that we should have a trial spin before going in. Mr. Crank would remain in charge of the engines till the last moment, having a good head of steam and everything in shape. The run to the westward would answer for the trial, and directions were given for a full-speed run, at the highest safe and sure speed. We were under way by half-past twelve, and stood to the westward, making fifty-two revolutions, approaching nine knots. The *New York* stood on also, but was soon left behind. She had the steam-launch in tow, and apparently could not tow it faster without losing it.

The last few hours had seen large progress all along the line. The stern anchor was over the side, and the chain was being bent on and ranged clear. It was so situated that in coming under strain it would tear the bulwarks out, tear up the hatch-coaming, and bring up against the mainmast. With the length of chain extending to the chain-lockers at the bow, large elasticity would be realized. The bower-anchor was over the bow, slung and lashed; breaking-stops were being

put on, eight stops between forty fathoms and sixty fathoms; and the hawser was in place. It was not practicable to take the hawser over the deck-house, as it was only about seventy-five feet long; so another of the same length was added, both to be broken at sixty fathoms, before the rigidity of the anchor fastenings should "bring up"; one of the hawsers carried the stops, which were far enough apart to allow the hawser to spring back and recover its elasticity after each strain. The belt-line was around and at the height of the rail; the hogging-lines were in place. The gunner reported that at the final test on the *New York* the battery could fire only six primers. The six most important positions were selected, and the torpedoes were secured in place while the wiring went on.

A mist had come over the moon. The coast-line was obscure. A heavy black cloud appeared in the southeast, and the horizon was thickening to the south and southwest, and began to threaten the last hours of the moon. Soon the *New York* was out of sight; apparently she was making only five or six knots. Captain Miller was sitting on the bridge; Deignan was at the wheel; the ship replied well to the helm, and the gallant captain told about her steering and manœuvring qualities, and other virtues, still expecting to go in with his ship. He had let me take complete charge, and I had not thought it necessary to tell him of the admiral's final decision.

The light became so dim that the headlands could scarcely be made out with the night-glasses. About two o'clock a craft was sighted ahead, then another, on a southwesterly line of bearing with the first. We concluded that they must be the range vessels; so the helm was put up, and we stood out, to turn upon their line of bearing from seaward, keeping on the range, in readiness for the start after the *New York* should arrive. One of the craft began to show up an intermittent light; was it a private signal? I had not been notified of any signal to expect from a range vessel, and gave no reply, but kept pointed in toward the craft.

It seemed as though the *New York* had lost us. It must have been nearly three o'clock before her boats came alongside and the admiral came on board. It had been decided, with the short time remaining, not to wait for his inspection of the torpedoes, and the hogging-lines had been hauled down; the last ones aft were being hauled down when

he came on board and inspected. He said he thought we were well out, probably five or six miles, so I asked that the torpedo-boat should go and find out what the unknown craft were. When it returned it reported that they were vessels belonging to the press. The one that had showed the light was perhaps simply a little timid, with an idea of being run down.

The admiral carefully inspected the anchor and chain aft and on the forecabin. Everything was in readiness for letting go—blocks under the lashings, with axes at hand. The wiring was complete and responded to the test, the firing ends being on the starboard side of the bridge, ready to make contact. Montague and Charette had led off the signal-cords, and, with the boatswain, had got the life-boat out and put in the arms and equipment. The boatswain considered that the boat in question would tow better alongside than astern, a long line being got out from forward, another from abreast the boat. When the after hogging-lines were hauled home, the *New York's* men were ordered into the boats. Before leaving, Cadet Boone asked earnestly to be allowed to remain, but he had to be refused like the others. The admiral went on the bridge to wait till the men were off, and was the last to leave. On coming on board, the admiral had gone up on the bridge, and as he spoke to Captain Miller, I heard an exclamation of disappointment from the latter.

Though bitterly disappointed, the generous captain came up to say a kind word and wish us success. Assistant Engineer Crank, who was still in the engine-room, was to remain on board till the last stretch, when he was to be taken off by the torpedo-boat that would accompany us to that point.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT—OFF AT LAST.

THE moon had now gone behind a bank rising up from the horizon; it must have been beyond its setting-time before the admiral left. When I had referred to the lack of light and the obscurity of the coast-line, the admiral gave reassurance as to the conditions when we should be closer, based on the principle that the intensity of light varies inversely as the square of the distance. But the absolute necessity of adequate light had been growing on me.

The admiral said good-by with a simple word of kindness. With us who knew him,

such a word from Admiral Sampson would outweigh a volume.

When the launch shoved off with the admiral, its propeller fouled one of our lines, and it must have been half an hour in clearing. It must, indeed, have been after four o'clock when we finally started. Dawn had not tinged the east, but it was certainly near at hand. We started up slowly, then at full speed. The life-boat charged out from the side, ready to capsize. We slowed down and shortened the breast-line. As we started ahead again, it charged back and forth as before. It was evident that the boat could not be towed at full speed. Time was pressing, and it had been questionable from the first if there would be a chance to use the boat. We must approach at full speed for success. So I decided not to slow down again. The boat plunged back and forth, then with a wide sheer capsized and broke adrift, floating away bottom up.

We were now clear. The men, stripped to underclothes, put on revolvers and belts and life-preservers, took their stations, and tied the signal-cords to their wrists. Soon the vessels of the squadron showed up, rather to the eastward; then we caught the outline of the Morro itself. There was only a short distance to stand to the westward to make the course for entering, north, 34° E. A rose tinge appeared in the east; day was breaking. We should find ample light to enter by.

THE RECALL AND POSTPONEMENT.

SUDDENLY a hail came from close aboard on the port side; the torpedo-boat, the *Porter*, came tearing up, and Lieutenant Fremont, her commander, announced that the admiral directed the *Merrimac* to return. It would not do to disobey; but would not the admiral reconsider? I knew that light was necessary in any case, and felt that we could make the entrance. My reply was a request to the lieutenant to return to the flagship and ask the admiral to let us go on, as I felt sure that we could make it. The *Merrimac* did not slacken. It was arranged that, in case the admiral consented, the torpedo-boat should have four red lights turned on the *New York's* signal-hoist. I told Charette to keep a lookout for the red lights, and we stood on. The torpedo-boat reached the flagship and started back at full speed. But no red lights appeared. The admiral was inexorable. We should have to wait another day.

(To be continued.)

*If life's compass be to follow,
 Nine Thousand Years I've been a Guest;
 I've been regaled with the best,
 And feel quite ready?
 'Tis true that I retire to Rest?
 Good-bye! I thank you! — Friends, Good Night.*

April 22, 1784 —

FACSIMILE OF A POEM IN FRANKLIN'S HANDWRITING.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN'S PHYSIQUE, ILLNESSES, AND MEDICAL THEORIES.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,

Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Sterling," etc.

IN his autobiography Franklin relates that his father "had an excellent constitution of body, was of middle stature, but well set, and very strong," qualities all inherited by the son. From the maternal side the boy derived "likewise an excellent constitution"; and he asserts that "I never knew either my father or mother to have any sickness but that of which they dy'd, he at 89, and she at 85 years of age."

This heritage of soundness and strength was a large element in the success Franklin achieved. He himself took pride that in the printing-office where he worked during his first London sojourn, "on occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands." After he set up as a printer for himself, he often worked till far into the night, a diligence which led a Philadelphian to remark that "the industry of that Franklin is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from my club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed." Even after the necessity for severe labor was over, in his "scheme of employment for the 24 hours of a natural day," for sleep he allowed himself only six hours, or those between ten and four.

If his constitutional and muscular vigor enabled him thus to tax his body, it did not save him from the illnesses his parents had escaped. In 1727, so he states, "when

I was just pass'd my twenty-first year, I was taken ill. My distemper was a pleurisy which very nearly carried me off. I suffered a great deal, gave up the point in my own mind and was rather disappointed when I found myself recovering, regretting, in some degree, that I must now, sometime or other, have all that disagreeable work to do over." In 1735 he had a second attack of this complaint, of so serious a character that the left lung suppurated. Prior to these two seizures, too, he thought he had avoided an illness only by "having read somewhere that cold water, drank plentifully, was good for a fever," and when "in the evening I found myself very feverish," "I followed the prescription, sweat plentifully most of the night, and the next morning was well again." This is the more interesting since for many years afterward the usual treatment for fevers involved the entire denial of water to the sufferer.

In another way Franklin differed from his own generation in not dreading water. Not merely did he approve of water internally, but externally as well. Swimming, he maintained, was one of the most healthful and agreeable exercises in the world, and if one did "not know how to swim, . . . a warm bath, by cleansing and purifying the skin, is found very salutary. . . . I speak from my own experience, frequently repeated, and that of others, to whom I have recommended this." In the year 1778, when suf-

fering from a cutaneous trouble, he says, "I took a hot bath twice a week, two hours at a time," with the utmost benefit; and a subsequent neglect, when he "hardly bathed in those three months," served to bring on a second attack. In the last years of his life, when suffering from a complication of maladies, Cutler relates that he "used a warm bath every day," in a "bathing vessel said to be a curiosity. It is copper, in the form of a Slipper. He sits in the Heel, and his legs go under the Vamp; on the Instep he has a place to fix his book, and here he sits and enjoys himself. About the time I left the city of Philadelphia, they chose him President of the Executive Council. His accepting the office is a sure sign of senility. But would it not be a capital subject for an historical painting—the Doctor placed at the head of the Council Board in his bathing slipper?"

As Franklin was in advance of his times in the use of water, so, too, he led the way in preaching the value of fresh air. In a letter to his friend Dr. Dubourg, he said:

I greatly approve the epithet which you give, in your letter of the 8th of June, to the new method of treating the small-pox, which you call the *tonic* or bracing method; I will take occasion from it to mention a practice to which I have accustomed myself. You know the cold bath has long been in vogue here as a tonic; but the shock of the cold water has always appeared to me, generally speaking, as too violent, and I have found it much more agreeable to my constitution to bathe in another element, I mean cold air. With this view I rise almost every morning and sit in my chamber without any clothes whatever, half an hour or an hour, according to the season, either reading or writing. This practice is not in the least painful, but, on the contrary, agreeable; and, if I return to bed afterwards, before I dress myself, as sometimes happens, I make a supplement to my night's rest of one or two hours of the most pleasing sleep that can be imagined. I find no ill consequences whatever resulting from it, and that at least it does not injure my health, if it does not in fact contribute much to its preservation. I shall therefore call it for the future a *bracing* or *tonic* bath.

This theory he is to be found advocating constantly. "Another means of preserving health, to be attended to, is the having a constant supply of fresh air in your bed-chamber," he averred. "It has been a great mistake the sleeping in rooms exactly closed, and in beds surrounded by curtains. No outward air that may come in to you is so unwholesome as the unchanged air, so often breathed, of a close chamber." Elsewhere he wrote: "Physicians, after having for ages

contended that the sick should not be indulged with fresh air, have at length discovered that it may do them good. It is therefore to be hoped that they may in time discover likewise that it is not hurtful to those who are in health, and that we may then be cured of the *aerophobia* that at present distresses weak minds, and makes them choose to be stifled and poisoned, rather than leave open the window of a bed-chamber, or put down the glass of a coach." A most amusing glimpse of his proselytizing is given in John Adams's autobiography. During a journey in 1776,

At Brunswick, but one bed could be procured for Dr. Franklin and me, in a chamber little larger than the bed, without a chimney, and with only one small window. The window was open, and I who was an invalid and afraid of the air of night, shut it close. "Oh," says Franklin, "don't shut the window, we shall be suffocated." I answered I was afraid of the evening air. Dr. Franklin replied, "The air within this chamber will soon be, and indeed is now, worse than that without doors. Come, open the window and come to bed, and I will convince you. I believe you are not acquainted with my theory of colds?" Opening the window, and leaping into bed, I said I had read his letters to Dr. Cooper, in which he had advanced, that nobody ever got cold by going into a cold church or any other cold air, but the theory was so little consistent with my experience, that I thought it a paradox. However, I had so much curiosity to hear his reasons that I would run the risk of a cold. The Doctor then began a harangue upon air and cold, and respiration and perspiration, with which I was so much amused that I soon fell asleep, and left him and his philosophy together, but I believe they were equally sound and insensible within a few minutes after me, for the last words I heard were pronounced as if he was more than half asleep. I remember little of the lecture, except that the human body, by respiration and perspiration, destroys a gallon of air in a minute; that two such persons as were now in that chamber, would consume all the air in it in an hour or two; that by breathing over again the matter thrown off by the lungs and the skin, we should imbibe the real cause of colds, not from abroad, but from within.

Even Franklin, however, could have a surfeit of air, and he described an experience on the frontier which his liking for fresh air brought upon him. "As to our lodging," he related, "it is on deal feather-beds, in warm blankets, and much more comfortable than when we lodged at our inn the first night after we left home; for, the woman being about to put very damp sheets on the bed, we desired her to air them first; half an hour afterwards she told us the bed was

ready, and the sheets *well aired*. I got into bed, but jumped out immediately, finding them as cold as death, and partly frozen. She had *aired* them indeed, but it was out upon the hedge. I was forced to wrap myself up in my great coat and woolen trowsers."

"He that lives carnally, won't live eternally," Poor Richard assured his readers, and he reinforced this with the couplet

Against Diseases here,
the strongest Fence
Is the defensive Virtue,
Abstinence.

Elsewhere he makes his opinion more specific by declaring that "a full belly is the mother of all Evil," and advises that "to lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals," for, "Three good meals a day is bad living." This caution the proverb-maker himself seems to have regarded early in life. "At 16 years of age," he says, "I happened to meet with a book written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconvenience, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my brother, that if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me." Such was Franklin's enthusiasm for the theory that he became not merely a disciple, but a propagandist of Tryon, and in entering Samuel Keimer's employment as a journeyman printer he so worked upon his

employer, who was "a great glutton," that

He agreed to try the practice if I would keep him company. I did so, and we held it for three months. We had our victuals dress'd, and brought to us regularly by a woman in the neighborhood, who had from me a list of forty dishes, to be prepar'd for us at different times, in all which there was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and the whim suited me the better at this time from the

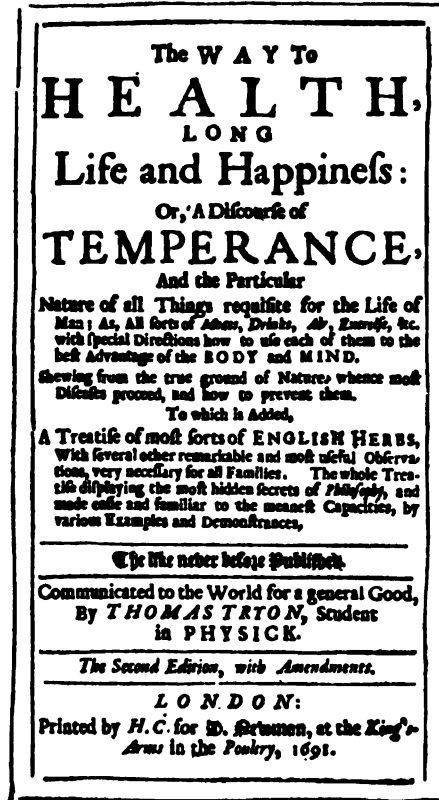
cheapness of it, not costing us above eighteen pence sterling each per week. I have since kept several Lents most strictly, leaving the common diet for that, and that for the common, abruptly, without the least inconvenience, so that I think there is little in the advice of making those changes by easy gradations. I went on pleasantly, but poor Keimer suffered grievously, tired of the project, long'd for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and order'd a roast pig. He invited me and two women friends to dine with him; but, it being brought too soon upon table, he could not resist the temptation, and ate the whole before we came.

Undoubtedly, as all this indicated, economy was quite as strong a motive with Franklin as abstemiousness, for he tells of his taking lodgings in London where "our supper was only half

an anchovy each on a very little strip of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us," because of its greater economy. But though motives of thrift induced him to sup thus frugally, he seems to have had as well a special prejudice against the late suppers that the fashion of early dining then made customary.

Dine with little, sup with less:
Do better still; sleep supperless,

He recommends; for, "Eat few suppers and you'll need few medicines." In the same vein he told a correspondent: "In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery,



FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF THOMAS
TRYON'S BOOK.

The Antediluvians, were all very sober
 For they had no Wine, & they lived no October;
 All wretched, bad Livers, on Minch's ill thinking,
 For there can't be good Living where there is no good Drink.

Derry down

'Twas honest old Noah first planted the Vine,
 And mended his Morals by drinking its Wine;
 And thus safely & justly the drinking of Water decay'd;
 For he knew that all Mankind by drinking it, dy'd.

Derry down —

From this Piece of History plainly we find
 That Water's good neither for Body or Mind;

~~The~~ ^{Billings} ~~virtue~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{Wine} ~~drinking~~ ^{found}
 That Virtue & Safety ^{of} ~~Wine~~ ^{drinking} ~~found~~
 While all that drink Water deserve to be drown'd.

Derry down

For safety & ~~virtue~~ ^{virtue} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~Wine~~ ^{drinking} ~~found~~

A DRINKING-SONG IN FRANKLIN'S HANDWRITING, IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

eat about twice as much as nature requires. Suppers are not bad, if we have not dined; but restless nights naturally follow hearty suppers after full dinners. Indeed, as there is a difference in constitutions, some rest well after these meals; it costs them only a frightful dream and an apoplexy, after which they sleep till doomsday. Nothing is more common in the newspapers than instances of people who, after eating a hearty supper, are found dead abed in the morning." He even carried his theory so far as to approve of a physician "who prescribes abstinence for the cure of consumption. He must

be clever because he thinks as *we* do." "I saw few die of hunger," Poor Richard affirmed; "of eating—100,000."

This moderation, taught by maxim and example, was due to discretion rather than to desire, and though Poor Richard insisted that all should "Eat to live, and not live to eat," his double, as time wore on, failed to live up to his own good advice; and such temperance as he exercised was due to motives of economy rather than to control of appetite. "The poor man," he said, "must walk to get meat for his stomach, the rich man to get a stomach to his meat," and

when opportunity or prosperity enabled him to gratify his appetite, he had occasion often to reprove himself for his want of self-control as a trencherman. His father trained him, he states, so that "little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals on the table, whether it was well or ill dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavor, preferable or inferior to this or that other thing of the kind, so that I was bro't up in such a perfect inattention to those matters as to be quite indifferent to what kind of food was set before me, and so unobservant of it that, to this day, if I

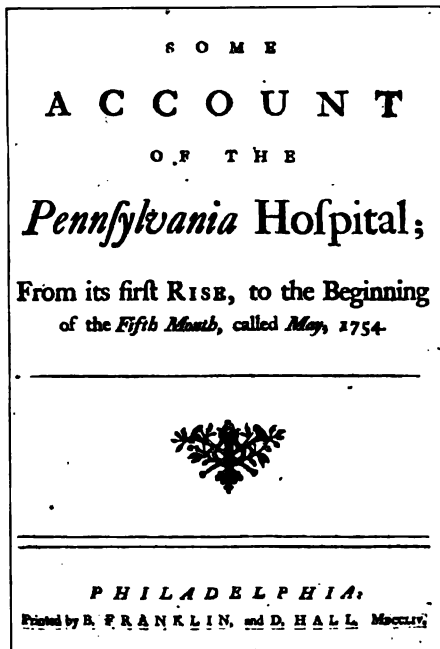
you eat one another, I don't see why we may n't eat you." So I din'd upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do.

This anecdote is not the only evidence that Franklin thoroughly enjoyed the palatable things of life. In a voyage across the Atlantic, in 1726, he states that the pilot "brought on board about a peck of apples with him; that seemed the most delicious I ever tasted in my life; the salt provisions we had been used to gave them a relish." On the frontier, thirty years later, he thanked his wife for a supply of provisions, telling her: "We have enjoyed your roast beef, and this day began on the roast veal. All agree that they are both the best that ever were of the kind. Your citizens, that have their dinners hot and hot, know nothing of good eating. We find it in much greater perfection when the kitchen is four score miles from the dining room. The apples are extremely welcome, and do bravely to eat after our salt pork; the minced pies are not yet come to hand." Again, when in England, he apparently craved certain American dishes, for his wife wrote him: "I have Sente to you two Barrels of apels which I hope will prove good. I cold not get Sume Indea meal and Buckwheat flower. But I shall by the next opertunety." Such shipments were evidently a yearly practice, for a twelvemonth before this Franklin had written to his wife:

The buckwheat and Indian meal are come safe and good. They will be a great refreshment to me this winter; for, since I cannot be in America, everything that comes from thence comforts me a little, as being something like home. The dried peaches are excellent; those dried without their skins. The parcel in their skins are not so good. The apples are the best I ever had, and came with the least damage. The sturgeon you mention did not come; but that is not so material.

Perhaps the frankest indication of Franklin's personal likings is afforded in his acknowledgment that "many people are fond of accounts of old buildings and monuments, but for one, I confess that if I could find in any Italian travels a receipt for making Parmesan cheese, it would give me more satisfaction than a transcript of any inscription from any old stone whatever."

Franklin began life equally temperate in the use of liquor. He set so good an example to



FRANKLIN'S ACCOUNT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL.
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

am asked, I can scarce tell in a few hours after dinner what I dined upon." None the less Franklin had a very positive relish for his food. He tells an amusing story of how he came first to abandon vegetarianism, when on a voyage from Boston, "Being becalm'd off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and haul'd up a good many"; which Franklin deemed "a kind of unprovoked murder."

But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanc'd some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, "If

his beer-drinking fellow-journeymen in London that they christened him the "Water-American," and Poor Richard has many a wise saw and maxim inculcating the evil of winebibbing. Yet here, again, it seems to

I doubt not but *moderate Drinking* has been improved for the Diffusion of Knowledge among the ingenious Part of Mankind, who want the Talent of a ready Utterance, in order to discover the Conceptions of their Minds in an entertaining

FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. FROM A COPPERPLATE, AFTER A DRAWING
BY L. C. DE CARMONTELLE. IN THE COLLECTION OF CLARENCE S. BEMENT, ESQ.

have been more a matter of prudence than of preference.

At the time he adopted vegetarianism, the lad wrote an essay for the "New England Courant" on the "Vice of Drunkenness, the better to reclaim the good fellows who usually pay the Devotions of the evening to Bacchus"; but his disapproval was not extreme, for the sage of sixteen maintained that

VOL. LVII.—37.

and intelligible Manner. "T is true, drinking does not *improve* our Faculties, but it enables us to use them, and therefore I conclude, that much Study and Experience, and a little Liquor are of absolute Necessity for some Tempers, in order to make them accomplish'd Orators.

So, too, he seems never to have been a total abstainer. When only nineteen years of age he discussed a business matter at the

time wore on, the Poor Richard who advised his readers to "Drink water, put the money in your pocket, and leave the dry bellyach in the punch-bowl," apparently recanted, for he printed in his Almanac the following doggerel:

Boy, bring a bowl of china here,
Fill it with water cool and clear;
Decanter with Jamaica ripe,
And spoon of silver, clean and bright,
Sugar twice-fin'd in pieces cut,
Knife, sieve and glass in order put,
Bring forth the fragrant fruit, and then
We're happy till the clock strikes ten.

Franklin speaks of himself, on one occasion, as "put in a good humour by a glass or two of champagne," and presumably it was in another such moment when he composed the drinking-song shown in facsimile on page 287. To a French abbé and intimate he wrote, late in life:

My Christian brother, be kind and benevolent like God, and do not spoil his good work. He made wine to gladden the heart of men; do not, therefore, when at table you see your neighbor pour wine into his glass, be eager to mingle water with it. Why would you drown *truth*? . . . Do not, then, offer water, except to children; 't is a mistaken piece of politeness, and often very inconvenient. I give you this hint as a man of the world; and I will finish as I began, like a good Christian, in making a religious observation of high importance, taken from the Holy Scriptures. I mean that the apostle Paul counselled Timothy very seriously to put wine into his water for the sake of his health; but that not one of the apostles or holy fathers ever recommended putting *water to wine*.

No one, however, knew better than Franklin the results of undue eating and drinking; but, as he made "Madame Gout" say of him-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL
IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S WINE-GLASS.

tavern "over the Madeira," and in time developed a decided predilection for this particular wine; a taste reproved by a feminine friend, who wrote to him, when he was suffering from one of his attacks of the gout:

I own I thought you much indisposed when I saw you in Craven Street, and I allow that I was conceited enough to think I could have prescribed better things than Madeira and Curaçoa; not that I am an enemy to either in a healthy state, or in some diseases, but you appeared to me to have, at the time you took them, too much on your stomach of the nature of sour to take any more without being more injured than benefited, tho' taken with your usual moderation.

To his friend Strahan, Franklin laughingly confessed: "You will say my *advice* 'smells of Madeira.' You are right. This foolish letter is mere chitchat *between ourselves* over the *second bottle*." Elsewhere, in speaking of finding some flies in a bottle of Madeira, which revived after months of imprisonment, he expressed the wish, if it were possible,

To invent a method of embalming drowned persons in such a manner that they may be recalled to life at any period, however distant; for having a very ardent desire to see and observe the state of America a hundred years hence, I should prefer to any ordinary death the being immersed in a cask of Madeira wine with a few friends till that time, to be then recalled to life by the solar warmth of my dear country!

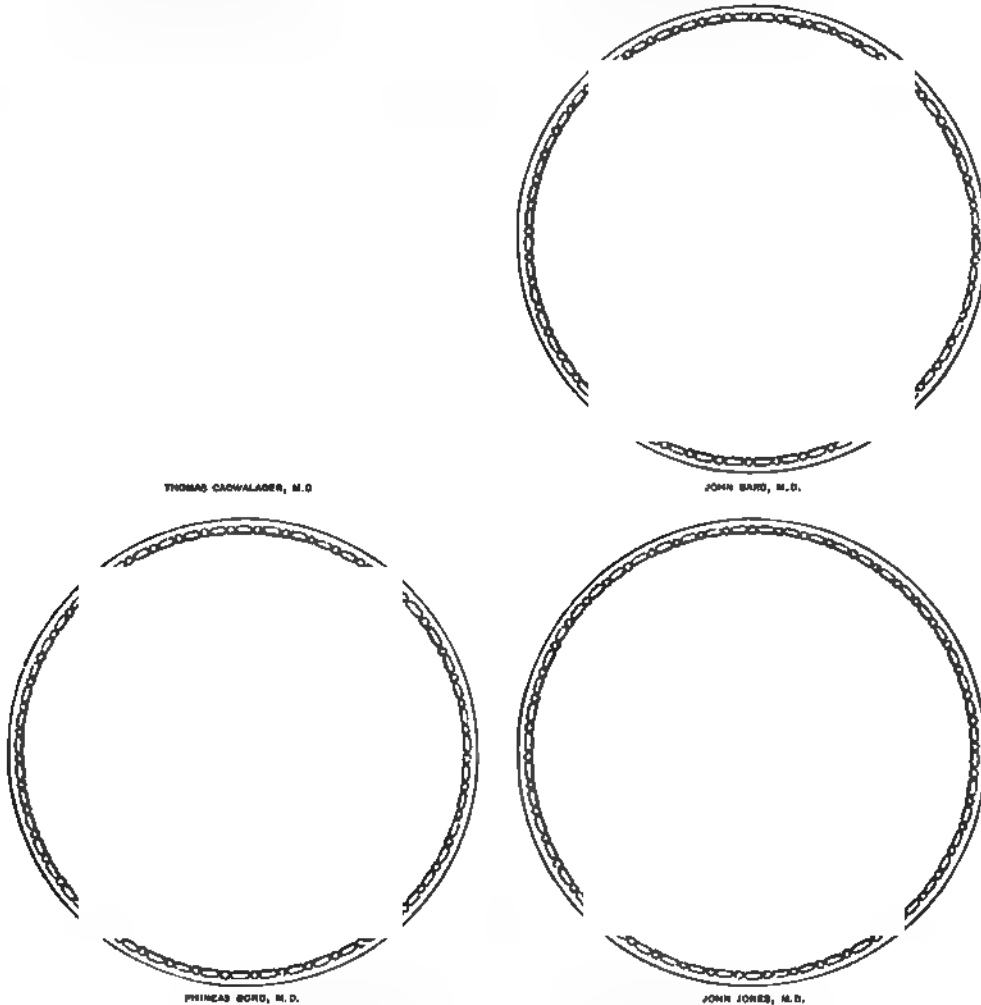
Nor was this particular beverage the only one for which Franklin showed a liking. As

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
FRANKLIN'S LIBRARY CHAIR, SHOWING THE SEAT
TURNED UP TO FORM A LADDER. IN THE POS-
SESSION OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

self, "You philosophers are sages in your maxims and fools in your conduct." Referring to an illness, he said: "But as this speedy recovery is, as I am fully persuaded, owing to the extreme abstemiousness I have observed for some days past at home, I am not without apprehension that, being to dine abroad this day, to-morrow, and next day, I may inadvertently bring it on again." At another time, he took "note of a week's diet

the foregoing of his dinner, and he ends his record with the words, "had a good Night, am better." Another illness he blames to his having eaten "a hearty supper, much cheese, and drank a good deal of champagne." Yet again, he "dined, and drank rather too freely at M. d'Arcy's," with a resulting "little pain in my great toe."

This lessening of his early austerity as to food and drink led in time to a corpulence



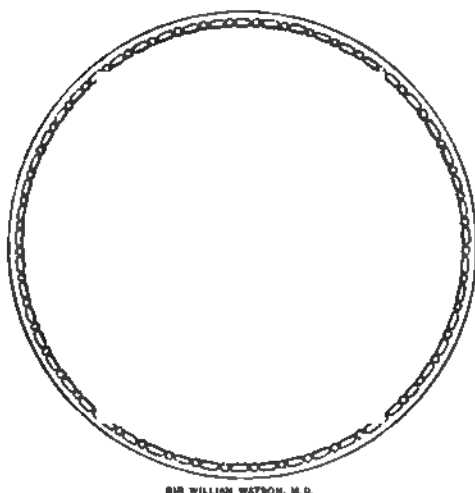
SOME AMERICAN DOCTORS OF FRANKLIN'S TIME. DRAWN BY KENNETH H. MILLER FROM OLD PICTURES.

and health," and he chronicles that after a dinner at "Dolly's"—a famous London chop-house—he "felt symptoms of cold—fullness." Dinner the day following brought on a cold, in which he takes some pride, because he had "predicted it." Still continuing to eat, he the next morning records that he had a "very bad night" and a "little soreness of Throat." This induced him to diet, even to

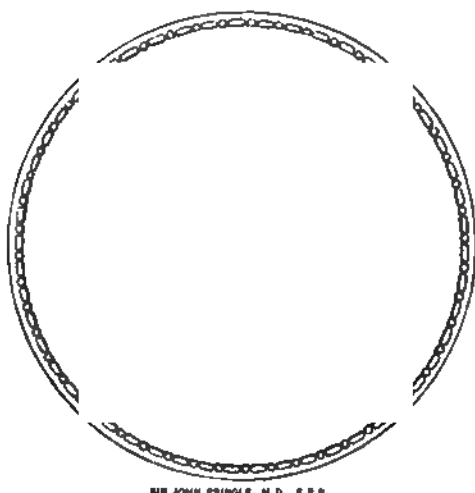
over which Franklin joked not a little. In 1757 he described himself to a friend as "a fat old fellow"; in the "Craven Street Gazette" he styles himself "Dr. Fatsides," refers in the same sheet to "the great person (so called from his enormous size)," and explains a non-attendance at church by the fact that "the great person's broad-built bulk lay so long abed, that . . . it was



JOHN PETHERICK, M.D., F.R.S.



SIR WILLIAM WATSON, M.D.



SIR JOHN PRINGLE, M.D., F.R.S.

SOME BRITISH DOCTORS OF FRANKLIN'S TIME.
DRAWN BY KENNETH H. MILLER FROM OLD PICTURES.

too late to dress." His increase of flesh, as he here suggested, brought with it a physical indolence. As early as 1749 Franklin confesses to "a little natural indolence," and in speaking of a business matter which called for a journey, he wrote, "I am grown almost too lazy to undertake it." Fifteen years later, apropos of an intended visit, he told a friend: "I love ease more than ever, and by daily using your horses I can be of service to you and them by preventing their growing too fat and becoming restive."

He was not his only accuser in this respect. John Adams, in 1778, said of him: "[Franklin] loves his Ease, hates to offend, and seldom gives any opinion till obliged to do it. . . . But if he is left here alone even with such a Secretary, and all maritime and Commercial as well as political affairs and money matters are left in his Hands, I am persuaded that France and America will both have reason to repent it. He is not only so indolent that Business will be neglected, but you know that although he has as determined a soul as any man, yet it is his constant Policy never to say 'yes' or 'no' decidedly but when he cannot avoid it." In this opinion, apparently, Franklin joined, for he told a friend: "I find the various employments of merchant, banker, Judge of Admiralty, consul, etc. etc., besides my ministerial functions, too multifarious and too heavy for my old shoulders, and have therefor requested Congress that I may be relieved; for in this point I agree even with my enemies, that another may easily be found who can better execute them." With this physical inactivity, Franklin himself believed he had become intellectually idle.

For my own part [he says], everything of difficult discussion, and that requires close attention of mind and an application of long continuance, grows rather irksome to me, and where there is not some absolute necessity for it, as in the settlement of accounts, or the like, I am apt to indulge the indolence usually attending age, in postponing such business from time to time; though continually resolving to do it.

At first Franklin combated his tendency to physical ease by forcing himself to take exercise. "Dr. Fatsides made 469 turns in his dining-room," he chronicled in the "Craven Street Gazette," and that this was habitual is implied by an entry in John Adams's diary, where it is recorded that "Dr. Franklin, upon my saying the other day that I fancied he did not exercise so much as he was wont, answered, 'Yes, I walk

a league every day in my chamber; I walk quick, and for an hour, so that I go a league; I make a point of religion of it." Even so late as 1771, his sister, in writing to Mrs. Franklin, said: "We shall Nither of us now Atain to what my Brother writs me of Himself that He has Lately walkd ten miles without Resting, & is in fine Helth which I am shure you & I Joyn in Blessing God for." About the same date, too, Franklin wrote his son concerning the dumb-bell: "By the use of it I have in forty swings quickened my pulse from sixty to one hundred beats in a minute,

gout, and that a light one, since I left you. It was just after my arrival here, so that this is the fourth winter I have been free." A year later he reiterated this, saying: "I am now and have been all this winter in very good health, thanks to God. I only once felt a little admonition, as if a fit of the gout would attack me, but it did not." In 1770 he did not fare so well. "As to myself," he said, "I had, from Christmas till Easter, a disagreeable giddiness hanging about me, which, however, did not hinder me from being about and doing business. In the Easter



FROM A PRINT IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL. FROM AN OLD COPPERPLATE.

counted by a second-watch, and I suppose the warmth generally increases with the quickness of pulse."

If Franklin did not live according to Poor Richard's maxims, he at least illustrated some of them. "Be temperate in wine, in eating, girls, and sloth, or the gout will seize you and plague you both," his Almanac for 1734 warned its patrons. As early as 1749 the disease was upon him, but in a mild form, and he was quickly able to tell his mother that "my leg, which you inquire after, is now quite well." From this time, during the next twenty years, he had "once in two or three years a slight fit of the gout, which generally terminated in a week or ten days." These attacks, like his first, were not serious, and in 1768 he wrote his wife: "I have had but one touch of the

holidays, being at a friend's house in the country, I was taken with a sore throat, and came home half strangled. From Monday till Friday I could swallow nothing but barley water, and the like. On Friday came on a fit of the gout, from which I had been free five years. Immediately the inflammation and swelling in my throat disappeared; my foot swelled greatly, and I was confined about three weeks; since which I am perfectly well, the giddiness and every other disagreeable symptom having quite left me." Again, in 1772, he explained his lack of news, because, "being gouty of late, [I] seldom go into the city." Evidently the ailment was still of a mild form, for he told Mrs. Franklin: "I thank you for your advice about putting back a fit of the gout. I shall never attempt such a thing. Indeed I have not much

FROM AN OLD FRENCH PRINT, AFTER A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIS DAUGHTER.
JACQUES-ÉTIENNE MONTGOLFIER.

occasion to complain of the gout, having had but two slight fits since I came last to England."

Upon his return to America, in 1775, Franklin noted that "I immediately entered the Congress, where, and with the Committee of Safety, I sat a great part of that year and the next, ten or twelve hours a day, without exercise." This served to bring on another attack, which is of special interest because of its relation to a bigger event. As is well known, Franklin was appointed one of the committee to prepare a Declaration of Independence on June 10, yet eleven days later he wrote: "I am recovering from a severe fit of gout, so that I know little of what has passed there [in Congress], except that a Declaration of Independence is preparing." Sent to Canada a little later in this same year, the travel and exposure so told upon him that he sat "down to write to a few friends by way of farewell," for "I begin to apprehend that I have undertaken a fatigue that at my time of life may prove too much for me." "I find I grow daily more feeble. . . . Some symptoms of the gout now appear, which makes me think my indisposition has been a smothered fit of that disorder, which my constitution wanted strength to form completely."

Late in 1776 Franklin sailed for Europe as commissioner to the court of France, and scarcely had he entered upon his duties when

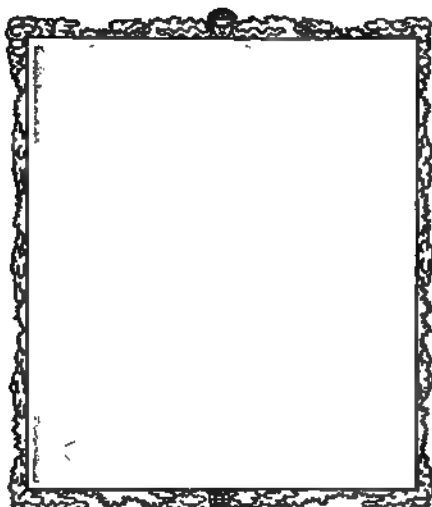
his chronic malady came upon him. One of his fellow-commissioners was forced to apologize to the French Foreign Office because "the Treaty with the Farmers General has been retarded, on account of Dr. Franklin's illness," and Franklin cautioned a correspondent: "Don't be proud of this long letter. A fit of the gout, which has confined me five days and made me refuse to receive company, has given me a little time to trifle." In 1779 another seizure further interfered with his diplomatic duties. "A severe fit of the gout, with too much business at the same time necessary to be done," he gives as his difficulties, but says elsewhere: "I don't complain much, even of the gout, which has harassed me," because "they say that is not so much a disease as a remedy"; and he jokingly ends, "there seems, however, some incongruity in a plenipotentiary who can neither *stand* nor *go*."

From this time Franklin's gout seriously interfered with his ministerial duties. In going to court in 1780, he records in his diary that he was "Much fatigued by the going twice up and down the palace stairs, from the tenderness of my feet and weakness of my knees; therefore did not go the rounds"; and a year later he noted: "Went to Court and performed the round of levees, though with much pain and difficulty through the tenderness and feebleness of my feet and knees."

Another twelve months forced him to apologize for not having paid

AFTER AN OLD ENGRAVING BY F. BONNEVILLE.
COUNT ALESSANDRO DI CAGLIOSTRO.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY F. BONNEVILLE.
JOSEPH-IGNACE GUILLOTIN.



FROM AN OLD FRENCH PRINT.

FRIEDRICH ANTON MESMER.

"my devoirs at Versailles," because, "since my last severe fit of the gout, my legs have continued so weak that I am hardly able to keep pace with the ministers, who walk fast, especially in going up and down stairs." From that time he was always represented at court by his grandson.

Franklin's treatment of his gout was decidedly original.

I forgot to acquaint you [he told his friend Dr. Small] that I had treated it (my gout) a little cavalierly in its last two accesses. Finding one night that my foot gave me more pain after it was covered warm in bed, I put it out of bed naked; and, perceiving it easier, I let it remain longer than I at first designed, and at length fell asleep, leaving it there till morning. The pain did not return, and I grew well. Next winter, having a second attack, I repeated the experiment; not with such immediate success in dismissing the gout, but constantly with the effect of rendering it less painful, so that it permitted me to sleep every night. I should mention that it was my son who gave me the first intimation of this practice. He being in the old opinion, that the gout was to be drawn out by transpiration; and having heard me say, that perspiration was carried on more copiously when the body was naked than when clothed, he put his foot out of bed to increase that discharge, and found ease by it, which he thought a confirmation of the doctrine. But this method requires to be confirmed by more experiments, before one can conscientiously recommend it.

He even turned his torture to his own improvement and to the amusement of his friends. "You know," he wrote one, "that Mme. le Goutte has given me good advice often," and his "Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout" is one of his most delight-

ful pieces of persiflage, of which, unfortunately, owing to its length, only the beginning and the end can be quoted.

Midnight, 22 October, 1780.

FRANKLIN. Eh! oh! eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

GOUT. Many things; you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

FRANKLIN. Who is it that accuses me?

GOUT. It is I, even I, the Gout.

FRANKLIN. What! my enemy in person?

GOUT. No, not your enemy.

FRANKLIN. I repeat it, my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world, that knows me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

GOUT. The world may think as it pleases: it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man, who takes a reasonable degree of exercise, would be too much for another, who never takes any. . . .

FRANKLIN. Ah! how tiresome you are!

GOUT. Well, then, to my office; it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There.

FRANKLIN. Ohhh! what a devil of a physician!

GOUT. How ungrateful you are to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy, and apoplexy? One or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.

RAPPORT DES COMMISSAIRES

CHARGÉS PAR LE ROI

DE L'EXAMEN

DU

MAGNÉTISME ANIMAL.

Imprimé par ordre du Roi.

A PARIS,
DE L'IMPRIMERIE ROYALE.

M. DCCLXXXIV.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION
ON MESMERISM. FROM FRANKLIN'S OWN COPY IN
THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

DRAWN BY S. WEST CLIMESDALE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE ABBÉ RAYNAL'S THEORY
OF THE DEGENERACY OF AMERICANS.

FRANKLIN. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for, in my mind, one had better die than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint, that I have also not been unfriendly to you. I never feed physician or quack of any kind, to enter the list against you; if then you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful too.

GOUT. I can scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill you indeed, but cannot injure me. And, as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy?—but to our business,—there.

FRANKLIN. Oh! oh!—for Heaven's sake leave me! and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily, and live temperately.

GOUT. I know you too well. You promise fair; but, after a few months of good health, you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your *real friend*.

If the gout was Franklin's chronic disorder, it by no means saved him from other maladies of the flesh. In 1755 he wrote a relative: "I have been ill these eight days, confined to my room and bed most of the time, but am now getting better." Soon after his arrival in England, in 1757, he was seized with an intermittent fever, "got from making experiments over stagnant waters," which "continued to harass me by frequent relapses." No sooner was he well from this than "I had a violent cold and something of a fever," and

It was not long before I had another severe cold, which continued longer than the first, attended by great pain in my head, the top of which was very hot, and when the pain went off, very sore and tender. These fits of pain continued sometimes longer than at others; seldom less than twelve hours, and once thirty-six hours. I was now and then a little delirious; they cupped me on the back of the head, which seemed to ease me for the present; I took a great deal of bark, both in substance and infusion, and too soon thinking myself well, I ventured out twice, to do a little business and forward the service I am engaged in, and both times got fresh cold and fell down again. My good doctor [Fothergill] grew very angry with me for acting contrary to his cautions and directions, and obliged me to promise more observance for the future. . . . I took so much bark in various ways, that I began to abhor it; I durst not take a vomit, for fear of my head; but at last

I was seized one morning with a vomiting and purging, the latter of which continued the greater part of the day, and I believe was a kind of crisis to the distemper, carrying it clear off; for ever since I feel quite lightsome, and am gathering strength; so I hope my seasoning is over, and that I shall enjoy better health during the rest of my stay in England.

Clearly Franklin had forgotten Poor Richard's admonition to "Be not sick too late, nor well too soon."

As early as 1755 his eyesight was more or less affected, and four years later he was wearing glasses, for he "could not find" a woman friend "at the Oratorio in the Foundling Hospital, . . . though I looked with all the eyes I had, not excepting even those I carried in my pocket." In 1776 he complains that "my eyes will now hardly serve me to write by night," and from this time on he was compelled to use the double spectacles which he invented for his own benefit, the upper half of the lens being curved for distant vision, and the lower half for reading.

With his waxing flesh came a certain clumsiness of body, which resulted, in 1763, while on a journey, in a bad fall, from which he had barely recovered when he repeated the accident and "put my shoulder out. It is well reduced again, but is still affected with constant, though not very acute pain. I am not yet able to travel rough roads, and must lie by awhile as I can neither hold reins nor whip with my right hand till it grows stronger." If travel was responsible for this first mishap, it served Franklin in better part upon other occasions. "I wrote you that I had been very ill lately, I am now nearly well again, but feeble," he chronicled in 1766. "To-morrow I set out with my friend, Dr. Pringle (now Sir John), on a journey to Pyrmont, where he goes to drink the waters; but I hope more for the air and the exercise, having been used, as you know, to have a journey once a year, the want of which last year has, I believe, hurt me, so that, though I was not quite to say sick, I was often ailing last Winter, and throughout the Spring." In this hope he was not disappointed, for upon his return he informed a correspondent: "I have only time to assure you that I have been extremely hearty and well ever since my Return from France, the Complaints I had before I went on that Tour, being entirely dissipated; and fresh Strength and Activity, the Effects of Exercise and Change of Air, have taken their place." The beneficial results, however, were

by no means lasting, for very quickly he was "meditating a journey somewhere, perhaps to Bath or Bristol, as I begin to find a little giddiness in my head, a token that I want the exercise I have yearly been accustomed to." "I was," he records at this time, "sometimes vexed with an itching on the back, which I observed particularly after eating freely of beef. And sometimes after long confinement at writing, with little exercise, I have felt sudden pungent pains in the flesh of different parts of the body, which I was told was scorbutic. A journey used to free me of them." "My constitution," he observed, "and too great confinement to business during the Winter seemed to require the air and exercise of a long journey once a year. Which I have now practiced for more than twenty years past."

During a trip in Ireland in 1773, Franklin, "after a plentiful dinner of fish the first day of my arrival," was taken sick, and though not invalidated, he did not altogether recover for four or five weeks. "On my return I first observed a kind of scab or scurf on my head about the bigness of a shilling. Finding it did not heal, but rather increased, I mentioned it to my friend, Sir J. P., who advised a mercurial water to wash it, and some physic. It slowly left that place, but appeared in other parts of my head. He also advised my abstaining from salt meats and cheese, which advice I did not much follow, often forgetting it"—a forgetfulness of Poor Richard as well, for the Almanac-maker had counseled: "Cheese and salt meat should be sparingly eat." This skin-disease was increased in his voyage to America in 1775, during which he "necessarily ate more salt meat than usual." The diet and his sedentary life in Congress brought on "frequent giddiness," he suffered much from a number of large boils, and "apprehended dropsy." In his passage to France in 1776,

I lived chiefly on salt beef, the fowls being too hard for my teeth. But, being poorly nourished, I was very weak at my arrival; boils continued to vex me, and the scurf extending over all the small of my back, on my sides, my legs, and my arms, besides what continued under my hair, I applied to a physician, who ordered me Mr. Bellosto's pills and an infusion of a root called —. I took the infusion awhile, but it being disagreeable, and finding no effect, I omitted it. I continued to take the pills, but finding my teeth loosening, and that I

Aug. 5, 1787.

Monsieur

J'ai eu l'honneur de vous écrire le 10 Juin dernier pour vous présenter et vous recommander M. M. Lique et sa femme, porteurs de ma lettre. Les Messieurs ont probablement l'avantage d'être dans votre ville à présent, et c'est à même d'approuver vos bontés. Je permettrai moi, Monsieur, d'interrompre encore vos grandes occupations pour vous remercier mes recommandations, et de vous prier de leur accorder vos conseils et votre précieuse protection. Surtout, chers Messieurs, guidez leur inexpérience, et leur procurez un bon poste pour qu'ils ne soient pas perdus; c'est le plus grand service que vous puissiez leur rendre, et sans lequel ils ne pourraient pas venir à bout de leur projet qui les mène en Amérique.

Toutes les informations prises ici tendent à engager

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM JOSEPH-

had lost three, I desisted the use of them. I found that bathing stopped the progress of the disorder. I therefore took the hot bath twice a week, two hours at a time, till this last summer. It always made me feel comfortable as I rubbed off the softened scurf in the warm water; and I otherwise enjoyed exceeding good health. I stated my case to Dr. Ingenhousz, and desired him to show it to Sir J. P., and obtain his advice. They sent me from London some medicine, but, Dr. Ingenhousz proposing to come over soon, and the affair not pressing, I resolved to omit taking the medicine till his arrival. In July, (1778) the disorder began to

diminish at first slowly, but afterwards rapidly; and by the beginning of October it had quitted entirely my legs, feet, thighs, and arms, and my belly; a very little was left on my sides, more on the small of my back, but the whole daily diminishing.

The disobedience to the orders and advice of his various doctors, already recorded, make Franklin's views on the profession worth glancing at; and possibly his reason for the

a poor fool that killed himself with quacking, 'I was well, I would be better, I took Physick and died,' and that this really represented his opinion of most drugs is shown in another instance. Jefferson relates an incident which occurred during a discussion in the Continental Congress over a partial suspension of the non-importation association. I was sitting by Dr. Franklin and observed to him that I thought we should except books; that

we ought not to exclude science, even coming from an enemy. He thought so too, and I proposed the exception, which was agreed to. Soon after it occurred that medicine should be excepted, and I suggested that also to the Doctor. "As to that," said he, "I will tell you a story. When I was in London, in such a year, there was a weekly club of physicians, of which Sir John Pringle was President, and I was invited by my friend Dr. Fothergill to attend when convenient. Their rule was to propose a thesis one week and discuss it the next. I happened there when the question to be considered was whether physicians had, on the whole, done most good or harm? The young members, particularly, having discussed it very learnedly and eloquently till the subject was exhausted, one of them observed to Sir John Pringle, that although it was not usual for the President to take part in a debate, yet they were desirous to know his opinion on the question. He said they must first tell him whether, under the appellation of physicians, they meant to include *old women*, if they did he thought they had done more

*Des hommes qui veulent s'établir en Amérique, à chape de
professeur le grand état qui s'offre entre le chape de
le vice Supérieur de l'École, au Day de l'École
Sébastien au lieu de l'École. M. De Jefferson m'a dit
qu'il y avait là des hommes à considérer, et qu'il y en avait
dans le Kentucky. mes voyageurs vont visiter ces hommes, et
et là il se décide par ses conseils et par ceux des
personnes aux quelles vous les avez adressés.
J'espère que vous voudrez bien agréer qu'il s'agit
de la profession que j'ai prise l'habitude de vous demander
et de vous adresser mes di'gées, et de vous prie de
faire passer à mes voyageurs, et j'ignore absolument
J'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter une continuation de
bonne santé, et d'être avec un profond respect
Monsieur
Vostre humble
Général de l'École
Guillot*

Paris 5 août 1783

IGNACE GUILLOTIN TO FRANKLIN.

neglect is to be found in his declaration that "There are more old drunkards, than old doctors." "He's the best physician that knows the worthlessness of the most medicines," asserted Poor Richard, for "Many Dishes, many diseases; many medicines, few cures," and even these "few cures" the Almanac-maker was apparently not willing to give to the profession, for he claims that "God heals and the doctor takes the fee." In one of Franklin's squibs he quotes with evident approval the "Italian Epitaph upon

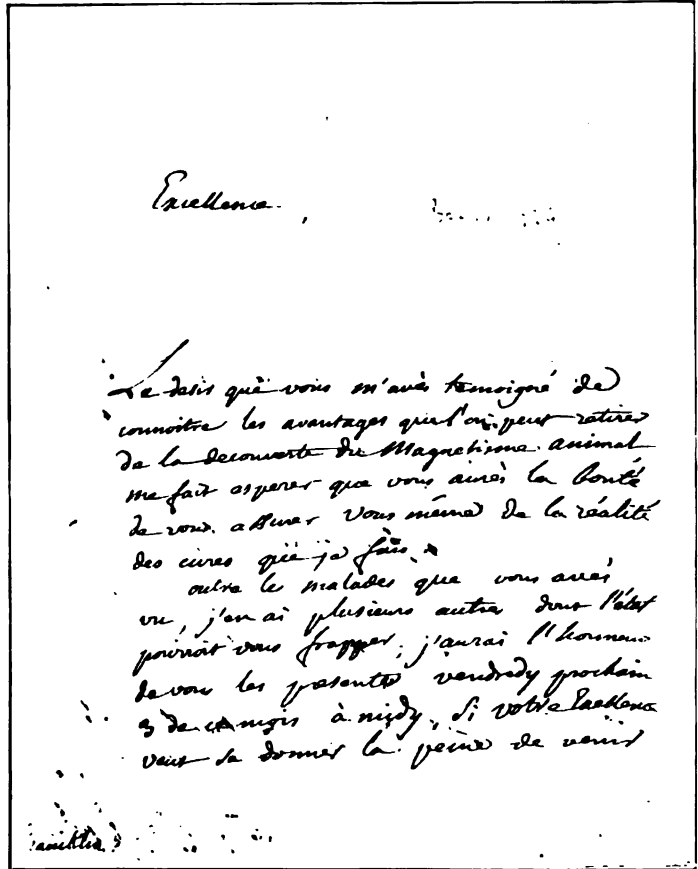
good than harm, otherwise more harm than good."

Yet during all his life Franklin's closest friends were, for the most part, medical men. In Philadelphia, Thomas Bond, Phineas Bond, John Bard, Thomas Cadwalader, and John Jones; in London, Sir John Pringle, Sir William Watson, John Fothergill, William Hewson, and Edward Bancroft; and on the Continent, Barbeu Dubourg, Ingenhousz, and Guillotin were among his greatest intimates and co-workers. Upon one occasion, in writing

to his "Honoured father and mother," he told them: "I apprehend I am too busy in prescribing and meddling in the doctor's sphere, when any of you complain of ails in your letters. But as I always employ a physician myself when any disorder arises in my family, and submit implicitly to his orders in every thing, so I hope you consider my advice, when I give any, only as a mark of my good-will, and put no more of it in practice than happens to agree with what your doctor directs." He refers also, as an object-lesson, to Lord Chatham, of whom "it is said that his constitution is totally destroyed and gone, partly through the violence of the disease, and partly by his own continual quacking with it." During the last year of his life, too, he drew up a "Plan for a Medical School."

In another way, too, Franklin proved that his girds at physicians and medicine did not wholly represent his real opinion. "In 1751," his autobiography states, "Dr. Thomas Bond, a particular friend of mine, conceived the idea of establishing a hospital in Philadelphia, . . . but the proposal, being a novelty in America, and at first not well understood, he met with but small success. At length he came to me, with the compliment, that he found there was no such thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concerned in it. . . . I enquired into the nature and probable utility of his scheme, and receiving from him a very satisfactory explanation, I not only subscribed to it myself, but engaged heartily in the design of procuring subscriptions from others. Previously, however, to the solicitation, I endeavoured to prepare the minds of the people by writing on the subject in the newspapers, which was my usual custom in such cases, but which he had omitted." Not content with these newspaper articles, Franklin later drew up, and published in pamphlet form,

"Some Account of the Pennsylvania Hospital," from which it is learned that his subscription was twenty-five pounds, and that for a number of years he was one of the board of governors. He also succeeded in obtaining a grant of funds from the Assembly, by a shrewd bit of management, and long after he declared: "I do not remember any of my political manoeuvres, the success of which gave me, at the time, more plea-



LETTER FROM FRIEDRICH ANTON MESMER TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

sure, or wherein, after thinking of it, I more easily excused myself for having made use of cunning."

Nothing, perhaps, better showed his attitude toward all quacks than a service he rendered in 1784. Mesmer, after being discredited in Vienna, chiefly at the hands of Franklin's friend Ingenhousz, came to Paris in 1778, and began the practice of his pretended cure-all; but with very slight success, Franklin himself then happening to be the moment's fashion. In time, however, his séances became, in the words of one writer, the

affaire du bon ton, while another declared that "all the world wished to be magnetized." Such was the craze that a mere deputy of Mesmer is said to have cleared one hundred thousand pounds within six months, and the frenzy became so serious that the government finally interfered. A commission was appointed, made up of four leading physicians of the Faculty of Paris, to which five members of the Royal Academy were added,

pricked, and Mesmer disappeared, to die long after, "quite forgotten."

Another charlatan with whom Franklin came in contact about this time was the pretended Count Cagliostro, who later was to win a notoriety as great as Mesmer's, in connection with the diamond-necklace affair, but who, at this time, was still an obscure doctor. He was recommended to Franklin by his friend Brillou during an illness, but whether he ever treated him with his "secret remedy" for the gravel is not known.

The tendency to form gravel, or stone, for which Franklin needed medical aid, was probably inherited, for his father, Josiah, had died of the trouble, and his brother John had been a long sufferer from it. With Franklin it seems to have first developed in 1783, when his grandson Temple notified Vergennes that "My grandfather's 'gravel' has now turned into the gout which prevents his appearing at Court to-day as he intended"; and Franklin apologized to the minister because, "being now disabled by the stone, which in the easiest carriage gives me pain,

*les vus, et comme vous l'avez éloigné
de chez vous, j'y serais doublement
honore, si vous daigniez, accepter
le diner.*

J'ai suis avec les plus profonds regrets

De votre Excellence,

Paris le mercredi 1^{er} X^{bre} 1779

*Le très humble et très
obéissant serviteur*

Mesmer

*Docteur en médecine de la faculté de
Paris, habite le fils au parais
maison de M. de la Roche*

ORIGINAL IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

of whom Franklin was named first, and such well-known men and scientists as Le Roy, De Bory, Guillotin, and Lavoisier associated with him. After investigation they made a report which, in Jefferson's words, gave the "compound of fraud and folly" its "death-wound." Mesmer's thesis that in mankind there was "but one nature, one distemper, and one remedy," received humorous, though destructive, treatment at the hands of these scientists. The commission, recognizing the "action of the imagination upon the animal frame," and the consequent "nervous influence over disease," were able to repeat all Mesmer's alleged cures, not by his methods, but by simply making his patients believe that they were employing his methods. More destructive still, they pointed out that there was nothing new in the alleged science, all Mesmer's experiments and processes having been practised fully a century before he claimed their discovery. The bubble was

... I find I can no longer pay my devoirs personally at Versailles, which I hope will be excused." A little later he wrote to John Jay:

It is true, as you have heard, that I have the stone, but not that I had thoughts of being cut for it. It is as yet very tolerable. It gives me no pain but when in a carriage on the pavement, or when I make some sudden quick movement. If I can prevent its growing larger, which I hope to do by abstemious living and gentle exercise, I can go on pretty comfortably with it to the end of my journey, which can now be at no great distance. I am cheerful, enjoy the company of my friends, sleep well, have sufficient appetite, and my stomach performs well its functions. The latter is very material to the preservation of health. I therefore take no drugs lest I should disorder it. You may judge that my disease is not very grievous, since I am more afraid of the medicines than of the malady.

As this extract indicates, Franklin took his suffering cheerily. "As to myself," he told

Monsieur

M. De Montgolfier a l'honneur de
vous prévenir que si le tems continue d'être
favorable, il se propose de faire demain
un vol d'essai entre lui et Dix heures d'ici à
rue de Montreuil, l'expérience de la machine
aérostatique, vous priant de vous rendre de bonne
heure, l'assistance etant le moyen le plus
convenable.

Ce Jeudi 11. 7. bre

LETTER FROM JACQUES-ÉTIENNE MONTGOLFIER TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
 FROM ORIGINAL IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

one friend, "I continue as hearty as at my age could be expected, and as cheerful as ever you knew me"; and to another he expressed the hope that he might "live as long as I have done, and with as much health, who continue as hearty as a buck, with a hand still steady, as they may see by this writing." To still a third he wrote:

For my own part, I do not find that I grow any older. Being arrived at seventy, and considering that by travelling farther in the same road I should probably be led to the grave, I stopped short, turned about, and walked back again; which done these four years, you may now call me sixty-six. Advise these old friends of ours to follow my example; keep up your spirits, and that will keep up your bodies; you will no more stoop under the weight of age than if you had swallowed a handspike.

His manner of attaining such a frame of mind was simple. "One means of becoming

content with one's situation is the comparing it with a worse. Thus, when I consider how many terrible diseases the human body is liable to, I comfort myself that only three incurable ones have fallen to my share, viz.: the gout, the stone, and old age; and these have not yet deprived me of my natural cheerfulness, my delight in books, and enjoyment of social conversation."

This cheerfulness was not merely assumed on paper, and those who met the doctor in his years of pain all tell the same story. Little Miss Adams, who saw him several times in 1784, says in her journal that "he is now near 80 years old, and looks in good health," and adds that "Dr. F. has something so venerable in his appearance that he inspires one with respect. I never saw an old man more so." Miss Deborah Logan, who saw him still later, says: "He was fat, square-built, and wore his own hair, thin and grey: but he looked healthy and vigorous. His head was remarkably large

in proportion to his figure, and his countenance mild, firm and expressive." Manasseh Cutler, who, in meeting him, "felt as if I was going to be introduced to the presence of an European Monarch," remarked: "But how my ideas changed, when I saw a short, fat, trunched old man, in a plain Quaker dress, with a bald pate, and short white locks. . . . His voice was low, but his countenance open, frank, and pleasing." During ten years of almost constant suffering, Franklin continued to visit among his friends whenever he was able, and received callers, even when so ill that, as upon one occasion, he had to have them "shown up into his bedchamber, where he sat in his nightgown, his feet wrapped up in flannels and resting on a pillow, he having for three or four days been much afflicted with the gout and the gravel." Nor did he cease to entertain, and Jefferson describes a dinner

that shows how his sense of humor was ever uppermost, suffer as he might.

He had a party to dine with him one day at Passy, of whom one half were Americans, the other half French, and among the last was the Abbé [Raynal]. During the dinner he [the Abbé] got on his favorite theory of the degeneracy of animals, and even of man, in America, and urged it with his usual eloquence. The Doctor at length noticing the accidental stature and position of his guests, at table, "Come," says he, "M. l'Abbé, let us try this question by the fact before us. We are here one half Americans, and one half French, and it happens that the Americans have placed themselves on one side of the table, and our French friends are on the other. Let both parties rise, and we will see on which side nature has degenerated." It happened that his American guests were Carmichael, Harmer, Humphreys, and others of the finest stature and form; while those of the other side were remarkably diminutive, and the Abbé himself particularly, was a mere shrimp. He parried the appeal, however, by a complimentary admission of exceptions, among which the Doctor himself was a conspicuous one.

An amusing assistant to the royal commission, in giving a quietus to mesmerism, was the invention, just at the time that craze was highest, of the balloon, with a consequent shifting of interest by the fickle Paris public. Franklin himself followed the experiments of Montgolfier, the inventor, with the closest attention, not merely because of his scientific interest, but as well because of a personal one. "The progress made in the management of balloons," he told a correspondent, "has been rapid. Yet I fear it will hardly become a common carriage in my time, though being easiest of all voitures it would be extremely convenient to me, now that my malady forbids the use of old ones over a pavement." The pain all motion gave Franklin at one time threatened to cause his continuance in France, even after the Congress had consented to his return; for his French friends insisted that he could not bear the journey, and the sufferer himself hesitated. The difficulty was finally overcome by the kindness of Marie Antoinette. "When I was at Passy," Franklin recorded, "I could not bear a wheel carriage; and being discouraged from my project of descending the Seine in a boat, by the difficulties and tediousness of its navigation in so dry a season, I accepted the offer of one of the King's litters, carried by large mules." "I found the motion . . . did not much incommode me. It was one of the Queen's, carried by two very large mules," "which walked steadily and easily, so that I bore the

motion very well." "I came to Havre de Grâce in a litter," he wrote a friend from Portsmouth, "and hither in the packet boat; and, instead of being hurt by the journey or voyage, I really find myself very much better, not having suffered so little for the time these two years past." "I was not in the least inconvenienced by the voyage, but my children and my friend Mr. Veillard were very sick." In this connection it is interesting to note that Franklin was apparently never a victim to seasickness in any of his eight ocean crossings.

His voyage to America appears to have benefited him as much as travel always did; he accepted public offices and fulfilled their duties, and he seemed, indeed, to take pride in what strength yet remained to him, for, in showing a friend a book, "so large that it was with but the greatest difficulty the Doctor was able to raise it from the low

shelf and lift it on to the table, with that senile ambition common to old people he insisted on doing it himself, and would permit no person to assist him, merely to show us how much strength he had remaining." Yet evidences of his physical disabilities were not wanting. As president of Pennsylvania, he had to be carried to the state-house in a litter, and in the Federal Convention he had all his speeches read by his colleague James Wilson, "it being inconvenient to the Doctor to remain on his feet."

In 1788 a material change occurred in his health, of which he sent word to Ingenhousz:

You may remember the cutaneous malady I formerly complained of, and for which you and Dr. Pringle favored me with prescriptions and advice. It vexed me near fourteen years, and was at the beginning of this year as bad as ever, covering almost my whole body, except my face and hands; when a fit of the gout came on, without very much pain, but a swelling in both feet, which at last appeared also in both knees, and then in my hands. As these swellings increased and extended, the other malady diminished, and at length disappeared entirely. Those swellings have some time since begun to fall, and are now almost gone; perhaps the cutaneous disease may return, or perhaps it is worn out. I may hereafter let you know what happens. I am on the whole much weaker than when it began to leave me.

Another twelvemonth "found me very ill with a severe fit of the stone, which followed a fall I had on the stone steps that lead into my garden, whereby I was much bruised and my wrist sprained so as to render me incapable of writing for several weeks." From the consequences of this fall the doctor did not recover, and henceforth was obliged to spend the most of his time in bed. Of his health he wrote, late in 1789:

I can give you no good account. I have a long time been afflicted with almost constant and grievous pain, to combat which I have been obliged to have recourse to opium, which indeed has afforded me some ease from time to time, but then it has taken away my appetite and so impeded my digestion that I am become totally emaciated, and little remains of me but a skeleton covered with a skin.

His friends urged him to have an operation performed, but he refused, and John Adams stated: "On the question, for example, whether to be cut for the stone. The young, with a longer prospect of years, think these over-balance the pain of the operation. Dr. Franklin, at the age of eighty, thought his residuum of life not worth that price. I should have thought with him, even taking the stone out of the scale."

In April, 1790, Franklin was seized with the illness which terminated his life, an account of which was drawn up by his attending doctor, John Jones.

The stone, with which he had been afflicted for several years, had for the last twelve months confined him chiefly to his bed; and during the extremely painful paroxysms, he was obliged to take large doses of laudanum to mitigate his tortures—still, in the intervals of pain, he not only amused himself with reading and conversing cheerfully with his family, and a few friends who visited him, but was often employed in doing business of a public as well as private nature, with various persons who waited on him for that purpose: and in every instance displayed, not only that readiness and disposition of doing good, which was the distinguishing characteristic of his life, but the fullest and clearest possession of his uncommon mental abilities; and not unfrequently indulged himself in those "jeux d'esprit" and entertaining anecdotes, which were the delight of all who heard him.

About sixteen days before his death he was seized with a feverish indisposition, without any particular symptoms attending it, till the third or fourth day, when he complained of a pain in the left breast, which increased till it became extremely acute, attended with a cough and laborious breathing. During this state when the severity of his pain drew forth a groan of complaint, he would observe—that he was afraid he did not bear them as he ought—acknowledged his grateful sense of the many blessings he had received from that Supreme Being, who had raised him from small and low beginnings to such high rank and consideration among men—and made no doubt but his present afflictions were kindly intended to wean him from a world, in which he was no longer fit to act the part assigned him. In this frame of body and mind he continued till five days before his death, when his pain and difficulty of breathing entirely left him, and his family were flattering themselves with the hopes of his recovery, when an imposthumation, which had formed itself in his lungs, suddenly burst, and discharged a great quantity of matter, which he continued to throw up while he had sufficient strength to do it; but, as that failed, the organs of respiration became gradually oppressed—a calm lethargic state succeeded—and, on the 17th of April, 1790, about eleven o'clock at night, he quietly expired, closing a long and useful life of eighty-four years and three months.

According to John Adams, "it was the opinion of his own physician, Dr. Jones, he fell a sacrifice at last, not to the stone, but to his own theory, having caught the violent cold which finally choked him, by sitting for some hours at a window, with the cold air blowing upon him." "Nine men in ten are suicides," asserted Poor Richard.



I held him tight through the dark night, 

The third time that the rock gave way,
What was it helped thee then?
"That path that broke before, behind,
Cried out like living men,
And far below, like sluggish snow,
Slow things moved through the fen."

"The woman running at my side,
Who had a bleeding breast,
Even as a star swings off the tide,
She cleared that chasm deep and wide,
Nor stopped one whit to rest.
We whirled behind; like the storm-wind
We followed in her quest."

"I felt her tears blown through my heart,
Cold as a blast of winter rain.
The blood she shed had left me dead,
Had I not eased her pain.
I pressed my kisses on her mouth,
And we sped on again!"

That woman running at thy side,
Why should she bleed for thee?
I had rather that thou last night had died,
Than not be saved by me.
My breast is whole as mine own soul,
And is as fair to see!

"What then? dost thou forget that road
All blackened with the storm;
Hast thou no memory for the goad
That pierced thy hurrying form?
Thyself for cold cried in the wold;
Hast thou so soon grown warm?"

That, in God's truth, my soul went out
To help thee in that need,
I cannot then keep more in doubt,
Since thou hast seen me bleed;
But that in the wold I cried for cold
I have forgot indeed!

If, in God's truth, my spirit went
To where thy course was set,
I have forgotten I was forspent,
My wounds I do forget;
But there shall be one memory—
Thy kiss is on me yet!

Last night my lord was not at home—
"Nay; I was out on moor and fell."
And thy black horse is frothed with foam,
As thou didst drive him well—
"He galloped all night, till dawn grew white,
On the road 'twixt heaven and hell."



DRAWN BY JAY HAMMOCK

"TO THE CURB HE SWUNG THE HORSES."

THE BALLAD OF CALNAN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

WHEN you hear the fire-gongs beat fierce along the startled street,
See the great-limbed horses bound, and the gleaming engine sway,
And the driver in his place, with his fixed, heroic face,
Say a prayer for Calnan's sake—he that died on Christmas day!

Cling! Cling! Each to his station!
Clang! Clang! Quick to clear the way!
(Christ keep the soldiers of salvation,
Fighting nameless battles in the war of every day!)

In the morning, blue and mild, of the Mother and the Child,
While the blessed bells were calling, thrilled the summons through the wire;
In the morning, blue and mild, for a woman and a child
Died a man of gentle will, plunging on to fight the fire.

Ring, swing, bells in the steeple!
Ring the Child and ring the Star, as sweetly as ye may!
Ring, swing, bells, to tell the people
God's good will to earthly men, the men of every day!

"Thirty-four" swung out a gleam, with her mighty, bounding team;
Horses' honor pricked them on, and they leaped as at a goad;
Jimmy Calnan in his place, with his clean-cut Irish face,
Iron hands upon the reins, eyes a-strain upon the road.

Clang! Clang! Quick to clear the way!
(Sweetly rang, above the clang, the bells of Christmas day.)

Tearing, plunging through the din, scarce a man can hold them in;
None on earth could pull them short: Mary Mother, guard from harm
Yonder woman straight ahead, stony-still with sudden dread,
And the little woman-child, with her waxen child in arm!

Oh, God's calls, how swift they are! Oh, the Cross that hides the Star!
Oh, the fire-gong beating fierce through the bells of Christmas day!
Just a second there to choose, and a life to keep or lose—
To the curb he swung the horses, and he flung his life away!

Ring, swing, bells in the steeple!
Ring the Star and ring the Cross, for Star and Cross are one!
Ring, swing, bells, to tell the people
God is pleased with manly men, and deeds that they have done!

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN OLD CUBA.

FOURTH PAPER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN S. JENKINS, AN AMERICAN PAINTER
OF MINIATURES, WRITTEN IN 1859.¹

THE BULL-RING.

UP to within a few years past the bull-baits, cock-fights, and displays of a like character took place in the city of Havana; but one of the reforms of General Tacon banished them from the city to the town of Regla, on the other side of the harbor. By some strange perversion of morals, these brutal sights are always enacted on Sunday or some one of the many religious festivals.

Bull-baiting is undoubtedly a cruel sport, and the better classes of the Spaniards do not usually countenance it with their presence. Once a boy of seven, son of one of the matadors, was announced to appear in full dress and kill a bull-calf: but when the time came, the child exhibited fear and began to cry; upon which the spectators derided him and his father, and pelted them with oranges in token of their displeasure.

The bull-fights were varied at times by matters calculated to amuse the audience. A matador would incase himself in a round frame, made of iron hoops, over which was stretched some strong cloth, and, thus protected, would throw himself before the bull, which dashed at him, and tumbled him over and over, amid roars of laughter from the audience. Again, the figure of a fat woman filled with explosives, and dressed in a gaudy style to excite the beast, would be placed in the middle of the arena. The bull would rush upon it, but, finding that it did not move, would sheer off and pass it by. Then the spectators would yell with applause, crying out: "He is a very polite bull; he will not hurt a woman!" This movement would be repeated several times, when at last the bull would drive his horns into the figure, and the crackers and rockets would explode suddenly with great noise and confusion.

COCK-FIGHTING.

EVERY species of gambling was forbidden by General Tacon except betting on cock-fights,

and this exception doubtless gave cock-fighting a greater stimulus. While I was in Cuba I did not once see monte or any other game of cards played for money. If a person lost money, and complained to Tacon, he would require the amount lost to be returned, and would imprison the participants in the game. The Spaniards are born gamblers, and will even bet on the color of an uncut watermelon. At times several doubloons would be staked. The principal cocking-mains were fought at Regla and Guanabacoa, but in every country village there was a cockpit and a billiard-table. The cock-fights are exclusively attended by men, and men of all classes are found there—the baron and the beggar, the priest and the layman, mingling with true democratic equality.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

It is by no means easy to become acquainted with young Spanish girls of wealth and position, and if by some fortuitous circumstance this difficulty is overcome, it will be found that the fair ones prefer as husband or lover one of their own customs, language, religion, and manners. All these are accumulated barriers in the path of the American gallant. Our cold manners and careful speech do not please the frank and buoyant Teresa or Catalina, who loves the extravagant compliments and devoted professions of the gay Don Juan. He dances the bolero with faultless step and graceful ease; he has a smile for her on the *paseo*, when her volante moves slowly by, and with an elegant twirl of the fan she daintily throws him a kiss. These little coquetties are the sunshine and flowers of their May, that would darken and wither in the chill of our wintry manners. But if the foreigner is so fortunate as to find his love returned, he must then prove that he left his own country single and is a Catholic, and must fee the priest liberally and give the bride presents of costly jewels suited to her station in life.

In most of the cases of marriage between

¹ Mr. Jenkins was United States Consul in the Navigator's (now Samoan) Islands in 1856. These extracts have been selected and edited by his great-nephew,

Joseph Cooper Boyd, Esq., of Baltimore. As stated in a previous paper, the author's first visit to Cuba was made in 1835.

Americans and Cubans that have come under my observation, the former have married beneath them socially, and would be ashamed to introduce their wives among their own kindred; they naturally grow sick of their bargains, and the union results unhappily. The whole circle of the wife's kindred prove their gratification at the marriage by living in numbers upon the new American connection. This habit of imposition by these idle fellows without means or occupation has been reduced to a system; "loafing around" is a perfect science with them.

SIDE-SADDLES:

LADIES' saddles in Cuba are constructed with the horn on the opposite side from that on which it is placed with us, so that the left leg must be thrown over the horn instead of the right. As the left is the proper bridle-hand according to correct equestrianism, I regard the Spanish saddle for women as correct in principle and ours wrong, for the former places the rider on the right side of the horse, with her left hand forward to the reins.

POISONOUS INSECTS.

In the soft climate on the southern side of Cuba there is nothing to disturb the pleasure of existence except mosquitos and *alacrans*, or scorpions; for while a huge snake of the boa-constrictor species is sometimes encountered, it is considered harmless, as, in fact, are all the reptiles of the island. *Alacrans* and mosquitos are, however, a great pest, and the last-named are so numerous that it is very desirable for the traveler in that part of the country to carry a net with him. The poisonous *alacran* has a body very much like a crab, with a tail of sufficient length to make the creature from three to five inches long in all. The tail is a succession of diminishing joints terminating in a curved sting, which, as it is not retractile, is always exposed. These ugly creatures infest the houses, get under the bedclothes, or even in the clothes on one's person, and when disturbed they instantly sting. The wound is slight, but the posion is so acrid that it is extremely painful, and though not dangerous to life in grown persons, children are often killed. I knew of one instance where one of these venomous creatures secreted itself in a gourd, and a woman who drank from it was stung on the tongue and came near dying.

There is an insect in Cuba called the *bebehana*, a kind of ant, which constructs high conical mounds and does great injury to

lands. Indeed, the first question asked by a purchaser usually is, "Are there any *bebehanas* on the land?" The value of the land is greatly diminished by their presence. The destructive power of these insects is remarkable and is exercised with great rapidity, as the following illustration of their methods will show: They will select a tree, sometimes two or three miles from their mound, and march to it in a procession about a foot wide, when they ascend, pick off its leaves piecemeal, and bear them home. If a leaf is large, several ants will each take a strip, while they bear away the small leaves entire. In this way, in forty-eight hours these busy depredators will strip the largest tree of every leaf, and transport them to their nests in the earth. The crowded procession of workers, each bearing aloft its piece of leaf, presents a curious spectacle, and when a light breeze blows across them, waving the leaves, it looks like an army with a multitude of green banners. The Spanish government has offered the sum of two hundred thousand dollars to any one who will devise some method of exterminating this pest.

There is another ant still more destructive, called by the Spaniards the *comeje*, the jaws of which are so formidable that it can destroy every sort of wood, even the toughest, with great ease.

A planter who had built a costly residence of wood near Simonal owned a great many fowls, of which he was very fond, and ordered his negroes to cut the warts on the trunks of trees, which are filled with the larvæ of this ant, and feed them to the chickens. In this way these ants were introduced into the timbers of his residence, and when the astonished owner discovered their presence, the ravages were such that he was forced to have extensive repairs made at once; but their depredations continued in spite of every effort to arrest them. The large timbers of the house were honeycombed, and it was literally destroyed. These ants eat out the interior of the timber without cutting through the surface, so that it will look sound on the outside when it is ready to crumble to pieces.

CUBAN DRINKS.

THE Cubans are a very sober people, and, while there are cafés, drunkenness is rare. The most common and popular of their drinks is composed of white sugar, water, and the white of an egg; another is a drink of absinthe and water; then absinthe and a

decoction of aniseed mixed, which they call *champanian*. *Orchata* is also a favorite drink; it is made from the juice of almonds, and is as white as milk. During the summer the water of a green cocoanut flavored with a little gin is sometimes indulged in. Light wines are often used at table as substitutes for tea and coffee, which are ill adapted for such a warm climate. *Agrass*, which is the pure juice of the grape, costing twenty-five cents a glass, is a drink of the wealthy. This list contrasts favorably with our formidable catalogue of brandy smashes, cocktails, punches, etc., which the Spaniards regard with horror, and never use except when Americans drink with them.

I once asked an old Cuban why he did not have his son taught to speak English. He very significantly shook his head, and replied that as soon as a Spaniard learned English he began to drink cognac and soon became worthless.

A SPECULATION IN MINT JULEPS.

AFTER the introduction of ice from Boston into Havana an enterprising Yankee named Welsh conceived the idea of making a large fortune by introducing a new drink into Cuba—nothing less than the fragrant mint julep. The idea seemed plausible, and success was assured if the dons could be brought to appreciate it. Desiring to have the good thing all to himself, Welsh bought from the captain-general a monopoly of manufacturing it throughout Cuba. Just think of it! the sole right to make *iced mint juleps* for the whole of Cuba! The monopolist had already a vision of an outpouring of doubloons from the horn of fortune.

The usual form was gone through of fitting up an elegant saloon and advertising an opening on a certain day, when iced mint juleps would be served for the first time in Havana. The first day curiosity brought crowds. The dons drank, contracted their brows, held their breaths, paid their money, and departed without a word. About four hundred juleps went down Spanish throats; but the next day the sales dropped to fifty, and the next there were still fewer, until finally the saloon of the newcomer was passed by for the old cafés. If you asked a don how he liked the mint julep, he shrugged his shoulders, and replied that it was too irritating. Welsh's visions of gold vanished into thin air, leaving him with a very real load of debt, of which he relieved himself by escaping to the United States.

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

THE stranger is bewildered by the boundless generosity of the Spanish and their profuse offers of favor or service. If you admire a diamond ring or a costly pin worn by a Spaniard, or even look often at it, it is unhesitatingly offered you, and its acceptance is urged. When a visit is paid, part of the salutation is to place everything at the disposal of the visitor; nothing is too costly or dear to be excepted from the offer. But bear in mind that all this is empty compliment and formal ceremony, as no breach of good manners could be greater than to accept the proffer, and no one would be more astounded at such an act than the ceremonious Spaniard. I recall an amusing incident illustrating the truth of my statement. An American who had only recently arrived in Cuba, and knew little of the Spanish language or customs, was the guest of a wealthy planter. When the latter happened to display a costly watch, and the American expressed his great admiration of it, the polite Spaniard instantly begged him in such a pressing and apparently sincere manner to accept it that the American rather reluctantly did so, and put it in his pocket with many expressions of thanks. The astonished and chagrined don was fairly outdone, but could say nothing, and indicated his surprise only by an altered manner. A day or two after, the donor met a neighboring American planter, and narrated the occurrence to him with great warmth and in terms by no means flattering to his countryman. The American assured the indignant Spaniard that the visitor had accepted the watch only through his ignorance of the manners of the country, and that it should be returned. Soon after this, meeting his countryman, he inquired the time. The Spaniard's splendid watch was exhibited, and, to display his knowledge of the language, the possessor placed it at his *disposicion*. It was promptly accepted, and the other could say nothing, as he had acquired it in the same manner. When the American planter again met his Spanish friend, he returned him his watch, and narrated the manner in which he had recovered it, to the great amusement of the don; but cautioned him in the future to be less lavish in his offers to our matter-of-fact people.

The proper thing for a guest when a nobleman offers his palace is to protest that he is too humble to occupy such a sumptuous residence, and that it is suitable only for one

as distinguished as the owner. At table the Cuban gentleman will offer you his glass of sugar and water, or any dainty that he may have on his plate, and your reply should be: "May you have a good appetite for it, señor." Such things are mere formal salutations among well-bred people, and are intended only as indicative of friendship, although, unhappily, occasionally misunderstood, and some scenes occur in consequence. Notwithstanding this formality, the Spaniards are truly a very kind and hospitable people, and the stranger may be certain of meeting with true friends wherever he may go in this country.

FAMILY CUSTOMS.

IN my rambles through the island I made it a rule, whenever I entered a town or new partido, to call on the alcalde, or captain, of the partido, and through this important official I would be introduced to the leading men of the country or place, and frequently invited to visit them at their homes. If opportunity offered, I would paint the miniatures of themselves or some member of their family, which would act as an announcement of my profession and procure me patronage.

No people are more cheerful in their homes, and the Spanish father and husband is proverbial for his kindness and agreeable demeanor toward his family. The young women of the wealthier classes never wear the same dress twice, but after it is once worn it is given to the housemaids, so that, with the exception of the jewels, these servants are as finely dressed as their mistresses. This fact renders costly jewels the principal feature in the toilet of a Spanish beauty. The young women in humbler circumstances usually wear white dresses which can be washed. Much of the time of the young people of both classes is spent in cut-

ting out and making new dresses, or satin shoes upon which a thin sole of leather is stitched. These housewifely occupations are more necessary as these demoiselles rarely read, but depend upon evening games, dances, or music for their recreation.

The slaves reared in the house with the planter's own children as nurses or maids are much attached to their owners, and the family is to them; indeed, the relation is as loyal on the part of the slaves and as kind on that of the family as I have found it under similar circumstances in South Carolina.

A NEGRO FESTIVAL.

NEGROES have amusements peculiar to themselves, which they greatly enjoy. The feast of "All Kings' day," the 12th of January, is a holiday as peculiarly devoted to their festivities as Christmas with us is a time of unrestrained jollity. The negroes of many African tribes mingle in a grotesque saturnalia, marked by the utmost extravagance of costume, representing every wild device of bird, beast, or devil of which the barbarous imagination can conceive, accompanied by the most frantic cries and gestures. Thus are brought out in bold relief the wild spirit and savage customs of the Africans. The more subdued and civilized housemaids, loaded up with the utmost finery that their young mistresses place on them, will at first reject with disdain the proffered gallantries of their strapping and gaudy admirers; but their native character gradually asserts itself despite their prudery and veneer of civilization, and by night they may be seen mingling in the savage dance, as bold and barbaric as the wildest, making the most hideous of grimaces, their finery reeking with dust and perspiration, and they themselves half dead from excitement and exertion.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

"Loose, Disunited, and Unrelated."

IN his article in *THE CENTURY* for September Mr. Whitelaw Reid, since appointed a member of the Peace Commission, earnestly called attention to the evils of admitting our tropical annexations into full statehood. The following is Mr. Reid's emphatic language:

The chief aversion to the vast accessions of territory with which we are threatened springs from the fear that ultimately they must be admitted into the Union as States. No public duty is more urgent at this moment than to resist from the very outset the concession of such a possibility. In no circumstances likely to exist within a century should they be admitted as a State of the Union. The loose, disunited, and unrelated federation of independent States to which this would inevitably lead, stretching from the Indian Archipelago to the Caribbean Sea, embracing all climes, all religions, all races,—black, yellow, white, and their mixtures,—all conditions, from pagan ignorance and the verge of cannibalism to the best product of centuries of civilization, education, and self-government, all with equal rights in our Senate and representation according to population in our House, with an equal voice in shaping our national destinies—that would, at least in this stage of the world, be humanitarianism run mad, a degeneration and degradation of the homogeneous continental Republic of our pride too preposterous for the contemplation of serious and intelligent men. Quite as well might Great Britain now invite the swarming millions of India to send rajahs and members of Parliament, in proportion to population, to swamp the Lords and Commons and rule the English people. If it had been supposed that even Hawaii, with its overwhelming preponderance of Kanakas and Asiatics, would become a State, it could not have been annexed. If the territories we are conquering must become States, we might better renounce them at once and place them under the protectorate of some humane and friendly European power with less nonsense in its blood. This is not to deny them the freest and most liberal institutions they are capable of sustaining.

As serious as are the problems now upon us in connection with the accessions to national territory already made in Atlantic and Asiatic waters, this is as nothing to the difficulties which may be feared if Porto Rico, Hawaii, and other islands of the tropics should ever be brought into the Union as sovereign States. The troubles connected with questions of race and religion, especially the former, are disturbing enough in some of our home communities. Even as we write, a race war in one of the States of the Middle West is counting its dead and wounded by the dozen. But add to ineradicable race tendencies the permanent element inherent in the effect of a tropical climate upon the character and disposition of the people, and the difficulty of securing a homogeneous self-governing citizenship in these islands of the

sea is a hundredfold enhanced—a citizenship which should be reasonably homogeneous with that of the continental States, and to which these States would willingly accord a constant hand in the home government—a voice in the selection of presidents and in the making of national laws.

Imagine a hotly contested Presidential election in the United States, and the balance of power held in Porto Rico or in Hawaii! Could our national compact stand many strains of this nature? But the optimist will say: "Why is such a midsummer madness as statehood for our new territorial acquisitions given a moment's consideration? Whoever suggests that our people will be so foolish is unpatriotic—the unprofitable concocter of political bugaboos."

Yet when certain official emissaries of the American government—the very first sent out by us—actually hold up to the people of these islands in reported utterances the hope of ultimate statehood, the time has come for serious apprehension and strenuous protest. If ever this country shall drop to pieces by its own weight it will be on account of the consummation of schemes like this. We all know how easy it has been for a majority party to increase its margin in the United States Senate by the unwarranted creation of new States. Sooner or later the pressure will come to thrust one or more of these islands into the partizan circle. It must be resisted by the effectual barrier of enlightened public opinion.

Sidneys of Our Day.

No fact connected with the recent war is more striking than the uniform testimony as to the heroic patience and knightly courtesy of the sick or wounded American soldiers. The accounts by eye-witnesses of the Santiago campaign differ in many particulars, but all agree in this. The stories of the Sir Philip Sidney stamp are told alike of our regulars and volunteers, and of soldiers from all parts of the country.

If these stories have to do more with the army than with the navy it is only because there were fewer casualties in the navy. In the present number of *THE CENTURY*, Captain Sigsbee, in referring to the wounded at the time of the blowing up of his vessel, says that "the patient way in which they bore themselves left no doubt that they added new honors to the service when the *Maine* went down." That was a scene that would have gone well into Stevenson's chronicle of gentlemanliness, where the dying sailor in the Spanish hospital, instead of deploring his own fate, actually offered condolence to the captain for his "bad luck" in losing his ship.

The noble bearing of our men stricken in battle, along with the kindness and courtesy of our officers and men toward the defeated enemy,—the saving of lives, and the endeavor to alleviate the distress of the gallant men who surrendered,—these exhibitions of the finer and rarer qualities of manhood, added to the record of bravery made by white and black, regular and volunteer, all these are national possessions that can never be taken away from us, that can never work us injury; they are of more real value than any territorial possessions that the war has brought or may bring to these United States. For it remains forever true that it is the manhood, the nobility, the character of its people, and not the extent of its territory, that makes a country great.

Mr. Riis's Lay Sermon.

A FEW weeks ago the well-known author of "How the Other Half Lives," and of the article on "The Passing of Cat Alley" in this number of THE CENTURY, while endeavoring to steal an autumn rest from the engrossing and entertaining duties of a Mulberry-street reporter, had in turn a small part of his vacation mercilessly stolen from him by the pastor of a New England country church. The zealous pastor induced Mr. Riis to occupy a week-day evening pulpit, and the lay preacher made an impromptu address to the people of one of the most charming valleys in the picturesque Berkshire region. It was an interesting spectacle, the lover of metropolitan throngs, the prowler among tenements, the expert of the East

Side,—“the most overcrowded city district in the civilized world,”—the philanthropist who is always trying to get city boys to go into the country, as “the best way out,” here taking up the problem at the other end, and eloquently urging the country boy to stay out and be happy, impressing upon him the misfortune of being doomed to the twenty-five-foot tenement, and praising the unappreciated joys of life in the open. Mr. Riis wanted to see cattle on all their hillsides, and pictured to the eager youths who listened the prosperity that might be theirs along the line of “dollar butter.”

Let no one press too strenuously the inquiry as to whether these young men and maidens will find the metropolis more irresistible or less, after the lay preacher's description of some of its more startling constrictions and other peculiarities; whether an aroused curiosity will draw them to the social center, or the good advice keep them contented at the circumference.

But whatever may be the destiny of the rising generation of that particular valley, it is pleasant to get proof now and then of the fact that not every Eastern farm is on the road to abandonment. The most casual observation shows here and there, among the old farms, evidences of thrift and reasonable prosperity. Occasionally one hears tales—let us hope they are not altogether “fairy-tales”—of young men who went West, struck the wrong district, or met with other ill luck, and coming back to the old country home, found that hard work, with intelligence and economy, could make the abandoned homestead blossom again as the rose.



SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS

The New Race.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

HAS there of late been something like the carrying of a war into the camp of the enemy? We of this new Western World, by various implications,—openly, too, at times,—have constantly and calmly asserted that our Old-World brethren (our Latin brothers in particular) are perhaps too erotic; and now, through the mouths of various illustrious representatives visiting us, we are suddenly told in turn that upon this question we are scarcely qualified to sit as jury. From more than one foreign quarter, not always directly, and yet plainly enough, it has been asserted that the American is a thin-blooded brother at best, and so unimpassioned that as children may play safely with some broken-spirited monarch of the forest, so the American woman rejoices in a freedom made possible for her by spiritless devotion in the American man as a race. The first impulse of loyal

believers in an American race to be—it can hardly be said to exist, save in swaddling-clothes, as yet—is to repudiate utterly any such doctrine. But as most of such criticism has its kernel of truth, palatable or unpalatable, we well know that America is, after all, the only civilized country in the world which allows its young men and maidens of the so-called upper classes to frolic as so many young lads together, or, quite as often, as so many lasses. It would be quite impossible to deny this as a charge, did we disapprove it as a national custom, which the average American does not. It would be equally impossible to attempt to deny that the same average American would be chary in intrusting to his young sons and daughters the same freedom if thrown into the atmosphere and the society of any world other than his own. In his own world there seems to exist some element of safety for his children, positive or negative, on which he pins a faith unflinching and justified. In the

American's answer to the question as to what creates this element of safety must lurk the whole significant creed of this our social experiment. If it be true, as our critics assert, that our young folks are happily safe in their freedom of relation because the temperament of the native American happens to be a cold temperament, then our social experiment has proved nothing. But if this freedom of relation has begotten its own safety, then we have proved everything. Unquestionably the relations of American men and American women are based less on a question of sex than are the relations of any other race, and sex is less a dominant motive in their intercourse than the history of races has ever before shown; but for this condition we must hold both sexes responsible. Primarily the American woman is different from her Old-World sisters in almost every respect save that she is a woman like themselves. Some years ago,—even so far back in the history of the American woman's progress,—an elderly and observant student, leaving his own country and spending some years abroad, on coming home was brought at once face to face with a streetful of his countrymen and -women. To use his own words: "I was never more moved than when I suddenly saw again the eyes of our American girls. I had not seen a woman's eyes in years, it seemed to me. They looked me full in the face, and their eyes were like the eyes of eagles, so beautifully fearless, so unconscious." Let us compare this with the covered face of the Eastern woman, the timid German eye, the Spanish girl's seductive glances, the French girl's coquetry, the embarrassed gaze of the English-woman. The eye most absolutely the opposite of the Eastern woman's shrouded coquetry is the Western woman's eye with its eagle-like quality. Coquette the American woman may be as an individual, piquant as a type she is, but as a race representative she is not coquettish. She faces the man frankly with open gaze, and in their relation there is less of the alluring withdrawal that invites pursuit, less of hunter and the hunted, than exists in any other race or any other nation. Whatever the difficulties, whatever the dangers besetting the feet of our new and too often bewildering development of womanhood, these are problems that belong to other questions. On the present question alone few could deny to her that she has helped to develop in her American brother something which he could never have learned alone. He is not cold, nor is he calculating, as she well knows; and in him, the representative man of a new world, she, the woman of a new world, has helped to create a chivalry so new as to be easily open to mocking by those understanding neither its presence nor its origin. The conspicuous foundation of the relations of American men and

women may be serene comradeship, but underlying this foundation—and, we straightly contend, because of it—there is a subtle change from old traditions, which our keen critics, but half discovering, wholly misunderstand. Reversing that well-known definition of a physician's pity, "Pity, ceasing to be an emotion, becomes a motive," passion in this new race seems relegated from its old place as a motive to the less conspicuous place of an emotion. If this is to be cold, the American is a cold product. Shall we look upon this change as a virile sign of human progression expressing itself in a new people, or as a sign of race retrogression and emasculation? This is a question for us to decide. Also in the same connection we have such unimportant details to consider as to which human characteristics are properly emotions, which motives; and only after carefully defining not merely our own attitude of mind, but the highest attitude on all these trifling questions, can we be properly equipped to fight for the verity of our well-defined principles against criticism armored in "truths that are half of the truth."

Note on "The Secret-Language of Childhood."

It may interest you to know that the article by Oscar Chrisman on "The Secret-Language of Childhood," in the May CENTURY, inspired the solution of a riddle which has puzzled many people.

One day last fall I went with some friends to see the grave of Edgar Allan Poe, in the churchyard of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Fayette street, Baltimore, Maryland. The sexton, who has held his position there for many years, was most courteous, and anxious to show us everything of interest. He pointed out, on one of the graves in the same graveyard, an inscription containing some curious characters, which, he said, many professors had tried, without success, to decipher, and, so far as he knew, no one had ever succeeded in discovering what they stood for.

Becoming interested, I took a copy of the unknown characters, and, as well as I can remember, the inscription read thus: After name, date, etc., came: "an affectionate husband, a kind father, and a

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I showed the characters to one or two professors, who could make nothing of them, then laid the paper away, and almost forgot it.

In reading Mr. Chrisman's article not long ago, I saw at once that in his cipher (at the bottom of page 55) lay the answer to my puzzle, and the key being applied, the unknown words became "faithful brother."

A. M. Keith.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Truman Wickwire's Gloves.

TRUMAN WICKWIRE was as rich as he was mean, and if you had known Truman you would have considered him wealthy from any point of view. He had inherited a small fortune, and did not need to work, but still kept at his trade of wheelwright. He lived in a little hill town in north-eastern Connecticut, and, as luck would have it, was married. Whatever luck was in the proposition was on his side, for his wife, a meek, good-tempered little woman, led a dog's life through his dictatorial ways.

One day he could not find his gloves. He was going to a funeral, and although at any other time gloves would have been an absurdity, for a funeral they were a necessity.

Mrs. Wickwire was at work in the kitchen; for Truman had never grown rich enough to relieve his wife of the smallest detail of housework, and she slaved for his comfort, as she had any time these twenty years.

He came to the door of their bedroom, which opened off the kitchen, and, in his rough, unpleasant bass, shouted:

"Sayrah, where 's my gloves?"

Mrs. Wickwire looked up despairingly. "Why, Truman, I 'm sure I don't know. Where 'd you put 'em when you last had 'em? You wore 'em to Zelia Higgins's funeral, did n't ye?"

"Well, as I wear 'em to every funeral, an' she was the last t' die hereabouts, of course I did. But that don't tell me where they are. I ask you."

"Well, really, I dunno, Truman. I 'll go look for 'em." She was mixing dough when she spoke, but she got up and washed her hands, and began a fruitless hunt of a half-hour without protest. Whether she ever felt like protesting or not, she certainly never uttered a complaint.

At the end of half an hour she went to him in the barn, where he was harnessing the old sorrel. "Truman, I can't find them gloves."

He was feeling in a particularly bad humor, as the old horse had just trod on his foot, and he glared at her a moment without speaking. A faint tinkle of the butcher's bell came up the road, borne on the south wind, and it gave him a malicious idea. As he climbed into the wagon to go to the funeral without his gloves, he said:

"Sayrah, you must ha' lost those gloves, an'

until you find 'em you can't buy any meat. Do you hear me?"

"What 'll you do?" was her answer.

"Don't you worry about me. I guess I won't be meat-hungry before you find 'em. Git ap."

He cut the horse viciously with his whip, and started north a minute before the butcher drove up to the house.

If Mrs. Wickwire was disappointed at not having been invited by her husband to go to the funeral, she did not show it. She walked slowly out to the butcher's wagon. Although as lean as hard work could make her, she was very fond of meat, a fact of which her husband was well aware. Through force of habit she said to the butcher: "What you got?"

The butcher, Darius Hunt, was a jovial man, and he answered her with his time-honored rigmarole of "Ham, ram, lamb, beef, an' mutton."

"I can't buy any meat to-day," she said, in her mild little voice. As she spoke, she lifted the lid that covered the end of his wagon, and sniffed hungrily at the fresh meat.

"What 's matter? Lost pocket-book, or is it gettin' to be Lent, or what is up?" Mr. Hunt's merry eyes beamed above his fat red cheeks, and he looked the picture of beefy good nature.

"Mr. Wickwire won't let me buy any meat, because I can't find his funeral gloves."

Mr. Hunt dropped his cleaver and burst out laughing. "Well, is that his latest?"

He had served the Wickwires for years, and was, besides, a member of the same religious society, so he knew the oddly assorted couple with all the thoroughness that country people sometimes give to acquaintanceship.

"Well, now, Mis' Wickwire, you ain't so stout that you've got to stop meat to reduce your weight, an' jes so long as I swing my bell on this route I'll let you have what meat you want, an' I'll look to Truman for my money. You've always paid cash, but I'm not afraid of losin' my money—not while I have a tongue in my head," he added significantly.

Mean in most things, Mr. Wickwire did not stint himself on meat, and at dinner he ate nearly half a steak before he remembered his dictum.

Then he uncorked his vials. "How in thunder did you get this meat? Did n't I tell you not to buy any? Have you found my gloves?"

The meek little woman replied: "No; but Mr. Hunt insisted on me takin' what I needed."

Wickwire stretched his lips into a snarling smile. "Well, I won't insist on payin' him what he needs in the way of money. You did n't pay him, did you?"

"Why, no; you told me not to buy any."

The smile became an unpleasant laugh. "Well, if he wants to give us meat, all right; but I did n't order the meat, and I won't pay for it, not if he supplies us for the rest of our lives."

His anticipation of getting the best of the butcher put him in such good humor that he ate twice as much as usual, and vouchsafed some interesting details of the burial he had attended.

East Whitfield was four miles from the Center, and as Mr. Wickwire did not "farm it," being a wheelwright, they relied on the butcher for all their meat.

Darius Hunt came Wednesdays and Saturdays. The next Saturday he drove up and rang his bell. Mrs. Wickwire was out in the garden picking currants to make jelly for her husband. She hurried out to the wagon. She always hurried to everything, so that no one might be kept waiting on her account.

"Good morning. Ham, ram, lamb, beef, or mutton? Wickwire found his gloves yit?"

"No, he has n't; but it put him in real good humor to get that meat. He says he ain't a-goin' to be responsible for it." Mrs. Wickwire said this with misgivings. It was her duty to tell the butcher that he was likely to get no payment for his meat; but she feared that he would refuse to let her have any more, and then she knew enough of Truman to fear his tongue at a meatless dinner.

"He ain't a-goin' to be responsible, ain't he? Well, I ain't a-goin' to git thin over that end of it. What 'll ye have to-day?"

That afternoon the butcher met Mr. Wickwire in the Center. He was going into the hardware-store, which stood next to the office of the "Whitfield Witness." He had come into town on business, and was dressed in his Sunday best.

"Afternoon, Truman," said Hunt, in his hearty, pleasant voice.

Wickwire turned and looked at him.

"Hm," he grunted.

"Got a little bill against you for meat."

Both men walked over to the curbstone to be out of the way of the Saturday crowd.

"Don't concern me; I did n't order it," said Wickwire.

"No; but your wife did, and I guess you 're responsible for her debts."

"I told her not to buy any more meat—"

"Until she had found your old gloves. Well, you have a right to be as mean as it is your nater to be, but ef you don't pay spot-cash now, I'm a-goin' right in to see my good friend Editor Mason here in the 'Witness' office, an' he 'll print the hull story, an' it 'll be good readin' fer people hereabouts. Tryin' to starve a wife into findin' your mis'able gloves!"

Wickwire knotted his brows. He knew that, although the butcher was a good-natured man, he had plenty of determination. He did not care to have the story go any farther, and yet he hated to go back on his word to his wife. While he hesitated, Hunt took a step in the direction of the "Witness" office.

Instantly Wickwire became rattled, and felt in every pocket but the right one for his purse. At last his hand went into his coat-tail pocket and—pulled out the missing gloves.

He looked at them in sheepish wonder for a minute.

The butcher broke the silence. "It's clear that Mrs. Wickwire don't go through your pockets."

A Child's Primer of Natural History.
TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD,
(SECOND SERIES.)

The El-e-phant.

THIS is the El-e-phant, who lives
With but one aim—to please.
His i-vo-ry tusk he free-ly gives
To make pi-a-no keys.
One grief he has—how-e'er he tries,
He nev-er can for-get
That one of his e-nor-mous size
Can't be a house-hold pet.
Then does he to his grief give way,
Or sink 'neath sor-row's ban?
Oh, no; in-stead he spends each day
Con-tri-ving some un-sel-fish way
To be of use to Man.

The Wolf.

Oh, yes, the Wolf is bad, it's true;
But how with-out him could we do?
If there were not a wolf, what good
Would be the tale of RID-ING-HOOD?
The Lit-tle Child from sin will fly
When told the wick-ed Wolf is nigh;
And when, ar-rived at Man's es-tate,
He hears the Wolf out-side his gate,
He knows it's time to put a-way
Idle fri-vol-i-ty and play.
That's how (but do not men-tion it)
This prim-er hap-pened to be writ.

The Rhi-no-ce-ros.

So this is the Rhi-no-ce-ros!
I won-der why he looks so cross.
Per-haps he is an-noyed a bit
Be-cause his cloth-ing does not fit.
(They say he got it read-y made!)
It is not that, I am a-fraid.
He looks so cross be-cause I drew
Him with one horn in-stead of two.

Well, since he cares so much for style,
Let's give him two and see him smile.

The Dog.

HERE is the Dog. Since time be-gan,
The Dog has been the friend of MAN.
The Dog loves MAN be-cause he shears
His coat and clips his tail and ears.
MAN loves the Dog be-cause he'll stay
And lis-ten to his talk all day,
And wag his tail and show de-light
At all his jokes, how-ev-er trite.
His bark is far worse than his bite,
So peo-ple say. They may be right;
Yet if to make a choice I had,
I'd choose his bark, how-ev-er bad.

Two Points of View.

HIS.

WHEN Biddy goes, what rapture fills
My being's core! New luster glows
From hearth and wall and window-sill;
These things get dusted, I suppose,
When Biddy goes.

When Biddy goes the steak is rare;
My morning cup her absence shows;
The kettle laughs, the range fire glows;
The omelet 's served without compare:
I kiss the dear cook 'neath the rose,
When Biddy goes.

When Biddy goes, my soul 's my own,
My house my castle; plenty flows;
I gain in actual adipose.
My wife 's a queen upon her throne,
Dispensing comfort, joy, repose,
When Biddy goes.

When Biddy goes, the sweet old ways
Come back to mock this day of shows—
The mutual service that love pays,
The thrift, the cheer, the jest, the praise,
The hominess one's walls inclose—
When Biddy goes.

But this reflection makes me sad;
Our bliss may end in no one knows
What dolor; for our urgent ad-
Vertisement dogs her flying toes,
When Biddy goes.

HERS.

WHEN Biddy leaves, my courage mounts
To meet the test. The house receives
A scrubbing straight from floor to eaves.
On each neglected spot I pounce,
Split all my nails, and spoil a founce,
When Biddy leaves.

When Biddy leaves, I write "Endure"
Upon a heart that swells and heaves;
I dig out corners with a skewer,
While every bone and muscle grieves,
When Biddy leaves.

When Biddy leaves I joke and smile
And chat, and poor dear John believes
I like it all! Alas! the while
I feel Time gather in his sheaves
Till some new maid my doom reprieves,
When Biddy leaves.

When Biddy leaves—ah! there 's the rub,—
Such webs of work life round me weaves
I do not read, I lose my club,
I dread a call, I loathe each tub
And broom with hate no man conceives,
When Biddy leaves!

Julia Boynton Green.

The Guide-post.

OLD Guide-post, standing at the turn
Where the three long roads meet,
So grim and gaunt where all is fair,
And summer days so sweet,
You look as wise as if you knew
More ways than these of Meadow View.

The letters on your time-stained face
Are somewhat blurred by moss;
In crowds about your crumbling base
The friendly daisies toss.
A gray old owl you hold upon
Your shoulder in the twilight wan.

To you a mother bird confides
Her downy little nest;
And oftentimes the whippoorwill
Is all night long your guest,
And gives to every passing gale
The burden of his eerie tale.

And here is where true lovers meet
When summer moons rise fair,
And primroses, like day's lost light,
Are opening everywhere,
As if there were some spell of good
Within your sleepy neighborhood.

Old Guide-post, when my path I missed
Where wintry drifts were tossed,
You guided me to Nellie's door,
And there my heart I lost.
"Two miles to Bromley Mill," you say,
But my swift thoughts fly all the way.

And now, oh, what rare grace were yours,
How I would bless your name,—
I'd celebrate you in a song
Which love would give to fame,—
If you, by any sort of art,
Would point the way to Nellie's heart!

Susan Hartley Swett.

On and Off.

MRS. GRUNDLE, wontedly so calm,
Sits just now in an excited wonder,
With two coins upon her open palm:
"Oh! to think that man made such a blunder!

"Jared, run at once and call him back!
Some would let him lose this extra money:
But I've honesty, whate'er I lack;
So, I hope, will ever have my sonny.

"See! for quarters, halves he's given me!
Call him back, that stupid Mr. Squiers!"
Jared gives a glance, then shouts with glee:
"Ma, he's right! You're in your magnifiers!"

From this little story let me make
A suggestion for our daily living:
Wear your Grundle-glasses when you take;
Never put them on while you are giving.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

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DRAWN FROM LIFE BY E. LA BLAUX AT GREENWICH, N. Y., AUGUST 20, 1898.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U. S. N.

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THE CARLYLES IN SCOTLAND.

THE "RUSSET-COATED EPIC" OF THE CARLYLES.

BY JOHN PATRICK.

"OF our history at Craigenputtock," wrote Carlyle, "there might a great deal be written; for it was, in fact, a very singular scene and arena for such a pair as my darling and me. It looks to me now like a kind of humble russet-coated epic, that seven years settled at Craigenputtock." It is not curious that it took Thomas Carlyle a lifetime to see this; the intensity and concentration of his mind on any subject he had on hand usually caused him to disregard all extraneous matter. Any careful observer, knowing the idiosyncrasies of these two people, could easily see that Craigenputtock was an ideal home for the Carlyles. Emerson, after his first visit there, recognized the fact, and "hoped they would not leave the moors."

Indeed, to glance over these silent pastoral solitudes is to get into keen sympathy with the mind that moaned and fretted at the world's babblement. Carlyle's restless thoughts were more than enough for his own individual peace of mind. In fact, they were often more than he himself could bear. His message to the world kept him in sight of the heated actions of wrong-doing, and the intensity of his feelings became so great that he could not help roaring from pain, and spurning, in his anguish, all mankind.

His whimsical idea, in "Stump Orator," of

"a benevolent man's proposal to cut from one generation all the tongues away, prohibiting literature too; and appoint at least one generation to pass its life in silence," that the "Froth Gospels and multitudinous long-eared Hearsays might drift rapidly on the eternal winds," would be no great hardship if the tongueless generation had to spend its life among the moorland and whinstone crags of Craigenputtock.

The luxury of silence is here intact. The patient ground seems waiting man's behest—lying aloof, one would almost think, in reserve for world-torn souls. Even the lower, undulating moors shrink from your gaze. They run away from you, and at the near receding braeheads the mind has to conjure an unseen distance to mingle with the low sky-line. No particular abruptness presents itself. The tufty ground rises from the east side of the valley, in which the house and farmsteading stand ensconced and hid from any solitary wayfarer in a strip of trees that runs well up the swelling braes. The ground then rises a little more smartly in an easterly direction, and a long hilly ridge terminates in a cairn-crowned height—a memorable spot, for it was here Carlyle and Emerson sat down and sounded the depth of each other's mind. "We went out," says Emerson in his

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"English Traits," "to walk over long hills, and looked at Criffel, then without his cap, and down into Wordsworth's country. Then we sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul. It was not Carlyle's fault that we talked on that topic, for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step could be taken. But he was honest and true, and cognizant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects all the future. 'Christ died on the tree' (said he) 'that built Dunscore Kirk yonder, that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence.'"

The view from the cairn-heights looking over the valley of Dunscore is very extensive. The near, flowing lines are scanty of vegetation, save where the moorland slopes terminate in a spare clump of trees which draws attention to the whereabouts of Nether Craigenputtock. From the middle distance and onward the view is particularly far-reaching, but it is more interesting to the mind than to the eye. There is nothing striking in this great pastoral plain, farm cottages or villages being mere scattered dots in the wide landscape; the far-off hills mingling with the cloudy sky, however, aid one's imagination.

It was with some regret that we found the atmospheric conditions baffling for representative photography. The sunny forenoon sky had become a vast cloudy expanse. On our left, in the yawning misty space between us and Criffel, a heavy bluish-purple mass of clouds was ever and anon sending out tongues of flame and muffled thunder. Betimes its gray skirt swept our hilltop with a shower of lashing hail. The valley of Dunscore all this time was becoming dimmer and dimmer, and we accordingly had to register the atmospheric conditions more emphatically than the material facts of the landscape.

As the afternoon wore on, a humdrum appearance came over all, and in this aspect we had to put on our plate the cairn-heights from the southern low grounds, and although obliged to photograph to a great extent "the facts which suffocate the Muse" (to use an apt expression of Oliver Wendell Holmes), yet the view is fairly representative of the "walk over long hills" mentioned in "English Traits" and occasionally referred to by Carlyle himself.

Nature's own sweet breath is dominant here and for many miles around, and could not but lull to repose the ebullient minds of

the Carlyles. It is pleasant to think of the solitary figure, as silent as the surroundings themselves, sauntering in this peaceful paradise. Of all positions in this age of rail-rush this surely was a God-appointed spot for one so tormented as he by the misdeeds of reckless inhumanity. Fit place this, when the mind of the strong thinker was simmering with the thoughts destined before long to thrill the world of thinking men and women.

Then how valuable must have been those morning canters of the Carlyles along these rolling braes! The free-blowing winds would doubtless exhilarate the thought of the moment and stimulate and mature the keen-edged words that would soon run from his pen in the cozy little study.

It is curious how one's knowledge of the peculiar constitutions of individuals trammels the imagination, the visible facts of the moment forming mere accessorial lineaments to the more dominant truths of the mind. Thus on lifting the knocker on the Craigenputtock front door in the summer of 1896 I felt afraid of disturbing the nerves of Jane Welsh Carlyle! "If the knocker makes no sound for weeks together," she wrote from Craigenputtock in 1832, "it is much the better for my nerves."

The house itself is a good old-fashioned square-cornered building of two stories, and in its rear the farmstead and cottages stand compact and businesslike. Carlyle's study is at the northeast end of the house and is entered from a larger front room. But the small oblong is felt to be of the greater importance. The paper on the poet Burns and the initiatory self-wrangling "Sartor Resartus" came into existence here. There are whispering mementos about of the hand and brain of the thought-laden soul that sat here in its own gloom or sunshine. The fervid thought that was emitted here in such terrible earnestness still burns. The atmosphere seems still charged with the laboring breath of the stormy thinker: one fears to speak aloud. It is a hallowed spot.

But although the study is the chief spot of interest, every part of the house brings to memory recorded incidents of its once illustrious inmates. You can hardly move about the rooms without feeling the presence of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle. The kitchen particularly has become attractive by the doings of the latter. All her readers know the vivid description she gives of the snow scene that kept her maid-servant

away, and necessitated the assistance of Carlyle before the breakfast could be prepared by the mistress herself.

Doubtless it was a highly romantic situation
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puzzled many of his contemporaries in the middle of the century. The influential rushlights of literature could then only make fun of his earnestness. A "gigman"

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given up to isolation and thought. Lucky thinker, to be able to allow the world to take its own way, making the one half of mankind welcome, if it pleased them, to slay the other half, while he rejoiced in the serene air and thought that the finest of all epaulets was a live sparrow on his shoulder!

It was far otherwise with Thomas Carlyle. His torch-like mind was ever flashing like a pharos in the gloom of storm. Truth and goodness kindled his genius, but any sense of wrong-doing fanned it into volcanic energy. Doubtless he was a shaky philosopher, but philosophy, perhaps, is hardly to be expected when one is plunging in a maelstrom surging with ages of tyrannic injustice and folly.

Possibly it was this attitude of his that

lyle is now burning in both hemispheres.

Much has been made of his brusque manner. Truth is, he could not bear inanity or even the semblance of it. Yet he was tolerant in a high degree to honest worth. Emerson observed that "Carlyle worshiped a man that manifested any truth in him."

To hold his attention one had to be thorough. He rushed at the stranger mind, and sometimes, too, by a byway, probing deeply, and all the time with flashing eyes—these small, pupiled orbs that, although dreamy-looking in repose, seemed, in his eager questioning attitudes, to leave their places and dart meteor-like toward yours. I will ever see those eyes on their way to mine during our first tussling interview. The fancy is

as strong as fact, and still felt to be as real as truth itself.

I have seen him in many moods, and began to learn that his silence was at times a compliment to all about him. The silence of others, too, was a stern necessity of his supersensitive nature. Indeed, without quietude life to him was intolerable. His nature was the very antipodes of that of Gibbon, who managed to sit as a mute for eight sessions in the House of Commons!

Nothing annoyed him more than noisy platitudes, no matter where or by whom they were echoed. The story of the pipe and empty room, although sometimes ascribed to the wrong person, is characteristic. A professor, nominally related, at least, to the host of St. Brycedale, Kirkcaldy, was rattling off his day's peregrinations: he had breakfasted at St. Andrews, dined in Aberdeen, "And now," he added with gusto, "I am sitting at supper in St. Brycedale with the great Thomas Carlyle." The storm burst. "For God's sake!" roared the sage to his niece, "get me a pipe and an empty room!"

Any formal function in life disturbed Carlyle's equanimity. Almost every recently issued book by an author personally acquainted with the Carlyles gives additional proof of the extraordinary burden that the thought of the performance of even an honorary duty imposed on his brooding spirit. The conventionally constituted may not understand it, but every impressionable mind can sympathize deeply with the burning genius that possessed him. In his strong manhood it carried him to the heights from which he surveyed the problems fraught with the life and the death of peoples and of nations. Carlyle's overwhelmed feelings were akin to the waves of the sea when opposed by encountering obstacles, and although at times they lashed themselves into foam only, the thoughtful observer can still recognize the law-driven power. Yes; his great genius in its exuberant strength followed nature herself in her own riotous and wasteful behavior. Love, therefore, should tinkle in the laughter evoked by the *outré* slips he sometimes made: they are merely caricature sketches in miniature for the treasured portfolio.

In this spirit I may lead the imagination of the reader to a small but strangely constituted group of people in the sitting-room of St. Brycedale, the home of the late Provost Swan of Kirkcaldy. Thomas Carlyle, along with his brother Dr. John Carlyle and

his niece, then Miss Mary Carlyle Aitken, were the noted personages of the group. The host, Provost Swan, an old pupil of Carlyle when he was school-mastering in Kirkcaldy, was proud of his distinguished visitors, and made them feel at home in his mansion. Untainted and untried in his faith, he kept up, bachelor though he was, the nightly practice of family worship, or "the readin'," as it was then best known in the vernacular of the people. Oftener than once he had asked his illustrious guest to conduct the ceremony. Carlyle was always in need of a smoke at such times, and so generally withdrew to his own room. One evening, however, when the conversation was quiet and genial, and one or two other friends were present, the provost once more pleaded with Carlyle to lead the service. He would rather be excused, but the kindly pressure and earnestness of his host made him volunteer to read a chapter to the company. The big Bible was soon on the table before him. He opened it and turned to the Book of Job. Carlyle was always an excellent reader, and his firm and sonorous voice soon filled the room. All present were deeply interested, and the provost was charmed at the idea of such a great man conducting family worship in his house; so he quietly touched the bell—the bell calling the servants to evening prayers. Soon they appeared in the doorway with their Bibles in their hands. Carlyle looked up and stared as if he had seen an apparition, and gave a strangely scowling murmur, fancying, perhaps, that he had been inveigled into a position he hated. Again, however, he resumed reading with greater apparent willingness than ever; he was warming with his subject. Verse after verse he continued to roll off. The company were puzzled, not apprehending whether the reader was treating them to a travesty or had become so absorbed in the subject-matter before him that he could not stop. Still he went on reading. Chapter third, in which Job curses the day of his birth, was reached. Carlyle's voice became stronger, more effective, terrible; and more than one of the company began to wonder if this were not the veritable Job himself come to earth again. The awe-inspiring voice rolled on, and in tones, too, that will live in at least one memory while it lasts. Rapt attention was still given to the reader, who was now in the sixth chapter. Job is still crying aloud in his despair, and in the sixth verse he asks, "Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" "God bless me!" exclaimed Carlyle, "I did not know that was

here!" The spell was broken. Most of the company were vainly endeavoring to conceal a smile or muzzle a laugh. Miss Aitken took in the situation at a glance. "Uncle," said she, gently tapping his arm, "the company is waiting." In a moment he closed the Bible

and Edward Irving paced along that very shore with its mile and more of yellow sand and long lapping wavelets so graphically noticed in his "Reminiscences."

In such cases the provost would order his carriage and drive his visitor out, one day to

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1874 BY JOHN PATRICK.

JOHN CARLYLE, THOMAS CARLYLE, MRS. ALEXANDER CARLYLE, AND PROVOST SWAN, ON ST. BRYCE DALE STEPS.

with both hands and an emphatic smack, then rose, and retired to his own room. Not sure of how her uncle might be feeling after so exciting a reading, Miss Aitken soon followed. She found him filling his long clay pipe and twisting about in quiet laughter at the way he had got out of "the readin'."

As might be expected, Provost Swan was very attentive to his visitors, yet he himself told me that he had to be very careful in offering his services, and had to trust to opportunity to carry out any of his intentions tending to the comfort of his chief guest. Sometimes Carlyle did not feel inclined for the long solitary walks which he frequently took in the forenoons along Kirkcaldy sands—walks that would doubtless recall to his memory the episodes of early days when he

show him a picture exhibition, and another a big school the head master of which, he knew, would be able to appreciate the honor of such a distinguished visit. To mark the occasion, the teacher called up a music class and gave out a joyous hymn. Carlyle, touched to sadness by the sight of so many children absorbed in their pleasant task and alike careless and ignorant of the future, was heard to mutter in his native Doric, "Puir things! puir things!" This utterance is quite in harmony with his remark when somebody was expatiating on the beauty of the starry sky: "It's a sad, sad sight." Both remarks illustrate his tendency to view everything, not as detached, but as related to the "background of eternity," as Alexander Smith, I think, well puts it.

On the conclusion of the children's song, Carlyle, at heart a Scot of the Scots despite his world-comprehending outlook, expressed himself as pleased with the singing, but asked that they might sing a Scotch song. The teacher was nonplussed; he apologized and parch the ideal—the higher real—of a mind that had helped to mold his own individuality. It was on one of these occasions that I secured my best portrait of him. The dishevelment of his hair looked eminently characteristic. I saw before me the veritable Teufelsdröckh himself, with

or some few remarks to make that he would appear at my studio door. I never courted his presence. No one would have done so who knew the smoldering fires that might blaze up in a



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN PATRICK.
CARLYLE'S HOUSE AT CHELSEA: REAR AND FRONT.

stairs for my library album, containing por-

traits I had bought of most of the celebrities of the day. He began to turn the leaves in an indifferent manner, but coming on an early photograph of himself, he clenched his right hand and brought it down on the album, saying bitterly, "That 's bad!" It was bad, but it was like him, and that is more than can be said of Whistler's modern rhapsody of him. Carlyle soon became interested, however, and took the album to a table nearer the window, and sat down, the rest looking on in silence, which was broken at intervals by short conversations and some remarkable criticisms. Looking at a portrait of Landseer, he said it was "the most leonine resemblance of him he had seen," and so on, just as one might have expected, considering how he could limn in a line the char-

THE KITCHEN, CRANHENPUTOCK.

phy could have given in a realizable way the action over Dickens's face so vividly pictured by Carlyle in one of his letters: "A face of most extreme mobility, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth, and all—in a very singular manner while speaking."

Carlyle was pleased to hear me say I had heard Dickens read, but that I could not say I had seen him read. He looked for an explanation. It was this: As soon as Dickens's voice reached the ear one forgot all present things. The mental eye looked on the vivid presentation that the voice was depicting, and so one's mind was either considering the amusing people of the scene, or touched to its deepest chord by the pathos, as the voice rose and fell, of the maiming power of neglect and ill usage in "Dotheboys Hall."

ENGRAVED BY THOMAS JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1874 BY JOHN PATRICK, EDINBURGH.

7. C. & Y.

"Children were there whose faces might have been pretty." One's eyes grew dim and one's tears rolled, while the voice of infinite pity for the helpless went on.

Emerson tells us that Carlyle wished to go through the British Museum in silence, and thought a sincere man would see something and say nothing. We sometimes think that Jane Welsh Carlyle did not appraise the silent moods of her husband correctly. Doubtless he too often sat apart like a god—a war-god, too—to be easily understood. Her fancy-feeding weaknesses possibly misinterpreted the strange visage of such a toil-worn soul, which too often, alas! temporarily beclouded a loving heart. Carlyle's affection for his wife, although quiescent, was unflagging; but it needed circumstance for its enunciation. Carlyle unkind! The man that patted affectionately the marble hands of William of Wykeham's recumbent statue had eternal love in his nature. Was it not domestic bliss itself when the tall and lithe figure of Carlyle squatted by the hearth at evening and puffed up the chimney the smoke from his long clay pipe, impregnated, as he himself thought, with not a little effluvium from the contentiousness of his toiling day?

The married life of the Carlyles has always seemed to me like blustering March with its showers and sunshine, its windy sky rending and tossing the clouds overhead and giving piquancy to the landscape by its alternating brilliancy of light and heavy shade.

Tennyson, who had been a close observer of the Carlyle household, says in his biography: "Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, on the whole, enjoyed lifetogether, else they would not have chaffed one another so heartily." Browning thought that "if there were any domestic unhappiness Mrs. C. was more to blame than Carlyle." When bantering, Mrs. Carlyle tried to do it brilliantly, and so the apparently severe pen-and-ink sketches of her husband she sometimes indulged in were merely the momentary effervescence of her volatile nature—enjoyable things when rightly understood. Well she knew this foible of hers. When writing from Craigenputtock to a friend about some story she had colored too highly, she said: "Most likely it was wide of the mark; would depend more on how I had slept the previous night than on the fact of things."

Truth to tell, for most of her life the physical organization of Mrs. Carlyle was an unfortunate factor. "My whole life," wrote she, "has been a sort of puddling as to health." Often, in her letters, she made fun of some remarks of a doctor who said to Carlyle,

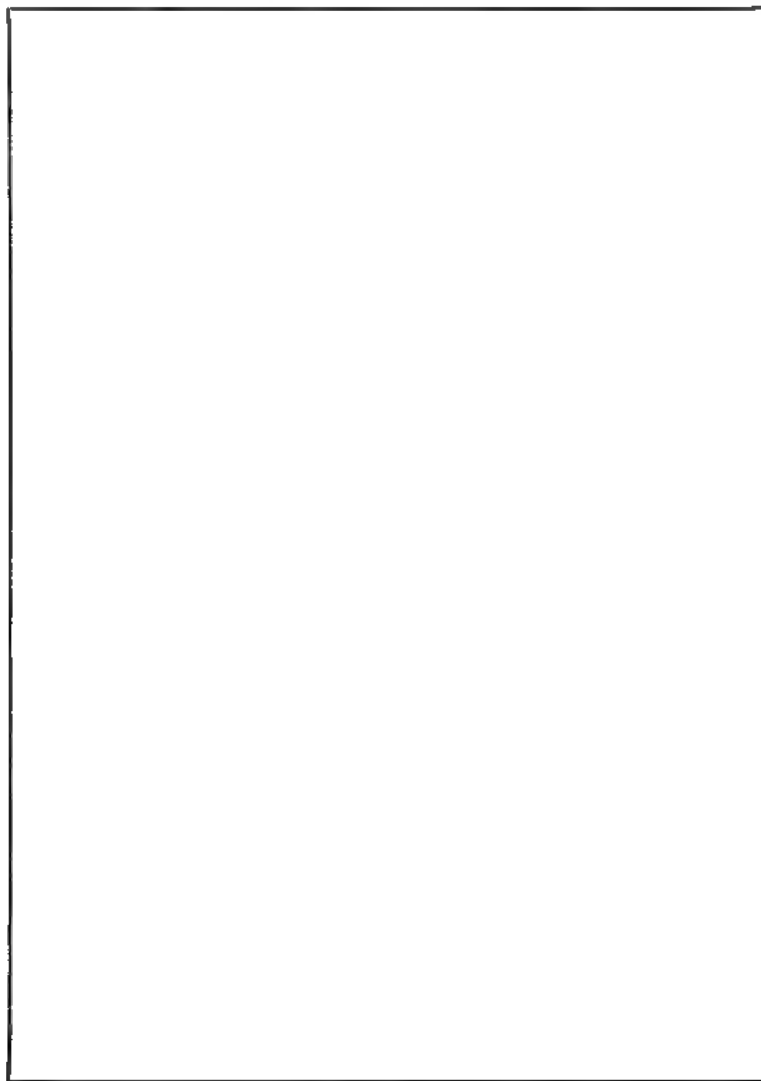
in a complimentary tone, "Mrs. Carlyle has the remains of a fine woman." Might such an awkward-looking expression not hold within it a covert hint of her natural infirmities? Fate was ever frowning on her fragile womanhood. Nature had handicapped her at her birth, and so, after exercising the power and the brilliancy of her mind, she suffered severely. As impressionable as air, a breath made her quiver. She needed even more than Carlyle the peaceful moorland home of Craigenputtock. A touch of the knocker, we have seen, was like an electric shock to her system, and yet, as a rule, her visitors at Craigenputtock were mostly pleasant and welcome ones, and although a hurly-burly raid was at times made on her, yet she had the pleasure for once, at least, of "an angel's visit." Then Carlyle even thought the moor greener than usual when Irving and he quietly sauntered along its tufty slopes. Nothing, surely, but actual bodily suffering could detract from the happiness of Jane Welsh Carlyle when such guests slipped about their lonely abode, 'one of whom declared her an Eve and always making her home a paradise. On the whole, the life at Craigenputtock was genial and good. Her letters express the fact in many ways. "What a quality of wisdom, new and old, falls from his [Carlyle's] lips in the course of a solar day! . . . With the crumbs that fall from *his* table I might positively set up a respectable little bread-shop of my own. . . . This, indeed, would be . . . a notable invention for burning the candle twice over."

Yet Mrs. Carlyle's household duties, although clearly a pleasure to her, were evidently too seriously taken for one so poor in health and so given to annoying illusions. This seems the only key to the misrepresentations conveyed to the multitude. Tyndall's idea that Froude's bucket of water would evaporate in time and leave the figures of the Carlyles unsullied is no doubt true. But the thoughtful reader early perceived the true bearings of the case; he saw that the mutual behavior of two such wonderfully constituted minds could not be looked at in the ordinary way. The fires of their genius "slumbered not nor slept," and in like intensity glowed their feelings, which a word fanned into flame. Yet, when the smoke cleared away, deep, pure affection would glow in the very embers. Then, what husband's letters to his wife ever breathed more love and tenderness than Carlyle's?

Froude, unfortunately, had got to the weather side of Carlyle. He seems to have

been generally pliant and uncritical to the strong and hasty statements of Carlyle, and may thereby have wielded more influence over him than the truer friends of broader views, who exercised, even in his presence, more critical acumen. Excellent glimpses

Castle he harps in this strain: "He and I had nightly long arguments, far too frank and equal on my side, I can now see with penitence." His remarks on the recalling of past moments of mutual feeling and loving-kindness between himself and his wife have been



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT KIRKCALDY, OCTOBER, 1874, BY JOHN PATRICK.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

in support of this position may be seen in a recently published work, "My Life in Two Hemispheres," by Sir Charles G. Duffy.

What was much overlooked, too, was the ultra-acute penitence of Carlyle in his latter days. Whether writing of his Jeannie or his friends, this frail trait of his is very noticeable. For instance, even concerning his long-gone-by visits to Lord Jeffrey at Craigcrook

recklessly construed into remorse for former neglect. When in "a torrent of grief" after Mrs. Carlyle's death, he says: "What unknown seas of feeling lie in man and will from time to time break through!" The author of "The Bards of the Bible" has said: "The greatest of all telescopes is a tear," and it seems as if Thomas Carlyle in his old age was able to see certain things only through his tears.

JONATHAN AND JOHN.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

SHOULD Jonathan and John fall out
The world would stagger from that bout;
With John and Jonathan at one
The world's great peace will have begun.

With Jonathan and John at war
The hour that havoc hungers for
Will strike, in ruin of blood and tears,—
The world set back a thousand years.

With John and Jonathan sworn to stand
Shoulder to shoulder, hand by hand,
Justice and peace shall build their throne
From tropic sea to frozen zone.

When Jonathan and John forget
The scar of an ancient wound to fret,
And smile to think of an ancient feud
Which the God of the nations turned to good,

When the bond of a common creed and speech
And kindred binds them each to each,
And each in the other's victories
The pride of his own achievement sees,—

How paltry a thing they both will know
That grudge of a hundred years ago,—
How small that blemish of wrath and blame
In the blazonry of their common fame!





ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

"THE WIND OF VICTORY IN HER BURLY SAILS!"

ON A BOY'S FIRST READING OF "KING HENRY V."

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL.

*And above them all, and strangest of all
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.*

LONGFELLOW: "The Building of the Ship."

WHEN youth was lord of my unchallenged fate,
And time seemed but the vassal of my will,
I entertained certain guests of state—
The great of older days, who, faithful still,
Have kept with me the pact my youth had made.

And I remember how one galleon rare
From the far distance of a time long dead
Came on the wings of a fair-fortuned air,
With sound of martial music heralded,
In blazonry of storied shields arrayed.

So the *Great Harry* with high trumpetings,
The wind of victory in her burly sails!
And all her deck with clang of armor rings:
And under-flown the Lily standard trails,
And over-flown the royal Lions ramp.

The waves she rode are strewn with silent wrecks,
Her proud sea-comrades once; but ever yet
Comes time-defying laughter from her decks,
Where stands the lion-lord Plantagenet,
Large-hearted, merry, king of court and camp.

Sail on! sail on! The fatal blasts of time
That spared so few, shall thee with joy escort;
And with the stormy thunder of thy rhyme
Shalt thou salute full many a centuried port
With "Ho! for Harry and red Agincourt!"

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

VIA CRUCIS.¹

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

PICTURE BY LOUIS LOER.

VII.

LE Duke Geoffrey tarried in Paris, receiving much honor at the king's court, but obtaining very little satisfaction of his wishes for help against Stephen, the time was heavy on the hands of some of his followers; but others of them, seeing that they had little service and much leisure, made up their minds to do not only what was good in their own eyes, but sometimes also that which was evil, as a certain chronicler once said of the English knights. For the wine of Gascony was good, but some said that the vintage of Burgundy was better, and a matter of such weight was evidently not to be left undecided; yet the more often it came to judgment, the more evidence and testimony were required in the case, so that the court sat night and day without agreeing upon a verdict.

But Gilbert had never learned to sit for hours over a cup, slowly addling his wits and marking the hour when the room should begin to swing upon the pivot of his head; and Henry kept him constantly by his side, saying that he was the only sober man in his father's court, knight or squire; nor would the boy let him go, excepting when he himself could pass his time with the queen, and then he was more than anxious that Gilbert should disappear. At first Eleanor was amused by the lad's childish passion, but as she herself greatly preferred Gilbert's society to that of Henry, she soon grew weary of the rather tame sport which consisted in making a boy fall desperately in love with her.

Moreover, Henry was precocious and keensighted beyond his years, and was not long in discovering his idol's predilection for his friend. His chief consolation was that Gilbert himself seemed indifferent, and came and went at the queen's bidding as though

he were obeying an order rather than an impulse.

One lazy autumn afternoon, when the air was as hot as summer, and the flies were swarming about the open doors of the great stables, and before the deep archway that led into the main kitchen, and about the open windows of the knights' and squires' quarters,—when the air was still and lazy, and not a sound was heard in the vast inclosure of the castle yard,—Henry and Gilbert came out to play at tennis in a shady corner behind the church, where there was a penthouse that would serve.

In half a dozen strokes Henry scored one to Gilbert's nothing, and the boy dropped the ball at his feet to tighten the network he had made on his hand by winding a bowstring in and out between his fingers and across the palm, as men did before rackets were thought of. Suddenly he turned half round and faced Gilbert, planting himself with his sturdy legs apart and crossing his arms, which were bare to the elbow; for he had taken off his cloth tunic, and his embroidered shirt, girdled at the waist by a leather belt, hung down over his scarlet hose, and was wide at the neck and turned back above his elbows. He was hatless, ruddy, and hot.

"Will you answer a fair question fairly, Master Gilbert?" he asked, looking his friend in the eyes.

Gilbert had fallen into the habit of treating him like a man, as most people did, excepting the queen, and gravely nodded an answer.

"Do you not think that the Queen of France is the most beautiful woman in the world?"

"Yes," answered Gilbert, without a smile, and without the slightest hesitation.

The boy's eyes, which were so near together, gleamed and fixed themselves in rising anger, while a dark red flush mounted from his bare throat to his cheeks, and from his cheeks to his forehead.

"Then you love her?" he asked fiercely, and the words were thick on his lips.

¹ Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

Gilbert was not easily surprised, but the conclusion was so sudden and unexpected that he stared for a moment in blank amazement before he smiled.

"I?" he exclaimed. "I love the queen? I should as soon think of coveting the king's crown!"

Henry looked into Gilbert's face a moment longer, and the blood slowly subsided from his own.

"I can see that you are in earnest," he said, picking up the ball that lay at his feet, "though I cannot see why a man should not covet a king's crown as well as a king's wife." He struck the ball.

"You are young," said Gilbert, "to ride at tilt through all the ten commandments at once."

"Young!" exclaimed the boy, keeping the ball up. "So was David when he killed the giant. So was Hercules when he strangled the serpents, as you told me the other day. Young!" he cried a second time, with forcibly concentrated contempt. "You should know, Master Gilbert, that a Plantagenet of thirteen years is the match of any other man of twenty. As I can beat you at tennis, though you are six years older than I, so I can beat you in other matters, and with the queen herself, even though she is half in love with you already, as all the court is saying; and she shall belong to me some day, though I have to slay that dish-faced prayer-master of a king to get her."

Gilbert was no more morally timid than he was physically cowardly, but he looked round with some anxiety as the boy uttered his outrageous boast.

The place they had chosen for their game was the deep and shady corner where the church made a right angle with the royal palace. The grass was cropped during several hours every morning by a dozen sheep and lambs kept in a stable at the other end of the castle yard during the rest of the day. The springing turf was kept fresh even in summer's drought by the deep shadows. The church wall, built of well-hewn blocks of stone, was flat and smooth, and was strengthened at regular intervals by buttresses springing straight up from the sloping penthouse of masonry, some two yards high. The interval between the last buttress and the wall of the palace made an admirable court, and, indeed, the tennis-courts of later days all seem to have been modeled upon just such corners of old church architecture. The wall of the palace was also smooth and almost without windows on that side. There was one on the lower floor, at a considerable distance from

the corner, but the other was at least four or five yards from the ground, just above the point where Gilbert and Henry were playing, and was made in Norman fashion, of two round arches springing from the rough-hewn capital of a small stone column between them. Gilbert had often noticed this window, though it was above an ordinary side glance, as he played the ball at the other wall; and even as he turned now, he looked instinctively behind him and toward the distant lower window.

A sweet, low laugh rang out into the summer air just above his head. He looked up to meet the sound, and young Henry missed the ball and turned his eyes in the same direction. His bluff, boyish face blushed scarlet, but Gilbert turned slowly pale, stepped back, and took his round, pointed cap from his fair hair in acknowledgment of the queen's presence.

"You were listening, madam," cried the boy, red in his anger. "But I am glad you did, since you have heard the truth."

The queen laughed again, and drew back her head as if to see whether there were any one in the room behind her, her white hand lying over the stone sill, meanwhile, as if to show that she was not going away. Gilbert even thought that her slender fingers tapped the stone ledge in a reassuring way. Then she looked out again. A few late flowers and sweet herbs grew in an earthenware trough in one division of the window. There was sweet basil and a bit of woodbine that tried to find a hold upon the slender column, and, partly missing it, hung down over the window-ledge. A single monthly rose made a point of color among the sweet green things.

The queen was smiling still as she rested her elbows upon the sill and her chin on her folded hands. She was near enough to the tennis-players to be heard by them if she spoke in a low tone.

"Are you angry because Master Gilbert is frightened?" she asked, looking at Henry. "Or are you frightened because his lordship the Count of Anjou is angry?" she inquired, turning her eyes to Gilbert.

He smiled at her way of opening the conversation, but Henry thought that she was laughing at him, and grew redder than ever. Not deigning to answer, he picked up the ball and served it over the penthouse to himself, striking it back cleverly enough. The queen laughed again as he kept his face resolutely turned from her.

"Will you teach me to play if I come

U.S. - EB-1000

"PERHAPS THAT IS ONE REASON WHY I LIKE YOU."

down to you?" she asked, looking at the back of his head.

"It is no game for women," answered the boy, bluntly, and still keeping the ball up.

"Will you give me a lesson, Master Gilbert?" The laughing eyes were suddenly grave as they turned to the young Englishman, the smiling lips grew tender, and the voice was gentle.

Without turning round, Henry felt the change and knew that she was looking at his friend. He served the ball with a vicious stroke that brought it back too high for him. Without turning his head to see where it had rolled, the angry boy walked off, picked up his tunic, which lay on the turf at a little distance, threw it over his arm, jammed his pointed cap upon his head with his other hand, and departed in offended dignity.

The queen smiled as she looked after him, but did not laugh again.

"Will you teach me to play tennis?" she asked of Gilbert, who was hesitating as to what he should do. "You have not answered me yet."

"I shall at all times do your Grace's bidding," answered Gilbert, inclining his head a little and making a gesture with the hand that held his cap, as if to put himself at her disposal.

"At all times?" she asked quietly.

Gilbert looked up quickly, fearing lest he might be tricked into a promise he did not understand, and he did not answer at once. But she would not repeat the question.

"Wait," she said, before he spoke; "I am coming down."

With an almost imperceptible gesture, like a greeting, she disappeared. Gilbert began to walk up and down, his hands behind him, his eyes on the ground, and he did not see the tennis-ball which Henry had lost until he almost stumbled over it. The boy's words had roused an entirely new train of ideas in his mind. Perhaps no man could be so free from vanity as not to be pleased, even against his will, with the thought that the most beautiful living woman, and she a queen, was in love with him. But whatever satisfaction of that sort Gilbert may have felt was traversed in an opposite direction by the cool sense of his own indifference. And, besides, that was a simple age in which sins were called by their own names and were regarded with a sort of semi-religious, respectful abhorrence by most honest gentlemen; and what was only the general expression of a narrow but high morality had been branded upon Gilbert's soul during the past

months in letters that were wounds, by the ever-present memory of his own mother's shame.

The confusion of his reflections was simplified by the appearance of Queen Eleanor. At the window of the lower story, which opened to the ground, she stepped out, looked up and down the deserted yard, and then came toward him. Gilbert had been long enough in Paris to understand that Queen Eleanor had not the slightest regard for the set rules, formal prejudices, and staid traditions of her husband's court; and when King Lewis gravely protested against her dressing herself in man's mail, bestriding his own favorite charger, and tilting at the Saracen quintain in the yard, she hinted with more or less good or ill nature, according to her mood, that her possessions were considerably more extensive than the kingdom of France, and that what she had been taught to do by William of Aquitaine was necessarily right, and beyond the criticism of Lewis Capet. Nevertheless, the Englishman had some reasonable doubts and misgivings at finding himself, a humble squire, alone in that quiet corner with the most beautiful and most powerful of reigning queens. But she, whose extraordinary intuition was a gift almost beyond nature, knew what he felt before she had reached his side. She spoke quite naturally and as if such a meeting were an everyday occurrence.

"You did not know that the window was mine?" she said quietly. "I saw how surprised you were when I looked out. It is a window of a little hall behind my room. There is a staircase leading down. I often come that way, but I hardly ever look out. To-day as I was passing I heard that silly child's angry voice, and when I saw his face and heard what he said, I could not help laughing."

"The young count is in earnest," said Gilbert, quietly, for it would have seemed disloyal to him to join in the queen's laughter.

"In earnest! Children are always in earnest."

"They deserve the more respect," retorted the Englishman.

"I never heard of respecting children," laughed the queen. "But you often say things which I never heard before. Perhaps that is one reason why I like you."

She stopped and leaned against the penthouse, for they had reached the corner of the court, and she thoughtfully bit a sprig of rosemary which she had picked from her window in passing. Gilbert could not help

watching the small white teeth that severed the little curling gray leaves like ivory knives, but the queen's eyes were turned from him and were very thoughtful.

Gilbert thought it necessary to say something.

"Your Grace is very kind." He bowed respectfully.

"What makes you so sad?" she asked suddenly, after a short pause, and turning her eyes full upon him. "Is Paris so dull? Is our court so grave? Is my Gascony wine sour, that you will not be merry like the rest, or"—she laughed a little—"or are you not treated with the respect and consideration due to your rank?"

Gilbert drew himself up a little, as if not pleased by the jest.

"You know well that I have no rank, madam," he said, "but if it please you to command of me some worthy deed, I shall, by the grace of God, obtain knighthood."

"Such as teaching me to play tennis? You should as well be knighted for that as for any other thing hard to do."

"Your Grace is never in earnest."

"Sometimes I am." Her eyelids drooped a little as she looked at him. "Not often enough, you think? And you—too often. Always, indeed!"

"If I were Queen of France I could be light-hearted too," said Gilbert; "but if your Grace were Gilbert Warde you would be perhaps a sadder man than I." And he also laughed a little, but bitterly. Eleanor raised her smooth brows and spoke with a touch of irony.

"Are you so young, and have you already such desperate sorrows?"

But as she looked his face changed, with that look of real and cruel suffering which none can counterfeit. He leaned back against the penthouse, looking straight before him. Then she, seeing that she had touched the nerve in an unhealed wound, glanced side-long at him, bit upon her sprig of rosemary again, turned, and with half-bent head walked slowly along to the next buttress; she turned again there, and coming back stood close before him, laying one hand upon his folded arm, and looking up to his eyes, that gazed persistently over her head.

"I would not hurt you for the world," she said very gravely. "I mean to be your friend, your best friend—do you understand?"

Gilbert looked down and saw her upturned face. It should have moved him even then, he thought, and perhaps he did not himself know that between her and him there was

the freezing shadow of a faint likeness to his mother.

"You are kind, madam," he said somewhat formally. "A poor squire without home or fortune can hardly be the friend of the Queen of France."

She drew back from him half a step, but her outstretched hand still rested on his arm.

"What have lands and fortune to do with friendship—or with love?" she asked. "Friendship's home is in the hearts of men and women; friendship's fortune is friendship's faith."

"Aye, madam; so it should be," answered Gilbert, his voice warming in a fuller tone.

"Then be my friend," she said, and her hand turned itself palm upward, asking for his.

He took it and raised it to his lips in the act of bending one knee. But she hindered him; her fingers closed on his with a strength such as he had not dreamed that any woman could possess, and she held him and made him stand upright again, so that he would have had to use force to kneel before her.

"Leave that for the court," she said; "when we are alone let us enjoy our freedom and be simply human beings, man and woman, friend and friend."

Gilbert still held her hand, and saw nothing but truth in the mask of open-hearted friendship in which she disguised her growing love. He was young and thought himself almost friendless; a generous warmth was suddenly at his heart, with something compounded of genuine present gratitude and of the most chivalrous and unselfish devotion for the future.

She felt that she had gained a point, and she forthwith claimed the privilege of friendship.

"And being friends," she said, still holding his hand as he stood beside her, "will you not trust me and tell me what it is that seems to break your heart? It may be that I can help you."

Gilbert hesitated, and she saw the uncertainty in his face, and pressed his hand softly as if persuading him to speak.

"Tell me!" she said. "Tell me about yourself!"

Gilbert glanced at her doubtfully, looked away, and then turned to her again. Her voice had a persuasion of its own that appealed to him as her beauty could not. Almost before he knew what he was doing he was walking slowly by her left side, in the shade of the church, telling her his story; and she listened, silently interested, always

turning her face a little toward his, and sometimes meeting his eyes with eyes of sympathy. He could not have told his tale to a man; he would not have told it to a woman he loved; but Eleanor represented to him a new and untried relation, and the sweet impersonal light of friendship waked the dark places of his heart to undreamed confidence.

He told her what had befallen him, from first to last, but the sound of his own words was strange to him; for he found himself telling her what he had seen two and three years ago, in the light of what he had known but a few months, yet almost as if he had known it from the first. More than once he hesitated in his speech, being suddenly struck by the horror of what he was telling, and almost doubting the witness of his own soul to the truth. One thing only he did not tell: he never spoke of Beatriz, nor hinted that there had been any love in his life.

They turned and turned again many times, and he was hardly aware that at the end the queen had linked one hand in his right arm and gently pressed it from time to time in sign of sympathy. And when he had finished, with a quaver in his deep voice as he told how he had come out into the world to seek his fortune, she stopped him, and they both stood still.

"Poor boy!" she exclaimed softly. "Poor Gilbert!"—and her tone lingered on the name,—“the world owes you a desperate debt—but the world shall pay it!”

She smiled as she spoke the last words, pressing his arm more suddenly and quickly than before; and he smiled too, but incredulously. Then she looked down at her own hand on his sleeve.

"But that is not all," she continued thoughtfully; "was there no woman—no love—no one that was dearer than all you lost?"

A faint and almost boyish blush rose in Gilbert's cheek, and disappeared again instantly.

"They took her from me, too," he said, in a low, hard voice. "She was Arnold de Curboil's daughter; when he married my mother he made his child my sister. You know the church's law!"

Eleanor was on the point of saying something impulsively, but her eyelids suddenly drooped, and she checked herself. If Gilbert Warde did not know that the church granted dispensation in such cases she saw no good reason for telling him.

"Besides," he added, "I could not have

her now, unless I could take her from her father by force."

"No," said the queen, thoughtfully. "Is she fair?"

"Very dark," said Gilbert.

"I mean, is she beautiful?"

"To me, yes; the most beautiful in the world. But how should I know? I have never heard others speak of her. She is not beautiful as your Grace is,—not radiantly, supremely, magnificently perfect,—yet to my eyes she is very lovely."

"I should like to see her," said the queen.

In the silence that followed they began to walk up and down again side by side, but Eleanor's hand no longer rested on Gilbert's arm. She could see that his eyes were fixed upon a face that was far away, and that his hand longed for a touch not hers; and a painful little thrill of disappointment ran through her, for she was not used to any sort of opposition, in great things or small. The handsome Englishman attracted her strangely, and not by his outward personality only. From the first a sort of mystery had hung over him, and she felt, when she was with him, the inexplicable fascination of a curiosity which she should be sure to satisfy sooner or later. And now, having learned something of his life, and liking him the more for what she knew, she was suddenly filled with an irresistible longing to see the girl who had made the first mark on Gilbert's life. She tried to conjure up the young face, and the dark hue he had spoken of brought the vision of a fateful shadow. Her mind dwelt upon the girl, and she started visibly when Gilbert spoke to her.

"And has your Grace no deed for me to do?" he asked. "Is there nothing whereby I may prove my thanks?"

"Nothing, saving that you be indeed my friend—a friend I can trust, a friend to whom I may speak safely as to my own soul, a friend whom I may tell how heartily I hate this life I lead!"

She uttered the last words with a sudden rising accent of unruly discontent, as genuine as every other outward showing of her vital nature.

"How can your life be hateful?" asked Gilbert, in profound astonishment, for he did not know her half as well as she knew him.

"How can it be anything else?" she asked. "How should life not be hateful when every natural thing that makes life worth living is choked as soon as it is awake? Oh, I often wish I were a man!"

"Men do not wish you were," answered Gilbert, with a smile.

Suddenly, while they were speaking, a sound of voices filled the air with loud chanting of Latin words. Instinctively the queen laid her hand on Gilbert's sleeve and drew him into the shadow of a buttress, and he yielded, scarcely knowing what he did. The chanting swelled on the air, and a moment later the procession began to appear beyond the corner of the church. Two and two, led by one who bore a cross, the song-boys in scarlet and white came first, then Benedictine monks in black, then priests of the cathedral in violet cloth, with fine white linen surplices, bearing wax candles. And they all chanted as they walked, loudly, fervently, as if a life and a soul depended on every note. Then, as the queen and Gilbert looked on from the shade where they stood, they saw the canopy of cloth of gold borne on its six gilded staves by slim young men in white, and beneath it walked the venerable archbishop, half hidden under the vast embroidered cope from which the golden monstrance emerged, grasped by his closely wrapped hands; and his colorless eyes were fixed devoutly upon the Sacred Host, while his lips moved in silent prayer.

Just as the canopy was in sight the procession halted for some time. In the shadow of the buttress Eleanor knelt upon the turf, looking toward the Sacred Host, and Gilbert dropped upon one knee at her side, very reverently bending his head, as a man to whom the outward sign was surety of the inward faith.

Eleanor looked straight before her with more curiosity than religious fervor, but in her ear she heard Gilbert's deep voice softly chanting with the monks the psalms he had so often sung at Sheering Abbey. The queen turned her head at the sound, in surprise, and watched the young man's grave face for a moment without attracting his attention. Apparently she was not pleased, for her brows were very slightly drawn together, the corners of her eyes drooped, and the deep bright blue was darkened. At that moment the canopy swayed a little, the ancient bishop moved his shoulders under the heavy cope in the effort of starting again, and the procession began to move onward.

And next after the bishop, from behind the end of the church, the king came into sight, walking monk-like with folded hands, moving lips, and downcast eyes, the long, embroidered bleaunt reaching almost to his feet, while the scarlet mantle, lined with blue

and bordered with ermine, fell straight from his shoulders and touched the turf as he walked. He was bareheaded, and as Eleanor noticed what was evidently intended for another act of humility, the serene curve of her closed lips was sharpened in scorn. And suddenly, as she gazed at her husband's cold white features in contempt, she heard Gilbert's voice at her elbow again, chanting the Latin words musically and distinctly, and she turned almost with a movement of anger to see the bold young face saddened and softened by the essence of a profound belief.

"Was I born to love monks?" she sighed half audibly; but as she looked back at the procession she started, and uttered a low exclamation.

Beside her husband, but a little after him as the pageant turned, a straight, thin figure came into sight, clad in a monk's frock scarcely less dazzling white than the marvelous upturned face. At Eleanor's exclamation Gilbert also had raised his eyes from the ground, and they fixed themselves on the wonderful features of the greatest man of the age, while his voice forgot to chant, and his lips remained parted in wonder. Upon the bright green grass, against the background of hewn stone walls, in the glorious autumn sunshine, Bernard of Clairvaux moved like the supernal vision of a heavenly dream. His head thrown back, the delicate silver-fair beard scarcely shadowing the spiritual outlines of an almost divine face, his soft blue eyes looked upward, filled with a light not earthly. The transparent brow and the almost emaciated cheeks were luminously pale, and seemed to shed a radiance of their own.

But it would have been impossible to say what it was in the man's form or face that made him so utterly different and distinct from other men. It was not alone the Christ-like brow, nor the noble features inherited from a line of heroes; it was not the ascetic air, nor the look of bodily suffering, nor the fine-drawn lines of pain which, as it were, etched a shadowy background of sorrow upon which the spiritual supremacy blazed like a rising star: it was something beyond all these, above name and out of definition, the halo of saintship, the glory of genius, the crown of heroism. Of such a man one's eyes might be filled, and one might say: "Let him not speak, lest some harsh tone or imperfect speech should pierce the vision with sharp discord, as a rude and sudden sound ends a soft dream." Yet he was a man who,

when he raised his hand to lead, led millions like children; who, when he opened his lips to speak, spoke with the tongue of men and of angels such words as none had spoken before him—words which were the truth made light; one who, when he took pen in hand to write to the world's masters, wrote without fear or fault, as being the scribe of God, but who could pen messages of tenderest love and gentlest counsel to the broken-hearted and the heavy-laden.

Gilbert's eyes followed the still, white glory of the monk's face till the procession turned in a wide sweep behind the wing of the palace, and even then the tension of his look did not relax. He was still kneeling with fixed gaze when the queen was standing beside him. The scorn was gone from her lips and had given place to a sort of tender pity. She touched the young man's shoulder twice before he started, looked up, and then sprang to his feet.

"Who is that man?" he asked earnestly.

"Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux," answered the queen, looking far away. "I almost worshiped him once, when I was a child—it is the will of Heaven that I should lose my heart to monks!"

She laughed, as she had laughed from the window.

"Monks?" Gilbert repeated the word with curiosity.

"Are you one of those persons for whom it is necessary to explain everything?" asked Eleanor, still smiling and looking at him intently. "I think you must be half a monk yourself, for I heard you singing the psalms as sweetly as any convent scholar."

"Even if I were not half a monk, but one altogether, I should not wholly understand your Grace's speech." Gilbert smiled too, for he was immeasurably far from guessing what was in her mind.

"So I have thought in all these weeks and days while we have been together."

Her eyes darkened as she looked at him fixedly, but his were clear and calm.

"Do you understand this?" she asked, and she laid her two hands upon his shoulders.

"What?" he asked, in surprise.

"This," she said very softly, drawing herself near to him by her hands.

Then he knew, and he would have straightened himself, but her hands sprang to meet each other round his neck, and her face was close to his. The vision of his own sinful mother rose in her eyes to meet him.

She held him fast, and three times she kissed him before she would let him go.

VIII.

GILBERT had reached Paris in the train of Duke Geoffrey in September; the Christmas bells were ringing when he first caught sight of the walls and towers of Rome. As he drew rein on the crest of a low hill, the desolate brown waste of the Campagna stretched behind him mile upon mile to northward, toward the impenetrable forests of Viterbo, and Rome was at last before him. Before him rose the huge, half-ruined walls of Aurelian, battered by Goth and Saracen and imperial Greek; before him towered the fortress of Hadrian's tomb, vast, impregnable, ferocious. Here and there above the broken crenellations of the city's battlements rose dark and slender towers, square and round, marking the places where strong robbers had fortified themselves within the city. But from the point where Gilbert halted Rome seemed but a long brown ruin, with portions standing whole, as brown as the rest under the bright depths of vaulted blue, unflecked by the least fleece of cloud in the matchless clearness of the winter's morning. Profound disappointment came upon him as he looked. With little knowledge and hardly any information from others who had journeyed by the same road, he had built himself an imaginary city of unspeakable beauty, wherein graceful churches rose out of sunlit streets and fair open places planted with lordly avenues of trees. There, in his thoughts, walked companies of men with faces like the face of the great Bernard, splendid with innocence, radiant with the hope of life. Thither, in his fancy, came the true knights of the earth, purified of sin by vigils in the holy places of the East, to renew unbroken vows of chastity and charity and faith. There, in his dream, dwelt the venerable father of bishops, the Vicar of Christ, the successor of Peter, the spotless head of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. There, in his heart, he had made the dwelling of whatsoever things are upright and just and perfect in heaven, and pure and beautiful on earth. That was the city of God, of which his soul was the architect, and in which he was to be a dweller, in peace that should pass understanding.

He had left behind him in Paris another vision, and one that might well have dazzled him—such favor as falls to few; such hopes as few can plant in their lives and still fewer can rear to maturity; such love as few, indeed, could hope for—the love of supreme and royal beauty.

When he had ridden out of the castle on the island, older by some months, richer by such gifts as it was no shame for him to take of Duke Geoffrey and young Henry Plantagenet, he had believed himself wiser, too, by half a lifetime. He was confident in his own strength, in his own wisdom, in his own endurance; he fancied that he had fought against a great temptation, where he had in truth been chilled and terrified by the haunting vision of another's evil; he imagined that the sharp little regret, which stung his heart with longings for the sweetness of a sin that might have been, was the evil remnant of a passion not wholly quenched, whereas it was but the craving of a natural vanity that had not been strong enough to overcome a repugnance which he himself only half understood. He seemed in his own eyes to have made the sacrifice of his worldly future for the sake of his knightly ideal; but in truth, to a man without ambition, the renunciation had been easy and had been made in acquiescence, rather than in opposition, with his real desires.

And now he looked upon the city of his hope, and it crumbled to a dusty ruin under his very hand; he stood on ground made reverent by the march of history and sanctified by the blood of Christians, and it was but one great wilderness, of which he himself was the center. His heart sank suddenly within him, and his fingers clutched at the breast of his tunic under his surcoat, as though the pain were bodily and real. Long he sat in silence, bending a little in the saddle, as if worn out with fatigue, though he had ridden only three hours since day-break.

"Sir," said his man Dunstan, interrupting his master's meditations, "here is an inn, and we may find water for our horses."

Gilbert looked up indifferently, and then, as there was no near building in sight, he turned inquiringly to his man. A sardonic smile played on Dunstan's lean, dark face as he pointed to what Gilbert had taken for three haystacks. They were, indeed, nothing but conical straw huts standing a few steps aside from the road, thirty yards down the hill. The entrance to each was low and dark, and from one issued wreaths of blue smoke, slowly rising in the still, cold air. At the same aperture a withered bough proclaimed that wine was to be had. A ditch beyond the farthest hut was full of water, and at some distance from it a rude shed of boughs had been set up to afford the horses of travelers some shelter from winter rain

or summer sun. As Gilbert looked, a man came out, bowing himself almost double to pass under the low entrance. He wore long goatskin breeches and a brown homespun tunic like a monk's frock, cut short above the knees, and girded with a twisted thong. Shaggy black hair thatched his square head, and a thin black beard framed the yellow face, which had the fever-stricken look of the dwellers in the Campagna.

Though this was the first halting-place of the kind to which Gilbert had come on the Roman plain, he was no longer easily surprised by anything, and he did not even smile as he rode forward and dismounted. Besides his own men he had with him the muleteer who acted as guide and interpreter, and without whom it was impossible for a foreigner to travel in Italy. The peasant bowed to the ground, and led Gilbert to the entrance of the hut where he usually served his customers with food and drink, and in the gloom within Gilbert saw a rough-hewn table and two benches standing upon the well-swept floor of beaten earth. But the Englishman made signs that he would sit outside, and the scanty furniture was brought out into the open air. The third hut was a refuge and a sleeping-place for travelers overtaken at nightfall on their way to the city.

"The monk is asleep," said the peasant host, lifting his finger to his lips because Gilbert's men were talking loud near the entrance.

Gilbert understood as much as that without his interpreter; for in those days the Provençal tongue was an accomplishment of all well-born persons, and it was not unlike certain dialects of Italy.

"A monk?" repeated Gilbert, indifferently.

"He calls himself one, and he wears a gray frock," answered the other. "But we are glad when he comes, for he brings us good fortune. And you may see that I speak the truth, since he came late in the night, and your lordship is the first guest at the huts this morning."

"Then you know him well?"

"Every one knows him," answered the man.

He turned, and Gilbert saw him lift up a hurdle of branches and disappear underground. His cellar was deep and cool, one of the many caverns communicating with the catacombs, which riddle the Campagna from Rome to the hills. Gilbert seated himself upon the smaller of the two benches at the end of the table; his three men took the

other, and laid aside their caps out of respect for their master. The horses were tethered under the shed of boughs, till they should be cool enough to be watered. The southern side of the hut was sunny and warm, and the place smelled of dry grass, of clean straw, and, faintly, of smoldering fire. Gilbert was hardly aware that he was thinking of anything as he stared out at the rolling waste, folding his hands together upon the hilt of his long sword. Just then a man emerged from the third hut, drew himself up facing the sun, and rubbed his eyes before he looked toward the party at the other table. When he saw them he hesitated for a moment, and then came up to Gilbert with the apparent intention of addressing him.

Above the height of average men, the figure looked enormously tall by its gauntness, and the heavy folds of the gray woolen frock fell together below the breast as if they covered a shadow. Long, bony hands, that seemed woven of sinews and leather, but which were not without a certain nervous refinement, hung from loose-jointed brown wrists left bare by sleeves that were too short. The head was so roughly angular that even the thick masses of dark brown hair which fell to the shoulders could not make the angles seem like curves, and the face displayed the fervent features of a fanatic—the dark, hollow cheeks, the deep-sunk, blazing eyes, the vast lines of the ascetic mouth, the great jaw, scarcely fringed by the scant black beard. Gilbert saw before him a face and figure that might have belonged to a hermit of Egypt, an ascetic of the Syrian desert, a John the Baptist, an Anthony of Thebes. The man wore a broad leathern girdle, and a blackened rosary, with beads as large as walnuts, hung from his side and ended in a rough cross of wrought-iron.

Gilbert half rose from his seat, moved to one end of the short bench, and invited the stranger to sit beside him. The monk bent his head slightly, but not a feature moved as he took the proffered place in silence. He folded his great hands on the edge of the rough-hewn board and stared at the ruinous brown city to southward.

"You are a stranger," he said in Provençal, after a long pause, in a singularly musical voice, but without turning his eyes to Gilbert.

"I have never seen Rome before," answered Gilbert.

"Rome!" There was a sort of almost heartbroken pity in the tone of the single

syllable that fell from the lips of the wandering monk.

"You have never seen Rome before? There it lies, all that is left of it—the naked bones of the most splendid, the most beautiful, the most powerful city in the world, murdered by power, done to death by popes and emperors, by prefects and barons, sapped of life by the evil canker of empire, and left there like a dead dog in the Campagna, to be a prey to carrion beasts and a horror to living men."

The gaunt stranger set his elbows upon the table and bit his nails savagely, while his burning eyes fixed themselves on the distant towers of Rome. Then Gilbert saw that this man was no common wandering friar, begging a meal for his frock's sake, but one who had thoughts of his own, and with whom to think was to suffer.

"It is true," said Gilbert, "that Rome is less fair to see than I had supposed."

"And you are deceived of your hopes before you have entered her gate," returned the other. "Are you the first? Are you the last? Has Rome made an end of deceiving, and found the termination of disappointment? Rome has deceived and disappointed the world. Rome has robbed the world of its wealth, and devoured it, and grown gaunt to the bone. Rome has robbed men of their bodies and of their lives, and has torn them limb from limb wantonly, as a spoiled hawk tears a pheasant and scatters the bright feathers on the ground. Rome has robbed men of their souls and has fed hell with them to its surfeit. And now, in her turn, her grasping hands have withered at the wrists, her insatiable lips are cracking upon her loosened teeth, and the mistress of the world is the sport of Jews and usurers."

"You speak bitterly," said Gilbert, looking curiously at his new acquaintance.

The monk sighed, and his eyes softened wonderfully as he turned to the young man. He had been speaking in a tone that slowly rose to shrillness, like a cry of bodily pain. When he spoke again his voice was low and sweet.

"Bitterly, but for her sake, not for mine," he said. "If I have given my life for her, she will not give me hers. Though I have laid at her feet all that I had, she shall put nothing into my hand nor give me anything but a ditch and a handful of earth for my bones, unless some emperor or pope shall leave them upon a gallows. But I have asked of her, for herself and her own sake, that she should do by herself honorably, and

draw her neck from the yoke, and shake off the burdens under which she has stumbled and fallen. I have asked of her to stand upright again, to refuse to eat from the hand that has wounded her, and not to harken to the voice of violence and cursing. I have asked that Rome should cast out the Stranger-Emperor, and cast down the churchman from the king's throne, and take from him the king's mask. I have asked Rome to face her high robbers whom she calls barons, her corruptions, her secret weakness, as a brave man faces his sins and confesses them and steadfastly purposes to offend God no more. All this I have asked, and in part she has heard, and I have paid the price of my asking, for I am an outcast of many kingdoms and a man excommunicated under the Major Interdiction."

A gentle smile that might have been half indifference, half pity, wreathed the ascetic lips as he spoke the last words. They were not empty in those days, and unawares Gilbert shrank a little from his companion.

"I see you are a devout person," said the friar, quietly. "Let my presence not offend you at your meal. I go my way."

But as he began to rise, Gilbert's hand went out, and his fingers met round the skeleton arm in the loose gray sleeve.

"Stay, sir," he said, "and break your fast with us. I am not such a one as you think."

"You shrank from me," said the stranger, hesitating to resume his seat.

"I meant no discourtesy," answered Gilbert. "Be seated, sir. You call yourself an outcast. I am but little better than a wanderer, disinherited of his own."

"And come you hither for the pope's justice?" asked the friar, scornfully. "There is no pope in Rome. Our last was killed at the head of a band of fighting men, on the slope of the Capitol, last year, and he who is pope now is as much a wanderer as you and I. And in Rome we have a republic and a senate, and justice of a kind, but only for Romans, and claiming no dominion over mankind; for to be free means to set free, to live means to let live."

"I shall see what this freedom of yours is like," said Gilbert, thoughtfully. "For my part, I am not used to such thoughts, and though I have read some history of Rome, I could never understand the Roman republic. With us the strongest is master by natural law. Why should the strong man share with the weak what he may keep for himself? Or if he must, in your ideal, then why should not the strong nation share her

strength and wealth with her weak neighbor? Is it not enough that the strong should not wantonly bruise the weak nor deal unfairly by him? We Normans can see no more harm or injustice in holding than we see in taking what we can; and so we shall never understand your republics and your senates."

"Are you a Norman, sir?" asked the friar. "Are you a kinsman of Guiscard and of them that last burned Rome? I do not wonder that the civilization of a republic should seem strange to you!"

Gilbert was listening, but his eyes had wandered from the friar's face in the direction of the dusty road that led to Rome, and between his companion's words his quick ear had caught the sound of hoofs, although no horses were yet in sight but his own. Just as the friar ceased speaking, however, a troop of seven riders appeared at the turn of the road. They were rough-looking men in long brown cloaks that were in tatters at the edge, they wore round caps of mail on their heads, with a broad leathern strap under the chin, their faces were dark, their beards black and unkempt, and they rode small ragged horses, as ill cared for as themselves.

Gilbert sprang up almost as soon as he saw them, for he knew that, not being travelers, they could hardly be anything but highwaymen. His own men were on their feet as soon as he, but the Tuscan guide disappeared round the hut quietly and swiftly, like a mouse when a cat is in sight. Gilbert made straight for his horses, followed by Dunstan and the groom; but before he could reach them, two of the riders had jumped the ditch from the road and intercepted him, while the others rode on to the shed to carry off his horses. His sword was out in a flash, his men were beside him, their weapons in their hands, and the grimy riders drew theirs also; it was like a little storm of steel in the bright air. The Englishman's long blade whirled half a circle above his head; the blow would beat down the horseman's guard and draw blood, too.

But in mid-air his wrist was seized in the sudden grasp of sinewy fingers, and the friar was already between him and his adversary, warning the other off with his outstretched hand. The loose sleeve had slipped back from his wrist, baring a brown, emaciated arm and elbow, upon which the swollen veins seemed to twist and climb like leafless vines upon a withered tree. His lips were white, his eyes blazed, and his voice was suddenly harsh and commanding.

"Back!" he cried almost savagely.

To Gilbert's very great astonishment, the single word produced an instantaneous and wonderful effect. The riders lowered their weapons, looked at one another, and then sheathed them; the others, who were loosing Gilbert's horses and mules, suddenly desisted at the sound of the friar's voice. Then the one nearest to Gilbert, who was a shade less grimy than the rest, and who wore in his cap a feather from a pheasant's tail, slipped to the ground, and bending low under his tattered brown cloak, took the hem of the monk's frock in his right hand and kissed it fervently. Gilbert stood aside, leaning upon his unsheathed sword, and his wonder grew as he looked on.

"We ask your pardon, Fra Arnoldo," cried the chief, still kneeling. "How could we guess that you were breakfasting out here this morning? We thought you far in the north."

"And therefore thought yourselves free to rob strangers and steal cattle and cut one another's throats?"

"This is probably a part of the civilization of a republic," observed Gilbert, with a smile.

But the highwaymen, all dismounted now, came crowding to the feet of Arnold of Brescia in profound, if not lasting, contrition, and they begged a blessing of the excommunicated monk.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE STILL'S FAMOUS WEATHER PREDICTION.

A STORY OF NEW YEAR'S.

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART.

THEY called him "Uncle Still" on the plantation, because he was a silent man.

Still had been self-contained and ruminant ever since his childhood. Indeed, when he was a mere piccaninny, sitting apart from the other children and "mooning" while they romped in the fields, his mother had accredited him with "knowin' mo' 'n he let on," and his rare utterances as he grew older were such as to verify her claim for him.

When he was only a wide-eyed stripling, he was fond of walking alone in the woods or of throwing himself in the deep grass, where, with his hoe lying idle beside him, he would lay his ear against the earth and listen; and where another could discern only silence, the boy would report "heat-callin's," or "frost-warnin's," or "myriads callin' fer rain," or "stiddy songs fer pleasant days," and those who watched him said that "his scent was true."

But, with all this, Still was a despiser of learning, and even in an environment where education was held in reverence, as a gift of

Heaven reserved for the few and the free, he early declared himself an enemy to books.

"Book-knowledge?" he exclaimed contemptuously. "Why, hit ain't nothin' but secon'-han' wisdom, an', of co'se, fer *sech as can't read*, hit 's de bes' dey is. But fer humans wha' understan' sky an' fiel' pages an' woods books, an' kin see shut-eye wonders—*hit 's stale*."

This was one of his longest remembered speeches, delivered when he was a young man, and it went far to establish the reputation for "wisdoms" and "knowledges" (a plural store) that had followed him through life and set him apart in the popular regard as one who might with impunity live the life of idleness which he essayed.

At this period his favorite sport was fishing, and he was known to go day after day to a certain moss-grown projection overlooking a turn in the creek, and to sit there from early morning till nearly dark, when, if he wanted fish, he would cross over to where the conditions were favorable, a stone's throw

away, and catch a string of perch in a few minutes. He knew they would n't bite at the first place, and he "went there a-purpose," because he "did n't want to be bothered"; and so, letting his line drift with the stream, he would become a part of the landscape and "watch an' listen in peace," as wide awake as the "black-eyed-Susans" at his elbow, but as still as the bank from which they sprang.

It would seem, from these and similar indications, that there had been somewhat of the poet in old Still in these his callow days; but, as has been the fate of many another of fairer promise, he began to grow fat before he had reached mid-life—not only fat, which is perhaps not *per se* a condition unfavorable to the poet's growth, but *fatty*, a word which, albeit it is an adjective and refuses to serve with grace, we must needs misfit for our purpose. To grow fatty is to degenerate hopelessly. Perhaps it is not the fattiness so much as the state of satisfaction that it induces that is so fatal to the best things. By the time Still was forty he was a soft, fat dreamer, who was apparently blandly content simply to endure.

"I feels best when I sets stock-still," was one of his characteristic declarations at this period, uttered in the presence of his good wife, who quickly added, in a tone of tender solicitude:

"Yas; an' de stiller you sets de stockier you gets."

Thirty years more or less had passed since then, and Uncle Still, the old man, continued to feel best when he was stillest, and his outward growths were those of breadth and serenity. No one knew definitely when his natural reticence had crystallized into the silence that had been broken in years only under great pressure that gave his utterances import beyond their abstract value, but it was probably about the time when he took permanently to his chair.

It seems fitting that a prophet should be a man of few words and many wisdoms, if he have faithful followers who wait upon his speech.

For about ten years, now, Still had sat from morn to night in the straight, splint-bottomed chair placed for him at sunrise by his good wife on the spot indicated by the silent direction of his right thumb. The index-finger may command on occasion, but there is no gainsaying the peremptoriness of the pointing thumb.

"Tild' Ann was an obedient wife, and she was proud of her lord. Perhaps she loved him; but that was her business. Certain it

is that her outward motions were those of devotion, and that is all the world has a right to require of a wife. It was one of her favorite boasts that he was one of the "mos' pompious an' bes'-dressed gen'lemens in de county," and when he took the chair she set for him daily it was her habit to give him a touch here and there, straightening his stock, or even, on occasion, tying his shoe for him, before she left him for her tubs, where it was her pleasure to earn a support sufficient for two.

Although he was supposed to have varied "knowledges" on subjects occult, and to see things invisible to others, Still's greatest reputation was for "weather-wisdom," and it was said that during all the years that he had occupied his chair he had never been surprised by weather that had compelled him to move. And when his wife would observe a neighbor coming to the turn of the road and peeping over the fence to see where he sat, she would chuckle softly to herself.

Still did not like the sun upon his head, neither did he like the rain in his face, and so, if he began the day in the open beyond the tree, it was safe for his neighbors to count upon a gray day. The hot rainless days of summer he spent beside his spouse at her wash-bench in the shade of the trees, while in a corner of the back shed he got the best there was for his lungs out of a day given over to a "stiddy drizzle." And so it was necessary only to discover where he sat to know the day's temper. Seeing him on the corner of the "gallery," even though the early morning was fine, his neighbors would feel safe in setting out tomato-plants or cabbages. Even the gardener at the great house had been seen to peep slyly over the fence before venturing to draw back the covers from his hotbeds. Thus it seems that "Tild' Ann's was no idle claim when she boasted that as a weather-prophet her old man was "better 'n a woodsful o' tree-toads or a whole slough o' croakin' frogs [she pronounced it *sloo*], an' a million times mo' fur-seein' 'n dese heah vain weather-vanes wha' don't no mo' 'n 'nounce de win' arter it 's done come," which last, at least, was certainly true.

But, even more than this, under pressure of special petition the old man Still sometimes foretold weather as much as a week ahead; but in these cases his answers were given in pantomime, which it was the business of the "seekers" to interpret. But they were generally simple enough. A quick

shiver, the buttoning or unbuttoning of his coat, the mopping of his forehead, or the rolling up of his trousers, were motions which even he who could n't run might read. Sometimes, however, his pantomime was more ambiguous, and so susceptible of several interpretations that before following any one of them the seeker thought it safe to take a survey of the weather and exercise a casting-vote based on personal judgment, which would obviously be strengthened by the prophet's indorsement in any case.

Although there were few of the younger set on the plantation who had ever heard the sound of the old man's voice, they were all familiar with his potent words as handed down to them, and the boy who had lain with his ear "ag'in' dead leaves to git live wisdom" had not, through the simple withdrawal of speech, lost an atom of his prestige. Indeed, his mysterious silence rather strengthened his position. It was almost uncanny to see him sometimes, now, point with his thumb to a clump of grass that he wanted, and when it was brought, raise it between his eyes and the sun for a moment, pluck a blossom or a seed-pod and hold it to his ear, then throw the whole away and silently reach for his great palmetto fan or open his umbrella.

Sometimes, when the case was important, the seekers brought gifts to 'Tild' Ann. They began bringing them to the old prophet himself, but there is small satisfaction in giving to one who does not even blink his thanks; and as 'Tild' Ann was an engaging woman, of warmth and words, whom it was a pleasure to please, and as she commanded the "right of way" to the prophet, she naturally became the recipient of what, in her wifely pride, she was pleased to call "Still's earnin's." And, for that matter, it was she, and not her silent lord, who, it was said, had "th'owed out de hint" by which the generous were encouraged in their offerings, her judgment in the matter being that "ef Still's prophecies is wuth anything, dey sho is wuth a pint o' milk or a couple o' fresh aigs," which seems a very moderate estimate of his powers.

When, on rare occasions, the old man had had recourse to the spoken word,—presumably either because he could find no other medium, or for the sake of emphasis,—the monosyllable falling from his long-silent lips had reverberated through frequent repetitions to the remotest limits of his constituency, which is to say, the range of plantation circles within a radius of a dozen miles, more

or less, in any direction bounded by river, swamp, or bayou.

"Uncle Still done spoke!"

"Ole Unc' Still done spoke!"

"What he say?"

"Who heerd him?"

"He say 'Git'!"

"Who he say 'Git' to?"

"He say 'Git' to ole Horse-steal Tyler, dat who he say it to."

"He did, did he? An' what ole Horse-steal Tyler do?"

"What he do? When Uncle Still say 'Git,' why, he got, dat what he done! He jes cut out an' run same as ef de devil was arter him. An' he did n't cut out none too quick, nuther. De sheriff purty nigh trod on his heel; but he did n't git him!"

Such is a brief sketch of his last utterance and its sensational passage, and for this one word of spirit, spoken in the nick of time, the good woman 'Tild' Ann enjoyed a rich harvest. Everybody who wished to know anything came and waited before the silent man, leaving a gratuity in her hand. It was surprising to find how many kinds of "knowledge" he really had, now that the day of full honor had come to him, and how many ways there were of telling things without speech. He even knew about all the babies who were predestined to appear during the year; not only that, but whether they would arrive singly or gregariously, by twos or even threes. This precise information, however, was just the sort of thing that he discreetly withheld from every one, it would seem, excepting his good wife; and she, being no meddler in things that did not concern her, did no more than innocently remark after the events had occurred: "I could 'a' tol' you dat las' summer"—a harmless little wifely weakness that, in adding to her good man's reputation, helped to boil the family pot.

As is a way with modern prophecies, the very strength of Uncle Still's utterances seemed sometimes to lie in their ambiguity. For example, when he took from his pocket a nut and handed it to Lily Belvedere when she came, a bride, seeking foreknowledge, and she opened it in the presence of her friends, to find within it a double kernel,—otherwise a philopena,—the inference seems plain enough, and a more astute woman than she, having faith in her prophet, would have been forgiven for "sewing for two," as she did, during the year following. But when, along about Christmas, there arrived at her cabin a single brown boy-child, she would have denounced the old man as a charlatan,

had not the granny who dressed the babe called her attention to the double crown upon his head, which, manifestly, was an answer to the prediction of the philopena symbol, and indicated that hers was no common child.

All the plantation folk know that two crowns on one head indicate a double mentality and gifts of sight as pronounced as those of such as are "born with a caul," and whose vision is not in the least disturbed by so trifling interpositions as stone walls, black darknesses, or infinite distance, and whose only drawback is, perhaps, an occasional embarrassment in a loss of perspective and space-values, through the equal clearness with which all things are seen.

For instance, seeing a woman and a bull in a field, each in perfectly distinct outline, such a one might not instantly be sure whether he was seeing the woman through the bull or the bull through the woman, and for catastrophe-averting action, which must needs be swift, the sure snap-shot of the eyes of common mortals has its value. There is an embarrassment in perfection, in a condition distinguished by limitations.

But, speaking of Lily and the philopena prediction, she was so pleased over it that when her babe was a month old she brought him to see the old man, bearing a gift of tobacco in his little fist. Carefully drawing back the tight kinks, she proudly exhibited the double whorl of hair which grew upon his head as if it had started from two points. The prophet took no notice of it apparently, or of her either, until she turned to go, when, reaching down into his pocket, he produced a handful of nuts, and carefully selecting one, laid in her hand a second philopena, and she went home wondering.

Christmas was always a week long on the plantation, which is to say that the annual dance on Christmas eve was but an ushering in of a series of festivities that never flagged until New Year's night. To "come and spend Christmas" is even yet an invitation for the week, in the best of plantation life above the quarters, in many communities.

At Christmas-time of the year of the memorable freeze that killed all the orange-trees in old man Fortier's back yard in the month of April, it was too warm to dance on the bayou on Christmas eve, and so the usual ball was, by unanimous voice, deferred until "the last day of Christmas" instead of the first. It seemed certain that the overdue cold snap would put in an appearance before that time, and the people would feel more in the mood for it. Besides, as the crop had been an

unusually good one, the hands were promised a rendering of accounts a day earlier than usual, so that, knowing the exceptional balances to their credit, they might enter the New Year "with their heads up." It would be a dancing season in more senses than one.

The Christmas dance in the sugar-house was usually an occasion of romantic culminations, anyway; for such of the young men as foresaw a creditable reckoning on the 1st of January were emboldened to speak final words at the dance, and it was no uncommon thing for more than one long-pending engagement to be "purnounced" before the dance was over.

On the night before New Year's eve of the year of the freeze it was still hot, and inside the cabins there were mosquitos thick around the candles. Outside, the conditions were little better, but there was a white moon above, and the ground was dry and firm. Outside were mosquitos, too, but really, in Louisiana, the people do not care much about mosquitos. It would n't pay to care. If they cared at all, they would have to care too much, for they are a pest and a plague, and should have been mentioned, one would think, in the Book of Job.

Next morning it would be time to prepare for the dance, to bring evergreens from the woods, and Spanish moss, and palmetto palms, and to hang the "s'ciety banners" about. Of course, now that the last day had arrived, the dance must come off "whe'r or no." Those who would n't dance out Christmas and the old year at the same time, "heat or no heat," might "set aroun' an' look on," but the ball would come off "shore."

Next morning it was warmer than ever. It really seemed silly for such as were driven out of their cabins by the heat and sat fanning themselves on their door-steps at eight o'clock in the morning to be arranging an indoor dance for that night. It was Apollo Belvedere, the little yellow fiddler, Lily's husband, who first said it was silly, and that, for his part, he thought the most sensible thing would be to have the dance in the grove instead, and to hire the Chinese lanterns from the white Baptists, who had bought them for their missionary pound-party, and charged only two dollars for the use for a night of the entire two hundred.

Apollo had been somewhat reticent about the Christmas dance this year from the first. The truth, which he did not in the least realize and would honestly have denied, was that he was jealous of whomever should be the belle at the dance this year. His Lily had reigned supreme for the last four seasons,

and he could not bear the thought of another's dancing down the line of her recent triumphs.

Lily was handsomer than ever the day she stepped into the road with Apollo, Jr. upon her arm, and she would have been quite as ready now to dance her slippers off as she had done last year; but mothers of babies are not expected to "lead off" in the dance at plantation functions.

But she could top the crowd in the lantern-lit grove, and so he pictured her stepping proudly about and passing her baby around from one to another to be admired until he should fall asleep and be handed over to his daddy, who would cover him over with his coat on a bench beside him and let him "git used to sleepin' by dance-music." It was a fond paternal fancy, and in his enjoyment of it Apollo felt that he was employing his best part, which was probably true.

There was much that was attractive in the scheme, much beyond the novelty of an outdoor dance at New Year's, that appealed to everybody. All the committeemen and the floor manager approved of it, "ef—" There was a big "if" in the case, and it was about the weather. Supposing it should rain? It was likely to, at almost any moment, no matter if the sky was clear, while the temperature was so high. They dare not make preparations without some assurance of fair weather. With this, and a full moon, there would be nothing finer than the dance in the grove, and it was at this juncture that Apollo bethought himself of Uncle Still.

In half an hour he had presented himself before "Tild' Ann, armed with one of Lily's best custard-pies (purloined from her cupboard). He 'laid it beside 'Tild' Ann's tub on the wash-bench, with the compliments of the season from "Mr. Apollo Belvedere, Jr." Then, respectfully taking off his hat and holding it behind him, he went and stood before the man of "wisdoms," while he opened his case.

"Howdy, Unc' Still, howdy, sir?" he began. "I'm pleased to see you settin' outside de portals o' yo' residence dis mornin', 'caze we-all on de dance an' ban' committees is petitionin' fer a continuation o' summer an' a smilin' moon. Seem like ef we could dance under a clair firmamint, an' put out de flags an' lanterns under de trees to light up de path, whiles de ladies toe it by twos down de cedar row, an' de ge'men sachey roun' de poplars on each side, an' meet 'em one by one, an' s'lute pardners bias-ways, right an' lef', an' swing corners back to de Cherokee hedge,

all by de light o' de moon on high, answered by de paper lanterns below."

Apollo was an eloquent fellow, and while his enthusiasm bore him bravely along he watched the old man's face for a sign.

"So I say ef we had de encouragemint o' wisdom to put out de banners an' lanterns—"

"Put out yo' lanterns!"

The interruption was so sudden and unexpected, and the voice so sepulchral and remote, that Apollo fell back as if he had been shot, tumbling over two sleeping dogs behind him, and when they waked, barking, "Tild' Ann was so startled that she tilted her starch-tub over on her feet and nearly choked on the piece of pie she had in her mouth.

Before she could recover herself, Apollo had darted through the gate with both dogs after him, and she could see only the top of his hat, which he waved in the air as he ran, shouting: "Unc' Still done spoke! He say put out de lanterns! Put out de lanterns!"

It was a festive and effective scene in the grove that night—long strings of lanterns festooned from tree to tree, and the laden refreshment-table decorated with yards upon yards of green tarlatan hired with the lanterns, with banners bearing the various society mottos hung where they would best catch the light, and the girls, dressed mostly in white, with their polished dark arms and necks shining through, walking arm in arm with loftily groomed, strutting fellows in rusty broadcloth with "button-hole bo'quets," and chaffing one another in "company language" as they "promenaded."

While Apollo stood aside tuning his fiddle, he took in the picture and mentally hugged himself for planning it all; for although the girls were radiant and Lily had a new position among them, he realized, as she towered above them all with the child upon her arm, that it was no secondary place.

Lily was a stately brown Juno, and as she passed among the lesser women, wearing her last year's white dress let out in the seams for her glorification, she dignified the whole assembly; and her little yellow husband knew it well.

He knew it so well that even while he dashed off waltz and polka measures from his bow, he always realized exactly in what part of the grounds she and the wee yellow baby were, and once, when they passed quite near and Lily took the baby's hand and waved it to his "daddy," he was so happy that he missed his time for a minute and was obliged to stop and feign a sneeze to explain it; and

when a companion laughingly asked if he sneezed because he was warm, he answered: "Yas, I allus sneezes when I'm warm."

"You does! Dat's mighty funny."

"T ain't no funnier 'n you is."

"How is I funny?"

"You so ogly till you purty. Dat's how!"

So they chaffed each other till Apollo, having recovered himself, struck up again, and the dance went on.

Nearly everybody on the place had "turned out" to see the grove lighted up, even many of the old people, who had not appeared at the sugar-house dances for years, coming and taking back seats to look on.

The moon had risen round and fair soon after the dancing had begun, and the night was almost as white as day; but it was hot. It was so hot that, as old man Cæsar expressed it, the "air cracked," and at intervals there was a suspicious twinkle overhead late in the evening—a twinkle that was felt rather than seen, as if the sky were blinking. Old man Still noticed it as he sat within his cabin window, and so did "Tild' Ann, and it made her nervous, but she said nothing. Neither said he anything. He had not gone to the dance because he never went anywhere, except occasionally to church. He went to church to enrich his mental vocabulary—so "Tild' Ann said, though not in these exact words. "To git book-words to think in" was her way of putting it. And she boasted, too, that, when he did go, he could "look de preacher out o' countenance whenever he saw him drawin' it too strong"—a valuable man to have in a congregation.

"Tild' Ann had stayed away from the dance because she was afraid to go. If all the signs she had learned to depend on during nearly half a century of life with the hitherto infallible prophet counted for anything, it would rain to-night, and rain hard. She had even felt it herself in her left shoulder-blade all day, and would have forsaken her tubs at any other time than this. Of course she had been obliged to get all her wash out and the things sent home on this last day. Otherwise she could not hope ever to feel that her work was done during the entire coming year, for clothes in suds on New Year's day mean clothes in suds the long year through. Everybody knows this.

When she saw the play of light along the sky coming at shortening intervals, and presently heard a low sound as of rumbling thunder, she could stand it no longer, and she rose from her seat, lighted a candle, and went up to her husband and scanned his face.

"Is you los' yo' fo'sight, or what?" she whispered; but seeing that he only spat out the window, she took courage and went back to her place on the door-step, and tried to enjoy the music of the string-band and the calling of the figures as they came distinctly to her from the grove.

The clock had scarcely finished striking twelve, it being just three minutes after "the turn o' the night," and the drums and bugles and loud cries of "Happy New Year!" and "Hands all roun'!" were still in the air, when the downpour came.

To the few who had been watching without it was no great surprise, though the last signs had come with a rush; but to the dancers it seemed as if the moon had been suddenly snuffed out, and before they could turn around to see who had done it, the rain was in their faces, and in a minute the whole place was sopping wet, and it was as "dark as Egypt."

There was nothing to do but to run blindly for shelter, which they did, most of them taking refuge in the sugar-house.

Of course the supper was soaked and spoiled, nor was this the worst of it. When, after a while, its sodden remains were brought in, they were found to be all mixed up in the wet meshes of the tarlatan, that had dyed everything a vivid green, which everybody knows is "rank pizen," and not even fit for dogs.

If it had not been so hopelessly warm there might have been a resurrection of joy and a revival of festivities in the sugar-house even yet. There would be five hours' good dancing before daybreak. Even as it was, there were several young men and a few of the girls who wished to "keep it up," but everybody knew how it was with them. This was to have been their "fatal night," and they had n't managed to "git engaged" yet. Consequently they did not know that it was not freezing cold, or that they were soaking wet.

No doubt the young people made the most of their misfortune, and it is possible that they discovered that taking a girl home in the rain, "totin' her shoes," or perhaps carrying her bodily over the "washes," was almost as favorable to the speaking of last words as is the promenade between dances or the seat in the shadowed corner of the sugar-house.

Certainly there was nothing to do but to go home now, and home they went, nearly all laughing, but a few in no happy frame of mind. Apollo was probably the most unhappy of them all. It had not occurred to him that

the old man's prophecy might fail until the rain descended and the floods came, and he was almost dazed over it all yet. While they waited under shelter for the rain to subside, the men were gathered in groups that soon became indignation meetings. They had been betrayed, and the more they discussed it the more angry they grew. Old man Still *was* an old man, it was true, but so much more reason was there why he should have known better than to amuse himself at their expense, as he had apparently done. Certainly Apollo's story was straight. He had asked for advice, and he had gotten it in the most unequivocal form—"by word of mouth." Of course they could n't punish the old man, neither would they pass it over. All the Baptist lanterns were reduced to little more than pulp, and *somebody* would have to pay for them. After all, the question soon resolved itself into that of fixing this responsibility.

There was a good deal of strong language wasted before they separated, but it was really too hot to think much about anything. The belated winter arrived in the night, and in the light of a winter sun next morning the waste in the grove looked even worse than they had realized it to be. Apollo had risen early and strolled over with his hands in his pockets and his "thinking-cap" on, to see how things looked; and when the men came out he had a proposition ready for them. It was this:

Inasmuch as he had been the bearer of their petition for advice, and they had met disaster through his report, he "wanted things claired up," and so he "motioned"—showing that his conception of the matter was a formal one—he motioned that a committee be appointed to wait upon Uncle Still and to demand of him some sort of "satisfaction." All who felt themselves specially injured in the matter should be free to attend the "case," and to state their grievances and to demand redress. They could at least "git jedgment," which was "satisfaction" if it was n't anything more.

The scheme was attractive, but it was hard to arouse any available enthusiasm in it. Everybody said yes, but no one offered to be one of the committee. They were afraid of the old man Still. Apollo, standing boldly in the redoubt of injured innocence, was the only man who had no fear in the matter. He argued bravely and at length, but to no purpose. Then, suddenly firing, he declared that since no one would go with him, he would go alone—dog-gone ef he would n't. He would go, and he would

take Lily and the baby with him and make them show how they had suffered. Old man Still should see the limp remains of Lily's ruffled dress and "listen at little 'Pollo wheeze," yas, he should. He was n't "afeard to talk up to him," and if anybody wanted to come an' listen, they were welcome.

After thus declaring himself, he hurried home, and when about noon he started down the road with Lily carrying the baby beside him, half a dozen of the older men, repenting their timidity, joined him, and a number of women fell into line, giggling and shoving one another as they went. Most of these dropped out, however, afraid to incur the odium of appearing before the old man in an unfriendly attitude.

Apparently the news of the intended visit had preceded them, for when they arrived at the cabin, "Tild' Ann sat dressed in her Sunday best beside her lord, and she had drawn all her chairs in a circle before the fire. Evidently she was expecting company, and wished to make them welcome.

Apollo, who headed the line, hastened to decline seats for his entire escort, however, and, standing behind one of the chairs, while they distributed themselves back of them, he cleared his throat and began:

"Howdy, Uncle Still? Howdy, Aunt 'Tild' Ann? I see you bofe high an' dry dis mornin', an' I wush you a happy New Year. Howsomever, I come wid a complaint. I hates to say de word, but I come wid a complaint o' jestice ag'in' you, Uncle Still. Yas, sir, I say it ag'in, I is de bearer of a complaint f'om all de committees ag'in' you. It's either you or me, one, dat's 'sponsible for all dat nasty mess out in de grove dis mornin', an' I know it ain't *me*."

As he spoke, "Tild' Ann rose, stepped a little in advance of her husband, and taking her position, as Apollo had done, behind a chair, she faced him squarely. Seeing her rise, Apollo politely inclined his head, and she began:

"Will you have de kindness to state yo' case, Mr. Belvedere? A wife is a helpmeet, an' helpmeets has to be moufpieces when de occasion requi'es. State yo' case, an' I will attempt to answer you."

The exceeding formality of this made it interesting. She had held Apollo in her arms when he was a baby, and her addressing him as "Mr. Belvedere" was "going him one better" at his own game. The audience were all impressed. Some of the women were so nervous that they heard their own hearts beat, and the men settled back to listen as

if they had been in court. But Apollo was in no wise disconcerted; there was too much at stake.

"Well, Aunt 'Tild' Ann," he replied, as he had begun, "dis is de voice of my complaint, an' when I speak, I speak fer all who put dey trus' in Uncle Still las' night. Hit would be a prodigum waste o' words fer me to state dat I has allus had de utmos' respec' fer Uncle Still's wisdoms an' knowledges which he has showed fo'th f'om time to time. I don't haf to refer no further back 'n to de top of my baby's double-crown head to prove dat. When I come heah a-seekin' 'istiddy mornin', I b'lieved in 'im."

While he spoke, the old man Still did not wink. Although somewhat back of his wife, he sat facing his accuser; but he might have been calmly surveying the moon through Apollo for any sign he gave of realizing his presence.

"Yas," Apollo repeated, "I trusted in 'im. An' when I passed his word on, eve'body trusted in 'im, an' what has come to pass? In place o' reapin' de reward o' faith, we ain't nothin' but—nothin' but a slopped-up laugh-in-stock in de eyes o' de white Baptists—dat what we is."

Several grunts of approval came from behind Apollo here. He was doing well.

"When I come a-seekin' insight," he went on, "I knowed de elemints looked mighty *superfluous* an' onsettled, an' I was weak in faith. All I petitioned Uncle Still was to answer one single little question, an' look like he mought 'a' gimme a straight answer. All I craved to know was what de elemints was a-fixin' to do—"

"An' what did he say?" 'Tild' Ann asked bravely.

"What did he say? He say, 'Put out yo' lanterns,' jes as plain as I 'm a-sayin' it now." "An' did n't de elemints put 'em out?"

The voice came from behind her, and for a single moment 'Tild' Ann lost her composure. She turned and faced her lord, but it was with him as if he had not spoken.

And now a light came into her eyes.

When she turned to her guests again, her face was quite serene, but there was a note

of triumph in her voice, and her eyes shone with the light of victory, as she said:

"Dat what I say. Ef de elemints ain't put out yo' lanterns, I—I don't know no better way to say it."

Apollo tried to speak, but he could not. He knew himself vanquished by a quibble, but, for the life of him, he could not see just where it was.

Before he could recover his bearings and find a word, everybody was screaming with laughter. This roused Lily's spirit. In a single stride she stepped forward and took the floor. With a quick shifting of her arm for greater freedom, she even relegated the infant Apollo to a secondary place upon her hip, as she said:

"Sence you informs me dat helpmeets is moufpieces, I reckon I kin put in. All I got to say is dis:

"When 'Pollo fetched de word o' prophecy, seem like he fetched it straight, an' look like it's a pity some o' you-all grayheads did n't have de sense to read it.

"I sho' does hope dat befo' I gits to be ole as you is, I 'll know how to 'stinguish de diff'ence 'twix' a prophet an' a lawgiver.

"Come on, 'Pollo, an' tote dis heavy chile o' yourn home, an' give dese gemmen time to pass de hat roun' an' raisedat white-Baptis' money."

She put the baby into her husband's arms as she spoke, and, with her head high in air, strode out the door; but when they were in the road, she actually held her sides and swayed with laughter, as she said:

"Seem like you ain't much of a prophecy-reader, is you, ole man?"

"Well, I says so, too," Apollo chuckled. "Howsomever, Lily, honey, seem like you ain't perzac'ly de one to th'ow it up to me, is yer? Yit 'n' still, sence you done argified de case so powerful, of co'se I ain't gwine th'ow nothin' up to yer, but I was jes a-studyin'—"

"What is you studyin', I like to know?"

"Nothin' in p'tic'lar. I was jes a-thinkin' dat maybe you mought sell out dat secon' set o' baby clo'es to raise some o' de money to pay fer dem white-Baptis' lanterns. Fer Gord sake, look at little 'Pollo laughin'! I 'clare fo' gracious, I b'lieve he onderstan' de joke."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

THE INVASION OF ASIA AND THE BATTLE OF THE GRANICUS.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
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THIRD PAPER.

THE world toward which Alexander had set his face, and into which he was now preparing to enter, was the great, the old world of the Orient. From within that world people looked out upon young Greece with much the same vague understanding and disparaging sense of superiority that the Austrian nobleman or the English country squire brings to his estimate of the American States to-day.

The boundary-line between the two worlds has maintained itself with marvelous persistence throughout the entire course of human history. One who crosses the *Ægean* to-day and enters the confines of Asia is aware that he has passed from one world into another. What constitutes the difference may not always be easy to define, but it is there. Customs, dress, crafts, homes, and faith mark the difference, but these are only on the surface. The real difference is something so all-pervasive, so profound, that no casual mint-marks serve to identify it. It inheres in the moods of men, and in their attitude to the world about them. It abides at the heart of things.

Where the boundary runs to-day, it ran in Alexander's time. Only a bare selvage of Hellenism, formed by the Greek colonies skirting the western coast of Asia Minor, interposed itself to push back the frontiers of the Orient. The Greek cities of the Asiatic coast retained in a measure their Hellenic character, and kept alive the sense of union with Greece which a common language and common institutions were likely to

enforce. But, as a rule, whatever had come within the mystic bounds of orientalism had yielded to assimilation and become absorbed in the great mass, no matter what the race or tongue.

The potency of superior culture, manifesting itself in permanence of life-conditions and of the social order, in fixed and well-determined molds of thought, and intrenched in its ancient fortresses by the Euphrates, was too great for Phrygian, Cappadocian, Lycian, or Syrian to resist, and the mass became leavened with one spirit. The fixity of the old frontier is due, so far as history can determine, to the unique personality of the Greek and to the existence of a geographic furrow at the Bosphorus and the *Ægean*.

The antagonisms which showed themselves at this frontier made the beginnings of European history, even where it first emerges in the form of myth. Such were the stories of the search for the golden fleece, and such were the songs about Troy and the war at its gates. The idealized valor of her heroes who first set her in antagonism to the great Eastern world outside and beyond gave Greece in her later days the inspiration to a national consciousness, and assured her of her mission as the champion of Western energy and personal freedom.

The Persian wars under Darius and Xerxes represented the reaction against the aggressions of occidentalism. The tide of orientalism swept over its sea-wall till met by the solid dikes of Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea. The story of these wars becomes the material

for the first manual of history. Herodotus rejoiced, child of Homer as he was, to deal with the theme of which Homer had sung. He shaped his material in the form of a plot. The rebuke of overweening pride, the thing the Greeks called *hybris*, is the motif. The tale begins with the rise of the Persian power, gathering unto itself the strength of the barbarian world. It ends with Persia's failure at Salamis and Plataea. Hybris meets its Nemesis.

The invasion which Alexander planned was to be the retort and the revenge. He was himself to pose as a second Achilles. The epic must have a plot. History was still a drama, and, like the Attic tragedy, it clung fast to the old motives. The very national life of Greece took to itself form in the spirit of this unrelenting antagonism between occidentalism and orientalism.

The long-delayed retort to Alexander's onset came centuries later, in the form of Islam. Turkey, as a hopelessly foreign body on European soil, is a standing witness to the reality of the antagonism, and the Eastern question of to-day abides as a monument

to the impulses which carried the young Alexander across the Hellespont.

The Hellenic spirit was characterized by a consciousness of the individual right of initiative. The Greek's jealousy of every institution and man that assumed to interfere with the free exercise of that right is responsible for his leaning toward democracy, his envy of greatness, his frequent change of political position, and his failure to create and operate elaborate political machinery for any other than local government.

Whatever his view concerning the domain of the gods, and their right to rule his world, he was in his practical philosophy a pluralist, not a monist, and the world of life was constituted out of free-moving, self-determining personalities. Only when they rose above the proper estate of men and intruded themselves within the province of the gods did the free exercise of personality amount to the hybris which merits and meets rebuke. Within the bounds of human estate the law of action is determined by the purposes and interests of the free personality, and not from without or from above. The state is that within and

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

VIEW OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF PLATÆA IN BEOOTIA.

On this celebrated field, in 479 B.C., the Greeks triumphed over the Persians and their Grecian allies, thanks to the secret assistance of Alexander I of Macedon, who thereby started the anti-Persian policy which led to the subjection of Persia by Alexander the Great. Mount Cithæron in the background. The site of ancient Plataea a little to the left and below the village (Kokla) in the center. The battle was fought on the lowest terraces of the mountain on the extreme left of the picture, and on the plain at the foot.

ALEXANDER AT THE BATTLE OF THE GRANICUS.

This bronze statuette was found in the middle of the eighteenth century at Herculaneum, and is now in the National Museum, Naples. A few ornaments of the bridle and collar are of silver incrustated upon the dark bronze. This antique is almost certainly a copy after the life-size principal figure of an equestrian encounter, presumably ordered of Lysippus by Alexander himself in commemoration of his own narrow escape in this battle. The group, set up at Diium, Macedonia, contained fifteen portraits of Macedonian champions. It was copied by Euthycrates of Eleyon, a son and pupil of Lysippus, and was afterward taken to Rome by Metellus Macedonicus. A badly mutilated bronze horse in the Museum of the Conservatori, Rome, has been conjecturally pronounced a remnant of the original group. The vigorous action of the present figure is repeated in a Smyrniot terra-cotta described by M. Reinach in the *Mélanges Graux*. In the encounter at the ford of the Granicus, Alexander's helmet was slashed by a Persian simitar, and he was forced to borrow a lance, his own being shattered.

through which alone the person exists and possesses his freedom. It is the very condition of existence, but it is not that which originates for the person the law of action.

To the Oriental, on the other hand, the universe, as well as the state, is conceived of as a vast despotism, which holds in its keeping the source and the law of action for all. Its mysterious law, held beyond the reach of human vision, like the inscrutable will of the autocrat, is the law of fate. Personality knew no right of origination or of self-determination; it was swept like a chip on the current. It knew no privilege except to bow in resignation before the unexplained, unmotivated mandate of fate. The Oriental government of the universe was transcendental, the Hellenic social.

The Hellenic gods were the chief citizens of the state, partakers with men in a bond which was made sacred by their presence. To be associated with them was a privilege. They gave dignity and solidity to society. To show them respect, to entertain them with feasts and shows and games, was seemly and decorous. To show them disrespect was treason, and treason was essentially a discourtesy and insult to the gods.

The Greek was always human—very human. His humanity was never apologized for. It was the best thing that he knew of. This sun-lit life on earth was worth living for—indeed, the only thing he knew of worth living for. Whatever was human, the body and the joys of the flesh, the delights of beauty, the triumphs of wit or of strength or of craft—all were good except in excess. Virtue lay, not in abstinence, but in self-control. As in the relations to the divine, all depended here, too, upon not crossing the danger-line.

All mutilation of the body the Greek regarded with horror, and in this regard felt himself estranged from the Oriental. The Oriental looked with a species of disdain upon all that belonged to the physical universe, even including the body. He was its lord. The Greek lived in the world of nature as a part of it, and good friends with it. In it lived his gods, and through its activity his gods revealed themselves. The Greek dwelt more with the world that was without him, the Oriental more with the world that was within him. With the former, thought and fancy tended to assume the objective cast; with the latter, the subjective.

The Greek brought with him to every work the freshness and naturalness of the child of nature. He lived face to face with

nature, and allowed no barriers to be interposed; allowed himself not to be artificially withdrawn from the world of which he was a part. Asceticism, abstinence, and holiness by separation he knew nothing of. He was in the world, wholly and thoroughly; of the world, worldly; of the earth, earthly; of humanity, human.

His enthusiasms were those of an untrammelled child of nature, rejoicing in life and beauty and light. The sedate Oriental seemed the offspring of an old and ripened civilization, which had, in the generations through which it had passed, seen and experienced all the great things, and so lost the effervescent freshness of youth. The Orient was really the old world. Hope was not so high. Effort was not so well worth while.

The Greek seemed to have the world before him. He could do what he would. Conditions could be changed. The right of initiative gave the right to change. The power of initiative imposed the duty to create. Life was composed of time, and time was measured by action. Action creates, and creation is progress. Action, aggression, achievement, progress, became, therefore, the spirit of the Greek; endurance, submission, quietism, stagnation, that of the man of the East. In all this the Greek was merely the full-developed type of the European Aryan.

The Orient which Alexander confronted took its shape as a political organization from the conquest of the Persian Cyrus, beginning about 550 B. C. The Eastern world was then divided among three great empires: the Median, standing since the end of the preceding century on the ruins of the Assyrian empire of Nineveh, and having its seat at Ecbatana (modern Hamadan); the Babylonian empire, occupying Mesopotamia and Syria; and the Lydian empire of Cræsus, who controlled the whole of Asia Minor and amassed from tribute and from the gold-mines of Pactolus such vast stores of the precious metal as the West had never dreamed of. To the temple at Delphi alone he made presents of gold bullion amounting to 270 talents (\$370,000).

The Persians were an Iranian people, a branch of the Indo-European or Aryan race, who had long occupied, in almost unbroken connection with their Scythian kinsmen to the north of the Caspian, the highlands of Bactria and Parthia. Early in the seventh century these Iranian tribes began pushing out toward the west and the south, and one of them, the Medes, had brought the Assyrian empire to its fall. The Persians, pushing

farther to the south, located their capital in Susa (Shushan), until, with the conquests of Cyrus, Ecbatana, and with it the Median realm, fell into their hands (550 B. C.).

Cyrus was the energetic, intelligent leader of a vigorous, warlike people, unspoiled by civilization. His conquests meant that an Oriental, essentially Semitic, civilization had

accept advice, and his tolerance toward local institutions became a standard which his successors on the throne tended to follow. He was himself a pious adherent of the Ahura Mazda cult, the Iranian faith, since known to the world through the doctrines of its great reformer and purifier, Zoroaster; but he made no attempt to impress his religion upon the state. The traditional re-

conqueror, has since been called the Persian empire. It was this empire which provided the passive soul of

orientalism with an organized body and such will and fist to smite as it possessed. As army and as government it was the outward mechanism with which Alexander two centuries later had to deal, and so the brief story of its builders and their labors concerns us here.

Though there is a lack of thoroughly authentic accounts of Cyrus's life and deeds in detail, there can be no doubt concerning his character as a whole. The extraordinary nobility and generosity of his character are reflected, to quote the words of Eduard Meyer, "alike in the accounts of the Persians whom he led to world-empire, of the Jews whom he freed, and of the Greeks whom he subjugated." His generosity toward defeated foes, his readiness to hear and

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

SARDIS: RUINS OF THE ACROPOLIS.

large tracts of northern Africa were also brought beneath his sway; but Carthage, which was then emerging as a controlling power in the western Mediterranean, was left untouched. The reports attribute his failure to advance against it to the unwillingness of the Phenicians, upon whom he depended for a fleet, to coöperate with him against their own kin. In 522 he was recalled from Egypt by the revolt of the Pseudo-Smerdis, but, while on his way, died in Syria from the results of a self-inflicted but accidental wound. The usurper Gaumata, a Median of the priestly caste of the Magi, who had falsely claimed to be Smerdis, the brother of Cambyses, a brother who, before the expedition against Egypt,

had, as a mild precautionary measure, been secretly murdered at Cambyses's instance, now assumed the throne, and the succession of the Achæmenids seemed to be hopelessly lost. The very possibility of such an occurrence throws into boldest light the horrible perversions and the grim hazards to which a monster autocracy such as this empire was exposed.

A year after the death of Cambyses, Darius, the son of Hystaspes, who was nearest heir to the throne, aided by six Persian noblemen, forced his way into the usurper's stronghold, Sikajauvati in Media, and slew him and all his attendants (521). For nearly two years the empire was in turmoil. One after another, pretenders after the model of Gaumata arose in various parts of the realm, and at times the whole structure threatened to fall in pieces. Twice Babylon itself revolted, but otherwise the revolts were chiefly confined to the Aryan elements of the east and the north, the Medians, Persians, and Armenians.

At last, through the consummate leadership and military skill of Darius, the empire was, in 519, brought into quiet, and a majestic realm extending from the Hellespont to the Indus, and from the Jaxartes to the Upper Nile, and embracing on the modern map the territory of Turkestan, Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey in Asia, northern Arabia, and Egypt, yielded obedience to a single man.

Darius, though not its founder, was really its organizer and maker. His reign, extending from 521 to 486, marks the final consolidation of the Orient to meet the thrust of the Occident. Its organization into a whole, and its very existence as a state, furnished the basis for the still greater edifice that Alexander was to rear.

During the thirty-five years of Darius's reign were set in array the forces for a great world-struggle—a struggle heavy with fate for the destiny of mankind. It is well said by Eduard Meyer: "Darius stands at the turn between two world-epochs. He closes the development of the old Orient; he gives the later time its shape. In the evening of his days the battle of Marathon marks the beginning of a new epoch in the development of the Mediterranean world."

The eastern and western frontiers of his empire were separated by a stretch of twenty-five to twenty-seven hundred miles—double the air-line distance from Paris to St. Petersburg, four times the distance from Paris to Vienna, and something more than the distance from San Francisco to Wash-

ington. The problem of organizing the government of this vast territory, with its variety of races, languages, customs, religions, was a serious one. In dealing with it Darius showed extraordinary wisdom, and his solution, defective as it may seem from the ideal point of view, was probably the only one possible at the time. It at least furnished a basis upon which might gradually have been built up a secure and effective structure. During the almost two centuries of its existence it proved itself well adapted to the conditions which it organized, and its only peril came from without.

Following the precedents set by Cyrus, Darius sought to disturb as little as was consistent with the maintenance of the imperial government the traditional customs, laws, and religion of the different nations and tribes composing the empire. The local forms of government were left as far as possible unchanged. The half-nomadic tribes retained their government by chiefs, many districts kept their native princes, the free cities might have oligarchy, tyrant, or democracy, as they pleased—all, so long as the tribute was paid and the military quota filled. No attempt was made to establish a law code valid for the entire empire, but each district, tribe, or nation was in general allowed to use its own hereditary laws. These general features offer in some regards a striking forecast of that which has been the greatest element of solidity in the English empire.

The whole empire, for convenience of administration and oversight, was, however, divided into not less than twenty satrapies, or provinces, over each of which was set in control a satrap, or viceroy, directly and personally responsible to the king. It was the duty of the satraps to maintain the peace within their several provinces, to represent and maintain the authority of the empire, to raise the tribute, to attend to the levies of troops, to have care for the public works of the empire, roads, harbors, canals, and to regulate the money standards. They possessed even the right of silver coinage. Within the provinces their authority was absolute, except as against the king. They were the judges of final appeal, and the only judges on issues between the cities, the tribes, the districts, and the native princes. In military affairs they were supreme. The actual details of local government were, however, left, as has already been said, to the local authorities, whatever they might be.

Unity of administration, so far as it can be said to have existed at all, was dependent



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

SCENE ON THE PERSIAN POST-ROAD BETWEEN SARDIS, NEAR THE
ÆGEAN, AND SUSAN, DARIUS'S CAPITAL.

upon the visits of the king to the various provinces, or of a confidential commissioner personally representing the king. Such an overseer was known officially as the "King's Eye." Only one person at a time, it seems, held the office. He corresponded neither to premier nor private secretary, but was something of both. He stood outside of and above the authority of satraps and army commanders, and through his subordinates scattered about the empire kept close watch upon the doings of all governors, officers, and officials, in the personal interest of the king. A system of spies known as the "King's Ears" also existed, probably in coördination with the same department. The department taken as a whole performed the function of a secret police service, or of the "spotters" employed by the treasurer of a modern corporation. A Persian proverb said well: "The king has many eyes and ears." As a check upon the independent military authority of the satraps, the control of the great fortresses commanding important strategic points was kept in the hands of the central power.

The most effective expedient for maintaining union was found, however, in the system of great military roads, to the establishment of which Darius gave the keenest attention. While there is no evidence that they were elaborately constructed roads in the Roman sense, they were passable routes, provided with bridges. A courier-post system was maintained upon them for expediting communication between the different parts of the empire. At intervals of fourteen or fifteen miles post-houses and khans were located, at which postmen with swift horses were always in readiness to take up a letter and advance it to the next station. Herodotus (viii, 98) describes the service as follows: "There exists nothing mortal more swift than these couriers. And this is the way the Persians have contrived it: There are as many men and horses posted at intervals along the road as there are days in the trip, one man and horse assigned to each day's run; and neither snow nor rain nor heat nor night prevents them from accomplishing the run assigned to them, and at the fullest speed. The first runner hands over his consignment to the second, the second to the third, and so it goes from hand to hand on to its destination, like the torch-race celebrated in honor of Hephæstus among the Greeks."

The roads were under strict military surveillance, and travelers, in passing the sta-

tions, were compelled to give an account of themselves and their errand. Distances were measured and carefully indicated along the roads, and hence the ever-recurring "parasang" (English league, German *Stunde*, three miles) which lightened our way through Xenophon's "Anabasis."

A famous road was the one which, as a life-artery of the empire, joined Sardis, at the far west in Lydia, to Susa, the capital. It was fifteen hundred miles long, and at the common rate of ordinary travel, three months were required to traverse it; but by the government couriers a despatch could be forwarded from Susa to Sardis within a week. Every fifteen miles there was a station, or khan, where travelers could find shelter and refreshment for man and beast. These were under royal control, and Herodotus, widely traveled himself, does not hesitate to call them "most excellent." The road made its way up out of Lydia, over the highlands of Phrygia and Galatia, across the Halys River, through Cappadocia, and over the mountain-passes of the Taurus, across the Upper Euphrates, and on into southern Armenia. Holding still to the east, it crossed the Tigris and the ancient trade-route from Trebizond and the Euxine, which in far earlier days had made Nineveh great, and, evading Mesopotamia, pushed on through the modern land of the Kurds, till, rounding the mountains, it turned south through modern Persia. All the diverse life of the countries it traversed was drawn into its paths. Carians and Cilicians, Phrygians and Cappadocians, staid Lydians, sociable Greeks, crafty Armenians, rude traders from the Euxine shores, nabobs of Babylon, Medes and Persians, galloping couriers mounted on their Bokhara ponies or fine Arab steeds, envoys with train and state, peasants driving their donkeys laden with skins of oil or wine or sacks of grain, stately caravans bearing the wares and fabrics of the South to exchange for the metals, slaves, and grain of the North, travelers and traders seeking to know and exploit the world—all were there, and all were safe under the protection of an empire the roadway of which pierced the strata of many tribes and many cultures, and helped set the world a-mixing.

The organization and regulation of Alexander's empire was later made possible through the roads, and they were the conductors by which East and West were joined and the first cosmopolitanism brought into being.

The vastness and the resources of the Persian empire of Darius can best, perhaps,

be measured in terms of the tribute it was able to collect. Partial data for this are supplied us by Herodotus. The satrapy of Babylon furnished an annual tribute of 1000 talents (say \$1,400,000, reckoning the Babylonian talent at \$1400); that of Egypt, 700 talents (\$1,000,000); Media, 450 talents; Syria, 350 talents; and so down to the lowest amount, that paid by the satrapy of the Sattagydæ of the far East, 170 talents. This was essentially a land-tax—a tax on the products of the soil. Babylonia, as having the most fruitful and best-cultivated land, naturally paid the highest tax. The tax was assessed upon the satrapies by the central government, and the satraps were responsible for its collection. This land-tax yielded for the whole empire an annual total of 7600 talents (about \$11,000,000).

This was, however, only the beginning. None of this money was used for the maintenance of army, government, or court, each of which, it appears, was supported directly by contributions in kind. There were, too, various other forms of tribute, the amount of which it is impossible to estimate. Some examples may, however, be given. The Arabian tribes subject to the empire paid an annual tribute of 1000 talents of frankincense. The Colchians furnished annually two hundred slaves. The gold-mines of the Hima-layas paid 360 talents. The renting of the fishery rights on the Nile canal yielded 240 talents. Individual cities or districts had assigned to them burdens of honor. Thus, scattered through the narratives of Xenophon and Herodotus, we hear of one community that was under obligation to supply the queen's girdle, another her necklaces, another her tiara, another the ornaments for the hair. The expenses of maintaining detachments of troops or armies, or of providing the table of the king and his suite when on journeys, were levied upon neighboring cities or districts. Thus the city of Abdera was called upon to feed Xerxes's army, a million men, for one day, and the cost, as Herodotus tells us, was 300 talents (\$360,000). The money tribute went chiefly to swell the treasure hordes, which on Alexander's capture of the strongholds proved so vast. Thus in Persepolis he found 120,000 talents of gold and silver. This, if reckoned in talents of silver, means \$175,000,000; if one third was talents of gold, \$800,000,000. The treasury of Susa yielded, besides this, 50,000 talents (\$70,000,000 at least), and that of Pasargadæ 6000 talents (\$8,500,000).

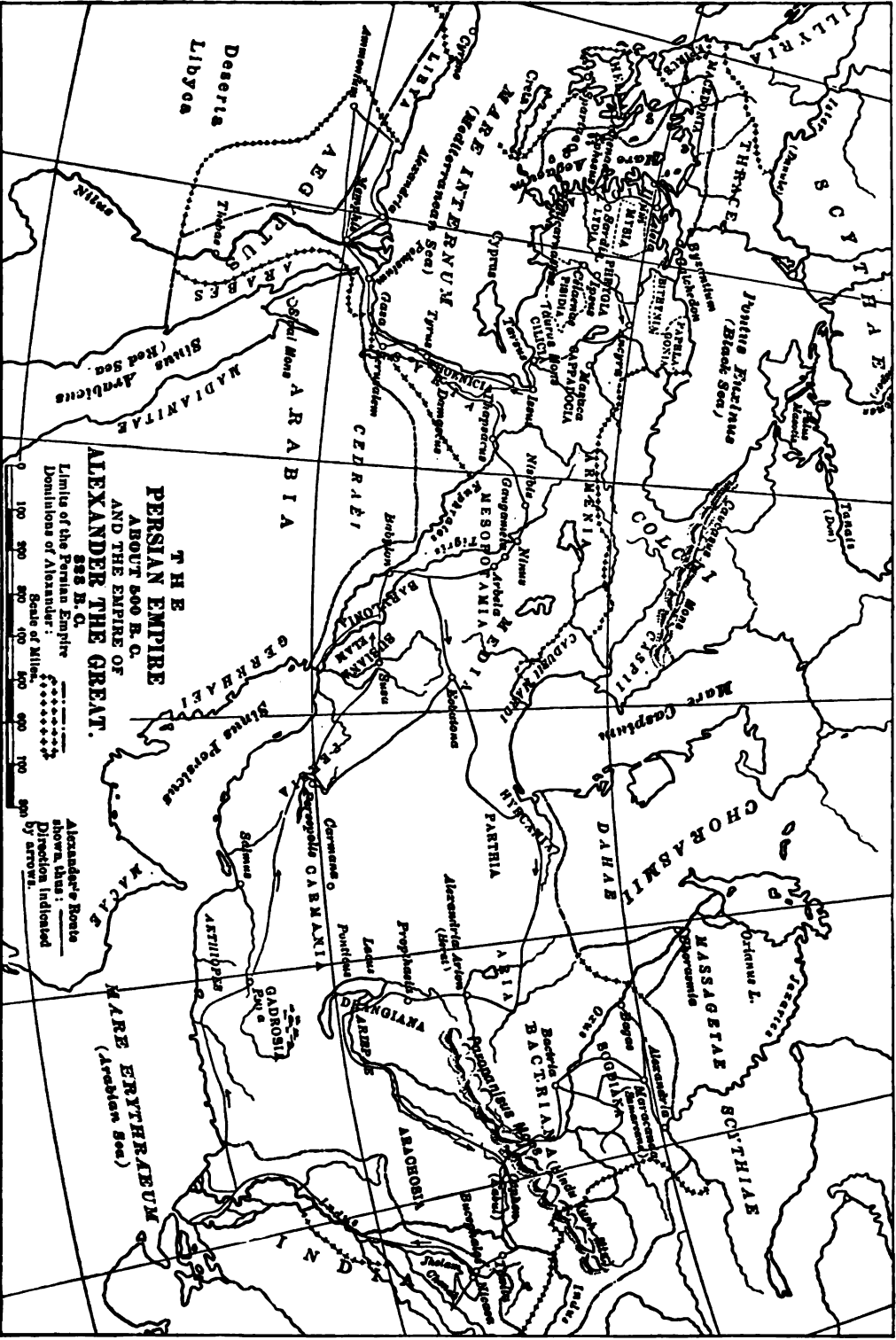
In addition to the land-tax, each satrapy

was obliged to furnish a certain quota of men and supplies for the army. Thus Cappadocia provided annually 50,000 sheep, 2000 mules, and 1500 horses; Media double this number. Cilicia furnished 360 gray horses, Armenia 10,000 foals, Egypt 120,000 bushels of wheat; Chalybon furnished wine for the court, Colchis sent an annual quota of Caucasian slaves, and Babylon 500 eunuchs for court service.

The empire embraced a territory of some two million square miles, three fifths that of the United States, and its population may be estimated at fifty millions, about that of the same territory now.

Susa, and not Babylon, Darius made the capital of his empire. Here he built a great city, the circuit of which, Strabo says, was one hundred and twenty stades, a stade being about a ninth of a mile. It was two hundred and fifty miles farther to the east than Babylon, but still nearer the center of the empire's domain. It was, furthermore, near to original Persian soil. Babylon was still an alien land, with an alien religion and civilization. At Persepolis, three hundred miles farther to the southeast, on his native soil, Darius also built a new residence city with strong fortifications, of which Diodorus says: "The citadel of Persepolis was surrounded by three walls, of which the first was sixteen cubits (twenty-four feet) high, and encircled by turrets adorned with costly ornamentation. The second wall had similar ornaments, but was twice as high. The third wall formed a square, and was sixty cubits (ninety feet) high. . . . In the city were several richly adorned buildings for the reception of the king and the generals, and treasuries for the revenue. To the east of the citadel, at a distance of four plethra (one-half mile), lies a mountain called 'the Royal Mountain,' in which are the tombs of the kings." Ec-ba-tana, the ancient Median capital, was also used as a residence, especially in the heat of the summer, and at times also the kings resided at Babylon; yet Susa always remained the capital proper throughout the entire Achæmenid dynasty.

The court of the king was maintained with extraordinary dignity and splendor. The person of royalty was surrounded with everything capable of giving it elevation, dignity, and charm in the eyes of the masses. Surrounded by a vast body of attendants, body-guards, servants, eunuchs, and court officials, the king was removed as far as possible from the vulgar eye. He gave audience seated on a golden throne, over which was



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF THE GRANICUS (SEE PAGE 866) IS A LITTLE WEST OF ZELEIA.

stretched a baldachin of purple, supported on four golden pillars glittering with precious stones. In his presence his courtiers prostrated themselves in the dust. Whoever stood in his presence to address him hid his hands in the sleeves of his mantle, as token of his abnegation of will to restrain or harm. He was never seen on foot. He sometimes appeared on horseback, more often in a chariot. Guards and scourgers went before his car to open the way. There followed the chariots of Mithra, and Magi carrying the sacred fire. Around him and behind him were the staff-bearers and his body-guard. On solemn occasions the ways were purified with frankincense and strewn with myrtle. The king's attire was valued, Plutarch says, at 12,000 talents (about \$17,000,000).

Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, ranked as the queen of Darius. Among his wives of second rank the first place was held by the daughter of Gobryas, who had borne him three sons before he came to the throne. Below the secondary wives were the concubines, who formed a numerous body. Three hundred and twenty concubines of the last Darius (III) were found among the captives after Alexander's victory at Issus. The stories which passed current among the Greeks concerning the extent of the king's retinue and the lavishness of their court, and which come to us particularly through the pages of Xenophon in his "Cyrus's Education and Training" and of Plutarch in his *Life of Artaxerxes*, are the natural tribute which the wonder of a plainer people pays to the grandeur, luxury, and circumstance of an older civilization. The chief places in the army, in the government, and at the court were held by members of the Persian nobility. As a machine of government the Persian empire west of the Zagrus Mountains was essentially a foreign domination. This showed itself in the diverse religious systems.

Darius was an earnest adherent of the traditional Ahura Mazda cult of his fathers, in the form it had received through the teachings of the prophet Zoroaster (Zarathushtra), who not improbably lived and taught in Bactria in the days of Darius's father, Hystaspes. It was far from having the codified conventional form which it later received, preëminently under the Sassanid emperors (from the third century A. D.), when made a "book-religion" based upon the collection of sacred writings known as the Zend-Avesta, and organized into a formal state church. The religion still cultivated at this day by the Parsees of northwestern India

represents in further development the form given to it under the Sassanids. The Zend-Avesta, though undoubtedly containing as a nucleus older elements dating from as early as the sixth century B. C., took its shape as a collection and an authoritative sacred book presumably in the second and third centuries of the Christian era.

Though Zoroastrianism was the recognized religion of the court, the great masses of the population of Mesopotamia remained faithful to the old Babylonian religion, which, though modified by centuries of Semitic domination, was essentially the product of the civilization antedating the coming of the Semites, which we call by the name Sumero-Accadian. This was in substance a practical system of controlling and appeasing, by means of prayers, offerings, and incantations, the spirits or demons which are active in the world of nature. These demons, conceived of in weird forms of animals or men, or monstrosities embodying forms of both, are the source of those strange types of griffins, dragons, unicorns, hippogriffs, chimeras, which later, through the medium of art, found their way to the Western world, and have since held a standard place among the materials of artistic composition.

After Darius's death, in 486, the empire he had organized, holding itself together by very inertia despite the growing independence of the satraps, passed down in essentially the form he had given it, for a century and a half, through the hands of his successors: Xerxes (486-465), whose famous expedition against Greece failed at Salamis (480); Artaxerxes I, called Longimanus (465-424); Darius II, called Nothus (424-405); Artaxerxes II, called Mnemon (404-358), against whom arose the revolt of his brother Cyrus, failing at Cunaxa (401); Artaxerxes III, called Ochus (358-337), a ruler of great energy, under whom Egypt, after a period of independence, was rejoined to the empire (345); Arses (337-336); and when Alexander entered Asia, Darius III, called Codomannus, was upon the throne.

In the early spring of 334, Alexander was ready for his advance against Persia. The odds were great. Persia covered a territory fifty times as great as his own, and had a population twenty-five times as great. He had no ships that could be measured against the Phœnician fleet, which, in Persian service, controlled the Ægean. An Athenian fleet of three hundred and fifty triremes lay idle in the harbors of Athens, but political expediency prevented him from calling for more

than twenty of them. The plan of his campaign contemplated solely a test of strength on the land. He proposed, as the issue showed, to render the Persian supremacy on the sea a vain distinction, by robbing the fleet of a coast from which to operate.

With an army of thirty thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry he entered a country which, under Xerxes, had sent a million armed men against Greece. By the terms of the league which Philip had made with the Greek states at Corinth, he had the right of naming the size of the contingent which each state should furnish to the army. Though this agreement was renewed under Alexander, for some reason, which neither he has told nor any ancient historian surmised, he chose not to avail himself of it beyond a limited extent. He undoubtedly preferred a small disciplined army upon which he could absolutely rely. Except for a body of 1500 Thessalian cavalry under Macedonian command and from 5000 to 7000 infantry furnished by various states and called in the accounts the "allied infantry," his army was composed of men of the north, Thracians and Macedonians, tried and true.

The Persian state had at its control enormous resources of money. Alexander, after equipping his army, had in hand, to say nothing of his debts, which some say were abundant, only seventy talents (say \$80,000), and, as Plutarch adds, no more than thirty days' provisions for his troops. Still he gave himself pains to know if all his friends were duly provided for in their outfit for the campaign, and whatsoever he found they lacked he provided—not with cash, but by assigning to them lands or villages or revenues from certain parts of his realm. At last, when he had in this wise apportioned almost all he had to give, Perdicas, in some solicitude, asked him what he had left for himself, and he replied: "My hopes." "In these," rejoined Perdicas, "your soldiers will be your partners," and thereupon refused, along with others, to accept what had been assigned him.

The relatively insignificant resources with which Alexander set out upon his task give a touch of the quixotic to his enterprise. Men have judged him a harebrained enthusiast whose successes were due to dash and luck. But he reckoned well with what he had to deal. Behind the appearance of reckless dash were concealed a careful estimate of conditions and a definite and consistent plan of action. He knew that Persia was weak in its vastness, and that its bulk gave it, through

inertia, a continuance of existence only because no smooth stone was fitted to the sling.

With all Greece sulkily holding aloof from the war, and Greek mercenaries constituting the reliable strength of the Persian army, he called himself the leader of the Greeks, and entered the contest with a compact force composed of soldiers most of whom the Greeks would have called barbarians. But he knew his army. It was the best-disciplined force in existence. He had seen its action, and, small as it was, he could trust it. The weakness of Persia he had ample means of knowing. Had not the experience of the ten thousand Greeks who, sixty years before, entered to the heart of the empire and then retreated complacently and safely, proved it amply enough? A band of professional soldiers of fortune picked up in the soldier marts of Greece, they had pushed their way (401 B. C.), along with a dashing young prince who aspired offhand, as if it were a game of polo, to seize his brother's crown, seventeen hundred miles across the empire to within fifty miles of the gates of Babylon. Here, joined with a hundred thousand Asiatics, they fought against half a million or more, and for their part won and would have gained for the young prince the prize he sought, had he not lost his life by the needless risks he took. Then when they found no other candidate willing to risk a throw for the crown, they turned back, made their way out to the north by Armenia, and found the shores of the Euxine well within a year from the time of first setting out. Xenophon has made a genial story of it all in his "Anabasis."

The Persians had learned the value of Greek troops, and now, in Alexander's time, the only practical fighting strength their armies possessed were the Greek mercenaries. Alexander had thirty thousand of the latter to face at Issus (333). Professionalism in war had developed itself in Greece with the Peloponnesian war (431-404). Military methods suddenly outgrew the capacity of the old-fashioned citizen soldiery. War changed from sport to business. Political Napoleons like Dionysius of Syracuse, then Jason of Phææ, then Philip of Macedon, came to see the need for their purpose of a standing army of trained, professional soldiers, and the free states were forced to keep pace with them. First were hired the supplementary troops, Rhodian slingers, Cretan bowmen, light-armed soldiers from the West and the North, while the hoplites, or heavy-armed, remained of the

citizen class; but later even they yielded place to the professionals. Conservative Sparta held to the old way, but she found the times too fast for her, and went to the wall. Progressive mercantile Athens took kindly to mercenaries. Her citizens early tired of the game of war, and, as Hans Droysen remarks, "the last contests for the 'freedom' of Greece were fought mostly by mercenaries, hired with Persian money."

Corinth and Tænarum were the chief markets where soldiers were hired. Arcadians (the East-Tennesseans of Greece), Achæans, Ætolians, Thessalians, furnished the most of the men. Like carpenters and barbers, they brought their own tools, but received pay and food, and, if all went well, a share of the booty. Strange to say, mercenary service seems not to have incurred the reproach of disloyalty, even when rendered to barbarians against a Greek state. Patriotism, for a Greek, did not go much beyond his own city. Political and military movements were now coming to concern mostly larger units than the city, but a patriotism had not been developed to fit the new scale. Love of the sport and a chance for gain were excuse enough for a young man who left home and fought in the armies of strangers. He was looked upon by his townsfolk much as a ball-player nowadays would be who should forsake his native Binghamton or Elmira to accept a position on the New York or Cincinnati nine.

In Macedonia Alexander left behind him a force of twelve thousand infantry and fifteen hundred cavalry, just half the native army, under command of Antipater, the trusty sexagenarian, who was now made regent and the European representative of the king. He had enjoyed the fullest confidence of Philip, and was noted for his austere life and puritanical ideas. The stories told about him characterize Philip as well. When Philip was starting in for a drinking-debauch, he would sometimes say, so Carystius reports: "Now we can go ahead and get full; it's enough that Antipater keeps sober." Another is this: "Once Philip was playing at dice, when Antipater was announced. After a moment of hesitation, Philip pushed the board under the sofa."

Alexander, having once set out from Pella, advanced directly along the coast toward the Hellespont (Dardanelles), by way of Amphipolis and Abdera, and in twenty days had covered the three hundred and fifty miles to Sestus, where the passage was at its narrowest (4400 feet). Here was the spot

where, one hundred and forty-six years before, Xerxes had stretched his famous bridge of boats, and—any one may guess how many years before—Leander swam across to make his nightly rendezvous with Aphrodite's priestess, Hero.

The Macedonian forces under Parmenion, when, the year before, they had retreated from Asiatic soil, had prudently retained possession of Abydus, situated near the site of the modern Turkish fort Nagara, on a tongue of land opposite Sestus. Thus the opportunity of crossing at pleasure was secured. The greater part of the army was left to cross here under the oversight of Parmenion, at whose disposal for this purpose there were one hundred and sixty triremes, besides a number of trading-vessels.

Alexander himself, now that the coast was clear, and no opposition to be expected in disembarking on the other side, was able to indulge his antiquarian instincts by arranging for a ceremonious landing a little to the west, at the plain of Troy, on the very beach where Agamemnon had drawn up his ships. So, accompanied by a portion of the infantry, he moved farther along the northern coast to Elæus (modern Eski Hissarlik), about fifteen miles distant, where the breadth of the Hellespont (two and a half miles) is three times that at Sestus. After paying his respects at the tomb of Protesilaus, the first hero to land, as well as to fall, in the Trojan war, and offering sacrifices accompanied with a prayer for better luck, he started across. The flagship he steered with his own hands. In the middle of the channel he sacrificed a bull to Poseidon and the Nereids, and poured them a libation from a golden goblet. His ship was first to touch the land. From its prow he hurled a spear into the soil, and then leaped ashore in full armor, the first to land. Altars to Zeus, Athena, and Hercules were erected on the spot, as well as at the one where he had embarked.

Then he betook himself to the site of ancient Troy, and without suffering the perverting doubts of Demetrius or Lechevalier as to its location, he went straight to Ilium, the modern Hissarlik. Here he offered sacrifice in the temple of Athena, and dedicated as votive offering a suit of his own armor, taking in exchange some of the consecrated armor that, tradition claimed, had been there since the Trojan war. This he afterward caused to be carried before him, by specially appointed shield-bearers, when he entered battle. He also sacrificed to Priam, who, ac-

cording to one legend, was slain by Neoptolemus, in order to avert his displeasure from himself as Neoptolemus's descendant. Special honors he paid to the tomb of Achilles. "He anointed his grave, and in company with his friends, as the ancient custom is, ran to it naked and laid a garland upon it, declaring, as he did so, how fortunate he esteemed Achilles in that in life he found a faithful friend, and in death a great man to herald his deeds." His friend Hephæstion is said to have paid similar honors to the tomb of Patroclus. Games also were held. After receiving the felicitations of the dignitaries of the neighborhood, including the picturesque Chares, an Athenian, but now a free-lance and lord of Sigeum, and after having ordered the rebuilding of Ilium and encouraged the assemblage of a population there by promise of freedom from taxation, he set out to join the body of his army, which was encamped at Arisbe, near Abydus. Of the infantry, 5000 were mercenaries, 7000 allies, 6000 tribesmen of the Thracian and Illyrian north, and 12,000 native Macedonians; of the cavalry, 1500 were Macedonians, 1500 Thes-salians, the rest Greeks, Thracians, and Pæonians.

The highest standard of efficiency in the army was represented by the famous cavalry troop composed of Macedonian knights and called the *hetairoi*, or companions. It was at first divided into eight squadrons (*ilai*), one of them being composed of picked men and called the *agéma*. Though the numbers were not definitely fixed, it appears from incidental allusions that each *ile* contained about one hundred and fifty men. The whole troop we may therefore estimate approximately at twelve hundred. The term "companions," or "cavalry companions" (to distinguish them from the *pezetairoi*, or infantry companions), is sometimes applied to the whole troop, sometimes to the *agéma*, as the companions in the most restricted sense. They wore, like the Greek heavy cavalry generally, a metallic helmet, a cuirass of linen or leather covered with metallic scales, and high boots; they rode without saddle, and carried a short (blade about two feet), straight, two-edged sword, and a lance (six to eight feet) of cornel-wood or ash, shod and tipped with metal, but no javelins and no shield. The Thessalian cavalry was similarly equipped. Besides these were the light-armed cavalymen, the Pæonians and the *sarissophors*, the latter armed with the long lance (eighteen feet).

The mass of the infantry, known as the

pezetairoi, or infantry companions, constituted the phalanx, a solid defensive formation which Philip had created by modifications of the Theban phalanx. The men were armed with the eighteen-foot *sarissa*, or lance, which was held couched by the left hand grasping it about four feet from the foot, and supported by the right. The phalanx was drawn up in six battalions, or *taxeis*, generally eight men deep. When all the lances were leveled, and the men compactly massed, the lances of the rear rank reached nearly, if not quite, to the front rank, and the whole became a bristling mass of lance-points which no onset could penetrate.

A body of light-armed foot-soldiers, called the *hypaspists*, originally developed out of the king's body-guard, formed the *corps d'élite* of the infantry. They were armed much like peltasts, with shield, long sword, and lance. A picked body of them, also known as the *agéma*, served with the cavalry *agéma* as body-guard to the king. Alexander's usual order of battle disposed the various troops as follows, beginning on the right: (1) bowmen and Agrianians; (2) the cavalry *agéma*, supported by the light cavalry of Pæonians and *sarissophors*; (3) the cavalry companions; (4) the *hypaspists*; (5) the *pezetairoi*, or phalanx; (6) the Thessalian and other allied cavalry. There was in reality no center. The right wing was intended to smite, the left to stand firm. How Alexander used his line we shall soon see.

A Persian army had already assembled to meet them, about seventy miles to the eastward of Zeleia. Without hesitation, the Macedonians advanced. The cities of Lampsacus and Priapus hastened to offer their submission as the army came toward them. The Persians, in their turn, advanced and took a position on the east bank of the Granicus, fifteen miles from its mouth at the Sea of Marmora. In doing this the Persians had overridden the wise advice of their only competent general, Memnon, the Rhodian Greek. He had advised that the army should slowly retreat, devastating the country through which Alexander had to pass, and thus embarrassing him for lack of supplies. The Greeks, superior in their infantry and under the personal leading of their king, were certain for the present to have advantage in a direct engagement. Jealousy of Memnon and pretended solicitude for the dignity of the empire led the Persians to reject this advice and adopt the plan of defending the ford of the Granicus.

They took their position above the steep

eastern bank of the river, placing their cavalry in front along the bank, and the Greek mercenaries who constituted the mass of the infantry on the rising ground behind. The cavalry numbered about twenty thousand, the infantry somewhat less. The Persians, in setting their cavalry at the front to act on the defensive, committed a folly that Alexander appreciated the moment he arrived on the opposite bank, where he could see the enemy's line. He determined, though the day was already far advanced, to attack immediately.

Parmenion attempted to dissuade him from his purpose. He presented a strong case. It would be impossible to attack the enemy there except at great disadvantage. The stream was in places deep, and only at one ford could the troops pass through. Hence it would be impossible to meet the enemy with extended front. They would attack the column end as it emerged from the ford and attempted to climb the steep, muddy banks. A repulse at this juncture would put a damper upon the whole expedition. It was too much to risk. Rather let us encamp, he urged, and wait for the enemy to withdraw, as they are sure to do when they appreciate our superiority in infantry. The very prudence of this advice illustrates well how weak is logical analysis as matched against the sure, quick insight of genius. Alexander had seen at a glance the advantage he had through the mistake of his enemy. The Greek mercenaries, the only part of the armament he had to fear, were removed to a distance from the river. The cavalry suited to the onset was assigned to a hopeless defense. Alexander's answer to Parmenion was not, however, couched in terms of strategy: "I should count it a disgrace, Parmenion, after having so easily crossed the Hellespont, to be foiled by this paltry stream. If I halt now, the Persians will take courage and flatter themselves they are in some way a match for Macedonians." With these words he closed the discussion, and sent Parmenion to command the left or northerly wing, while he took command of the right.

The glitter of his armor and the honors paid him by his attendants disclosed to the Persians, watching from the other bank, the position Alexander had taken, and they hastened to mass dense squadrons of horse upon their left wing, where his attack was to be expected.

Amyntas, in command of a skirmishing force of cavalry, and accompanied by one di-

vision of infantry, in front of which moved a squadron of the companion cavalry, was sent on ahead to attack the enemy's extreme left. The purpose of this movement was evidently to draw the enemy's line toward the left and so weaken their center or open a gap between center and left where Alexander was preparing to strike.

Then Alexander mounted his horse, called to his men to remember their valor, and gave the order to advance. The blare of the trumpets echoed his command. The pæan to Mars resounded through the valley, and in they plunged. Alexander led the squadrons of heavy cavalry obliquely across and down the stream half left, in a sort of *échelon* formation, so that, on reaching the opposite bank, his line should present to the enemy as broad a front as possible. Showers of arrows fell upon them as they struggled through the ford. As the advance cavalry neared the shore, the Persians hurled their javelins down upon them from the high banks, or pushed down to meet them on the shore or at the very edge of the water. The Macedonians fought with spears, many of them still standing with unsteady footing in the water. The horses plunged and slipped as they gained the muddy shore, and the Persian horse rode down against them, pushing them back and rolling them over.

The first-comers fared hard. A confused, surging, pushing, slipping, struggling mass of men and horses covered the bank. But slowly and steadily, pressing their way through the ford and aiming at the enemy's center, came the dense squadrons of Alexander's cavalry. The first rank gained the shore. Close behind and somewhat to the left came the second. They pushed their way relentlessly into the jumbled mass. The long Macedonian spears with their stubborn shafts of cornel-wood prodded their way before them. The short javelins (three feet long) with which the Persians fought lacked the range of the Macedonian sarissas. Slowly but surely Alexander's squadrons pushed their way in, and the light-armed infantry mingled with the cavalry served a good purpose, too.

Alexander, upon his horse, was in the thick of the fight. His lance was shattered. So was that of Aretis, his aide, to whom he had called for another. Then Demaratus, the Corinthian, gave him his own.¹ "No sooner had he taken it than, seeing Mithridates, the son-in-law of Darius, riding up at the head

¹ Arrian, "Anabasis," i, 15.

CHAS. B. L. DARTMOUTH.

ALEXANDER AT LUM.

of a squadron of cavalry arranged in the shape of a wedge, he rode forward and, striking the Persian full in the face, threw him to the ground. Thereupon Rhoisakes charged upon Alexander and smote him a blow on the head with his simitar. A piece was broken from the helmet, but it held against the blow. Then, in turn, Alexander threw him to the ground, driving his lance through his breastplate into his chest. And, just then, as Spithridates had swung his simitar aloft to bring it down upon the head of the king, Clitus, the very one whom Alexander six years later in his anger slew, anticipating the blow, smote him through the shoulder, cutting off arm, simitar, and all."

The Persians maintained a vigorous resistance, but the heavy cavalry of the Macedonians kept coming in from the ford, strikinging blow after blow on the already disordered center of the enemy. Once an entrance had been effected into their mass, the opening in their center grew greater and greater. The retreat began first in the center, where the first blow had been struck. Soon the retreat turned to a rout, and the wings, finding the center broken, joined in the retreat, and speed turned into furious haste. Little attempt to pursue them was made; hence the cavalry loss, considering the decisive defeat, was relatively slight, not much exceeding a thousand, or about five per cent. of those engaged.

As the field cleared itself from the rout, the Greek mercenaries were disclosed still holding sturdily their place on the highland beyond. Thus far they had had no part in the battle. It was as if they had not been consulted. The solid strength of the Persian force, and what perhaps might have been its rescue, had been stupidly relegated to uselessness, and now, abandoned utterly by their employers and lords, were left dazed by the sudden turn of affairs, and were at the mercy of the Macedonians. The cavalry swept down upon their flanks; the phalanxes of infantry attacked them in front. They were surrounded, overwhelmed, annihilated. Two thousand were taken prisoners, but none escaped, except—to give it in Arrian's grim phrase—"such as hid themselves among the dead bodies."

The defeat was overwhelming. An important feature of it was the eminence of the Persians who fell. Among these were Arbupales, prince of the royal blood, grandson of Artaxerxes; Spithridates, satrap of Lydia; Mithrobuzanes, governor of Cappa-

docia; Mithridates, son-in-law of Darius; Pharnaces, brother-in-law of Darius; and Omares, commander of the mercenary infantry. Arsites, the governor of Phrygia, committed suicide after the battle, because of his responsibility for the rejection of Memnon's advice.

The Macedonians had suffered a surprisingly small loss. Twenty-five of the *hetairoi*, or knights, the heavy cavalry that had carried the weight of the battle, and sixty of the other cavalry had lost their lives, making probably less than three per cent. of those actively engaged. The fact that the loss of the infantry in killed was only thirty shows how helpless had been the Greek mercenaries, against whom alone the heavy infantry had been engaged. They had evidently become a mere disorganized mob, and were simply massacred.

The Macedonian dead were buried next day with distinguished honors, wearing their arms and decorations to their graves. Their parents and children were granted freedom from all property-taxes, as well as from imposts on the produce of their fields, and relieved from all obligation to personal service. The court statuary, Lysippus of Sicyon, was ordered to make bronze statues of the twenty-five companions who fell, and these were afterward set up in the Macedonian metropolis of Dion.

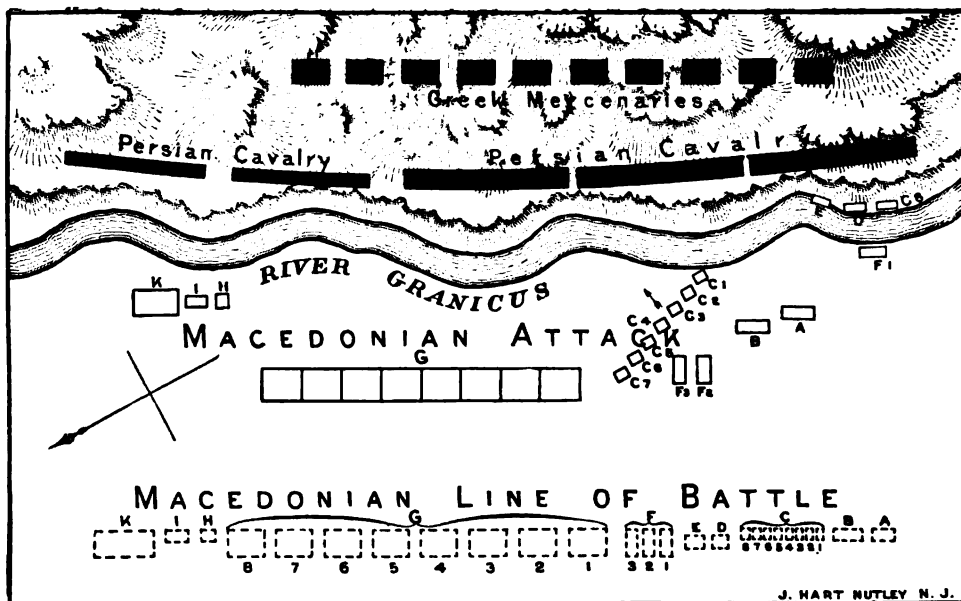
Those who had been wounded received the personal attention and solicitude of the king. He went from one to the other, looked at their wounds, inquired particularly as to how they had been received, and allowed them—what is dear to the soldier's heart, and especially to that of the Greek soldier—"to tell their tales and brag of their deeds."

Incidents like this betray in a striking way the extent to which Alexander's leadership and his empire were a personal thing. The prisoners taken in the battle were sent away in chains to till the soil in Macedonia. They were Greeks fighting against the Greek cause, upon which the Congress of Corinth had set its seal of legitimacy, and though this had been so far, even to an almost ludicrous extent, matter of theory rather than of practice, it was time now to vindicate the seriousness of the theory. Some of these captives were Athenians, and the desire of the Athenian state for their release expressed itself in repeated official requests. An embassy sent to the king the next year at Gordium was refused. Not until three years after the battle, in 331, was the petition finally granted.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

**THE FIERCE STRUGGLE OF ALEXANDER'S CAVALRY, LED BY HIMSELF,
AT THE FORD OF THE GRANICUS.**



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF THE GRANICUS AS ARRANGED BY THE AUTHOR.

A, Agrianians with javelins.

B, Archers.

C, Companion cavalry, 1500, commanded by Philotas; C1, the cavalry agema, commanded by Clitus, and attending Alexander; C2, the file of Socrates, commanded by Ptolemy and sent against the Persian left.

D, Peonian light cavalry, 400.

E, Sarcinophora, light cavalry, 500, commanded by Amyntas.

F, Hypaspistae, light infantry, 3000, led by Nicanor; F1, the taxis sent with Amyntas against the Persian left.

G, Heavy infantry, peshetairoi and allies, 20,000 to 22,000; G1, commanded by Ferdiccas; G2, commanded by Crenus; G3, commanded by Craterus, son of Alexander; G4, commanded by Amyntas, son of Andromenes; G5, commanded by Philip, son of Amyntas; G6, commanded by Philip; G7, commanded by Meleager; G8, commanded by Craterus.

H, Thracian cavalry, 500, commanded by Agathon.

I, Allied cavalry, 600, commanded by Philip, son of Menelaeus.

K, Thessalian cavalry, 1500, commanded by Calas.

The rich booty of the victory Alexander divided among his allies. To Olympias, his mother, he sent some of the Persian rugs and ornaments, and the golden goblets which he had found in the enemy's tents. Three hundred full suits of armor were sent to Athens to be hung up in the Acropolis as a votive offering to the goddess Athene, and the following inscription was to be displayed above them: "Alexander, son of Philip, and the Greeks, excepting the Lacedæmonians [dedicate this spoil], from the barbarians dwelling in Asia." Where this offering was placed in the Acropolis we are ignorant; certainly not on the outside of the Parthenon, as was once supposed. The traces of letters on the east architrave, formerly believed to represent the inscription dictated by Alexander, have been recently shown to belong to an inscription in honor of the Emperor Nero.

Alexander's act in sending the offering to Athens, and the form in which the inscription was couched, speak for his generosity of temper, and his persistent kindly feeling toward Athens and admiration of her greatness. A smaller man might well have resented in the moment of brilliant success the indifference and the slights shown him in the time of his need, and Alexander might well have been excused from naming the Greeks as copartners in his victories.

The question may be raised whether it was not a mere act of policy on his part, with a view to winning the coöperation of the Greeks, and especially of the Athenians. His need of a fleet might be mentioned in support of this view. A consideration of Alexander's character as a whole, however, and of his general course of action in achieving coöperation, does not admit of an interpretation of this act which would make it an ordinary politician's bid for an exchange of favors.

His desire to be regarded and to be a real leader and champion of Hellenism had passed from the range of dream and fancy and theory into that of fixed purpose and a practical plan of life. He wished the sympathy and, in a large way, the coöperation of Greece, but he had no idea of purchasing or beguiling specific favors. The coldness and aloofness which the Athenians displayed toward one who, in his embodiment of all that was most characteristic of the Hellenic spirit, in his passion for the beautiful, in his respect for Greek institutions, in his enthusiasm for the great things in Greek history and tradition, as well as in the brilliant charm of his person, might seem the very fulfilment of the Greek desire and the satisfaction of the national demand, can be explained only on the basis of a blinding politi-

cal envy and a love of small things and narrow issues. Any fear that Athens might righteously have entertained for the security of her local institutions and the maintenance of her autonomy ought, after the experience of the preceding four years, in which both Philip and Alexander had repeatedly

declined to avail themselves of good excuses for interfering in local matters, to be now entirely annulled. The world was moving. A new order was coming in. Athens saw, but she did not comprehend. So the world's history moved on thereafter without Athens.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE "MAINE."

• BY HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN CHARLES DWIGHT SIGSBEE, U. S. N.

THIRD PAPER: THE WRECKING AND THE INQUIRY.



SURVIVORS AT THE HOSPITAL, KEY WEST, MAKING THE INITIAL OF THE LOST SHIP.

UCH interest was excited by the arrival in Havana of the first lot of American newspapers received after the loss of the *Maine*. A Spanish officer of high rank whom I visited showed me a New York paper of February 17 in which was pictured the *Maine* anchored over a mine.

On another page was a plan showing wires leading from the *Maine* to the shore. The officer asked me what I thought of that. It was explained that we had no censorship in the United States; that each person applied his own criticism to what he saw and read in the papers. Apparently the Spanish officer could not grasp the idea. The interview was not at all unfriendly, and he took it in good part when it was pointed out that the Havana newspapers were very unfair toward me, without respect to my situation in their port. I asserted that if the American newspapers gave more than the news, the Spanish newspapers gave less than the news: it was a question of choice.

When the Spanish officer reverted to those illustrations of the *Maine*, I argued in this wise: The *Maine* blew up at 9:40 P. M. on the 15th; the news reached the United States very early on the morning of the 16th. This newspaper went to press about 3 A. M. on the morning of the 17th. It took time to draw those pictures. The inference was clear: the newspaper must have been possessed of a knowledge of the mine before the *Maine* was blown up. Therefore it disturbed

me to guess why I had not been told of the danger. This had the required effect, and the newspaper was dropped out of the conversation.

The American newspaper correspondent in Havana was a bugaboo to the Spaniards, from the censor to others all along the line. Nobody but the censor seemed to be able to stop him, and even the censor could not control more than the cable despatches. The correspondents were active, energetic, and even aggressive in their efforts to get all the news. If, occasionally, one showed lack of tact, the majority, from our point of view, did not. The people of the United States demanded the news, and they got it. It was soon plain to me that the correspondents were under strict orders from their papers—orders more mandatory and difficult of execution than those commonly issued in the naval service. Very early I applied a certain rule of conduct to these gentlemen, and it worked to perfection. I never impugned their motives, nor denied myself to them when it was possible to see them; never misled them, nor gave any one correspondent the "start in the running." If I had news that could properly be given, I gave it. If what I knew could not be given, I so informed them frankly. I could not give "interviews." My acquaintanceship extended to every American correspondent in Havana. No more sincere sympathy, consideration, and forbearance were shown me than by these correspondents. During the sittings of the court of inquiry, when I could not properly converse on the subject of the investigations, I gave them no word of news, though they were under extreme pressure to provide news. Their approval in the matter was expressed

GROUP OF PETTY OFFICERS ON BOARD THE "MAINE."

The two whose names are added above were saved. At least eleven were killed. The others were not attached to the ship at the time of the explosion.

both sentimentally and tangibly when I was leaving Havana, of which more later.

Every mail brought me many letters from the United States and abroad. In the aggregate there were hundreds of them. More than half were letters of approval and commendation. Many were from the families of the dead and wounded men. The latter were answered at once; the former so far as opportunity permitted, but many remain unanswered because of the constant emergency that has pressed upon me since the loss of the *Maine*. Although I read every letter from mourning relatives, to reply to them personally, in view of the harrowing nature of their contents, when coupled with my burdensome duties, was beyond my power of restraint. It was touching to note that most of them contained apologies for appealing to me while I was burdened with other duties. They were indorsed by me with suitable directions as to writing or telegraphing, and then given over to Chaplain Chidwick and Naval Cadet Holden for reply. From what I have written, it may be inferred that Chaplain Chidwick did this duty thoroughly well. So did Mr. Holden; he was my right hand, in many ways, at Havana, and saved me work and anxiety

in many directions. His judgment, ability, and sense of duty and loyalty were strikingly admirable. He is one of the best examples of what the Naval Academy can evolve, when the basic material is of the right kind.

My personal relations with General Blanco and Admiral Manterola, and, in fact, with all the Spanish officials, remained cordial until the last; there was no interruption whatever. Soon after the explosion I received a personal visit from Admiral Manterola at the Hotel Inglaterra. He was accompanied by his aide, a lieutenant in the Spanish navy. Our interpreter was a very intelligent clerk of the hotel, Mr. Gonzales. Admiral Manterola had ordered an inquiry, on the part of the Spanish government, into the cause of the explosion. We talked freely, because I desired to let it be known that I had no fear of an investigation and believed that the United States would be impartial.

The admiral assumed from the first that the explosion was from the interior of the vessel. He asked if the dynamo-boilers had not exploded. I told him we had no dynamo-boilers. He said that the plans of the vessel, as published, showed that the gun-cotton store-room, or magazine, was forward near

the zone of the explosion. He was informed that those plans had been changed, and that the guncotton was stowed aft, under the captain's cabin, where the vessel was virtually intact. He pointed out that modern gunpowders were sometimes very unstable. This was met by the remark that our powder was of the old and stable brown prismatic kind, and that we had no fancy powder. He referred to the probable presence of boilers, lighted, near the forward coal-bunkers, which were adjacent to the magazines. This again was met with the remark that for three months no boiler in the forward boiler-compartment had been lighted; that while in port the two aftermost boilers in the ship had been doing service.

Apparently Admiral Manterola was not inclined to accept anything but an interior cause. I remarked that our own investigation would be exhaustive, and that every possible interior cause would be included. He seemed desirous of knowing the tendency of my views, and I was equally concerned to know what he thought. I ventured to say that a few persons of evil disposition,

with conveniences at hand, if so inclined, could have blown up the *Maine* from the outside; that there were bad men everywhere as well as good men. He turned to the interpreter and said something which I could not understand; evidently he did not like that view. I caught enough of the interpreter's protest to him, and also of the aide's, to understand that they advised him to be conciliatory toward me. Their glances were directed toward him to the same effect. I appeared not to observe anything unusual, but went on to say that any investigation which did not consider all possible exterior causes, as well as all possible interior causes, would not be accepted as exhaustive, and that the United States government would not come to any conclusion in advance as to whether the cause was exterior or interior. He conceded the point very politely, and soon after the visit terminated in the usual friendly way.

The work done on the wreck of the *Maine* was continuous almost from the first. On the afternoon of March 1 there was a great demonstration on the water and along the

Rushford (Chief Machinist).

Hamilton (Chief Carpenter's Mate).

■

Mero (Chief Machinist).

Brockett (Chief Gunner's Mate).

CHIEF MACHINISTS' CABIN. THE FOUR MEN MENTIONED WERE LOST. THE OTHERS WERE NO LONGER ATTACHED TO THE "MAINE."

THE COURT OF INQUIRY ON BOARD THE "MANGROVE."

water-front. Aërial bombs were thrown up for some hours, and the excitement intensified toward sundown. Shortly after sundown the Spanish armored cruiser *Vizcaya* arrived from New York. Her entrance excited great enthusiasm among the Spaniards. Many boats and steamers were present to give her welcome. There were streamers and flags flying on shore, and the wharves were crowded with people. It was reported to me that there were cries of "Down with the Americans!" It was different from an American demonstration; it was childlike, even pathetic. Lieutenant-Commander Cowles of the *Fern* and I went on shore in the thick of the crowd, pressed through the narrow gateway leading from the Machina to the city streets, and pursued our way quite as usual. After the arrival of the *Vizcaya* Americans at Havana remained serene in the knowledge of that fine fleet over at Tortugas. The *Maine* was a thing of the past, but the fleet was a thing of the future. By that time the atmosphere at Havana was waxing volcanic with the promise of war, but the Spaniards apparently gave no heed to our fleet, which could then have destroyed Havana in short order.

Lieutenant-Commander Cowles, as the junior in rank, made the first visit of cere-

mony to Captain Eulate of the *Vizcaya*, and informed him that I was quartered on board the *Fern*. Captain Eulate then visited me on board. I was in citizen's clothes, having lost all my uniforms. A seaman of the *Fern* interpreted for us. Captain Eulate addressed himself chiefly to Lieutenant-Commander Cowles until the interpreter chanced to mention my name, when Captain Eulate turned in surprise and asked if I was Captain Sigsbee of the *Maine*. He took in the situation at once, arose, and, with an exclamation, threw his arms about me and gave expression to his sympathy. He afterward spoke pleasantly of his rather extensive acquaintance with United States naval officers.

On March 5 the Spanish armored cruiser *Almirante Oquendo*, a sister ship of the *Vizcaya*, arrived at Havana amid demonstrations similar to those which had greeted the *Vizcaya*. Then the Spanish element of the populace was steeped in happiness and contentment. The lost power of the sunken *Maine* was manifestly exceeded by that of the Spanish ships. Assuredly there was much reason for their exhibition of pride, for the Spanish cruisers were fine specimens of naval architecture. They were visited day after day by the people of Havana, and were, there-

fore, almost constantly surrounded by boats during visiting-hours. The two cruisers were much alike. A bead or molding under the coat of arms on the stern was painted black on one and yellow on the other, and this was about as striking a distinction as could be observed. Once when I remarked to Captain Eulate the similarity, he smiled and claimed there was a difference in his favor: the *Vizcaya* had a silk flag and some Galician bagpipers, which the *Oquendo* had not.

After the arrival of the *Vizcaya* I was informed that the *Fern* would soon leave Havana to take food to the reconcentrados in other ports. It was intended that I and others, including the divers, should quarter ourselves aboard the *Mangrove*. I reported to Rear-Admiral Sicard that the *Mangrove* had not quarters sufficient for us. It was necessary to safeguard the health of the divers very carefully; their work in the foul water of the harbor compelled this. It was also pointed out that I would be left without uniformed officers to employ for naval visits and courtesies. Accordingly, the *Montgomery*, Commander George A. Converse, arrived on March 9, to relieve the *Fern*, which left the same day. The *Montgomery* is a handsome and efficient ship, and presented a fine appearance from the city.

This relief of vessels gave rise to an incident which, by confusion, has produced the impression, rather wide-spread in the United States, that the *Maine's* berth was shifted by the Spanish officials after her arrival at Havana. It has already been stated herein that she remained continuously at the same mooring-buoy. It was stated in the first of these papers (in the November number, page 83) that the *Maine* lay at buoy No. 4, as shown on Chart 307 of the United States Hydrographic Office. It should have been said, buoy No. 5, this buoy having commonly been known at Havana as No. 4. The *Legazpi* lay at buoy No. 3, and the *Alfonso* at buoy No. 4 (of Chart 307), when the *Maine* arrived. The *Fern* had been lying at the buoy nearest the *Machina* and the wreck of the *Maine*, No. 4 of Chart 307, the same that had served for the *Alfonso XII* prior to the explosion. In expectation of the arrival of the *Montgomery*, the *Fern* had procured a pilot in the forenoon of the 9th. The prospective coming of the *Montgomery* had been announced to the Spanish officials, and it had been arranged with the pilot that the *Montgomery* should succeed to the *Fern's* buoy. To avoid confusion, the *Fern* vacated the buoy several hours in advance of the *Montgomery's* arrival,

and rode to her own anchor near the wreck. As soon as she had shifted her berth, a Spanish naval officer, representing the captain of the port, visited the *Fern*, and informed me that a buoy to the southward of the wreck, No. 6 of Chart 307, would be given to the *Montgomery*, as the *Alfonso XII* was under orders from Admiral Manterola to take the moorings vacated by the *Fern*. I at once sent an officer to Admiral Manterola with a note, requesting that the *Montgomery* be permitted to take the *Fern's* buoy,—in view of its close proximity to the wreck,—if consistent with the necessities of the Spanish ship. The *Alfonso XII* reached the buoy before the officer reached the admiral. A prompt reply was returned, saying that the change had been made in order that the Spanish cruiser might be near the *Machina*, which was more convenient for the prosecution of work on her boilers, but that she would be moved back if I so desired. Before I could make known my wishes the *Alfonso XII* hauled off and took her old berth. I then visited Admiral Manterola personally, and requested that the *Alfonso XII* keep the *Fern's* buoy, and that I be permitted to anchor the *Montgomery* where the *Fern* was then lying. The admiral would not entertain the proposition, but courteously insisted that the *Montgomery* should have the desired buoy. He stated that the captain of the port had mistaken his orders, or that there had been a misunderstanding of some kind. The *Montgomery* took the buoy when she arrived later in the day. Frankly, I preferred that buoy for the further reason that it had been used for the *Alfonso XII*, from which I judged that the berth would be free from mines, if any existed.

I had received no assurance that the harbor was not mined, and was of the opinion that the *Maine* had been blown up from the outside, irrespective of any attachment of culpability to the Spanish authorities. It had been made sufficiently plain that those authorities were not taking measures to safeguard our vessels. There were two ways of regarding this omission: first, that they believed that there was no need for safeguarding; secondly, that if there was need, they would not, as a question of policy, seem to make the admission. It would have been mincing matters to infer that I had not the right to act in all proper ways according to any suspicions, just or unjust. The situation in which I found myself was not one to inspire me with perfect trust in my fellow-men. There being no proof of culpability in

any direction, suspicion was the logical guide to precautionary measures.

I regretted the assignment of so valuable a ship as the *Montgomery* to service in Havana, notwithstanding she was sent to support me in my wishes for naval environment. The *Fern* was preferred as sufficiently serving the purpose. However, I took up my quarters on board the *Montgomery*, where I received the kind attentions of Commander Converse.

The first night of the *Montgomery* in port was marked by a ludicrous incident—ludicrous in the termination, although rather serious in its first stage of development. About 8 P. M. Commander Converse and I had decided to go in company to make a visit of courtesy to the members of the court of inquiry on board the *Mangrove*. The gig had been called away when Commander Converse informed me that a most remarkable tapping sound had been reported from the lower forward compartments of the ship, but could not be precisely located. We were heading to the eastward, broadside to broadside with the *Vizcaya*, which was on our port beam and very near. We resolved to investigate. Continued reports were demanded. The sound grew in distinctness; there was a regular tapping like that of an electrical transmitter. I recommended that the beats be timed. They were two hundred and forty a minute—a multiple of sixty; therefore, clockwork. That was serious. The crew, being forward, did not like the appearance of things: they did not mind square fighting, but clockwork under the keel was not to their liking. There were some of the survivors of the *Maine* on board, including the captain. I called for more reports, and directed that some one's ear be applied to the riding-cable, and that a boat be sent to listen at the mooring-buoy, to note if the sound was transmitted through the water. The sound grew in volume and could be located under a port compartment, well forward. A boat was sent outside to probe with an oar. Nothing was discovered. The bounds of patience were no longer continuous with the limits of international courtesy, so the bottom of the ship was swept with a rope by means of boats. Other boats were sent to ride at the extreme ends of the lower booms by way of patrol. I lost control of my temper, and remarked that one might get as well used to blowing up as to hanging, but once was enough. The tapping never ceased, but began to draw slowly aft. It was reported as most distinct at the port gangway, then was

heard most clearly in the port shaft-alley, which was abaft the gangway. Here was the suggestion of a solution. The *Montgomery's* heading was noted: she was slowly swinging, head to the southward; so was the *Vizcaya*. A man was sent to note if the sound continued in the forward compartment. It had ceased. The cause was clear: the sound had continued to be most audible in that part of the *Montgomery* that was nearest the *Vizcaya*, as the vessels swung at their moorings. It came from the *Vizcaya* through the water. Commander Converse and I had heroically resolved to remain on board and take our chances. We remained on board, but not heroically. A day or two afterward, when Captain Eulate came on board, we told him of our "scare," to our mutual amusement. He said that the number of beats a minute showed that the sound came from his dynamo or from his circulating-pump. Nevertheless, the evening in question had not been a pleasant one.

I have already mentioned that the Spanish men-of-war were vigilant in certain directions as to themselves and not to the *Montgomery*. My orders to make a friendly visit had not been countermanded. I lived up to my orders to the best of my ability, but the situation was daily growing more tense. Immutable law seemed to be impelling Spain and the United States toward war. While abhorring war, as causing more severe and sustained suffering among women and children than among combatant men, I grew gradually into such a condition of mind that I, in common with many of my fellow-countrymen, was not averse to war with Spain.

During the latter part of the visit of the *Montgomery* I believed that her presence in Havana was no longer desirable. Unless she was protected from without, she was unnecessarily risked. The presence in the harbor of the *Vizcaya* and the *Oquendo* offset any moral effect that could be produced by a single United States war-vessel. It was my opinion that no United States naval force should be employed at Havana unless aggressively, and then outside the harbor. It had become impossible for the United States to fly its flag in security for the protection of its citizens. In that connection one could well "remember the *Maine*." I recommended that the *Montgomery* be ordered away, and she was relieved by the *Fern* on March 17, and Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and I transferred ourselves to the *Fern*.

It was not my habit at Havana to court serious conversation as to Spanish policies,

but, naturally, the views of people of different shades of opinion came to me. Intelligent Cubans declared that Spain desired war with the United States as the most honorable way of relinquishing Cuba. They said that Spain had been preparing for the former event for two years, and pointed to the strong fortifications on the sea-front and the absence of fortifications on the land side of the city. A Cuban lawyer of the highest standing, who was closely connected with the politics of the island, and who was willing to accept some degree of Spanish sovereignty, asserted to me that Spain would fight without regard to consequences; that she would fight even though she knew that she would be defeated. He appeared to base his belief chiefly on the character of the Spanish people. I was always very cautious as to expressing any opinions of my own. I received views without giving them. In reply to annexation sentiments, it was my custom to say that annexation was not a public question in the United States.

Soon after the destruction of the *Maine*, a gentleman came to me in the Hotel Inglaterra and tendered me a letter of sympathy from General Maximo Gomez, commander-in-chief of the Cuban army. The letter was read to me. I expressed my gratitude for the sentiments of General Gomez and accepted them, but asked that the delivery of the letter should be deferred until my departure from Havana. It was delivered as requested.

The *Maine* sank in from five and a half to six fathoms of water, and day by day settled in the mud until the poop-deck was about four feet under water. The first matter to engross the attention of the government and of the officers of the vessel was the care of the wounded, the recovery and burial of the dead, and the circulation of information among the relatives of the officers and crew. Next followed the question of wrecking the vessel. Her value when she arrived at Havana, with everything on board, was about five million dollars. Even a casual inspection of the wreck made it clear that little could be done beyond investigation and the recovery of the dead, except by the employment of the means of a wrecking company. The *Mangrove* removed certain parts of the armament and equipment, and navy divers were sent from the fleet at Key West to do the preliminary work of searching the wreck. Every naval vessel of large size is provided with a diving outfit and has one or more men trained to dive in armor. The government promptly began negotiations with

wrecking companies, and, as soon as these negotiations took form, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright was put in charge of the wrecking operations and represented the government in dealing with the wrecking companies. Thereafter he was daily on or about the wreck, at great risk to his health.

At first, bodies were found almost from hour to hour, and were buried as soon as prepared for burial. It was a sad sight at the Machina landing, where bodies were to be seen in the water alongside the sea-wall at all times. To relieve the public eye of this condition of affairs, a large lighter was obtained and anchored near the wreck. On its deck there was always a great pile of burial-cases. To this lighter all bodies were then taken as soon as recovered, and after being prepared for burial, were at first taken to the Colon Cemetery, and toward the last to Key West; in the latter case they were chiefly carried by the Coast Survey steamer *Bache*, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander William J. Barnette, U. S. N.

The work of the naval divers, chiefly a work of investigation, occupied about five weeks and was commonly directed at the zone of explosion, down in the forward part of the wreck. The water of Havana harbor, although filthy, is not so bad in winter as in summer. Our men went down willingly and did excellent service. After each diver had completed his labors for the day he was thoroughly washed with disinfectant. Every article taken from the wreck, except those of unwieldy size, was plunged into disinfecting solution. It was recommended by Surgeon Heneberger of the *Maine*, after conference with Surgeon Brunner of the United States Marine Hospital Service and others, that no article of textile fabric should be used on recovery, but that all should either be burned or given to the acclimated poor of Havana. This recommendation was adopted, and the survivors of the *Maine* lost all of their clothing. Assistant Surgeon Spear was in charge of the disinfecting processes.

February 19 was an eventful day. The *Bache* had arrived with divers the day before, but this day the *Olivette* brought more divers and further outfits. Ensign Frank H. Brumby and Gunner Charles Morgan arrived from the fleet to assist at the wreck. I sent the following telegram to the Navy Department:

... One hundred and twenty-five coffins, containing one hundred and twenty-five dead, now buried: nine ready for burial to-morrow. . . .

Also the following telegram was received

by General Lee from the Department of State at Washington:

The government of the United States has already begun an investigation as to the causes of the disaster to the *Maine*, through officers of the navy specially appointed for that purpose, which will proceed independently.

The government will afford every facility it can to the Spanish authorities in whatever investigation they may see fit to make upon their part.

This despatch disposed of the question of joint investigation. This day funeral services were held at the cathedral over the re-

of Ordnance. Captain Chadwick had been United States naval attaché at London, and chief of the Bureau of Equipment. Lieutenant-Commander Potter had held various positions of importance, especially at the Naval Academy. Lieutenant-Commander Marix knew the structure of the *Maine* and her organization in every detail; in fact, under a former commanding officer, Captain Arent S. Crowninshield (now chief of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department), he organized the crew of the vessel. He is a highly intelligent, active, and decisive officer. As commanding officer of

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARNUM.
KEY RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK OF THE "MAINE."

mains of the Spanish colonel Ruiz, who had been killed in December by order of an insurgent colonel. I desired to attend the funeral with General Lee, in recognition of the public demonstration of sympathy for our dead made by the Spaniards, but reluctantly abandoned my intention because I had no suitable garments to wear. Convention is strictly drawn by the Spaniards in regard to funerals, and one must wear uniform or civilian's evening dress; I had neither.

On the 21st the *Mangrove* returned from Key West, bringing the members of the court of inquiry, and the court convened on board that vessel. I was the first witness. The court was composed of Captain William T. Sampson, at that time in command of the battle-ship *Iowa*; Captain French E. Chadwick, captain of the flagship *New York*; and Lieutenant-Commander William P. Potter, executive officer of the *New York*. The judge-advocate was Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix, who has already been mentioned as having been at one time executive officer of the *Maine*. It was a court which inspired confidence. All the members were scholarly men. Admiral Sampson had been at the head of the torpedo station, superintendent of the Naval Academy, and chief of the Bureau

of Ordnance. Captain Chadwick had been United States naval attaché at London, and chief of the Bureau of Equipment. Lieutenant-Commander Potter had held various positions of importance, especially at the Naval Academy. Lieutenant-Commander Marix knew the structure of the *Maine* and her organization in every detail; in fact, under a former commanding officer, Captain Arent S. Crowninshield (now chief of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department), he organized the crew of the vessel. He is a highly intelligent, active, and decisive officer. As commanding officer of

the *Maine* at the time of her destruction, I was, in a measure, under fire by the court. The constitution of the court pleased me greatly. I desired to have the facts investigated, not only on their merits, but in a way to be convincing to the public, and I was sure that this court of inquiry would deal with the case exhaustively.

On the same day Commander Peral of the Spanish court of inquiry visited the *Mangrove* while I was on board, and conversed on various matters. I had already provided him with plans of the *Maine*, in order that he might be prepared to pursue his independent investigation without loss of time. General Lee informed General Blanco of the expected arrival of wrecking-vessels, and no obstacle was put in the way of prosecuting the wrecking work.

During the day various articles were recovered from my cabins: the silverware presented to the vessel by the State of Maine, my bicycle, a type-writing machine, etc. The after-superstructure, in which were my cabins, was the only part of the vessel which was easily accessible to the divers. Below that all was confusion. Everything that was buoyant, including mattresses and furniture, had risen to the ceiling, blocking

the hatches. There was some comment as to the recovery of my bicycle. I presume it was in the way of the diver, and he got rid of it by passing it out; or he may have intended to do me a kindness. It was ruined for riding, of course. But I find I have omitted to mention that certain articles of greater importance were recovered prior to the 21st. The first work done by the divers was to secure these articles.

My earliest effort by means of the divers was to secure the navy cipher code and the signal-books. In this we were successful. Next the magazine and shell-room keys were sought. They had hung at the foot of my bunk, on hooks, near the ceiling. At the first attempt the diver failed to get them. His failure gave me more of a shock than the explosion itself. A missing key might have meant that a magazine had been entered against my knowledge, or that some diver had been down at night and secured the key. It was a case of treachery on board or of an invitation to war. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright questioned the diver very closely, and concluded that he had groped about the head of my bunk instead of the foot; so he was sent down again, with repeated instructions and descriptions. This time he brought up the keys, which were in their bags. It appears that the mattress of the bunk had been carried upward by its buoyancy and had lifted the bags off the hooks. They were found just on top of the mattress, immediately above the hooks on which they had hung. The navigator, who was also ordnance officer, found that the key of every magazine and shell-room, including all spare keys, had been recovered. My relief was very great.

The next effort was to recover my private correspondence with General Lee, which I kept in a locked drawer in the bureau of my state-room. There would have been no harm, perhaps, in exhibiting these letters, but they contained an offhand correspondence; therefore I preferred that they should be recovered. In groping within this drawer, the diver got all he could take in his hands, for he could see nothing. He came to the surface with the papers, my watch, and my decoration of the Red Eagle of Prussia, which had been given me by Emperor William I of Germany, in consideration of my deep-sea inventions, and a gold medal which had been awarded me by the International Fisheries Exhibition in London for the same inventions. The latter had been exhibited by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, or by the

Smithsonian Institution, I have forgotten which. The decoration and the watch had associations not without public relation, and I may be pardoned for a digression, to state why they were of special value to me.

The decoration had been conferred on me after six years' hard work in deep-sea invention and investigation, in which I had given the United States government freely all of my inventions. The first tangible recognition that I had received from any source came from the Emperor of Germany, through the German minister, the State Department, and the Navy Department. The Constitution of the United States requires an act of Congress to enable any United States official to receive a decoration or present from any foreign potentate or power. The first public recognition of my work from my own country was a prompt adverse report from the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs when the question of allowing me to accept the decoration came up in Congress. This was disappointing, especially as the German minister expressed concern; but, through the courtesy of certain senators, the report was referred back to the committee for reconsideration, and I was finally allowed to receive the decoration. The inventions were developed between the years 1874 and 1878, while I had command of the Coast Survey steamer *Blake*, engaged in deep-sea exploration for my own government, part of the time in association with Professor Alexander Agassiz. The *Blake* was afterward exhibited at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. The principal part of her outfit on that occasion consisted of my inventions or adaptations. The judge in the class under which the inventions came was Captain Concas¹ of the Spanish navy, whom I had never met. He recommended me personally for an award, but when the question was considered by the authorities at the exposition, it was decided that the government, being the exhibitor, should get the award, and the government got it. A high privilege of the nautical man, high or low, here or there, is to grumble away his grievances. Since it can probably be shown that my inventions or fittings have saved the United States government more than one hundred thousand dollars, assuming that it would have done, without their help, the same work that it has done with them, it may be claimed that I am exercising my privilege with more than ordinary foundation.

¹ Captain Concas, it will be remembered, was in command of the *Infanta Maria Teresa* in the naval action off Santiago de Cuba.

My watch was not without marine history. It had been down in salt water three times: once in Japan, many years ago, and the second time in Cuba, about 1878. The second submergence occurred while I was in command of the Coast Survey steamer *Blake*, engaged in deep-sea exploration in the Gulf of Mexico. Professor Alexander Agassiz was then associated with me for the dredging work which was made a specialty that season. The *Blake* had been to Havana, where she had obtained authority from the captain-general to enter Bahia Honda, about forty-five miles west of Havana. It was not a port of entry. We were informed that directions had been given there to afford us every facility for the prosecution of the scientific work in which we were engaged. One afternoon, while off Bahia Honda, our steel dredge-rope fouled in the machinery and needed splicing, a tedious operation, suggesting an anchorage in port. It was also desired to enter for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a pilot for the Colorado Reefs, to the westward, reefs which have never been properly surveyed. During the day a Spanish official boarded the *Blake*, acting under directions from Havana, and offered to send us a pilot if we should make a signal for that purpose. When it was decided, rather late in the day, to enter the port, the usual signal for a pilot was made. I could not enter without one, because it was too late in the day to discern the channel clearly from the bridge, and I had not the necessary charts and books to inform myself. Under certain conditions of daylight the channels through coral formations can be seen distinctly. A boat under the Spanish flag put off promptly from the Spanish fort, and one of her people presented himself as a pilot. In several minutes after his acceptance he grounded the *Blake* badly, on hard rock bottom, half a mile from shore. A few days afterward a gale came on, and the sea made quickly. We were on a lee shore. Officers and crew, excepting a few of us, were landed at the fort. By eight o'clock the sea was beating heavily against the vessel, and she was pounding hard. The pipes in her engine-room began to crack, and there were indications that she would soon go to pieces. I then ordered that the joint of the Kingston valve be opened, that the water might enter the vessel and fill her up to the outside level. She was flooded, and her buoyancy being destroyed thereby, she ceased to pound. Then the rest of us abandoned her for the night. Afterward, during the efforts to get her off, a tugboat from Havana, with an immense

hawser made fast to the *Blake*, suddenly surged on the hawser. It flew violently upward and quivered under great tension. I was then almost exactly under it. Believing that when the reaction took place and the hawser descended it would kill me and the single man in the dinghy with me, I shouted to him to get overboard. I myself jumped, with the result that my watch was filled with salt water. The *Blake* was afterward floated, and completed a good season's work. The Spaniards had not thought that we could save the vessel. I asked the superintendent of the Coast Survey for a board or court of inquiry. He replied by cable: "No court of inquiry necessary: hearty thanks and congratulations to yourself, officers, and crew for saving the *Blake*."

It was ascertained that the man sent to pilot us in was a common boatman who had only recently arrived from Santiago de Cuba. He knew absolutely nothing of the channel into Bahia Honda. There were certain vexatious incidents connected with that case. The day after the grounding of the *Blake*, a Spanish naval officer, under orders from the Spanish admiral at Havana, arrived at Bahia Honda on board an American merchant steamer, to make offer of assistance. He was informed of our needs, whereupon he returned to Havana. Nothing at all was done by the Spaniards for our relief until Professor Agassiz went to Havana, when, by extraordinary efforts, he managed to get from the navy-yard an anchor and a hawser. No apology or expression of regret for the grounding of the vessel was received, and on the night of the grounding, when I sent an officer ashore to a telegraph office about six miles away, with a report to the superintendent of the Coast Survey that I had been grounded by a pilot, the censorship was applied to my despatch, and I was not allowed to telegraph that there was a pilot on board, for the reason, as given by the Spaniards, that the man sent was not a pilot. On that occasion, also, there was an exhibition of courtesy. The governor of the province visited the ship, and the captain of the port, or the equivalent official, was almost constant in his attendance on the vessel during the daytime, as a matter of either courtesy or observation. He gave us no assistance except to advise us to get ashore as soon as a gale came on. He said the sea would make very rapidly. It is only fair to say that there was a fête at Havana during the period stated, which may have interfered with measures which otherwise might have been taken

for our relief. A short time thereafter a Spanish man-of-war met with disaster off our coast; her people, as I now remember the case, were rescued by a United States revenue cutter, and were carefully cared for on board the receiving-ship at New York.

When I took command of the *St. Paul*, engaged in the war between Spain and the United States, I thought it unwise again to risk that watch in Cuban waters, so I left it at home, and during the war wore a very cheap watch. This recital is hardly pertinent to my narrative of the loss of the *Maine*, but I have many times been asked to state the circumstances connected with the submergence of my watch the first time in Cuba.

To return to the wreck of the *Maine*, I find that, up to the night of February 21, one hundred and forty-three bodies had been recovered from the wreck and the harbor. On this day Congress passed a joint resolution appropriating two hundred thousand dollars for wrecking purposes on the *Maine*. The terms of the joint resolution were as follows:

That the Secretary of the Navy be and he is hereby authorized to engage the services of a wrecking company or companies having proper facilities for the prompt and efficient performance of submarine work for the purpose of recovering the remains of officers and men lost on the United States steamer *Maine*, and of saving the vessel or such parts thereof, and so much of her stores, guns, material and equipment, fittings and appurtenances, as may be practicable; and for this purpose the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated and made immediately available.

To this the following amendment was incorporated:

And for the transportation and burial of the remains of the officers and men, so far as possible.

The Navy Department having signed contracts with the Merritt & Chapman Wrecking Company of New York, and the Boston Towboat Company, the wrecking-tug *Right Arm*, belonging to the former company, left Key West for Havana. The contract with the companies put them under my directions as to the kind of work to be done. They were required to work at the recovery of bodies as well as to engage in wrecking the vessel. The tug *Right Arm*, Captain McGee, arrived at Havana on the 23d and began operations on the 24th. She did not remain long. Thereafter the following vessels were employed on the *Maine*: the steam-tug

T. J. Merritt, the sea-barge *F. R. Sharp*, and the floating derrick *Chief*, all for the New York company, and the steam-tug *Underwriter* and barge *Lone Star*, for the Boston company. The wrecking work on the part of the contractors was in charge of Captain F. R. Sharp, an expert wrecker. During these days we were often shocked by the sight of vultures flying over the wreck or resting on the frames projecting from the ruins of the central superstructure. I sent the following telegram to the Navy Department on the night of the 24th:

Wrecking-tug *Right Arm* arrived yesterday. Begins work to-day. Much encumbering metal must be blasted away in detail. Navy divers down aft seven days, forward four days. Bodies of Jenkins and Merritt not found. Two unidentified bodies of crew found yesterday.

After-compartments filled with detached, broken, and buoyant furniture and fittings; mud and confusion. Spanish authorities continue offers of assistance, and care for wounded and dead. Everything that goes from wreck to United States should be disinfected. Wrecking company should provide for this.

Surgeon of *Maine*, after consultation with others, recommended that all bedding and clothing should be abandoned. Might go to acclimated poor. Useless fittings and equipment might be towed to sea and thrown overboard.

Will take all immediate responsibility, but invite department's wishes. Shall old metal of superstructure and the like be saved? Friends of dead should understand that we are in the tropics. Chaplain Chidwick charged with all matters relative to dead. His conduct is beyond praise.

Don't know what reports are being printed, but the intensely active representatives of press here have been very considerate of me and my position.¹

The Secretary of the Navy approved my recommendations and authorized me to use my own judgment.

United States Senator Redfield Proctor arrived at Havana on board the *Olivette*, from Key West, on the 26th. I met him frequently during his visit, which was wholly occupied in a personal investigation of the condition of affairs in the island. His speech in the Senate relative to Cuban affairs is well remembered for its great effect on the public mind in the United States. Afterward a party of United States senators and members of Congress visited Havana on board a private yacht, with the same object in view as that which inspired the visit of Senator

¹ I believe the last paragraph was written in response to a telegram from the Secretary of the Navy in relation to certain publications purporting to give information emanating from me.

Proctor. This party consisted of Senator Money of Mississippi, Senator Thurston of Nebraska, Representative Cummings of New York, and Representative W. A. Smith of Michigan. They were accompanied by other gentlemen and by several ladies, including Mrs. Thurston. The party soon left for Matanzas to see the condition of things in the neighborhood of that city. We were greatly shocked to learn that Mrs. Thurston, who had visited the *Montgomery*, apparently in good health and spirits while in Havana, had died suddenly on board the yacht in the harbor of Matanzas.

During this period the *Bache* was occasionally carrying wounded to Tortugas. The slow recovery of bodies and the organization of our work made it possible by the 28th to send bodies to Key West for burial, and the *Bache* was employed for this sad service. On the 28th the *Bache* left for Tortugas with five wounded men. They were sent to Tortugas to forestall a quarantine at Key West because of the unfavorable reputation of the Havana hospitals. On this trip she carried one unrecognized body to Key West for burial. This was the first body that was buried in our own soil.

On March 2, the day after the arrival of the *Vizcaya*, the Spanish divers made their first descent. They continued their work almost daily until March 19, commonly with only one diver down at a time, but occasionally with two. Their time spent in diving aggregated two days twenty-two hours and ten minutes for a single diver—a fair amount, but not comparable with the time occupied by the United States divers. The Spaniards worked chiefly from a position outside the ship, forward on the starboard side. To us it appeared that they devoted considerable attention to the locality outside of the *Maine*. Their operations were quite distinct from ours; each party pursued its own course undisturbed by the other.

The naval divers of the United States who gave testimony were Gunner Charles Morgan of the *New York*, Chief Gunner's Mate Andrew Olsen and Gunner's Mate Thomas Smith of the *Iowa*, Gunner's Mates W. H. F. Schluter and Carl Rundquist of the *New York*, and Seaman Martin Redan of the *Maine*. For the wrecking companies the divers were Captain John Haggerty and William H. Dwyer, both men of great diving experience. I think nearly all the young officers of the line of the navy associated with me at that time begged to be allowed to dive in armor at times when points in-

volving close decision came up. Ensign Charles S. Bookwalter, Ensign Powelson, and Naval Cadet Holden, certainly offered their services, and I think Naval Cadet Cluverius also.

I found Captain Pedro del Peral of the Spanish navy, who was in charge of the Spanish investigation, a highly intelligent and most agreeable officer. His relations with me were always pleasant. It did not appear to us that the superintendence of the Spanish diving work was as thorough as our own. Doubtless Captain Peral had his own way of doing things, without respect to our views; nevertheless, the Spanish official investigation lacked the scientific and sifting quality that characterized that of the United States.¹

As already said, General Blanco had been promised that no American newspaper correspondents should be permitted to enter into any investigation of the *Maine*. His request was hardly necessary, but I saw that his wishes were fulfilled. The ubiquitous American newspaper correspondent could not be denied, however. It caused our officers some amusement to see occasionally a certain newspaper correspondent sitting in the stern of the Spanish divers' boat while it was working on the wreck. I made no objection. The incident put me on the better side of any contention that might arise, and it was not believed that the correspondent would gather much information worthy of publication. This particular correspondent afterward said that the Spaniards knew that he was an American, but allowed him to make his visits, believing that he was actuated only by a purely scientific spirit of observation.

It was fortunate that Ensign Wilfred V. N. Powelson was serving on board the *Fern*. His services to the court were of inestimable value. Ensign Powelson had been the head man of his class at the Naval Academy. After graduation and a short service in the line he began a course of study in naval architecture at Glasgow, Scotland, with a view of entering the Corps of Naval Constructors. At the end of the first year in Glasgow he decided to remain a line officer, whereupon he was allowed to discontinue the course and resume his previous duties. Naval architecture and naval construction were taught at the United States Naval Academy in fair degree also. The scientific tendencies of

¹ The report of the Spanish commission is contained in Document No. 405, House of Representatives, Fifty-fifth Congress, Second Session.

Ensign Powelson and his studies at the Naval Academy and at Glasgow gave him a special fitness for the investigation of the wreck, which he pursued with unceasing interest and care. Under the direction of Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, he ordered, in the largest degree, the details of the operations of the divers. His system was admirable. He would have the divers

measure different submerged structures of the vessel, in case of doubt, would have more than one diver take measurements of the same parts. Then he would refer these measurements to the detailed drawings of the *Maine*, which we had in abundance. In this way he would show beyond question the precise position of the several parts occupied in the structure of the *Maine*. For example, if a piece of the bottom

the outside plating of the vessel had a certain longitudinal measurement between frames, he would show that the piece must have come between certain frames. By measuring the transverse width of the plate and other dimensions, he would demonstrate that it could have come only from a certain position between those frames. If there was a manhole plate, he would show that it could be only a certain manhole plate, the precise position of which when intact he could refer to the drawing. He would question the divers and formulate their reports. Then his testimony before the court, verified by the testimony of the divers, would go on the record of the court for consideration. Through this careful method of investigation it was ascertained that at frame 17 the bottom plating of the ship had been forced up so as to be four feet above the surface of the water, or thirty-four feet above where it would have been had the ship sunk uninjured; also that the vertical and flat keels had been similarly forced up in a way that could have been produced only by a mine exploded under the bottom of the ship.

Vol. LVII.—50.

When the court had concluded its labors at Havana, I desired to relieve myself of the neutral condition of mind in which I had thought it proper to continue while the court's investigation proceeded. There was, naturally, no indication from the court as to the character of its findings. I invited Ensign Powelson to formulate his views as to the

initial seat of the explosion, in

report to me. His report before the court inquiry had been a citation of details. His report to me embraces his own reasoning and conclusions. I wished the truth and nothing but the truth, and I wished it as disconnected from my own suspicions and prejudices. Ensign Powelson's report in connection with the testimony of the divers before the court convinced me that I accept my own views

which had been allowed to lie dormant. I never believed any other theory than that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside, but I should have surrendered my view to an adverse finding of the court based on adequate ground. The murder of two hundred and fifty sleeping and unoffending men is too great a crime to charge against any man's soul without proof.

As might have been expected, the court investigated first the probability of an interior cause. The discipline of the ship and the precautions taken against explosion from the inside, whether fortuitous or as the result of treachery, were subjected to careful inquiry. The testimony, as connected with a possible interior cause, apparently reduced that aspect of the case to the consideration of a single "pocket" coal-bunker on the port side, adjoining the six-inch reserve magazine. The counterpart of this bunker on the starboard side was in use on the day of the explosion, and was therefore outside the realm of suspicion. Only the two aftermost boilers of the ship were in use. The pocket-bunker which was most seriously in question had

been full of coal in a stable condition for three months. Its temperature had been regularly taken, and the temperatures of the magazine adjoining it had been taken every day and recorded. The bunkers were provided with electrical alarms of unusual sensitiveness, the indications of which were recorded on a ringing annunciator near my cabin door. It so happened, fortunately for the investigation, that the bunker in question was the most exposed on its outer surface of all in the ship. It was exposed on three sides. On the deck above the magazine it formed three sides of a passageway which was traversed many times a day, and the hands of officers and men were placed on the sides of the bunker, unconsciously, in passing that way. Certain lounging-places for the crew were bounded by the walls of that bunker. Its temperature was taken on the day of the explosion. In the testimony before the court there seemed to arise hardly a suspicion in any direction pointing to an interior cause, further than that this bunker was full of coal and was, in fact, next to a magazine. A strong point was the fact that the boilers next those forward bunkers had not been active for three months. On the contrary, there were many facts developed which conspired to indicate that the primary explosion was outside the vessel.

Soon after the court had begun its investigation it appeared to the members, and also to General Lee, that there was no longer any objection to permitting the Spanish authorities to begin their independent investigation

by means of diving in and about the wreck. It was suggested that I invite the Spanish authorities to begin operations. I declined, although willing to have them proceed. At that time I had full control of the *Maine*, and remembered that the Spanish authorities had previously assumed a dictatorial position in reference to my command. I therefore declined to move in the matter except with the express authorization of the United States government, thinking it a very essential point that no access to the *Maine* should be given in advance of that authorization. The question was referred, as desired; the authority was given me, and I was content, because it was my sincere belief that the Spanish government had at least a strong moral right to investigate the wreck of the *Maine*.

The Spanish investigation was ordered immediately after the explosion. In fact, the Spanish commission began taking testimony one hour thereafter, the first witness being Ensign Manuel Tamayo, who was officer of the deck of the *Alfonso XII* at the time of the explosion. In my conversation with Spanish officers, in which frankness seemed to be the rule, they placed great stress on certain phenomena attending the explosion, such, for example, as the column of flame or water thrown up, the concussion on shore, and on board the ships in the harbor, the waves propagated in the harbor, the apparent absence of dead fish in the water after the explosion, etc., all of which were very proper to be considered for what they were worth. The United States court of in-

SPANISH DIVERS AT WORK OUTSIDE THE WRECK OF THE "MAINE."

quiry took up these points also, but the general tenor of its investigation was much more rigid. As to the number of fish killed, it was said by certain people that there were not many fish in the harbor of Havana, even in the daytime, and that at night they took to the sea outside, but it is believed that no great weight was attached to this statement on our side. Our own officers knew that, of the many fish commonly thrown to the surface by the explosion of a submarine torpedo, most of them are merely stunned, and if left undisturbed will swim away in a short time.

No American, so far as I know, appeared before the Spanish court or commission, and no Spaniard before the American court; but a foreigner, a resident of Havana for many years, gave testimony before the latter. According to his own account, this witness must have held the opinion that he was in a country where distasteful people were likely to be murderously dealt with. It is not clear, therefore, why he chose to testify and run into danger. I formed the suspicion that he was a detective, and gave no credence to his unsupported testimony; I doubt that anybody else did.

It seems unlikely that the agency which produced the explosion of the *Maine* will always remain unknown. It will be sought with more persistency than has been brought to bear on the investigation of the first landing-place of Columbus, the final resting-place of his remains, or the identity of the "iron mask."

The court of inquiry was obliged to meet in turn both at Key West and Havana, because the *Maine's* people had been distributed. The *Mangrove*, with the court aboard, left Havana for Key West on February 26, returned on March 5, and left finally on March 15. It completed its report at Key West on March 21, one month after its first sitting at Havana. On March 28 its report was transmitted to Congress in a message from the President of the United States. The rapid movement of events toward war with Spain after the reception by Congress of the President's message is a matter of current history; so is the downfall of Spanish colonization through the operations of the United States army and navy.

After the court had completed its work at Havana, the wrecking operations on the *Maine*, under the direction of Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright,—who had as an assistant Naval Cadet Cluverius, a very able and conscientious young officer,—became the event of chief interest. Nearly, if not quite, all her guns were recovered, but not those in the turrets. The breech-blocks of the after-turret guns were recovered and saved. I had recommended that bags of crystal acid be put into the chambers of the turret guns to eat away the tubes, but I doubt that this was done.

The forward half of the *Maine* was distorted and disintegrated beyond repair. She was hardly worth raising for any practical purpose whatever, but it took time com-

pletely to develop this conclusion. Toward the last, the wrecking force having removed all the parts above water that could be detached by ordinary means, Captain Sharp desired to use dynamite, in small charges or in the form of tape, to blast away connecting parts in detail. He requested me to apply to the Spanish officials for authority to import about two hundred pounds of dynamite. I made known his wishes to General Lee, who reported them to the Spanish authorities,

felt deeply by both of us. He then presented to me, in behalf of the American press correspondents in Havana, a beautiful floral piece which had been brought on board. I replied in a short address, in which I returned thanks and expressed my appreciation of the kind forbearance that had been shown to me by the gentlemen of the press in Havana. The parting was a solemn one to me, and, I think, to all present. The small American colony which had held together

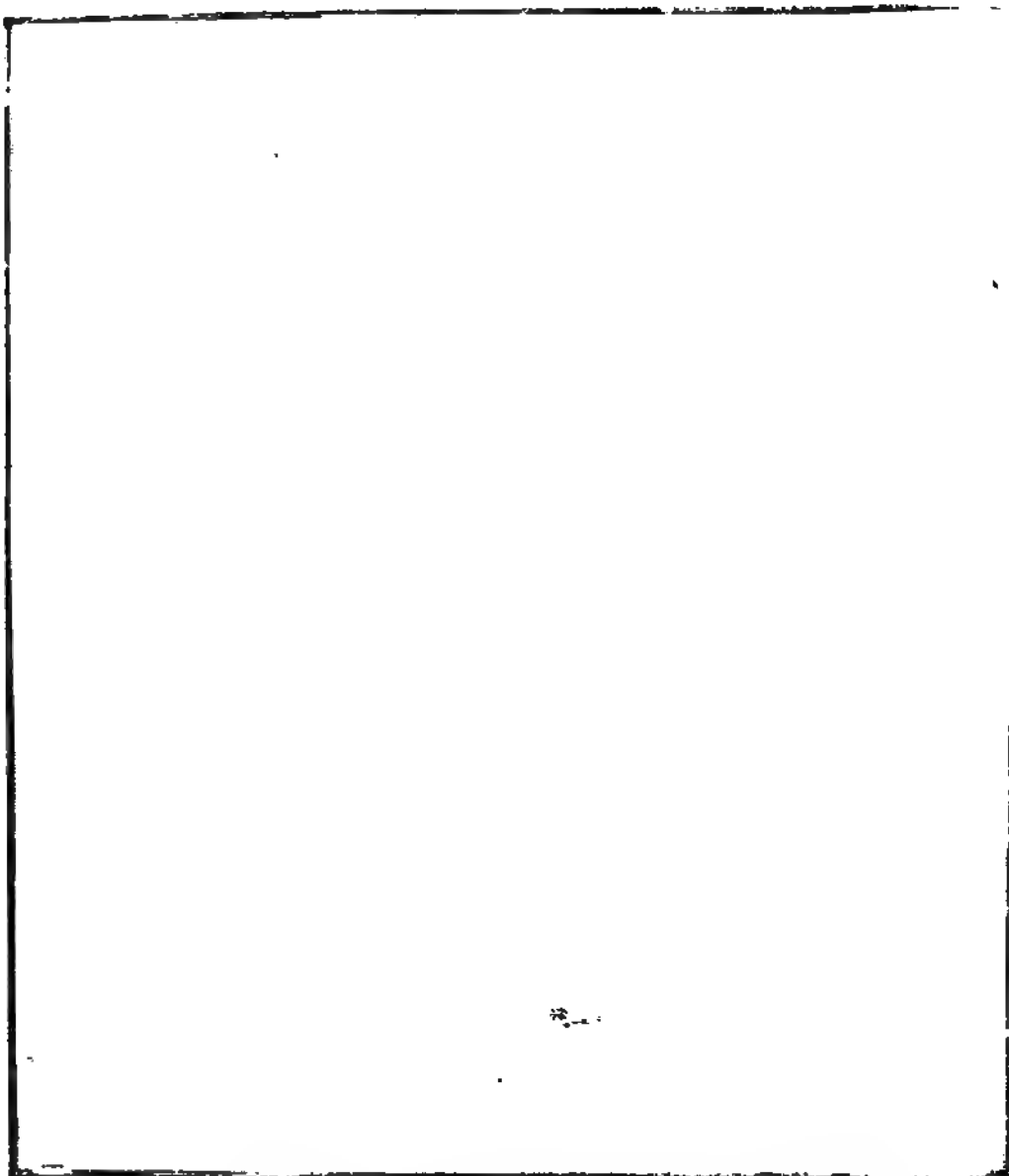


THE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE WRECK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT SIX O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

with a request from me that a place be named where the dynamite might be kept. General Blanco bluntly, even contentiously, refused the request. This virtually reduced the wrecking work to the recovery of armament, equipment, and fittings. The Navy Department then informed me that it did not approve the use of dynamite. The situation, by that time, was strained beyond relief. On March 26 all of the *Maine's* officers except Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright were detached and left Havana for Key West by the *Olivette*, Wainwright remaining behind to represent the government in connection with the wrecking companies. General Lee, many American newspaper correspondents, and other gentlemen, and a few ladies, came on board to see us off. After a time we were invited into the dining-cabin. Attention was soon demanded by General Lee, who made a short and touching address to me in which he showed much feeling. He and I had worked together so completely in unison during the stress of the great disaster that the breaking of the bond could not but be

in close sympathy during the whole trying period following the loss of the *Maine* was now breaking up; and the interruption of friendly relations with Spain was at hand. I was completely taken by surprise by this friendly demonstration of the newspaper correspondents. Since I had been able to do but little for them in their official characters, it pleased me greatly that I had nevertheless won their private regard. I find that it takes a strong effort of moral courage to refer in this way to gentlemen of the press,—one's motive may so easily be misconstrued,—but to one who will try to fancy himself in the position that I occupied at Havana, the gratification that I have expressed, and my desire to express it far more strongly, should be apparent.

On leaving Havana, I disliked exceedingly to have Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright remain behind. My first official act afterward, when I arrived at the Navy Department, was to recommend that he be relieved. He had had a long and difficult tour of duty in connection with the wreck, during which



EXPERT DIVER ANDREW OLSEN PREPARING TO DESCEND.

he had borne up nobly. On the day after our departure from Key West, the *Bache* returned to Havana harbor, with Captain Chadwick, as senior member of a board, in association with Lieutenant-Commanders Cowles and Wainwright, to determine the final disposition that should be made of the wreck. They soon after reported adversely as to further measures. Wrecking operations were therefore abandoned. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright left Havana about April 5; General Lee and the American citizens, as a

body, on April 9. General Lee left on board the *Fern*, with Lieutenant-Commander Cowles. As the *Fern* steamed out of the harbor derisive whistles from people on shore were heard.

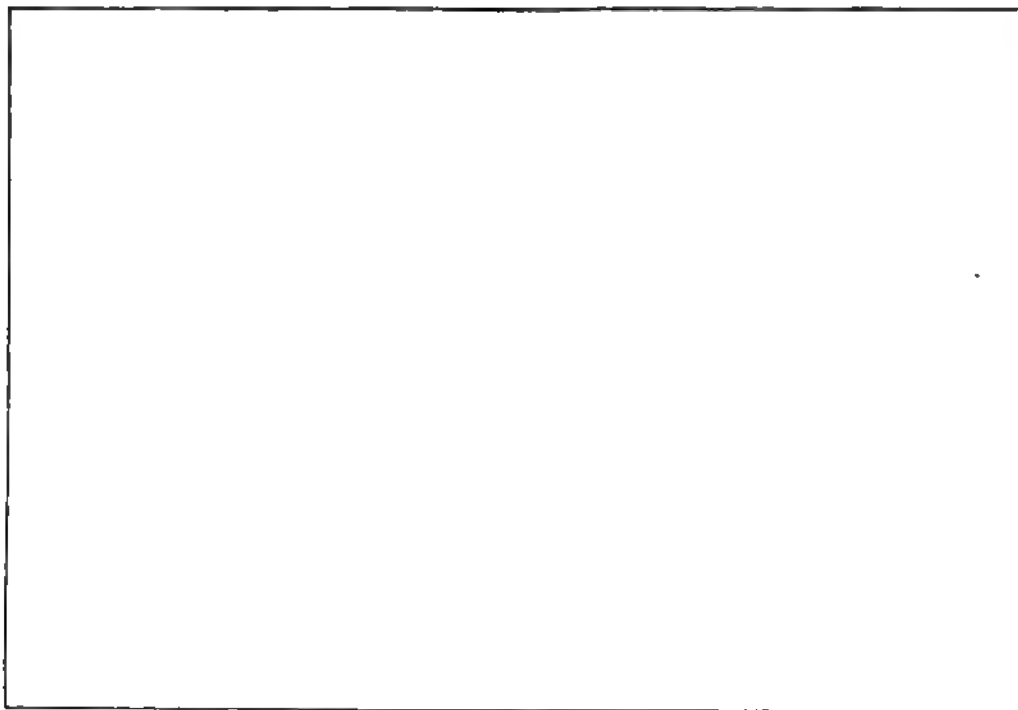
My duties at Havana were confined so specifically to certain features of the situation that I was not personally cognizant of much that was going on about me, and concerning which I regret that I am not better informed. For example, there was much kindness shown by kind-hearted people to

our men at the hospital at Havana. I remember conspicuously the attentions of Sister Mary Wilberforce and Mr. Charles Carbonell. The Spanish surgeon in charge of the hospital at Havana should not be forgotten: every report that came to me from the hospital showed that he gave our men the very best care to be had in that institution. The report of the Spanish commission of investigation shows that helpfulness was wide-spread among the Spaniards. At Key West the wounded were cared for in the hospital at the army barracks and in the marine hospital near the fort. The citizens of Key West were most kind to the wounded men.

On arriving in Washington, I reported to the Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy. He received me with great consideration and took me to the Executive Mansion, where he presented me to President McKinley, who greeted me cordially and with kind words. My immediate official connection with the disaster to the *Maine* may be said to have ended on the night of April 2, when a reception was given for me at the Arlington Hotel in Washington by the National Geographical Society, of which I am a member; it was under the direction of the president of the society, Professor Alexander Graham Bell, assisted by some of his

associates. The reception was attended by the President of the United States, the Vice-President, the Secretary of the Navy, and many distinguished gentlemen, official and private, in Washington at that time. Ladies were present in equal number with the men. I greatly regretted that, through force of adverse circumstances, I was the only representative of the *Maine* present. Perhaps no more distinctive personal honor has ever been paid by the President of the United States to an officer than that shown me that night. My only regret was that it could not, in some way, have found a place on the files of the Navy Department. An officer whose life is spent in the naval service is keenly alive in all matters affecting his official record.

On arriving in the United States I was deeply disappointed to find that there was no battle-ship the command of which was vacant. I had hoped for an immediate command of that nature, some vessel at least as large as the *Maine*, as a mark of the continued confidence of the government, officially and publicly expressed. I mentioned my regret to the President and the Secretary of the Navy. The day after the reception I told the Secretary of the Navy that I withdrew all question as to the size of a command, and was desirous of



WRECKING WITH THE AID OF HYDRAULIC JACKS.

THE WRECKING-BOAT "CHIEF" AT WORK ON THE "MAINE."

accepting any command where I could be of service. With great consideration, the secretary soon gave me the command of the auxiliary cruiser *St. Paul*, which was probably the largest man-of-war ever commanded by anybody. Her displacement was sixteen thousand tons, or over four thousand tons more than that of our largest battle-ship, the *Iowa*. She was under complete man-of-war organization.

While in Washington I was directed to appear before the Committees on Foreign Relations in the Senate and the House. The committees questioned me freely on points tending to amplify the investigation of the court of inquiry. One of the committees desired to be informed, substantially, if I could attribute the loss of the *Maine* to any special mechanical agency or to any person or persons. I replied that I had no knowledge that would enable me to form a judgment in those particulars. I was then pressed as to possibilities instead of probabilities. When the investigation took a hypothetical

character, I explained a mechanical means whereby the *Maine* could have been blown up, and referred to persons who were in a position which would have enabled them to blow her up had they been so inclined. It was well understood on both sides that no charge was made, since no evidence existed. The plan shown was of my own conception. The committee was informed that the watering population of Havana was Spanish, not Cuban; also that there were many Spaniards in Havana who presumably had more or less knowledge of torpedoes and submarine mines, and who could have blown up the *Maine* had they so desired. This personal phase of the investigation was not pleasant to me, because it did not deal with known actualities, but, beyond doubt, the committee was right in pressing the inquiry as far as it deemed necessary. The loss of the *Maine* was not a subject of investigation in which the committee was likely to feel unduly inclined to deference toward any persons whatever.

The mechanical plan is shown on page

393. The *Maine*, A, swinging in a complete circle around the fixed mooring-buoy, B, would have covered progressively every part of the area bounded by the dotted line shown in the diagram. Therefore at some time during her swing she would have been over a mine planted anywhere in that area, as at C. To blow her up, therefore, would have been an easy matter, if a mine could have been so planted without suspicion. It would have been chiefly a question of time to await the favorable moment, and of immunity from suspicion and arrest. Many lighters were moving about in the harbor every day; some passed and repassed the *Maine* in various directions. Could a lighter, taking advantage of this traffic, have proceeded past the *Maine* along any route, as DE, crossing the area of danger, and have dropped a mine without detection? It is believed that she could have succeeded even though every person on board the *Maine* had been looking at her at the time. The method that I conceive could have been employed was explained by me to Captain Sampson and Commander Converse on board the *Montgomery*. Each, in turn, had been in charge of the Torpedo School at Newport. They admitted that the plan was feasible, and when I pointed to a lighter passing ahead of the *Montgomery*, each admitted that if she were then dropping a mine, according to the plan described, we could not detect her in the act. It was maintained, however, that it would require about twelve persons of different kinds of skill, in collusion, to execute the plan in its entirety.

The diagram represents my idea of such a lighter and of her procedure. Under a decked lighter of large capacity is slung a mine so loaded that its specific gravity, as a whole, is only slightly greater than that of the harbor water. Let it weigh, say, one hundred pounds in water. It is slung from a tripping-bar within the lighter, the slings passing through tubes which are let into the bottom of the lighter and extend upward above the level of the outside water. Insulated wires lead forward from the mine and through a similar tube to a reel mounted within the lighter. If a lighter, so prepared, is slowly towed through the water, or preferably driven slowly by a noisy geared engine, of the type seen in Havana, she can drop her mine on ranges, unobserved, as she may choose. The mine being wholly submerged, no wave will be noticed on letting go; there will be no jump of the lighter, any more than would be evident were one of her crew to

fall overboard. With a heavy lighter there will be no sudden change of speed; at least, this can be provided against by opening the throttle of the engine wider at the right time. When the mine drops, the electrical wires pay out automatically. The lighter goes alongside a wharf or anchors. She may land her wires, if opportunity serves. At the right moment, the explosion is caused electrically on board the lighter. She leaves her berth, drops her wires elsewhere, and disposes of her fittings.

On board the *Maine* the greatest watchfulness was observed against measures of this kind; not that I believed we should be blown up, but as a proper precaution in a port of unfriendly feeling toward us. On the day of the explosion, or the day before, I caused ten or twelve reports to be made to me concerning a single lighter that passed and repassed the *Maine*. She did not pass within what I may call the area of danger, and she was not of a type to have carried out the plan just set forth.

Indwelling on these problematical matters it should not be thought that it is intended to point to any personal responsibility for the *Maine* disaster. I shall not break my rule of reserve, but, short of accusation, investigation of so horrible a disaster may pursue any promising line of thought, even beyond suspicion and into the domain of abstract possibility.

It cannot be doubted that a large number of the people of the United States have refused to relieve Spain of moral responsibility for the loss of the *Maine*. In conversation with many Americans, and, notably, with a distinguished citizen who has held high public office at home as well as high diplomatic office abroad, I have gathered points in what the latter gentleman calls an indictment. Since these points indicate public opinion in considerable degree, it may be of interest to set them forth here, especially as they may have guided public action indirectly through individual activity.

Spain, in respect to Cuba, was not friendly to the United States. Havana was heavily fortified on the sea-front, not against Cuba, but, obviously, against the United States. The *Maine* was not welcome at Havana. Her coming was officially opposed on the ground that it might produce an adverse demonstration. By officials she was treated with outward courtesy; otherwise, she was made to feel that she was unwelcome. She was taken to a special mooring-buoy—a buoy that, according to the testimony given before

the United States naval court of inquiry, was apparently reserved for some purpose not known. She was taken to this buoy by an official Spanish pilot, and she was blown up at that buoy by an explosion from the outside. Therefore there must have been a mine under the *Maine's* berth when she entered the harbor, or a mine must have been planted at her berth after her arrival. In either case, the *Maine* should have been protected by the Spanish government. She was not informed of the existence of a mine at her berth, or cautioned in any wise against danger from mines or torpedoes. In her attitude of initial and reiterated friendship, she was powerless to search her mooring-berth. She was obliged to assume a due sense of responsibility on the part of the Spanish authorities. Yet it has not appeared that they took any measures to guard her. Mining plants for harbor defense, and their electrical connections, are always under the express control of governments, and in charge of a few people who alone have the secret of position and control. Therefore responsibility for accident, or worse, is centralized and specific. At Havana the regulations were severe against the ownership of explosives by private parties. The government controlled the importation and sale of explosives with great rigor. It was seemingly impracticable to obtain any large amount of explosives, except through the acquiescence of some official. A knowledge of the secret operation of large mines as against due official vigilance was not likely to be possessed at Havana by private parties acting alone. After the explosion the Spanish authorities endeavored to control access to the *Maine* and to prevent an independent investigation by the United States. Although they demanded an investigation of the interior of the *Maine* for themselves, they objected to an exterior investigation by the United States. The Spanish government in Cuba had allowed rioters to go unpunished. The Spanish investigation was superficial and its findings were prejudged by officials. After the explosion there was not a free-handed demonstration that no mines had existed in the harbor of Havana at the *Maine's* berth at the time of the explosion. A general declaration by General Weyler that there were no mines planted during his administration was not acceptable to the people of the United States. The war developed the fact that the Spaniards had mines in large number in Cuba. It was known in the United States that there were mines, planted or unplanted, at Havana.

On April 6 the "*Heraldo*," the leading and most influential evening paper in Madrid, published a very circumstantial interview with Vice-Admiral Beranger, secretary of the navy in the last Conservative cabinet of Spain. Among other things, he stated that an attack on their island ports was not to be feared, because "Havana, as well as Cienfuegos, Nuevitas, and Santiago, are defended by electrical and automobile torpedoes, which can be worked at a great distance [have a

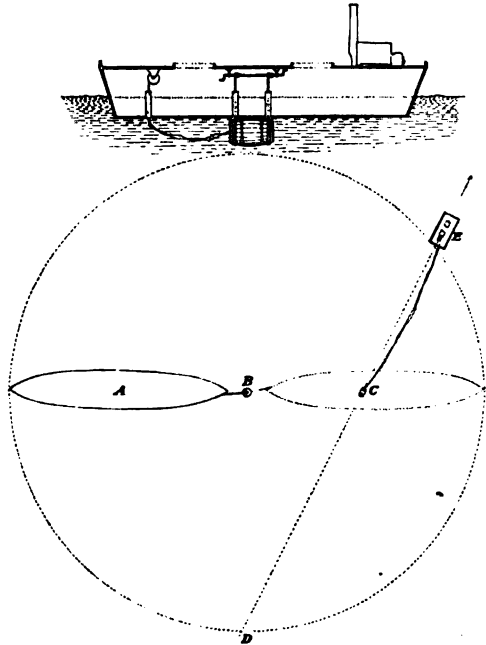


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW A MINE MIGHT HAVE BEEN PLACED UNDER THE "*MAINE*."

large radius of action]. Señor Cánovas del Castillo, who did not neglect these things, arranged, in agreement with me, for the shipping to Cuba of one hundred and ninety torpedoes, which are surely located in these ports at present. The transportation and installation of these war machines was in charge of the distinguished torpedoist Señor Chacon." Cánovas, it will be remembered, was assassinated on August 8, 1897.

Notwithstanding the influence on public opinion in the United States flowing from these considerations, the war was officially prosecuted independent of the affair of the *Maine*. Certainly no American is likely to feel more deeply than I in respect to any policy growing out of that great disaster; but it is very gratifying to my national pride that we, as a nation, have been proof against all suspicion and against all argument, short of actual

demonstration. We have heard much of the motto, "Remember the *Maine*." If we are satisfied that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside we have a right to remember her with indignation; but without more conclusive evidence than we now have, we are not right if we charge criminality to persons. Therefore I conceive that the motto, "Remember the *Maine*," used as a war-cry would not have been justifiable. I should like to make the point here, as I have made it elsewhere, that this great and free country, with its education, good intention, and universal moral influence, may go to war to punish, but not to revenge. Improperly applied, the motto, "Remember the *Maine*," savors too much of revenge, too much of evil for evil; but it may be used in an entirely worthysense.

During the recent war with Spain about seventy-five men were killed and wounded in the United States navy. Only fifteen were killed. On board the *Maine* two hundred and fifty-four men were killed outright and others died later—more than seventeen times as many as were killed in the United States navy by the Spanish land and naval forces during the entire war. In the way that the men of the *Maine* died and suffered there was enough of the heroic to provide a sound foundation for the motto, "Remember the

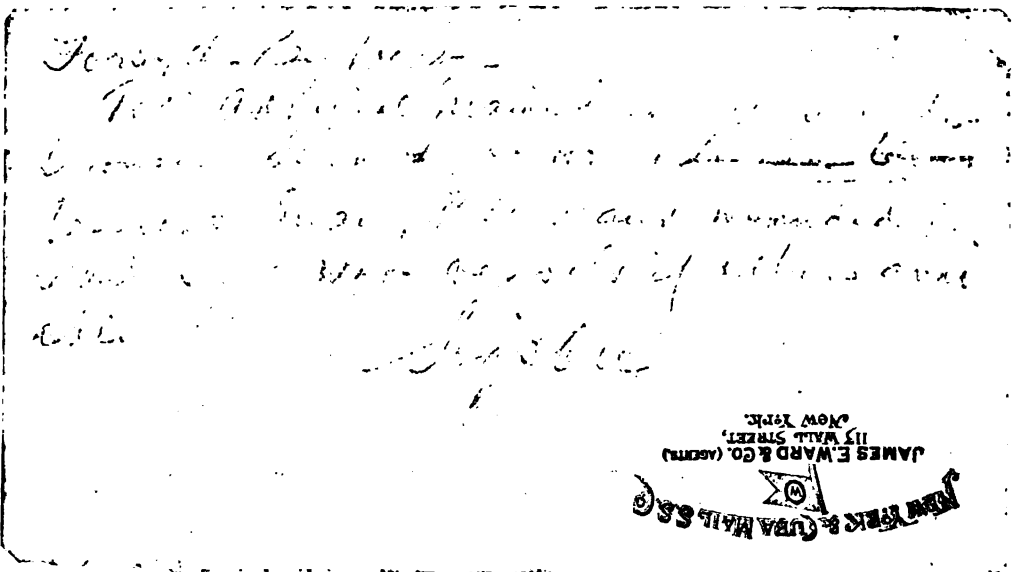
Maine." Let me dismiss the prevailing impression that this motto was used in the United States navy, in the recent war, as a battle-signal. No United States naval vessel has entered into action flying the signal, "Remember the *Maine*." I am glad that it can be so stated; yet one may excuse many mistaken expressions in the heat of action.¹

On July 13, when I boarded the wreck of the *Infanta Maria Teresa* as she lay on the rocks of Cuba, with dead men still in her, I believed and said, as I stood there, that although the Spanish vessels had been brought to ruin after full preparation and in fair fight, the greater dignity belonged to the *Maine*, which was lost on the instant and without warning.

A naval commander both idealizes and personifies his ship. When he leaves her—or loses her—he dismisses from his mind the petty vexations of sea life and remembers only the nobler qualities of his shipmates and his ship. I shall always remember the *Maine* with as much pride as any commander who is completely satisfied with his command could possibly feel. The officers and men who were lost with the *Maine* were as worthy and true patriots as those we have lost in battle. Their fate was a sadder one. May God be good to them!

¹ It may be said on the authority of Captain John R. Bartlett, during the war chief intelligence officer of the navy: "The signal, 'Remember the *Maine*,' has never been displayed on a United States man-of-war or by the army or navy, with one exception. A signal quartermaster (an enlisted man) of the Coast Signal Service hoisted the signal from the station at Port Eads, at the

mouth of the Mississippi, when a transport loaded with troops was passing out to sea. In reporting the passing out of the transport, as was his duty, the quartermaster added to his message to headquarters the fact of display of signal, which was received with great enthusiasm by the troops. He was severely reprimanded by return message over the wires."—THE EDITOR.



FACSIMILE OF THE DESPATCH WRITTEN ON AN ENVELOP, SENT ON THE NIGHT OF THE EXPLOSION

MEDAL GIVEN BY THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS FROM THE FRANKLIN FUND.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

HIS SCHOOLING AND SELF-CULTURE—HIS SERVICES TO EDUCATION—HIS LIBRARY.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,

Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc.

IF the commonly accepted use of the term "education" as a synonym for the word "schooling" were adopted in the case of Franklin, there would be little need to consider this side of his personality. "I was put to the grammar-school at eight years of age," he states, and remained there "not quite one year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and further was removed into the next class above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year. But my father in the meantime, from a view of the expense of a college education, which having so large a family he could not well afford, and the mean living many so educated were afterwards able to obtain—reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing,—altered his first intention, took me from the grammar-school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it."

Thus began and ended all the regular tuition Franklin ever received; but slight as it was, he never forgot its benefits, and in his will was the clause:

I was born in Boston, New England, and owe my first instructions in literature to the free grammar-schools established there. I therefore give one hun-

dred pounds sterling to my executors, to be by them . . . paid over to the managers or directors of the free schools in my native town of Boston, to be by them . . . put out to interest, and so continued at interest for ever, which interest annually shall be laid out in silver medals and given as honorary rewards annually by the directors of the said free schools belonging to the said town, in such manner as to the discretion of the selectmen of the said town shall seem meet.

If Franklin was a pupil for only two years, he seems never to have ceased to be a student. Poor Richard asserted that "God helps them that help themselves," and by continuous self-culture his creator became almost encyclopedic in his knowledge, and one of the best-informed and most learned men of his generation.

"Reading makes a full man—meditation, a profound man—discourse, a clear man," said the Almanac-maker; and if he were speaking from his own experience he might have added one more component. During his whole life Franklin was an acute observer of all about him. The most every-day occurrence had for him an interest, either to discover some principle or reason in it, or to see

Advertisements.

AT the House of *George Brownell* in Second Street, (formerly the House of Mr. John Knight, deceased) is taught, Reading, Writing, Cyphering, Dancing, Plain-work, Marking, with Variety of Needle-work. Where also Scholars may board.

ADVERTISEMENT OF GEORGE BROWNELL, FROM THE "PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE." IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

if there were not a better or an easier way of doing it. He could not take a journey or voyage without studying everything noteworthy. A brief paragraph in a newspaper, a fly in a wine-glass, a chat with a sailor, or any other trifling incident, was enough to set his brain at work, and to start a train of thought leading to some positive addition to his own knowledge, and often to that of the world. As early as 1756 John Adams had heard of "Mr. Franklin of Philadelphia, a prodigious genius, cultivated with prodigious industry."

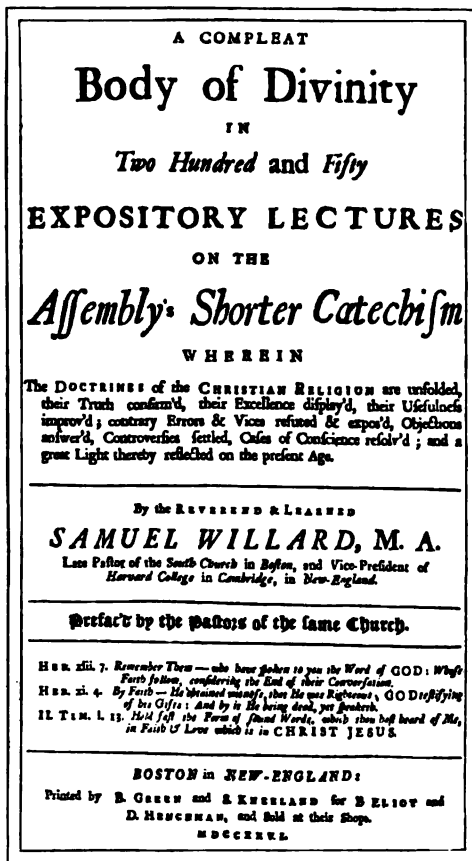
Franklin advised, "Read much, but not too many books"; but, as he himself said, "We may give Advice, but we cannot give Conduct," and during his whole life he was an omnivorous devourer of books. In his autobiography he mentions "my early readiness in learning to read, which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read." The taste was the more remarkable when the literature at his command is considered. From the inventory of his father's property it is learned that Josiah Franklin died possessed of two large Bibles, a concordance, Willard's "Compleat Body of Divinity,"—as dull a folio of nearly a thousand pages as was probably ever printed, written by the clergyman who married Josiah and Abiah Franklin,—and "a parcel of small books," more fully described by Franklin, who said: "My father's little library consisted of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way." Yet even in this "parcel" of dry-as-dust theology the boy found some things to enjoy. "Plutarch's Lives there was, in

which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called an Essay on Projects, and another of Dr. Mather's, called Essays to do Good, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life." This little tractate made so great an impression on the youthful mind that, full seventy years after reading it, Franklin wrote to the author's son:

Permit me to mention one little instance, which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book entitled "Essays to do Good," which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book.

Whatever might be the paucity of his father's library, the boy had a natural bent for reading, and could not be kept from books. "From a child," he declared,

"I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the Pilgrim's Progress, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterwards sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's Historical Collections; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all." The taste was no doubt whetted by the influence of his uncle Benjamin, who lived for a time in Boston, and who took not a little interest in the intellectual development of his namesake. Before the boy was



A TYPE OF THE BOOK FRANKLIN READ AS A BOY.
OWNED BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

five years of age his uncle began sending him monitory poems, acrostics, and letters of advice. He was not merely a confirmed scribbler, but a book-collector as well, and many years after his death Franklin became possessed of part of his library by a curious chance.

Yesterday a very odd accident happened [he wrote], which I must mention to you, as it relates to your grandfather. A person that deals in old books, of whom I sometimes buy, acquainted me that he had a curious collection of pamphlets bound in eight volumes folio, and twenty-four volumes quarto and octavo, which he thought, from the subjects, I might like to have, and that he would sell them cheap. I desired to see them, and he brought them to me. On examining I found that they contained all the principal pamphlets and papers on public affairs that had been printed here from the Restoration down to 1715. In one of the blank leaves at the beginning of each volume the collector had written the titles of the pieces contained in it, and the price they cost him. Also notes in the margin of many of the pieces; and the collector I find, from the handwriting and various other circumstances, was . . . my uncle Benjamin. Wherefore, I the more readily agreed to buy them. I suppose he parted with them when he left England and came to Boston, . . . which was about the year 1716 or 1717, now more than fifty years since. In whose hands they have been all this time I know not. The oddity is that the bookseller, who could suspect nothing of any relation between me and the collector, should happen to make me the offer of them.

It was "this bookish inclination" which "at length determined my father to make me a printer," Franklin states; and one of the incidental advantages of the trade to him was that "I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a

small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted. And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read."

Another advantage which the apprenticeship brought the lad was some money to spend. As already told, Franklin, when he became a vegetarian, agreed with his brother "that, if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying books." In this way the boy amassed a considerable library. Though he "sold some of my books to raise a little money" as a preliminary to his becoming a runaway apprentice, those that

were left were in sufficient number to secure him notice from an important personage. "The then governor of New York, Burnet (son of Bishop Burnet), hearing from the captain that a young man, one of his passengers, had a great many books, desired that he would bring me to see him. . . . The Gov'r. treated me with great civility, showed me his library, which was a very large one, and we had a good deal of conversation about books and authors. This was the second governor who had done me the honour to take notice of me; which, to a poor boy like me, was very pleasing."

This bookishness brought a broadening and cultivation that made the boy sensitive



TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST EDITION OF COTTON MATHER'S
"ESSAY UPON THE GOOD." IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Nov 17 1724

Good Evening I had about 15 Nov. last directed to my Nephew Capt. Bayly, my Bro.
 sent over by Law, a little parcel of books, sent and directed to you, but
 was quite forgot to give you notice by a line or two by the post. The Capt.
 was first bound to Virginia and to take in sailing there, and then to take
 so that I hope this will not come to late to give you notice, to call upon
 Walsingham Carrier for him, I directed to the Bear and Ragged Staff, an
 West Smith to deliver to you for him, and desired that the Carrier
 would take the name and deliver the deliver them, and I shall be glad to

*This
 For Mr. Fisher Junr.
 at his house in Walsingham
 borough in
 Northamptonshire*

Benjamin Franklin

LETTER OF FRANKLIN'S UNCLE BENJAMIN TO THE FRANKLIN
 KIN IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, ENGLAND, 1724. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

to his previous failure in arithmetic, and "now it was that, being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had failed in learning when at school, I took Cocker's book of Arithmetick, and went through the whole by myself with great ease. I also read Seller's and Shermy's books of navigation and became acquainted with the little geometry they contained; but never proceeded far in that science." Henceforth Franklin seems to have been a good accountant, and to have taken especial enjoyment in the problems offered by mathematics. Though he acknowledged that they were "merely *difficile nugæ*, incapable of any useful application," he "confessed" to the "late learned Mr. Logan" that "in my younger days, having once some leisure (which I still think I might have employed more usefully), I had amused myself in making . . . magic squares, and at length

had acquired such a knack at it that I could fill the cells of any magic square of reasonable size, with a series of numbers as fast as I could write them, disposed in such a manner as that the sums of every row, horizontal, perpendicular, or diagonal, should be equal; but not being satisfied with these, which I looked on as common and easy things, I had imposed on myself more difficult tasks, and succeeded in making other magic squares, with a variety of properties, and much more curious." What is more, when Logan called his attention to a square of even greater complexity, "not being willing to be outdone . . . even in the size of my square, I went home, and made, that evening, a magical square of 16," which Franklin deemed "to be the most magically magical of any magical square ever made by any magician." In this the properties were:

1. That every strait row (horizontal or vertical) of 8 numbers added together, makes 260, and half each row half 260.
2. That the bent row of 8 numbers, ascending and descending diagonally, viz. from 16 ascending to 10, and from 23 descending to 17; and every one of its parallel bent rows of 8 numbers make

FRANKLIN'S MAGIC SQUARE OF SQUARES. FROM
THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE," 1768.

260.—Also the bent row from 52 descending to 54, and from 43 ascending to 45; and every one of its parallel bent rows of 8 numbers make 260.—Also the bent row from 45 to 43, descending to the left, and from 23 to 17, descending to the right, and every one of its parallel bent rows of 8 numbers, make 260.—Also the bent row from 52 to 54, descending to the right, and from 10 to 16, descending to the left, and every one of its parallel bent rows of 8 numbers make 260.—Also the parallel bent rows next to the above-mentioned, which are shortened to 3 numbers ascending, and 3 descending, &c. as from 53 to 4 ascending, and from 29 to 44 descending, make, with the 2 corner numbers, 260.—Also the 2 numbers 14, 61 ascending, and 36, 19 descending, with the lower 4 numbers situated like them, viz. 50, 1, descending, and 32, 47, ascending, make 260.—And, lastly, the 4 corner numbers, with the 4 middle numbers, make 260.

Not contented with this, he "composed also a magic circle, consisting of 8 concentric circles and 8 radial rows, filled with a series of numbers from 12 to 75 inclusive, so disposed as that the number of each circle,

or each radial row, being added to the central number 12, they make exactly 360."

The brief time spent by Franklin in London as a journeyman printer was very important to him in an intellectual sense, because of an opportunity it afforded him. "While I lodg'd in Little Britain I made an acquaintance with one Wilcox, a bookseller, whose shop was at the next door. He had an immense collection of second-hand books. Circulating libraries were not then in use; but we agreed that, on certain reasonable terms, which I have now forgotten, I might take, read, and return any of his books. This I esteem'd a great advantage, and I made as much use of it as I could."

In this arrangement probably lay the germ of one of Franklin's worthiest undertakings. Upon his return to Philadelphia after

FRANKLIN'S MAGIC CIRCLE. FROM HIS MANUSCRIPT
IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

his London sojourn he "form'd most of my ingenious acquaintance into a club of mutual improvement," called the Junto, of a half-debating and half-social character, "which was the best school of philosophy, morality, and politics that then existed in the province; for our queries, which were read the week preceding their discussion, put us upon reading with attention upon the several subjects, that we might speak more to the purpose; and here, too, we acquired better habits of conversation, every thing being studied in our rules which might prevent our disgusting each other." About 1730,

A proposition was made by me, that, since our books were often refer'd to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might be convenient to us to have them altogether where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus

FRANKLIN'S MAGIC CIRCLE OF CIRCLES. FROM
THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE," 1768.

THE Subscribers towards a Library in this City, are hereby advertis'd, That Monday the First of May ensuing, is the Day appointed for the Choice of the proper Officers of the Company, for the following Year; and that the Meeting for that Purpose will be at the House of Nicholas Scull in the Market Street, at Two in the Afternoon.

Philad. April 20. 1732.

Joseph Breintnall.

THE Subscribers of the Library Company of Philadelphia, are hereby advertised, that Monday the Seventh of May ensuing, is the Day appointed for the Choice of Directors and Treasurer for the succeeding Year; And for the Subscribers to bring in their first annual Payment of Ten Shillings a piece, Advanced-Money. And that the Place and Time for this Meeting on the said 7th of May, will be at the House of Mr. Louis Timothee, where the Library is kept, in the Alley next the Body's-Head Tavern, at Two in the Afternoon.

Joseph Breintnall, Secy.

N. B. The Subscribers are desired to remember the Penalty upon Non-payment of the Ten-Shillings upon the Day appointed.

THE TWO EARLIEST ADVERTISEMENTS CONCERNING THE LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. FROM FRANKLIN'S "PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE." IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

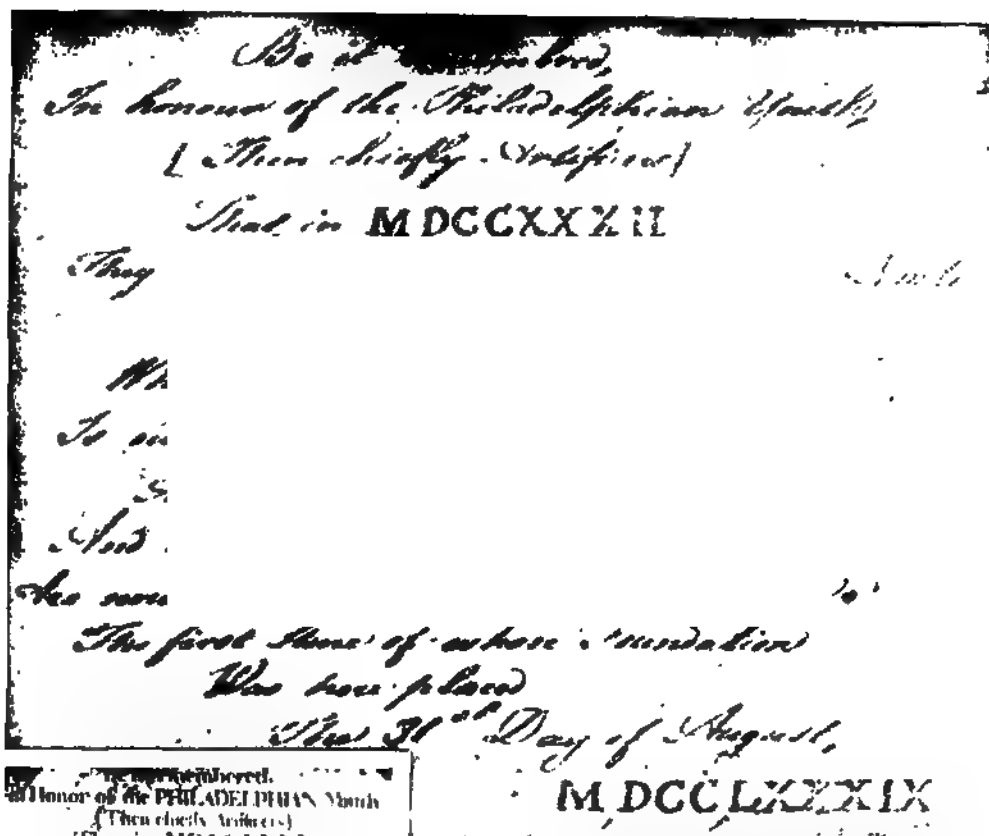
clubbing our books to a common library, we should, while we lik'd to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was lik'd and agreed to, and we fill'd one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected; and tho' they had been of great use, yet some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and, by the help of my friends in the Junto, procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterwards obtain'd a charter, the company being increased to one hundred; this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous. It is become a great thing itself, and continually increasing. These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries, and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defence of their privileges.

After the library was well started, Franklin continued to work for it. He aided it to obtain books from Europe, served as secretary for several years, and was for long a director; but the institution amply repaid his trouble, for, in his own words: "This library

afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day, and thus repair'd in some degree the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me. Reading was the only amusement I allow'd myself." He gives a pleasant picture of himself in these years of self-culture: "For my own part at present I pass my time agreeably enough. I enjoy through mercy a tolerable share of health, I read a great deal, write a little, do a little business for myself and now and then for others, retire when I can, and go into company when I please. So the years roll on, and the last will come, when I would rather have it said, 'He lived usefully,' than 'He died rich.'" In the last year of his life the Library Company outgrew its quarters, and he was asked, in recognition of the fact that the people of Philadelphia were "indebted to Dr. Franklin for the first idea as well as execution of the plan of a Public Library," to write an

Library Company		
May 10	10 Shillings paid for books	10
Oct 10	10 Shillings paid for books	10
Jan 10	10 Shillings paid for books	10
Apr 10	10 Shillings paid for books	10
Jul 10	10 Shillings paid for books	10
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Be it remembered,
In honor of the PHILADELPHIAN Spirit
(Then chiefly Antients)
That in M DCCXXII
They chiefly,
At the Instance of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
One of them, And the
INSTITUTION OF THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY,
which through small acts,
Is become highly valuable,
And extensively useful
And which the Walls of this Building
Are now destined to contain, at present
The first STONE, of which THE FOUNDATION
Was here placed
The thirty first Day of AUGUST,
An. Dom. M DCC XXXIX.

FRANKLIN'S INSCRIPTION FOR A TABLET FOR THE LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA, WITH THAT ACTUALLY ADOPTED BY THE TRUSTEES. ORIGINAL IN THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON.

inscription to be placed in the new building, which should "perpetuate a grateful remembrance of it." Franklin accordingly prepared a draft, but carefully omitted "any mention of himself in the proposed Inscription," and he even "wrote it at first without the words 'cheerfully, and at the instance of one of them.'" However, in compliance with the urging of the members, he added them, "though he still thinks it would be better without them." The committee accepted his essay, but inserted a line properly commemorating his share.

As Franklin was instrumental in founding a circulating library, that those not possessing books might obtain the use of them, so

he made his own collection of books serve a similar purpose. But he seems to have been as heedless a lender of books as the proverbial borrower is, and recurrent advertisements in his paper show his lapses of memory, and his attempts to jog the equally forgetful minds of those he had obliged.

The Person that borrow'd B. Franklin's Law-Book of this Province, is hereby desired to return it, he having forgot to whom he lent it.

Lent some time since a Book entitled Campbell's Vitruvius Britannico's, the Person who has it is desired to return it to the Printer hereof. Also the first Volume of Clarendon's History.

Lent above a Twelvemonth ago, the second Vol. of Select Trials, for Murders, Robberies, Rapes, Sodomy, Coining, Frauds, and other Offences, at the Sessions-House in the Old-Bailey: Which not being return'd to the Owner, he desires the Person who has the Book in possession, to send it to the Printer of this Paper.

Lent to Capt. Lawrie (and left by him in the Hands of some of his Acquaintance in Philadel-

phia) the second Volume of State Trials, wrote on the Title-Page, William Shaw. The Person who has it, is requested to bring it to the Printer hereof.

Lent, and forgot to whom, Wood's Institutes of the Laws of England, Folio. The Person that has it, is desired to return it to the Printer hereof.

Lent, but forgot to whom, the second Volume of Pamela; also the first Volume of the Turkish Spy. The persons that have them, are desired to send them to the Post-Office.

with more satisfaction, because with more understanding.

When any point occurs, in which you would be glad to have farther information than your book affords you, I beg you would not in the least apprehend that I should think it a trouble to receive and answer your questions. It will be a pleasure, and no trouble. For though I may not be able, out of my own little stock of knowledge, to afford you what you require, I can easily direct you to the books, where it may most readily be found.



DRAWN BY KENNETH H. MILLER, FROM A PRINT

GOVERNOR WILLIAM BURNET OF NEW YORK.

Franklin's advice to a woman friend probably gives his own system of reading:

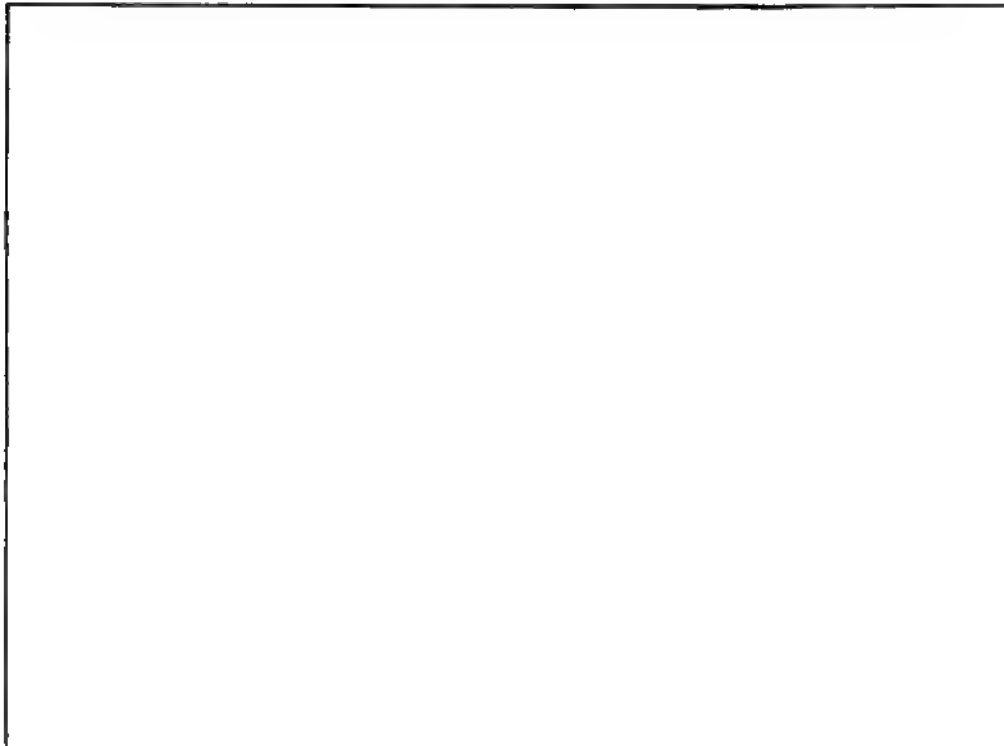
I would advise you [he said] to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready, either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility, or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity. And as many of the terms of science are such, as you cannot have met with in your common reading, and may therefore be unacquainted with, I think it would be well for you to have a good dictionary at hand, to consult immediately when you meet with a word you do not comprehend the precise meaning of. This may at first seem troublesome and interrupting; but it is a trouble that will daily diminish, as you will daily find less and less occasion for your dictionary, as you become more acquainted with the terms; and in the mean time you will read

His own experience served to teach Franklin that a strong mind needs no schooling to develop it, and that a poor mind is not strengthened by study. Poor Richard made merry over the "many witty men whose brains cannot fill their bellies," and of those who "would live by their Wits, but break for want of stock." "A learned blockhead is a greater blockhead than an ignorant one," he asserted, and claimed that "of learned fools I have seen ten times ten; of unlearned wise men, I have seen a hundred." Yet Franklin was far from showing the usual contempt of the self-taught man for an academic education. On his settling in Philadelphia he found "two things which I regretted," and one of these was "there being no provision . . . for the compleat education of youth. . . . I therefore in 1743 drew up a proposal for establishing an academy," only to "let the scheme lie for a

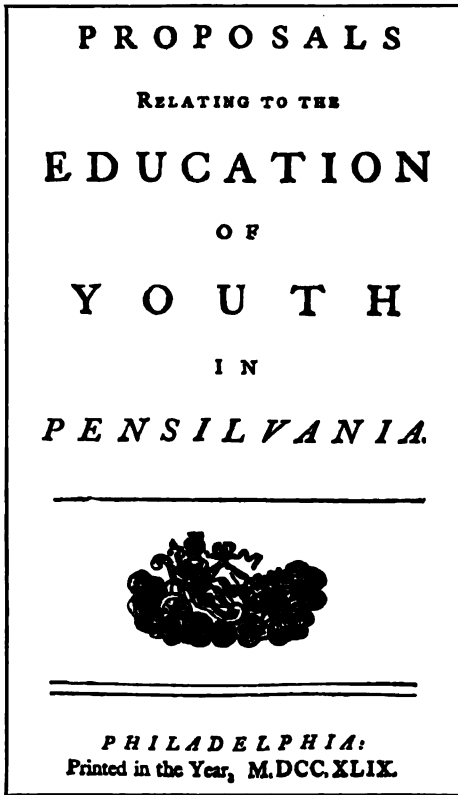
time dormant." But at last he resumed the project in good earnest. "The first step was to associate in the design a number of active friends; . . . the next was to write and publish a pamphlet, entitled 'Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania.'" In this he outlined what presumably was his ideal of an education. There was to be a house in a high and dry situation, not far from a river, having a garden, orchard, meadow, and a field or two, a library and an equipment of scientific apparatus; the scholars were to live plainly and temperately, and to be "frequently exercised in running, leaping, wrestling and swimming." "As to their studies, it would be well if they could be taught *every thing* that is useful and *every thing* that is ornamental. But art is long and their time is short. It is therefore proposed, that they learn those things that are likely to be *most* useful and *most* ornamental, regard being had for the several professions for which they are intended." Franklin's own predilection "went no further than to procure the means of a good English education," and he particularly insisted in his pamphlet that the rector of the school should be "a correct, pure speaker and writer of English."

A number of my friends to whom I communicated the proposal concurred with me in these ideas; but . . . other persons of wealth and learning, whose subscription and countenance we should need, being of opinion that it ought to include the learned languages, I submitted my judgment to theirs, retaining, however, a strong prepossession in favour of my first plan and resolving to preserve as much of it as I could and to nourish the English school by every means in my power.

In aid of this he published, in 1751, "A Scheme of an English School," and, as president of the trustees, did what he could to prevent his purpose from being stifled by an undue regard for classical learning. But though, in the words of a contemporary, Franklin was the "soul of the whole" project, he could not prevent the waning of the one or the waxing of the other. The Rev. William Smith, who became rector by Franklin's choice and influence, gave him no aid in his fight against the dead languages, and allowed the English school to lapse. As if this were not a sufficient miscarriage of Franklin's hopes, the academy, as it grew into a college, became an organ of politics, and a hotbed from which issued many of the pamphlet and newspaper attacks



BIRCH'S VIEW OF THE OLD LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA, 1799. ORIGINAL IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.



TITLE-PAGE OF FRANKLIN'S PROPOSAL RELATING TO THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH. IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

on its chief founder and the party with which he had identified himself, the rector himself being the most active in the paper war. With far more bitterness than was usual with Franklin, he wrote of these attacks:

Before I left Philadelphia, everything to be done in the Academy was privately preconcerted in a Cabal without my Knowledge or Participation and accordingly carried into Execution. The Schemes of Public Parties made it seem requisite to lessen my Influence wherever it could be lessened. The Trustees had reap'd the full Advantage of my Head, Hands, Heart and Purse, in getting through the first Difficulties of the Design, and when they thought they could do without me, they laid me aside. I wish Success to the Schools nevertheless and am sorry to hear that the whole Number of Scholars does not at present exceed an hundred & forty.

After the Revolution, when the old local contests were dead and buried, Franklin, upon his return to America, received an address of welcome from the institution he had been so largely instrumental in founding, now become the University of Pennsylvania, and was promptly elected president of the trus-

tees, the same position he had held almost fifty years before. His views on the subject of ancient and modern learning had not changed, however, and almost the last paper ever penned by him was one entitled "Observations relative to the intentions of the original founders of the Academy in Philadelphia," which is a plea for an English rather than a classical education, and which, in his usual happy manner, he brought to an end with an anecdote, to point his argument:

There is in mankind [he wrote] an unaccountable prejudice in favor of ancient customs and habits, which inclines to a continuance of them after the circumstances which formerly made them useful cease to exist. A multitude of instances might be given, but it may suffice to mention one. Hats were once thought a useful part of dress; they kept the head warm and screened it from the violent impression of the sun's rays, and from the rain, snow, hail, etc. . . .

Gradually, however, as the wearing of wigs and hair nicely dressed prevailed, the putting on of hats was disused by genteel people, lest the curious arrangements of the curls and powdering should be disordered, and umbrellas began to supply their place; yet still our considering the hat as a part of the dress continues so far to prevail that a man of fashion is not thought dressed without having one, or something like one, about him, which he carries under his arm. So that there are a multitude of the politer people in all the courts in capital cities of Europe who have never, nor their fathers before them, worn a hat otherwise than as a *chapeau bras*, though the utility of such a mode of wearing it is by no means apparent, and it is attended not only with some expense but with a degree of constant trouble.

The still prevailing custom of having schools for teaching generally our children in these days the Latin and Greek languages I consider therefore in no other light than as the *chapeau bras* of modern literature.

The Philadelphia Academy was only the principal of Franklin's endeavors to foster education, and he gave time and money in aid of several institutions. With others, he labored to make education commoner by establishing an "English school at Reading, York, Easton, Lancaster, Hanover and Skip-



THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY. FROM A PENCIL-DRAWING MADE BY DU SIMITIÈRE, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

pack." He was a member of a "Society for the Education of the Germans" in Pennsylvania. In 1760 he became one of what were termed "Dr. Bray's Associates," having for an object the founding of schools for the education of negroes and Indians, and he served for a time as chairman of the society. After the Revolution he outlined in a letter to Washington a scheme for the improve-

here, and brought the children to it. This I advis'd; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refus'd to contribute. I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and

THE REVEREND WILLIAM SMITH. AFTER THE PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART.
IN THE POSSESSION OF DR. JOHN H. BRINTON.

ment of free negroes, which included a "Committee of Education" that was to "superintend the school instruction of the children of free blacks." It is amusing to note that once he was made to contribute to an educational scheme of which he disapproved. Whitefield, the itinerant preacher, was "inspir'd" by a sight of the miserable situation "of the new colonists in Georgia, with the idea of building an Orphan House there," in which the "helpless children" might be "supported and educated."

I did not disapprove of the design, but, as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house

concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determin'd me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I empty'd my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all.

An interesting educational view he held was on women's training, and one not merely far in advance of his time, but even of today. Having established a printer in South Carolina on a profit-sharing agreement, his decease threatened a loss to Franklin; but

The business was continued by his widow, who, being born and bred in Holland, where, as I have been inform'd, the knowledge of accounts makes a part of female education, she not only sent me as clear a state as she could find of the transac-

Constitutions Of the Publick Academy In the City of Philadelphia

As Nothing can more effectually contribute to the Cultivation & Improvement of a Country, the Wisdom, Riches and Strength, Virtue and Piety, the Health and Happiness of a People, than a proper Education of Youth, by forming their Manners, improving their tender Minds with Principles of Rectitude and Morality, instructing them in the useful & living Languages, particularly their Mother Tongue, and all useful Branches of liberal Arts and Sciences,

For attaining these great & important Advantages, so far as the present State of our infant Colony will admit, and laying a Foundation for Liberty to erect a University of Learning more extensive, and suitable to their future Circumstances, An Academy for teaching the Latin & French Languages, the English Tongue, grammatically and as a Language, the most useful living foreign Languages, French, German and Spanish:

PART OF FIRST PAGE OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE
PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY AS DRAWN UP BY
FRANKLIN AND FRANCIS, 1749. IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

tions past, but continued to account with the greatest regularity and exactness every quarter afterwards, and managed the business with such success, that she not only brought up reputably a family of children, but, at the expiration of the term, was able to purchase of me the printing-house, and establish her son in it.

I mention this affair chiefly for the sake of recommending that branch of education for our young females, as likely to be of more use to them and their children, in case of widowhood, than either music or dancing, by preserving them from losses by imposition of crafty men, and enabling them to continue, perhaps, a profitable mercantile house, with establish'd correspondence; till a son is grown up fit to undertake and go on with it, to the lasting advantage and enriching of the family.

Franklin put more stress on this practical training for women than he did on even the elements of education. Though he told his wife that he wished his daughter Sally would "be a little more careful of her spelling," of one correspondent he asked: "Why do you never write to me? I used to love to read your letters, and I regret your long silence. They were seasoned with good sense and friendship, and even your spelling pleased me. Polly knows I think the worst spelling

Performances and Lectures of the Scholars, on such Nodes, as their respective Masters shall think proper, and shall have Power, out of their Aids, to make Rewards to the most meritorious Scholars, according to their several Deserts.

Mr. Hopper
Mr. Stoddard
Philip Syng
Esq. Attorney
Thomas Bond
Richard Peters
Moses Taylor
Mr. Bond
Esq. of Counsel
Wm. Bland
John Mather
Mr. Cadwalader
James Morris

Mr. Lawrence
Wm. Allen
John Hughes
James Francis
W. Maffee
David Leachery
John M. Callahan
Edw. Turner
Abraham Lincoln
John Smith
Mr. White
Esq.
Wm. Coleman
Esq. Master of the Prison

THE LAST PAGE.

the best." So, when Jane Mecom asked him to "pray forgive the very bad spelling, and every other defect, and don't let it mortify you that such a scrawl came from your sister," he answered, as already recorded: "You need not be concerned in writing to me about your bad spelling, for, in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, bad spelling, or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words." Then, as usual, to reinforce his own opinion, he goes on with a story:

A gentleman received a letter, in which were these words: *Not finding Brown at hom, I delivered your meseg to his yf.* The gentleman, finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him read it. Between them they picked out the meaning of all but the *yf*, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, "because Betty," says she, "has the best knack at reading bad spelling of any one I know." Betty came, and was surprised that neither sir nor madam could tell what *yf* was. "Why," says she, "*yf* spells *wife*; what else can it spell?" And, indeed, it is a much better, as well as shorter method of spelling *wife*, than *doubleyou*, *i*, *ef*, *e*, which in reality spell *doubleyifey*.

"I think," his sister replied, "sir and madam were very deficient in sagacity that they could not find out *yf* as well as Betty, but

sometimes the Betties have the brightest understanding."

As this would suggest, Franklin early became a spelling-reformer, and went so far as to prepare a new alphabet, thinking a "reformation not only necessary, but practicable," though he foresaw that it must come gradually, if at all. And as one step toward making clear the absurdity of English spelling, he drew up his "Petition of the Letter Z," in which it complains:

That he is not only actually placed at the tail of the Alphabet, when he had as much right as any other to be at the head; but is by the injustice

of his enemies totally excluded from the word WISE; and his place injuriously filled by a little hissing, crooked, serpentine, venomous letter, called S, when it must be evident to your worship, and to all the world, that W, I, S, E, do not spell *Wise*, but *Wise*.

Your petitioner therefore prays, that the Alphabet may by your censorial authority be reversed; and that in consideration of his long-suffering and patience he may be placed at the head of it; that s may be turned out of the word *Wise*, and the petitioner employed instead of him.

As his attitude toward the classics suggests, Franklin did not set a high value on college training. One of Mrs. Dogood's

Signed in the same way Order of the Faculty by
Sept. *John Ewing Brown*
President of the University of Pennsylvania Sept. 16, 1785.

ADDRESS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA TO FRANKLIN ON HIS RETURN FROM FRANCE, 1785.
 IN THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON.

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLARENDON

FRANKLIN UNWITTINGLY APPLAUDS HIS PRAISES AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

letters, contributed by the printer's apprentice to his brother's newspaper shortly after his father had reached the decision not to send his son to Harvard, discusses that "Temple of Learning" and the New England tendency of "every Peasant, who had the wherewithal . . . to send one of his Children at least to this famous Place," in which, as "most of them consulted their own Purses instead of their Childrens Capacities, . . . I observed, a great many, yea, the most part of those who were travelling thither, were little better than Dunces and Blockheads," so that, after graduation, "many of them from henceforth for want of Patrimony, liv'd as poor as Church Mice, being unable to dig, and asham'd to beg, and to live by their Wits it was impossible." Sixty-two years after this was written, in a little account of the American Indians, Franklin told a story evidently intended to illustrate his averment that "most of the learning in use is of no great use," and to show the difference between book-knowledge and real knowledge. At an Indian treaty in 1744 he relates:

After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians by a speech that there was at Williamsburg a college, with a fund for educating Indian youth; and that, if the Six Nations would send down half a dozen of their young lads to that college, the government would take care that they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people. . . . We are convinced [the Indians replied] that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will therefore not take it amiss, if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it; several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, nor kill an enemy, spoke our language imperfectly, were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor counsellors; they were totally good for nothing. We are however not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it; and, to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make *men* of them.

In a more concrete form, too, Franklin testified to the slight value he placed upon college training. He saw to it that both his

son William and his nephew James were properly taught, but he sent neither to a university. When William Franklin put his son into the Pennsylvania College, the grandfather did not hesitate to withdraw him that he might take him to France, thus ending his further education. So, too, with his other grandson, though having a choice of all the universities of Europe, he gave him only an ordinary education at a school in Geneva.

Joke as Franklin would, however, at "Mr. Fogg," who explains "English by Greek," and at the man who "was so learned, that he could name a horse in nine languages: so ignorant, that he bought a cow to ride on," one of the compliments which especially pleased him was the recognition of his contributions to science by the colleges. When Yale and Harvard both gave him the degree of master of arts, he was proud that "without studying at any college, I came to partake of their honours"; and when the Universities of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, and Oxford in succession conferred on him the degrees of LL. D. or D. C. L., he was heedful to advertise the new honors on the title-pages of his books.

Franklin's disapproval of the dead languages was not akin to that of the fox and the grapes. Though the boy had only one year at the Boston grammar-school, most of the Dogood letters were headed by a quotation from Cicero, Seneca, Terence, or some other Latin author of repute. In the years following, however, he seems to have paid more attention to other tongues, and allowed his knowledge of Latin to grow rusty. He says in his autobiography:

I had begun in 1733 to study languages; I soon made myself so much a master of the French as to be able to read the books with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance, who was also learning it, us'd often to tempt me to play chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refus'd to play any more, unless on this condition, that the victor in every game should have the right to impose a task, either in parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, etc., which tasks the vanquish'd was to perform on honour, before our next meeting. As we play'd pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language. I afterwards with a little painstaking, acquir'd as much of the Spanish as to read their books also.

But when I had attained an acquaintance with the French, Italian, and Spanish, I was surprised to find on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood more of that language than I had imagined; which encouraged me to apply myself

again to the study of it, and I met with the more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smoothed my way. From these circumstances, I have thought there was some inconsistency in our common mode of teaching languages. We are told that it is proper to begin first with Latin, and having acquired that, it will be more easy to attain those modern languages which are derived from it; and yet we do not begin with the Greek, in order more easily to acquire the Latin. It is true that if we can clamber and get to the top of a staircase without using the steps, we shall more easily gain them in descending; but certainly if we begin with the lowest, we shall with more ease ascend to the top; and I would therefore offer it to the consideration of those who superintend the education of our youth, whether, since many of those who begin with the Latin, quit the same

understand the speaker, yet not choosing to show it, he adopted the subterfuge of watching a friend, Mme. de Boufflers, and applauding whenever she gave evidence of approval. Unfortunately, the lady liked best certain eulogistic remarks on the visitor, and thus Franklin clapped his own praises the loudest.

On his being sent to France in 1776 as a commissioner from America, he set himself to learn to speak and write French; but he was now a man of seventy, and it did not come easily to him. The British ambassador, who kept close watch on his proceedings, reported to his government, anent an interview of Franklin with the Duc de Choiseul: "It is very possible that M. de Belgioso was

SCHOOL BILL FOR FRANKLIN'S NEPHEW AND SON. FROM THE ORIGINAL
IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

after spending some years without having made any great proficiency, and what they have learned becomes almost useless, so that their time has been lost, it would not have been better to have begun with the French, proceeding to the Italian, etc. For, tho', after spending the same time, they should quit the study of languages and never arrive at the Latin, they would, however, have acquired another tongue or two that being in modern use might be serviceable to them in common life.

In thus acquiring languages, Franklin was far from learning to speak or even to write them. During his first trip to France, in 1767, he was compelled to rely on an interpreter in his social intercourse, and it was probably on this visit that his lack of facility in French occasioned an amusing incident. Franklin attended one of the meetings of the French Academy, and not being able to

desired to act as interpreter, as Franklin does not speak French with any Facility." After he had had eighteen months of French life, his fellow-diplomat, John Adams, said:

Dr. Franklin is reported to speak French very well, but I find, upon attending to him, that he does not speak it grammatically, and, indeed, upon inquiring, he confesses that he is wholly inattentive to the grammar. His pronunciation, too, upon which the French gentlemen and ladies compliment him, and which he seems to think is pretty well, I am sure is very far from being exact.

So, too, John Baynes, who was in Paris in 1783, notes that Franklin "could not make much out" of a certain Frenchman who had been presented to him, he "having rather an obscure mode of expressing himself." Nor was the minister a better Frenchman with

charming language with so much purity and elegance. But if you can finally decipher my awkward and unfit expressions you will perhaps have at least that kind of pleasure that one has in solving enigmas, or discovering secrets.

His chief teacher was Mme. Brillou, and the character of her task can be judged by one letter, in which she told her pupil that he must say "plus *de* (not *que*) 40 années; Penser *a* (not *de*) une chose; D'avoir permission (not *d'être* permis); Peut-être m'adresserai (not *je* m'adresserai)." But in point-

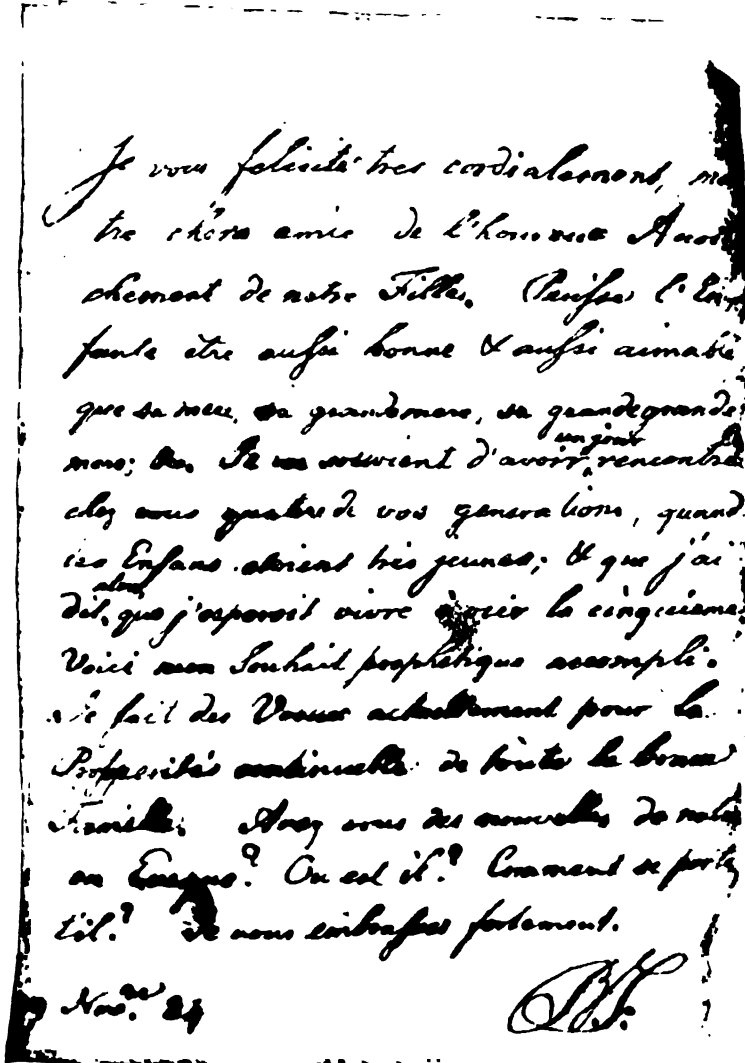
have spoiled your work, leave your works as they are, faults of words that tell something, and laugh at grammarians who for purity weaken all your phrases: if I had a good enough mind I should write a terrible diatribe against those who dare to touch you up, were it the Abbé de la Roche.

Finally he sent her a draft, and when it was returned, she had nothing but praise: "Bravo, Bravissimo? the letter for Mr. de Rayneval contains nothing to correct and Mr. Franklin only sent it to me from excess

of self love." Yet even such a testimony did not make Franklin trustful of his French, and after his return to America he felt it necessary to excuse it to his correspondents. "I have just been writing a French letter to Mademoiselle Chaumont," he informed one,

to collect books, though he was no bibliomaniac, and, indeed, satirized them in the stanza:

Pollio, who values nothing that's within,
Buys books as men hunt beavers—for their skin.



Je vous salue très cordialement, ma
très chère amie de l'honorable Acadé-
mie de notre Fille. Puisse l'é-
pouse être aussi bonne & aussi aimable
que sa mère, sa grand-mère, sa grand-grande-
mère; car il me arriveroit d'avoir ^{un jour} rencontré
chez vous quelqu'un de vos générations, quand
les Enfants auroient très jeunes; & que j'ai
dit, que j'exposerois vivre après la cinquième.
Voici mon Souhait prophétique accompli.
Je fais des Vœux actuellement pour la
Prosperité continuelle de toute la bonne
Famille. Avez vous des nouvelles de notre
oncle Jacques? On est-il? Comment se porte-
t-il? Je vous embrasse fortement.

Nov. 24

B.F.

A LETTER OF FRANKLIN'S IN FRENCH. IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

"but it costs me too much time to write in that language, and after all t' is very bad French, and I therefore write to you in English, which I think you will as easily understand; if not, ma chère amie, Sophie, can interpret it for you."

As instanced by his purchase of his uncle Benjamin's books, Franklin made the most of his years in London, from 1757 to 1775,

When the time came for his return to America, he expressed amazement at the number of volumes which had accumulated. In going to France a twelvemonth later, he left his library in the hands of his daughter, and when, a few weeks after his sailing, the British threatened to capture Philadelphia, "Your library we sent out of town, well packed in boxes." A year after, when the

British army gained possession of the city, a similar precaution was not taken, and this resulted in the loss of a number of his books in the following manner:

When Major Andre was with the British army in Philadelphia during the Revolutionary War he was quartered at the house of Dr. Franklin who had left in it much furniture and also his library. When the enemy were about to evacuate the City M. du Simitiere, a well known Italian gentleman attached to science and the fine arts, and well acquainted with Andre, waited upon him to take leave and to solicit his interest in their prevention if any irregularities should ensue upon their leaving the City. He found the Major in the library busily employed in packing up some books and placing them among his own baggage. . . . Du Simitiere said he was shocked at the procedure, and told him, in order that he might make the inference, of the strictly just and honorable conduct of the Hessian General Knyphausen with respect to General Cadwalader's house and property which had been in his possession. He (Gen. K.) had sent for the agent of General Cadwalader, and giving him an inventory which he had caused his steward to make out upon their obtaining possession, desired him to observe that all was left as they had found it, even to some wine in the cellar, every bottle of which was left, and he also paid the agent rent for the time he had been in the house. But the recital of the German General's honesty made no impression on the Major, as he carried off the books.

Though separated from his library while in France, Franklin did not lack for books, and one of the indictments Madame Gout brought against him was that, "While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast, by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading." Yet his public and social duties robbed him of many hours, and Jefferson records that "Dr. Franklin used to say that when he was young, and had time to read, he had not books, and now when he had become old, and had books, he had no time."

It was during his stay in France that he gave a public testimony to the value he set upon books. A town in Massachusetts named itself "Franklin," and its minister, the Rev. Nathanael Emmons, a connection of Franklin, wrote to him and asked if he would not, as a sort of sponsorial present, give the town a bell for its church, to be placed in a steeple they purposed to erect. "I have advised the sparing themselves the expense of a steeple," the utilitarian wrote a friend, whom he re-

TITLE-PAGE OF EMMONS'S SERMON ON FRANKLIN'S GIFT OF BOOKS. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

quested to select books to the value of twenty-five pounds, and these obtained, he sent them in lieu of a bell. Apparently, the substitute was satisfactory, for the minister preached a sermon on the gift, and when it was printed, the dedicatory page ran: "To his Excellency, Benjamin Franklin, President of the State of Pennsylvania, the Ornament of Genius, the Patron of Science, and the Boast of Man, this Discourse is Inscribed, with the Greatest Deference, Humility, and Gratitude, by his Obligated and most Humble Servant, the Author."

Upon his final return to America, he brought with him eighteen "large boxes of books," and his collection had now become of such a size that, in rebuilding his house, he was forced to enlarge very much his library room. The Rev. Manasseh Cutler has left a description of the old man and his books which gives a pleasant glimpse of them both:

After it was dark, we went into the house, and the Doctor invited me into his library, which is likewise his study. It is a very large chamber, and high studded. The walls were covered with book-

shelves filled with books; besides, there are four large alcoves, extending two-thirds of the length of the Chamber, filled in the same manner. I presume this is the largest, and by far the best, private library in America. He . . . showed us his long artificial arm and hand for taking down and putting books up on high shelves which are out of reach; and his great armed chair, with rockers, and a large fan placed over it, with which he fans himself, keeps off the flies, etc., while he sits reading, with only a small motion of his foot; and many other curiosities and inventions, all his own, but of lesser note. Over his mantel-tree, he has a prodigious number of medals, busts, and casts in wax or plaster of Paris, which are the effigies of the most noted characters in Europe. But what the Doctor wished principally to show to me was a huge volume on Botany, and which, indeed, afforded me the greatest pleasure of any one thing in his library. It was a single volume, but so large that it was with great difficulty that the Doctor was able to raise it from a low shelf and lift it on to the table; but with that senile ambition common to old people, he insisted on doing it himself, and would permit no person to assist him, merely to show us how much strength he had remaining. It contained the whole Linnæus *Systema Vegetabilia*, with large cuts of every plant, and colored from nature. It was a feast to me, and the Doctor seemed to enjoy it as well as myself. . . . The Doctor seemed extremely fond, through the course of the visit, of dwelling on Philosophical subjects, and particularly that of natural History, while the other Gentlemen were swallowed up with politics. This was a favorable

circumstance to me, for almost the whole of his conversation was addressed to me; and I was highly delighted with the extensive knowledge he appeared to have of every subject, the brightness of his memory, and clearness and vivacity of all his mental faculties.

His library was his chief resource in the last years of his life, when his malady kept him within doors and, for the most part, confined to his bed. "In the intervals of pain, he . . . amused himself with reading and writing," his grandson states; and another witness chronicles that: "When able to be out of bed, he passed nearly all his time in his office, reading and writing, and in conversation with his friends; and, when the boys were playing and very noisy, in the lot in front of the office, he would open the window and call to them: 'Boys, Boys, can't you play without making so much noise. I am reading, and it disturbs me very much.' I have heard the servants in his family say that he never used a hasty or angry word to any one."

Some men grow mad by studying much to know,
But who grows mad by studying good to grow?

asked Poor Richard, and the same epigram-maker asserted that:

He that lives well is learned enough.

(To be continued.)

THE DARKENED DAY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

SHE rises to me from the morning sea,
Sunsets and stars bring back her face to me;

I find her when my lone thought wanders far,
Beyond the gleamy reach of sun and star;

Where never winds or waters laugh or moan,
I hear her voice; it is the olden tone.

All quiet beauties of the day and night
Give her again to hearing and to sight;

But when the day returns she fled the years,
Then am I deaf with grief, death-blind with tears.

CARLYLE'S DRAMATIC PORTRAYAL OF CHARACTER.

BY FLORENCE HOTCHKISS.¹



HERE is no form of literature which makes quite such dreary reading as negative criticism. If it be extremely acute, clever, satiric, one may enjoy it for the moment as a species of intellectual fireworks. If it be deeply incisive, one may admire it for its keenness of intellectual insight. In either case, and especially if the book or author under fire has had some worth and meaning for one's self, one is left with a dismal sense of vacuity. Nothing has been given; something has, perhaps, been taken away.

The criticism of Carlyle is of quite another kind. It is of the type which alone has enduring value, that which deepens insight and quickens sympathy. It neither blames nor praises; it interprets. Among men of letters there is perhaps none who had the power of interpretation to a greater degree than Carlyle. He possessed the gift of imaginative sympathy,—the put-yourself-in-his-place faculty,—by which one sees events, not diminished and distorted, as they appear in the perspective of time, but life-sized and natural, as they were to the very actors of them. With this went his passionate love for all things human; that characteristic which made him say, referring to Sterling, "Across several unsuitable wrappings of Church-of-Englandism and others, my heart loves the man." At a time when the romantic spirit in literature and the radical in politics were strong in England, Carlyle showed that the man Johnson was something far greater than his classicism and his Toryism. He grasped the meaning of Johnson's life, dug him out from the debris of rumor and falsity under which prejudice had buried him, and restored him to a worthy place in the hearts of the English people. So he removed from Burns the ban that eighteenth-century Puritanism had laid upon his memory, and converted the sympathy of the world to Cromwell, whom the zealots of the Restoration had made into a monster. At a time of complete reaction against the sentiments of the

French Revolution, Carlyle revealed to his generation what had been the true meaning and purpose of that tragic struggle.

This power of seeing the real and fundamental in men and events goes far toward making Carlyle's greatness as an interpretive critic. Yet insight, deep as is Carlyle's, is not the quality which gives to his interpretation its unique character. Other critics have possessed insight to as great a degree. It is rather Carlyle's faculty of embodying his criticism in concrete form that makes its own peculiar greatness. He had not only the "devouring eye" of the critic, but the "portraying hand" of the artist; and therefore his work, instead of appearing in the ordinary scientific and abstract form of history and criticism, takes the shape of artistic creation. Because Carlyle, like the artist, was supremely interested in personalities, and was not, like the scientist, concerned with forces, movements, or institutions, he created the living characters of Johnson and Burns and Cromwell, instead of writing treatises upon their "influence" or their "place" in literature and history. To get a concrete little picture of "a certain old Edmundsbury monk" and the life he led seven centuries ago, Carlyle translated with infinite patience the chronicle of garrulous old Jocelin, the language of which "is not foreign only, but dead: Monk-Latin lies across not the British Channel, but the ninefold Stygian marshes, Stream of Lethe, and one knows not where!" Another man would have used this material to form an idea of the condition of the church in the twelfth century; Carlyle uses it to make an artistic character-portrayal of Monk Samson.

It does not adequately describe Carlyle's manner of interpretation, however, to say that it is artistic. It is not only artistic, but it is artistic in a special sense; it is dramatic. In the drama the individual reveals himself by his own words and deeds; or, in other words, action and speech are treated in such a way as to portray character and personality. Carlyle's method of characterization is this direct one. It is astonishing enough to find in one professedly philosopher, critic, and moralist Carlyle's power to create individual

¹ In THE CENTURY's college competition of graduates of 1897 this was deemed worthy of receiving the first prize for essays. Miss Hotchkiss of Geneva, Illinois, is a Bachelor of Arts of Vassar.—THE EDITOR.

characters; to find character portrayed in the external, concrete fashion of the drama is marvelous. As suggestive of the actual strength of Carlyle's dramatic power, compare his characterization with that of another creative artist and interpretive critic, Walter Pater. Contrast Marius with Mirabeau. Marius moves through the world like a disembodied spirit. His inner self we know—his character, his feelings, and his thoughts. We watch his spiritual development under the varying influences which come to him, and we know him as we might know an angel. But of the man Marius, how he looked, what he spoke and did, how he lived his ordinary, three-meals-a-day life, we know nothing. Mirabeau, on the other hand, with his shaggy boar's head, his pock-marked face, and his thundering voice, is a man and a living reality whom we both hate and love. We see his face, hear his words, and watch his deeds.

Yet evidently, when the term "dramatic" is applied to an author who never wrote so much as a single scene of a drama, it must be used somewhat loosely. While the dramatist employs dialogue and action on the stage, Carlyle, of course, reports conversation and describes action. He makes his narration so vivid, however, that it is almost as if the action took place before our eyes. Given generally in the present tense, intermingled with speech in the first person, and concerned with specific acts of individuals whom graphic portraiture has made real, it has the effect of revealing the characters to us at first-hand.

Carlyle uses vivid narration for scene-painting as well as for character-portrayal and makes some of his best dramatic effects by these means. Picturing by action almost always, in Carlyle's works, takes the place of static description. It may seem incredible that such vivid impressions of color and form as are left by "The French Revolution" should have been produced otherwise than by pure description, yet the fact remains that, with the exception of portraits, there is scarcely a description proper occupying more than a few lines. The picture of a summer evening in a country village which occurs in the account of the royal flight to Varennes, as an interlude for the rapid action which precedes and follows, is unique in the work. Look at some of the scenes which stand out vividly in the mind, to see that no complete picture is painted, but that, instead, separate actions are described. At the death-bed scene of Louis

XV, for instance, we hear priests chanting litanies at a "fixed money-rate per hour," see people betting on the probable outcome of the king's illness, notice Dame Dubarry "making up her packages" as she "sails weeping through her gilt boudoirs," and watch the courtiers disputing whether extreme unction may be administered to the king, while Louis, "in considerable impatience for his sacraments, sends more than once to the window to see whether they are not coming." So at the siege of the Bastille, we have no description of the building or of the mob surrounding it, but we catch a glimpse of Louis Tournay smiting at the outer drawbridge chain till it falls, and "half-pay Hulín" haranguing Gardes Françaises, Cholat the wine-merchant acting as cannoneer, and Elie, "with singed brows," dragging back one of the carts of smoking straw, while De Launay, within the walls, sits with lighted taper at arm's length from the powder-magazine; and, finally, we see Hussier Maillard, "the shifty man," balancing on a plank over the yawning abyss of the ditch, to receive through a port-hole De Launay's terms of surrender.

When Carlyle's object is character-portrayal, his use of the dramatic method varies from the description of a single action to the narration of a long series of incidents extending through a book of several volumes. Sometimes one speech or act reveals the man. In this way many of the personages of "The French Revolution" are introduced in the brief sight of them that we get as they march along in the procession of the deputies or stand among the eager crowd of onlookers: "Has not Marquis Valadi hastily quitted his Quaker broadbrim? . . . Does Louvet stand a-tiptoe? . . . Surely in some place not of honor, stands up or sprawls up querulous, that he too, though short, may see,—one squalidest, bleared mortal, redolent of soot and horse-drugs: Jean Paul Marat of Neuchâtel." There among the Commons Deputies is Mirabeau, who "steps proudly along and shakes his black lion's mane." And there goes Farmer Gérard from Rennes: "He walks there, with solid step; unique in his rustic farmer-clothes." Among the church dignitaries, "yonder halting lamely along, thou noticest Bishop Talleyrand-Périgord, his Reverence of Autun." Thus these actors come before the footlights. They will make many entrances during the progress of the drama, and most of them the same tragic exit.

Sometimes the actor comes but once on

the stage, plays his little part, and vanishes; yet Carlyle has made him as real and living a personage as the great Mirabeau. There, for instance, is that old ancestor of Mirabeau, one of the "ready-spoken" Riquettis: "Fancy the Dame Mirabeau sailing stately toward the church font; another dame striking in to take precedence of her; the Dame Mirabeau despatching the latter with a box on the ear and these words: 'Here, as in the army, the baggage goes last!'" Or, again, on that night when the king and royal family are escaping to Varennes, see "old Dragoon Drouet" in the village of Ste. Meneshould, "that figure in loose-flowing nightgown" who steps restlessly in and out of his doorway: "Choleric Drouet steps out and steps in, with long-flowing nightgown; looking abroad, with that sharpness of faculty which stirred choleric gives to man." It is he who, when the royal coach rolls in, recognizes king and queen through their disguise and gives the alarm for pursuit and capture. All night he rides like a John Gilpin with half the inhabitants of the towns after him; rides out of these pages, but not into oblivion. And who can forget Charlotte Corday, "who was Republican before the Revolution and never wanted energy"? "It is yellow July evening, the thirteenth of the month. . . . Marat sits about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted. . . . Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected. . . . Charlotte Corday is admitted.—Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen, the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. 'Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,' croaks the eager People's Friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion* and *Louvet* and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart."

While the vividness and extreme condensation of Carlyle's characterizations come out in these single-scene portrayals, it is only in the longer character-studies sustained through a whole series of incidents and speeches that their artistic unity and consistency are revealed. Mirabeau, whether he appears in a brief reference in some essay or throughout the first volume of "The French Revolution," or still more at length in the essay upon him, is always the same Mirabeau, the "Swallower of Formulas."

VOL. LVII.—54.

This faculty of seeing amid all the complexity of a many-sided man the fundamental force or dominant characteristic which explains his life is one of the transcendently great things in Carlyle's artistic genius. We may disapprove of his judgment of character,—we may not think that Voltaire, for instance, can be summed up by calling him a *persifleur*,—but we cannot doubt the artistic perfection of the portrayal. There is always danger, in this one-sided representation, of going beyond the actual necessities of artistic creation into caricature. Carlyle approaches to the border-line, as some of his incessantly repeated epithets point out; thus, Maillard is always "shifty Maillard," Pétion "virtuous Pétion," and poor Robespierre never anything but "sea-green" or "incorruptible Robespierre." His characterization is nearer Ben Jonson's than Shakspeare's in quality, yet, while it lacks the Shaksperian roundness and completeness, it is broader than the satirist's. Carlyle loved every human expression too dearly to become a mere satirist; the characters with whom he sympathizes reveal many sides of their nature, or, at least, many manifestations of one force; while even those whom he despises show some redeeming traits, some touch of humanity.

Throughout his works Carlyle is a dramatic artist. One would never think of calling "Oliver Cromwell" dramatic in the popular meaning of the word, but in the stricter sense in which we are using the term this work is one of the best examples of that quality. In "Oliver Cromwell" character is portrayed in the simplest and most direct way possible outside of the drama itself. Carlyle has taken endless pains to obtain every smallest scrap of authentic material on Cromwell, and then, suppressing himself from the book, he has merely presented a compilation of Cromwell's letters and speeches, given with just enough comment to clear away the obscurity in which time had veiled them. The man stands self-portrayed. The conception of such a biography and the working out of it as well are the very strongest evidences of Carlyle's belief in the supreme effectiveness of the dramatic mode of representation.

In "Past and Present" the dramatic interest is confined chiefly to the book entitled "The Ancient Monk," in which the character of Monk Samson is portrayed. The monastery of St. Edmundsbury is in need of an abbot, and certain brothers, Samson among them, have been deputed to recommend candidates to the choice of king and

bishop. Therefore we catch sight of Monk Samson tramping along the road to the bishop's house at Waltham, "his frock-skirts looped over his elbow, showing substantial stern-works." Next he is at the bishop's house awaiting the election of the abbot:

"Venerable Dennis made a speech, commending the persons of the Prior and Samson; but always in the corner of his discourse, brought Samson in. . . . 'Which of the two *do* you want?' inquires the Bishop, pointedly. 'Samson!' answered Dennis; 'Samson!' echoed all the rest, . . . and Samson is reported to the King accordingly. . . . The King's Majesty then says: 'You present to me Samson; I do not know him: however, I will do as you wish. But have a care of yourselves. *Per veros oculos Dei*, if you manage badly, I will be upon you!' Samson, therefore, steps forward, kisses the King's feet; but swiftly rises erect again, swiftly turns to the altar, uplifting with the other Twelve, in clear tenor-note, the Fifty-first Psalm, *Miserere mei Deus*, with firm voice, firm step and head, no change in his countenance whatever. 'By God's eyes,' said the King, 'that one, I think, will govern the Abbey well.'"

As abbot he sets about straightway to reform the finances of St. Edmundsbury: "On the morrow after the instalment he brings in a load of money-bonds all duly stamped, sealed with this or the other Convent Seal," and proceeds to break up the three-and-thirty official seals in use, substituting his own in their stead. Likewise he puts a stop to the laxities of the monastery: "The bibations, namely, had to end; even the building where they used to be carried on was razed from the soil of St. Edmundsbury, and on its place grow rows of beans." Samson is no less strict with himself, for we hear him rebuking Jocelin for changing the black platter of coarse food set before him for a daintier dish. And yet he is not all sternness; often he is seen distributing alms to the poor, and once jesting with a peasant woman as he rides down from London, and again sitting "in some opening of the woods" to watch the dogs run at the hunt. In this way we know the good abbot for ourselves; we do not have to take Carlyle's word for him.

One would naturally expect to find critical essays less dramatic in character than history or biography. "Heroes and Hero-Worship" and the "Critical Essays" are, indeed, more narrative and philosophical in the ordinary sense than "Cromwell" or "The

Ancient Monk," yet even in these works there are numerous dramatic touches. We get a notion of Richter, for instance, by seeing him writing in the room where his mother "busily pursued her household work," undisturbed by the "jingle of the household operations" any more than by "the cooing of the pigeons which fluttered to and fro in the chamber." Johnson reveals something of himself one day when, although "the weather is wintry and the toes of the man are looking through his shoes," he throws out of the window a new pair of boots which a gentleman of his college had placed at his door; and again, when he says, later in life: "A man might live in a garret at eighteen pence a week: few people would inquire where he lodged; and if they did, it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending threepence in a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread-and-water for a penny, and do without supper."

The characterization in "Sartor Resartus" is on a somewhat different order. This book might be called a spiritual drama, conceived after the manner of Browning rather than of Shakspeare. The "incidents" through which the character is portrayed are soul-crises instead of events; for it is the development of a soul, rather than the representation of the whole man through his life, with which the biography of Teufelsdröckh is concerned. Yet so strong is Carlyle's love for the external and the concrete that even in this most spiritual and philosophical work he presents the outward and human characteristics of the man. We get a glimpse of Teufelsdröckh as he sits "alone with the stars" in his dusty, chaotic garret,—*une philosophe sous les toits*,—or we see another side of his nature, Teufelsdröckh the genial and benevolent, as he smokes and drinks in the coffee-house "Zur Grünen Gans," and "lifting his huge tumbler of *Gukguk*," proposes his toast to the Cause of the Poor, in Heaven's name and the Devil's.

True as it is that Carlyle's dramatic art skill appears throughout his work, yet "The French Revolution" alone reveals it in its perfection. All the artistic qualities of his character-portrayal come out here at their best. Nowhere else is the action so rapid or the picture so vivid; nowhere else is the characterization so forceful and distinct. Moreover, Carlyle's method of representing character has its fullest illustration here; the whole work is one example of it. Not

only the most conspicuous figures are treated in the dramatic manner and made real and living persons, not only Louis and Marie Antoinette, Lafayette, Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre, but also the very chorus—Anacharsis Clootz, "Speaker of Mankind," and "old Dragoon Drouet," and Demoiselle Théroigne, "brown-locked Pallas Athene," and a host of others. Manifestly it is impossible to illustrate adequately from "The French Revolution"; look merely at two interesting characters whose fortunes are followed throughout the work. They are both to be seen in the crowd watching the procession of the deputies to Notre Dame: Camille Desmoulins, "he with the long curling locks and face of dingy blackguardism," "a fellow of infinite shrewdness, wit, nay humor; one of the sprightliest, clearest souls in all these millions"; and beside his slight-built figure looming up the "huge browny" one of Danton, "through whose black brows and rude flattened face there looks a waste energy as of Hercules not yet furibund."

Camille reveals himself to us first on the eve of the storming of the Bastille, when, rushing out of the Café de Foy, "sibylline in face, his hair streaming, in each hand a pistol," hesprings upon a table and harangues the populace. "To arms!" "The police satellites are eying him; alive they shall not take him, not they alive him alive." "'To arms!' yell responsive the innumerable voices. . . . All faces wax fire-eyed, all hearts burn up with madness. . . . Camille descends from the table stifled with embraces, wetted with tears." He flits through the Revolution, seen at the Insurrection of Women, at the Cordeliers' Club, and in the National Convention. Finally, in those days of the Terror when "the gods are athirst," he is suspect himself, because he ventures to ask in his paper, "Whether among so many arresting and punishing Committees there ought not to be a Committee of Mercy." Next he is in the prison of the Luxembourg, writing letters to his beautiful young wife—letters which still exist, "stained with the marks of his tears." To the Tribunal he answers: "My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus*; an age fatal to Revolutionists." In the death-cart he cannot "carry a high look," as does Danton, but "struggles and writhes; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied." The brisk, the witty, the emotional, the brave, weak Camille! We can say with Carlyle: "It were but false-

hood to pretend one did not almost love thee, thou headlong, lightly sparkling man."

How different that "Hercules not yet furibund," Camille's friend Jacques Danton, who "would sit whole hours, they say, hearing Camille talk, and liked nothing so well"! He too appears at the Cordeliers' Club and in the Convention, where he is called "Mirabeau of the Sansculottes," and later in the Committee of Public Safety. It is he who says, in the Legislative Assembly in those days of September, 1792, when the alarm-gun is booming on the Pont-Neuf: "'Legislators, it is not the alarm-cannon that you hear: it is the *pus-de-charge* against our enemies. To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we require? To dare and again to dare and without end to dare.'" After the defeat of Dumouriez upon the frontiers, when the fatherland is in danger, Danton is seen struggling to prevent the rupture of Mountain and Gironde: "Danton the Titan rises in this hour, as always in the hour of need. Great is his voice reverberating from the domes:—Citizen-Representatives, shall we not, in such crisis of Fate, lay aside discords? Reputation: O what is the reputation of this man or of that? 'Let my name be blighted; let France be free!'" But even Danton revolts against the extremities of Robespierre's dictatorship and shares the fate of Desmoulins. In the Luxembourg he was heard to ejaculate: "'This time twelve-month I was moving the creation of this same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man.'" Although raging at his trial like a lion in a net, he "carried a high look in the death-cart." At the foot of the scaffold he exclaimed: "'O my wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more, then'—but, interrupting himself: 'Danton, no weakness!'" "His last words were to Samson the headsmen: 'Thou wilt show my head to the people; it is worth showing.'"

In this supremely dramatic work, moreover, Carlyle's treatment of action goes further than the mere representation of character by isolated incidents. Action in "The French Revolution" is developed into something very like plot. From the time when the curtain rises on the death-bed of Louis XV till it falls on the execution of Robespierre, the action moves steadily forward, developing the fortunes of the characters from rise through climax to conclusion. The *dramatis personæ* with whom this continuous plot is concerned are not, however, individual men like Danton and Desmoulins, but personified groups of people—Royalists,

Republicans, Sansculottes. The fortunes of men form but the sub-plots, while the main action develops the tragedy of the rise and fall of Sansculottism. In the first book, "The Bastille," Sansculottism rises in the form of liberty overthrowing the oppression of a tyrannous monarchy; in the second, "The Constitution," it appears in the shape of disorder struggling against order, Mountain against Gironde; in the last, "The Guillotine," it triumphs in unrestrained anarchy, which, being self-destructive, swiftly brings down its own ruin. Thus "The French Revolution" shows Carlyle's dramatic power in the strongest light; he is able not only to treat action in detail so as to reveal character, but also to develop it at length into a sustained plot.

Utterly insufficient to illustrate Carlyle's dramatic power, as are the few examples of characterization presented, they may still give some suggestion of its greatness. Indeed, it may begin to seem less remarkable that Carlyle, the philosopher, possessed the dramatic quality to so great a degree than that he failed to develop it a step further and become an actual dramatist. He had that deep interest in human affairs and in the active side of life that the dramatist needs, and that wealth of imagination which not only creates individual characters, but portrays them in the most concrete manner possible. Why, then, was he never a dramatist? Probably it was not alone the strongly moral purpose of his work that prevented its taking the dramatic form. One may be moralist and dramatist at once, as Browning and Ibsen show. It was rather Carlyle's lack of the esthetic sense—one of his Scotch-Calvinistic traits—that made it impossible for him to put his work into the highly artistic form of the drama. Telling of his first visit to Paris in the "Reminiscences" of Irving, Carlyle says: "To the Louvre Gallery I went often; got rather faintish good of the pictures there, but at least no *harm*, being mute and deaf on the subject." Froude assures us that he "often ferociously insisted that he knew nothing about the fine arts and wished to know nothing." In literature, too, he despised the purely formal, and held the classical eighteenth-century formalists in utmost scorn. He was unable to appreciate the technical beauties of poetry, and could not understand why any one should write in poetry what could possibly be written in prose. The laws of ordinary prose composition were too strict for his bold and original spirit; he found it necessary to break through

them and become a law unto himself. One cannot, therefore, imagine him submitting himself to the stricter restraint of dramatic rules and molding his creations into the close and formal structure of the drama.

Carlyle's interest was all centered in the thought or the spirit which lay behind the form. As Lowell says, the remarkable feature of his criticism, illustrated in his exposition of Goethe's "Helena," is "the sleuth-hound instinct with which he presses on to the *matter* of his theme, never turned aside by a false scent, regardless of the outward beauty of form, sometimes almost contemptuous of it, in his hunger after the intellectual nourishment which it may hide." To him the sole object and end of poetry was truth. In his own writings he was intent only upon getting his meaning expressed in the clearest and strongest fashion. He felt that he had a mission for his generation, and he agonized his life out in the cause. It may seem a belittling of the work of such a man to regard it from the artistic standpoint. Could the soul of the philosopher rest in peace if he knew he was criticized as a dramatic artist? In a deeper view, however, one sees that Carlyle's art skill is his most efficient instrument for revealing thought and teaching truths. As his dramatic power is one of the greatest and most memorable aspects of his genius, so it is the chief conduit of his influence. Carlyle names *artist* him "who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us." Surely Carlyle's dramatic power is his "heaven-made Implement."

The relation of this power to Carlyle's position as an historian is too obvious to be overlooked. Why wrangle over his historical value and denounce him as "the most unhistorical historian who ever lived"? If history be, as Andrews defines it, "the science of humanity viewed upon its spiritual side and in course of evolution," Carlyle cannot be said to write history. He treats it, in the first place, as an art rather than as a "science"; he is concerned, not with the scientific deductions from the facts, but with the facts themselves. Moreover, he does not view humanity "upon its spiritual side," according to the modern historian's sense of the phrase; he treats, not of the customs and institutions that are the product of man's spirit and the historian's chief interest, but of the men themselves and the manifestation of their spirit in act and word. Finally, he does not grasp the evolutionary and continuous character of history, but sees it in isolated periods

or scenes, and therefore fails often to reach the deep-lying causes of things. In other words, Carlyle is not a philosophical and scientific historian. Yet it is absurd, for this reason, to cast aside utterly his history as history. "Cromwell" and "Friedrich" and "The French Revolution" supply just what is lacking in impersonal and philosophical history proper. They furnish color and life and reality to a dead abstraction; they give sympathetic insight into the characters of the time, and thus brighten with an emotional glow the dull pictures of constitutional history. It may truly be said that to do this is the office of the historical novel or drama. But Carlyle's work far surpasses those literary forms in historical accuracy. He certainly used the scientific method as far as the collection of facts is concerned, and searched tirelessly after the truth. His sincerity and love of reality made it impossible for him consciously to falsify, so that the picture he paints, although deeply colored, no doubt, by his powerful imagination and strong moral bias, is an honest and in the main a true one. His works have a real historical worth. They are not, like novels and dramas, art products with a background of history, but they are dramatic histories, the value of which depends both upon their accuracy and upon their power of emotional appeal. It is Carlyle's genius for dramatic characterization which gives to his history this latter quality in transcendent degree.

One is fairly well accustomed to the idea of dramatic history; other authors have produced it,—Gibbon, Motley, Macaulay,—though none with Carlyle's perfection in the combination of dramatic and historical qualities. It is far more remarkable to find a dramatic form given to philosophy. Who but Carlyle could have revealed German idealism in the shape of Herr Teufelsdröckh's Philosophy of Clothes? Carlyle has given a concrete form to the abstract notion of the relation of mind to matter, and has worked out the practical or moral bearings of the philosophy in the development of Teufelsdröckh's character. Critics have found fault with this whimsical way of treating philosophy, as if to present a grave and abstract subject in humorous and concrete form were to be "terribly at ease in Zion." Nevertheless, they must recognize the influence that the form of "Sartor Resartus" has had upon the spreading abroad of its thoughts. At about the time when Carlyle published "Sartor Resartus," Coleridge also

was expounding and interpreting German philosophy in England. He became the English high priest of transcendentalism; yet to the general reading world he is known only as the author of "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner." His philosophy is so swathed around with mysticism, buried in profundity, or evaporated in abstraction, that it is lost completely to the ordinary reader. Coleridge's direct influence as a philosopher has been upon the favored few, while all the world knows "Sartor Resartus," and through it has got at least some glimpse of what is the length and breadth and height and depth of the mind which was in Kant and Fichte.

The temper of mind which makes Carlyle almost a dramatist, while it strengthens his position as historian and philosopher, acts as an unfortunate limitation upon his work as a social reformer. The tremendous concreteness of his imagination made it impossible for him to grasp the abstraction "society" as a reality. Society was for him nothing more than the sum of all the individual men who compose it. He had no conception of such a thing as the collective wisdom and will of society, which is greater than the wisdom or will of the greatest individual. For him society consisted of the herd, the blind and unthinking flock, on the one hand, and, on the other, of the leaders of the flock, certain great, original souls, or heroes. His effort for social reform, therefore, was all in the line of teaching the necessity of obedience to the first class and of wise rule to the second. Except in the effects of its stirring criticism of the existing order of things and its influence upon such followers as Ruskin, his work as a social reformer may be considered as nil. It was based upon a false conception of society, attributable directly to over-emphasis on the individual.

If extreme individualization makes the weakness of Carlyle's social work in the narrow sense, it accounts for its strength in the broader field of morals. Notwithstanding the carping of various moralists who point out that he "overlooks moral evil," "confounds the physical with the moral order," discovers right and wrong by intuition, not by reason or revelation, and commits many other offenses of the kind, the positive value of Carlyle's ethics stands unchallenged. His emphasis on the supreme worth of character, on the sovereignty of duty, on sincerity and moral courage, and on the necessity for *work in well-doing*, has gained for him universal praise as a moralist. Yet, ordinarily, Carlyle does not moralize

abstractly; instead, he sees the qualities he loves embodied in a living person, and interprets and sets them forth by means of the man's own acts and words. In this, the highest sphere of his influence, his dramatic manner of characterization is preëminently important. It is not only in "Sartor Resartus," his specifically ethical as well as philosophical book, that the moral is worked out in dramatic character-development, but in almost every essay and book that he has written. Take, for instance, the heroes in "Heroes and Hero-Worship"; are they not every one, Odin and Mohammed, Shakspeare, Johnson, and Napoleon, personifications in varying forms of virtues fundamental with Carlyle—sincerity and strength? Occasionally, too, the ethics are brought out negatively by exposing sham and weakness, as in "The Diamond Necklace" and in "Count Cagliostro." So great is the art skill of this moralist that the characters never appear to be puppets, acting out a part. They are men of like passions with ourselves; in the strongest there is a taint of human frailty, and in the sternest a touch of tenderness. So simply and directly does this master re-

veal to us these living personalities that we forget the preacher and receive their influence straight from their lives.

If ever the saying that poets are born, not made, is true, it is so in the case of Carlyle. To him who scorned the esthetic in life and despised the formal in art, this gift of the portraying hand was given—this power of concrete conception and of dramatic representation. Much in his work that is marred by the limitations of his own nature or by the thought of the day has been saved from devouring time, while all that is best in thought has had its life lengthened and its influence widened quite immeasurably by its embodiment in an imperishable art form. It is impossible to conceive of Carlyle's work without its dramatically artistic quality, and as impossible to conceive of the man Carlyle without those characteristics of mind and heart which made him dramatic artist; for, as he says himself, "though this of painting is one of the outermost developments of a man, it comes like all else from the essential faculty of him; it is physiognomical of the whole man. Find a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something."

HIS WIFE.

BY EDITH BIGELOW.

NOBODY blamed Everard Bellairs (his real name was James Dodd) for being a little flirtatious. Good-looking actors are always subjected to fiery temptations, and even the plain

ones have their little chance to be wicked, I am told. Bellairs had a capital figure and a smile described by enthusiasts as "touching." It was a large smile, and fortunately his teeth were splendid. He had been on the stage since he was eighteen years old, and at thirty-eight had learned a good deal of his business. His manner—and his calves in "costume plays"—made him a favorite with the audience. When he had to knock down a villain and rescue trembling virtue, he was superb. To me he himself always personified trembling virtue. I mean that he was virtuous, but he wobbled. One felt that, decent as he was, conventional as he aspired

to be, some day when his pedestal should be shaken by the right person he would tumble. Meanwhile he was the proverbial butterfly which flits from bloom to bloom, not remaining stationary in one place long enough to injure the flower.

There was a Mrs. Bellairs. In this age of gorgeously dressed actor-manageresses, you might not have noticed her. Everard, to do him justice, would willingly have invested some of his large earnings in diamond necklaces and Russian sables; but Mrs. Bellairs would not allow it. She quietly accepted the checks he gave her, and cannily put them by for that rainy day which comes to all actors who are not cut off in their prime. They had no children; if there had been a boy or a girl to hoard for, Mrs. Bellairs would have been called prudent, whereas now she was spoken of as stingy. Bellairs was exceedingly lavish. He always took cabs when he wanted them, sent flowers to

everybody on the smallest provocation,—a pretty habit he had learned while touring in America,—and gave charming presents to any one who would accept them. His clothes cost him a pretty penny, if his wife's did not. Next to being in the divorce court, he dreaded having to wear a bad coat. When buttonholes were worn, his were the finest in London. He knew at once when a fashion was going to alter—did n't have to wait and ask, like men of less sartorial inspiration, whether a watch-chain was to be worn inside or out, how short a waistcoat ought to be cut, or of what color one's tie must be. He had an extravagant number of pairs of boots and shoes. Mrs. Bellairs showed them to me once, remarking: "Is n't Jim awful wasteful! My, what a lot, ain't there!" Mrs. Bellairs was not cultivated, but she was possessed of many more solid virtues than grammar. Everard had also one very solid virtue: he never betrayed the fact that he regretted having married a Birmingham factory-girl when he was a barn-stormer of two-and-twenty. He spoke charmingly, for he had all Shakspeare and a lot of contemporary dramatists at his back. When Minnie did something funny he never winced. His lovely eyes grew dreamy, and he changed the subject, that was all; but I think he resented being publicly called "Jim." I remember very well the season when Agatha Burney fell in love with Bellairs. It was when he was playing *Orlando*. He really was rather good; at least, not more offensive than nine out of ten fellows are under the circumstances. His voice was beautiful, he looked well in black, and his legs left nothing to be desired.

Agatha was my cousin—a woman of thirty, a widow, with a large jointure and a fascinating face. She had been abroad ever since Burney's untimely death. At that time Bellairs had been playing in the provinces, and had not yet awakened London to the fact that he was worth seeing and hearing. In a year's time he had leaped into popularity, had taken a theater of his own, and had a large following of men and women. It was then that Agatha brought home her boxes of Parisian confections, and began, in the gray and mauve trappings of mitigated bereavement, to frequent social gatherings once more.

I suppose she was ripe for falling in love with somebody. She was insanely romantic. Most women after thirty are more material and less sentimental, but Agatha, unluckily

for her, was still full of tender yearnings toward some sympathetic nature which, when she found it, was to supplement her own. Why on earth she did not choose to be supplemented by a bachelor, not a married man, I can't say. There were other actors—unmarried ones—quite as handsome as Everard, but she passed them by.

I shall never forget the night when I took her to "As You Like It." She had established herself in a flat not far from Sloane Square, and knew how to make herself comfortable. There had been another woman dining there that night, and a friend of mine also, a man who has nothing to do with the story. Agatha was lovely in pale gray and a good many diamonds and violets. The moment Bellairs came on the stage, her attention was riveted. A new phase of her life had begun.

She said nothing until after the last act but one. Then she turned to me.

"Fred, do you know Mr. Bellairs?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"I must meet him," said she.

"I know his wife, too," said I.

She recoiled.

"*His wife!*" she exclaimed. "Is he married?"

"Has been for years. Why not?"

"Oh, I did n't know; that's all," and she shrank back into herself.

When the others were praising Bellairs after the play, she was silent until the subject was changed.

It was of course easy for my cousin and the actor to meet. Before long they went to a dinner-party one Sunday evening, and sat next to each other. That was the beginning of—their mutual passion, I should like to call it, but I don't believe Bellairs ever had a real passion in his life. At any rate, poor Agatha gave herself completely up to her own romantic nature, which led her into all sorts of extravagances.

It was not long before she got herself talked about. An actor has a reputation which cannot be injured so far as women are concerned. Every new confiding creature who kneels at his shrine only advertises him the more, and makes a certain class of persons feel an admiring envy. Bellairs was "so nice," "so good," "such a gentleman," society said, that it could not believe any ill of him. It even went so far as to say that he was "wonderfully unspoiled."

As for me, I raged inwardly. I knew that he was honeycombed with vanity, that he

lived upon the admiration of silly women, that he was as devoid of great sins as of great virtues. He was not even a black-guard. He was only weak.

Though I was not in love with Agatha Burney, I was sad at heart to see her making a fool of herself over that pasteboard toy. There were plenty of men in the world who would have loved her truly and been free to tell her so, whereas Bellairs— However, that's enough about that.

In three months' time it was quite an accepted thing that she and her actor should be seen together walking, and even driving. Several excellent women friends of Agatha, scandalized, reasoned with her, and were answered with so much brevity and point that they left her house and did not return. When I hinted that even my latitudinarian views could not keep pace with her actions, she indignantly replied that my mind must be a base one if it was unable to conceive of a spiritual friendship like hers and Bellairs's. This answer so upset my gravity that I too was forced to retreat, though I did not, like the scandalized ladies, remain away.

While all this was going on, Agatha met Mrs. Bellairs only once. It was at a Sunday evening dinner, and I had the good fortune to be there. When the two women were presented to each other there came a solemn hush in the conversation, and all eyes were fixed upon them. Bellairs stood near by, his dashing beauty unmarred by any apparent misgiving. He took it all so jovially that we began to breathe more freely. Instead of glaring, or looking as if she wished to plunge a hat-pin into her rival, Mrs. Bellairs simply and kindly shook hands, and made a commonplace remark with a provincial accent.

Agatha turned all colors of which a complexion is capable. I thought I saw pity, contempt, and dislike warring together in her face. She was looking uncommonly handsome, and wore a sort of triumphant air which she had lately acquired—the air which says to the world: "I ask no more of you! I am loved! I am loved!"

It always makes me feel sorry, that sort of thing, because I am a man and know men, whereas the temporarily triumphant women do not.

Mrs. Bellairs was the kind of woman who has been rather pretty and is getting rather ugly. She was extremely thin, and took no pains with her dress. Her hair was at that trying time when it is neither brown nor

gray, but a little of both. It was badly arranged, and always had stray wisps, which escaped and hung, as straight as a string, down her neck at the back. Agatha's was waved and dressed to perfection, with a saucy diamond aigrette planted in the side. The contrast between the two women was startling. Some of us acquitted Bellairs, when we saw them together, or would have done so if this had been his first—or even his fourth or fifth—fit of "wobbling" on his moral pedestal. Dinner came to break up the ill-assorted group. The hostess had charitably placed Agatha and her actor on one side of a big clump of mimosa which successfully concealed the neglected wife.

The next time these two women met the circumstances had changed.

The season was nearly over, and society had plenty of fresh scandals to discuss. Bellairs had a very successful summer, playing to crowded houses, coining money, and achieving fresh social triumphs every day. His luck seemed inexhaustible.

One morning he went off on his bicycle, was run into by a van, and picked up—dead. In a short time the news was on all the posters: "Death of Mr. Bellairs," in staring letters.

My one wish was to get to Agatha before she could see them, but I was too late. When I reached her she had heard the paper-sellers in Sloane Square shrieking out the words. I never saw a dead woman look more dead than she did as I entered the room and she came to meet me; only there was that in her eyes which would never die till they were sealed forever. She stretched out both arms to me.

"Fred," she said, in an awed voice, "is this true? Is he dead?"

"I'm afraid so," I said.

"Then I must go to him," said she, quietly.

"My dear! Think a moment of the scandal," I remonstrated.

"Scandal?" she sneered. "Can he hurt me dead more than he has living? Fred, I've read that for a time people—dead people—know who is near them—that the spirit does n't go away for a little while. Perhaps he may know—"

She was rigid with her effort to control herself. I took her icy hand close in mine.

"But, dear," I said very gently, "you forget—his wife—his widow—"

"His widow?" she blazed out. "I am his widow, the widow of his heart and soul! He never loved her! She was only a drag upon him. He was mine, mine, *mine*!" And

here she gave way completely and became hysterical, weeping her heart out, calling "Everard! Everard!" until I was at my wit's end how to keep her from rousing the house.

Suddenly she became calm.

"I am wasting my time, and *he* needs me. Come. Let us go to him," she said.

It was useless to argue with her. I could only wait while she put on a hat and veil, and follow her out to the hansom.

To me, unblinded by grief, and clearly aware of what we were doing, that drive was the most trying one of my life.

When we reached the house, the hall door was open, and already messengers with notes and telegrams were coming and going. A dazed, shocked servant-maid stood on the steps, her eyes red with crying. (All women liked Bellairs.) Agatha said quite steadily, "I want to see Mrs. Bellairs."

To the distracted maid her authoritative demand was an order; and, to my consternation, she ushered us into the dining-room. There, at the desk, just rising from it, was the widow. Even in those first awful hours she had been forced to think and act for herself, for she was alone. She faced us with a stony stare. Her features were ravaged by grief. Years seemed to have passed over her. She was untidy, she was insignificant, and yet there was a moral dignity in her tragic countenance which I shall never forget.

"What are *you* doing here?" she asked blankly, but without resentment. "Who let you in?"

"I have come to see—*him*," said Agatha.

"By what right?" asked the other. "It seems a strange time to intrude upon me."

"The right that our friendship gives me," said my cousin.

"Your friendship!" echoed Mrs. Bellairs, and a strange smile writhed on her lips. "There ain't room for all his 'friends' in this house, but you're the first to come. You shall have your wish."

Beckoning to us, she left the room and walked up-stairs. We followed her, and she opened a door at the back of the house, and told us to enter. The room was Everard's study. I had been there and knew it well. On the sofa lay the body. It was covered to the throat, and a handkerchief was over the face.

The widow calmly drew this away, and stood aside that we might approach.

His beauty was unspoiled, and the fine features were perfectly composed. I looked apprehensively at Agatha. In her present

state I feared that she would do something terrible. She did not move. Her eyes fastened on the dead man's face and seemed to drink in every lineament.

For several moments—it seemed an age—there was absolute stillness.

Then Agatha said, "May I be left alone for a few minutes?"

Mrs. Bellairs nodded, and beckoned me to leave the room. Outside in the hall she turned to me.

"You think I'm magnanimous, don't you?" she said, with a wan smile.

I bowed my head, not trusting myself to speak.

"Why should I be mean to her?" she went on. "It'll be hard enough for her when she knows. I know she worshiped him—they all did. He had such a way with him—" Here she choked, but recovered herself instantly. "Even our parlor-maid loved him. I don't mean any harm. He would n't have stooped to flirt with a parlor-maid, though I was rougher than that once, and he loved me—but he was nobody much then, only his beautiful, winning self. I always wondered he fancied me—"

Her voice trailed off, and her eyes seemed to gaze inward at the picture of the past.

"She'll feel bad when she knows," she repeated presently.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "When she knows what?"

"That she was only one of a lot," replied Mrs. Bellairs, "and that he used to tell me all about 'em."

"Good Lord!" I gasped, "you don't mean that."

"I do indeed!" said she, a look of triumph wiping out the pain of her expression. "Every night at the theater he used to get a score or so of letters,—such love-sick, silly trash you never did read!—and he'd bring 'em all to me; he had n't any secrets from me. He used to come in to supper, and toss the pile of envelopes into my lap, and say: 'Here, old girl! You're the only thing that keeps me straight. Read these and tell me what to do with them. You're the only good woman of the lot.' He spoke just like that—he did indeed."

I was petrified and did not know what to answer. At that moment the study door opened and my cousin came out. Who knows in what agonized whispers she had bade good-by to the dead man? I, for one, am glad I did not hear them.

"Take Mrs. Burney into the drawing-room," said Mrs. Bellairs; then in a low

tone: "You tell her. It 'll come easier from you." Turning to Agatha, she said: "If you 'll kindly wait a minute, Mrs. Burney, I 'll fetch something that belongs to you."

As she spoke she turned away and mounted the stairs which led to the floor above. I took Agatha's hand and guided her into the drawing-room—the room next to the study.

"Must we stay?" she asked vaguely. "What does that woman want?" She looked so ill and crushed that I wondered to see her able to stand.

"We must wait a moment," I said. "Mrs. Bellairs wishes to see you. There is something to say to you—"

"Don't say it," she said wearily. "It does n't interest me. What does anything matter—now?"

I tried vainly to find words with which to prepare her for what I feared was coming. Our silence lasted until, five minutes later, Mrs. Bellairs returned.

She had a small packet in her hand. She walked straight up to Agatha with it.

"Here 's your letters," she said briefly.

Agatha looked at her dully.

"My letters?" she asked uncomprehendingly.

"To Jim."

"Jim?"

"Oh, 'Everard' I suppose you called him. His name was Jim Dodd."

Agatha sprang up, her face in a flame.

"You 've got my letters to Everard!" she cried in a frantic tone. "Have you read them?"

"Lor', no! Why should I read 'em any more than the others?" asked Mrs. Bellairs, plaintively. "There 's a bureauful upstairs. Jim never destroyed anything. There I think he was—wrong. There 's a drawerful of letters from a countess. She was more foolish than you, for her husband 's alive. They 'll all get 'em back. I 've a right to see to that. Jim has left 'em to me in his will."

I thought that Agatha would die where she stood. She groped toward me with her hands. "Come away," she said slowly and painfully, like a woman half deprived of the power of speech. She stumbled toward me, and I supported her.

"Won't you have the letters?" said Mrs. Bellairs. "Poor Jim! His great fault was vanity. I was the only woman he ever loved—God bless him!"

I took the packet, and got Agatha downstairs somehow. Several men dressed in black were standing in the hall.

"I expect that 's the undertaker," observed Mrs. Bellairs, simply, as she followed us.

We drove home in the red sunset light, while the world and his wife dashed by in hansoms, going out to dinner.



THE BLESSED PRESENT.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

PLUCK me yon rose, but say not, "T will not last!"
 Or that "To-morrow's rose may be more sweet."
 Say not, the darling bird I hear, will fleet
 When its green summer home yields to the blast.
 This moment, freed from Fear, that shrank aghast—
 From Hope, that ran on wing'd, mercurial feet,
 I, Sovereign of the Present, hoid my seat!
 All smile on me, and smiles on all I cast.
 Oh, hitherto, my love, I have been thrall
 To the old Past, dim ringing with regret;
 Or else, uncertain days of bliss to be
 Made me all restless with their veering call:
 But thou bestowest wealth I ne'er had yet—
 The blessed Present thou dost bring to me!

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC."

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, U. S. N.

PART II. THE RUN IN.

IN his first paper, in *THE CENTURY* for December, Lieutenant Hobson recounts his relationship to the scheme of sinking a collier at the entrance to Santiago harbor, and the various plans which were considered by Admiral Sampson and himself, and describes in detail the preparation of the apparatus and the vessel, and the difficulties of getting the *Merrimac* ready for the maneuver. The general plan is given in full, as well as the incidents of the first attempt, from which, it will be remembered, the vessel was recalled by the admiral. The pictures for the present article have had the benefit of Lieutenant Hobson's criticism.—THE EDITOR.

DISAPPOINTMENT AT THE RECALL.

WHEN the torpedo-boat *Porter* overtook the *Merrimac* and delivered the admiral's imperative order to return, one could see a cloud of gloom and disappointment pass over the men. No one spoke a word. Each man lingered near his post for some time, not wishing to make the effort necessary to get into a position of comfort. I knew how the men felt. A fearful reaction had set in. I remember catching hold of a stanchion on the bridge and leaning my head back against it as the ship swung around. Mullen soon came aft, looking like a specter, haggard beyond description. Charette was sent down to tell the engine force that the run was off. Mr. Crank appeared at the hatch, stripped to a breech-cloth; he was expecting to go in with the ship, and the reaction had seized him also. The situation must have appealed to the men on the torpedo-boat, for before she left us Lieutenant Fremont hailed with some kind words of sympathy. I told Mullen to have all the men lie down, and suggested that he do the same. He objected for his own part, and insisted that he be allowed to relieve me, and that I lie down myself. It was necessary to give him a positive order. The reaction took a different form with the boy Deignan. Nature's fatigue set in. Seeing a tired look come over him, I took the wheel and made him sit down, and soon he fell asleep as he sat. I made him lie down

on the bridge, and he went off into a deep, motionless sleep, utterly unaffected by the hailing and other noises that set in later.

We stood over to the *New York*, steered up parallel within hail, and stopped. The executive officer hailed, and said a relief crew would soon be over, but asked if we could take care of the vessel till the relief crew could get breakfast. We replied that we would take care of her as long as might be desired. The headway having carried us forward some distance, we put the helm astarboard to steer across and circle back, when suddenly the *New York* started up, her propeller-race began to seethe, and she shot by us at full speed. We looked ahead, and on the horizon to the southwest discovered a craft standing toward the harbor. Soon the smoke began to pour out of the *New York's* funnels. The craft stopped, turned about, and took to her heels, and a chase was on. The quarry was fleet and had ten or twelve miles' start. She drew hull down and then disappeared. The *New York* stood straight on and gradually disappeared, and for a long time the two columns of smoke told of hot pursuit. The *Porter* stood out at full speed to join in, and we saw her cut over the horizon. There would be hours of chase and hours for return.

A DAY OF WAITING.

A SCORCHING sun rose high in a cloudless sky; not a breath of air stirred; a blinding

glare came out of a glassy sea, and a day of waiting lay before us. Mullen soon came up again to say that the men could not sleep, and to insist on relieving me. I saw that the poor fellow was long past the stage for sleep, but it again required a positive order to make him go down. My instructions were that all the men should lie still in the shade, close their eyes, and think of nothing, whether they could sleep or not. Before long Charette, indefatigable and always thoughtful, came up with a piece of canvas, a boat cover, and rigged it as an awning over part of the bridge. It was actually exhilarating to watch him do this in his bright, cheery way. When the awning was snug he went below, soon reappearing with a bucket of water, apologizing that he had not been able to find a glass, and denouncing the strippers for the thorough work they had done in the pantry. This was not the first time he had had a fling at them, for coffee had been in fearful demand all night, and he had searched high and low again and again without finding a grain. The only articles that escaped were some cold meat and bread left by the officers from luncheon. We had finished these for supper, and Charette took it very much to heart that he could find nothing for us during the night.

Mr. Crank reported that on one of the boilers a gage-glass had given trouble, so he, Phillips, and Kelly stayed below, working on the repairs in the hot fire-room.

We remained thus till late in the afternoon. The fleet lay off several miles to the eastward and northward. About ten or eleven o'clock the *Marblehead* and the *Harvard* stood over, and a boat came off from the *Marblehead* to get the effects of Captain Miller to put them on the *Harvard*. Evidently he was to go North. His effects had been put on the *Massachusetts* before she left us the day before. The boat officer, Ensign Gherardi, must have seen some evidence of destitution, for he inquired if we had had breakfast, and insisted on going over to the *Marblehead* to get us something. We told him that what we wanted was coffee, black and scalding. He brought off a steaming bucketful, with plenty of hardtack—a superb combination. It is inconceivable how revivifying it was. We had been calling aloud for hot coffee, even those of us who were not accustomed to its use.

The hours passed without further incident. A press-boat passed by and asked to come aboard. The *Marblehead* asked for the camels, or floats, that the *Merrimac* had

on board for use in coaling alongside at sea. We told her she could have them if she would send her own men to get them out. Before young Gherardi left, he suggested that a junior officer might be of service and asked to be allowed to go in with us, necessitating again the duty of refusal.

THE PLAN OF GOING IN AT SUNSET.

ALONG toward one or two o'clock the *Porter* stood back. Evidently the chase had been brought to a finish, or the *New York* had demonstrated her ability to attend to the case unaided. We signaled the torpedo-boat by wigwag to come within hail. The absolute necessity for good conditions of light and the lesser consequence of any difference in the chance of escape had become fully impressed upon me, and taking account of the condition of the men, it appeared that it would be best to go in about sunset. When the *Porter* arrived within hail I asked her to go out to the *New York*, inform the admiral of this conclusion, and request permission to execute it. She said the *New York* would be along in an hour or two, and little if any time could be saved by her going back; so she stood on down toward the fleet, after being requested to apply to the vessels for additional electric firing-batteries, so we could put over the four torpedoes left off the belt. The *Marblehead* had already been applied to, but had no cells to spare. We had been drifting farther out, and the *Brooklyn* signaled to come closer. We were only waiting for the *Marblehead's* men to get the floats clear, and these were giving trouble. The *New York* appeared above the horizon and stood down toward the fleet. Finally we were clear. The *Marblehead*, upon application, had sent over a machinist and a fireman, Phillips and Kelly being still engaged in the repair-work. We stood down through the fleet and rounded to, ranging parallel to the *New York*. When within hail, I requested permission from the admiral to go in at sunset. The answer from the flag-lieutenant was: "The admiral's reply to your request is directions for you to come on board." The *New York* sent off a boat, and I went on board, leaving Mullen in charge.

The admiral and his chief of staff, Captain Chadwick, listened to the plan for going in at sunset, and seemed to regard it, as well as the idea of going in after daybreak, as involving too much risk and exposure, cutting off all chance of escape. The admiral having refused my request, I suggested a modi-

sification that might reduce the enemy's fire, by having the coopération of the fleet. The plan was that the fleet, including the *Merrimac*, should form in column and circle by, passing down as far as the bearing forming the course for entering, each time crossing this bearing a little nearer the entrance, fire not to be opened unless first begun by the enemy. On the second or third turn, upon arriving on the course, the *Merrimac* should break from the circle and dash forward for the entrance; the whole fleet should open on the batteries, which would doubtless answer upon the fleet; and thus before the enemy could recover from the first shock and from the idea that the manœuver meant bombardment, the *Merrimac* could enter and do her work. After consideration the admiral decided against this plan also, holding that the manœuver would cause the enemy to man all their guns and be in full preparation, and that they could divert their fire from the fleet to the *Merrimac*. Both he and Captain Chadwick still regarded it wisest to make the effort before daybreak. I represented again that a certain amount of light was absolutely necessary for success, that the men were under heavy tension, and that we ought not again be recalled. It was finally decided that we should wait till the last hours of the moon; but it was agreed and understood that if I found the moonlight too dim I should be allowed to go in after daybreak, without fear of recall.

TWO ELEMENTS OF WEAKNESS.

SINCE the last conference with the admiral, my instinct had set more and more strongly toward the two elements of weakness, the danger of the steering-gear being shot away before the time for putting the helm over, and the fragility of the electric batteries. The thought of the steering-gear being shot away had been haunting me all day. Investigation showed that it was impossible to arrange for steering in any other way, and I called the admiral's attention to this peril as the only one that could prevent the success of the manœuver; for it was absolutely necessary that the vessel should be pointed fair so as to enter the channel without the use of helm, and for this good light was essential. The admiral said that he had already thought over the matter and fully appreciated the situation, but that the chances were against the steering-gear being shot away so soon. In view of the fragility of the firing-cells, the gunner was

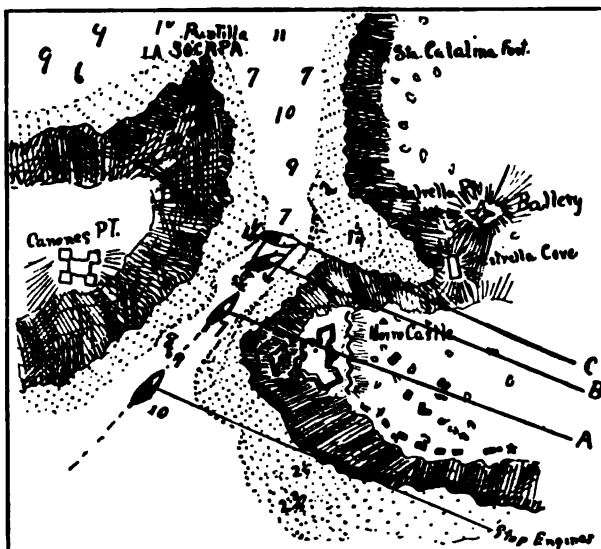
sent over with additional cells, with directions to put on the four torpedoes left off the belt the night before. My conviction of the inherent weakness of this part of the plan was so strong that, as a last request, I asked the admiral a second time to allow me to take the war-heads, promising that I would not use them unless the belt-torpedoes proved inadequate and they were necessary to success. The admiral again refused, using the same words as before: "They would blow everything to the devil."

Besides the gunner and his gang a deck force was sent over to prepare another life-boat. This time I decided not to attempt to tow it, but to carry it slung from a cargo boom over the starboard quarter below the rail. The idea was that, instead of jumping overboard, the men, after finishing their duties, would "lay aft" and rendezvous abreast the life-boat, waiting until directed to get in. All being ready, the suspending line would be cut and the boat drop adrift. The arms and equipment and the plan for handling the boat would be the same as decided on in the first instance. Attention was called to an old catamaran at hand, and it was slung over the side in a similar way near the life-boat.

MULLEN'S PLUCK.

AS soon as it was settled that the entrance was not to be made at sunset, a relief crew was sent over, and the men from the *Merrimac* were sent on board the *New York* to get a little rest and a hearty meal. However, they were unable to sleep, and cared for little refreshment except coffee. They were beyond the stage of appetite or sleep. After they arrived, Captain Chadwick called me up to say that he had seen Mullen, and there was no question about his being utterly exhausted. I had feared as much, for he had been working all night and the previous day, missing four successive meals. It is difficult for one not present to conceive the fearful conditions of strain, mental and physical, that Mullen was under when we were fighting against time in the preparation of anchors and chains. With the prolongation of anxiety, and without ability to rest, he had almost passed the limit of human endurance. But he was game to the end, and would not give up. It required an imperative order from Captain Chadwick to keep him back.

It now became a question of selecting a man in his place. When the *Iowa* sent her



DRAWN BY R. S. GIELOW UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF LIEUTENANT HOBSON.

PLAN OF THE MANEUVER AS PROJECTED.

A, Position for putting helm apart and dropping bow anchor; B, Position for dropping stern anchor; C, Position athwart, riding to span.

long list of volunteers and learned that so few men were required, she selected one man from all the number—Murphy, cockswain. There can be no question about a man whom a ship's company singles out to be its representative. It was decided to take Murphy, and I was to determine after seeing him whether to intrust to him Mullen's perilous duty. Signal was made to the *Iowa* to send him over.

KINDNESS OF OFFICERS.

ALL remaining details were attended to. The executive officer of the *New York* thoughtfully directed a basket of provisions and a bucket of strong coffee to be ready. The fleet surgeon prepared two canteens of medicated water. A short while remained before the time for leaving, and I went below for a shower-bath. It was deeply touching to see the kindness and thoughtfulness shown on all sides. The caterer had directed the steward's special preparation of coffee, and a cup, black and steaming, was kept ready on the table for the moment of coming below. The orderly came down to say that Captain Chadwick would be happy to have me join him in a late afternoon luncheon—most thoughtful and opportune, for I should be leaving about the dinner-hour. One officer had just received some specially fine lemons and oranges: I must try them and take some along. One officer had a handsome brace of pistols: surely they would be better than the bulky

service revolver. Another had a special cordial with virtues all its own: might he not put up a bottle? Captain Miller, who had been assigned to my state-room, was foremost in cordiality and expressions of kindness. But most touching was the solicitude of Captain Chadwick. He did not wish me to talk, for it would require exertion. I must sit down, though he and the admiral were standing. I must lie down and sleep upon reaching the *Merrimac*. It was in vain I assured him that I was in excellent shape, with pulse normal, nerves steady,—if anything a tinge phlegmatic,—brain as clear as a bell—in fact, only in "second wind," as it were, while the limit of endurance was not in sight. He would not be convinced, and even threatened that if I did not take measures for resting he should feel like advising the admiral not

to let me go in next morning. In fact, before leaving he delivered strict orders that on reaching the *Merrimac* I should remain below and not appear on the bridge before one o'clock.

GOOD-BY TO THE FLAGSHIP.

THE crew of the *Merrimac* left the *New York* about six o'clock. The admiral was at the gangway, the last to say good-by, having again a simple word of kindness, a hand-pressure, a look that spoke more than a volume of words. Cadet Palmer made a last plea to be allowed to go, saying that he was assistant navigator, was in practice in taking compass bearings, and would be useful in approaching the entrance, and the admiral and chief of staff approved. Such was his eloquent pleading, difficult to refuse, but the same reasons held as in the other cases.

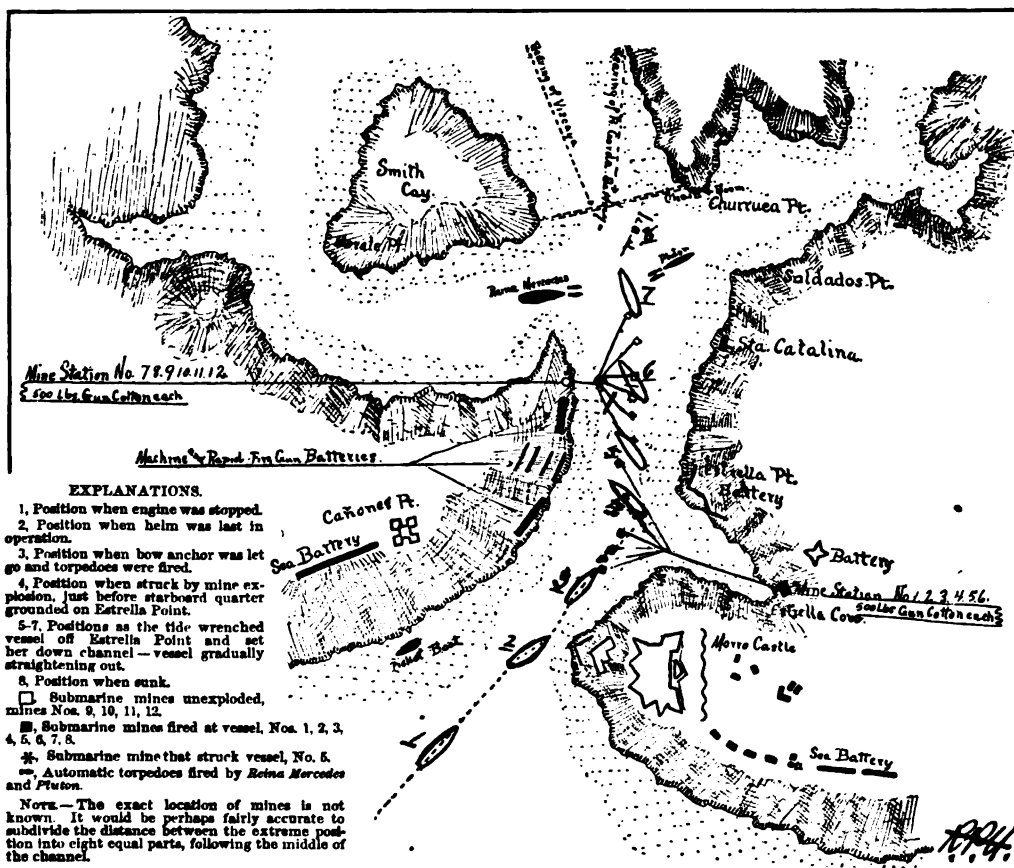
As we went over to the *Merrimac* the vessels of the fleet were standing down for their night positions of blockade on the arc of a circle around the entrance, about four miles from the Morro as a center. Cadet Joseph W. Powell came to take charge with the relief crew, a pilot being with him to assist in keeping the Morro located. Upon arriving, the gunner reported that three of the torpedo connections would not respond to the test, and in consequence there were only seven for service, these being located in the position of the six of the previous night, with the additional one aft, corresponding

to position Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8. [See plan, p. 268 of the December CENTURY.] Moreover, he had found that the cells would act with better effect if arranged in separate groups, and had so arranged them, with ten cells to each torpedo, the cells lying on the deck abreast the torpedo, each torpedo having thus its own independent contact. In view of the additional security in not having all the cells concentrated in one spot, the arrangement was accepted, although it would require at least one additional man and would cause the firing to be less under my own control. The boatswain's mate reported that the life-boat and the catamaran had been arranged as directed, and his gang and the gunner's gang were sent back to the *New York* before we got under way, the steam-launch returning to remain with the *Merrimac* to take off the relief crew when the regular crew should take charge.

In the launch in which we came off a new man was sitting in the bow; some one said it

was Murphy of the *Iowa*. I looked at him well and felt that there need be no hesitation about giving him Mullen's duty.

Powell went on the bridge with the pilot and took charge. The *Merrimac's* crew were directed to lie down and try to sleep until they should be called; Powell would have us called at one. In obedience to orders to rest, I went into the bridge-house and lay down on the transom. The *New York* and the *Merrimac* stood down in company till the *New York* reached her blockading position. It was interesting to listen to the sounds of the engines, of the vessel moving through the water, and of the voices on the bridge. The two ships hailed several times, and then made a farewell hail as the *New York* drew off to her position. The *Merrimac* stood on farther to the southward and westward till she reached a position just outside of the blockading line, with Morro bearing about northeast. Here she lay motionless for several hours, waiting for the time to start.



THE LOOK OF THINGS.

THERE was a weirdness in the situation as I looked out of the air-port from time to time. The moon, now nearly full, rose high, and reached and passed the meridian without a cloud appearing in the sky. The *Brooklyn* lay off to the northwest, and in the reflected light looked almost white; the *Texas*, to the northeast, presenting her shadowy side, looked dark and menacing. The other vessels farther in the distance seemed like phantoms. All lights were extinguished, and the moon was supreme in the stillness. The mountains far back beyond Santiago were scarcely visible; the peaks closer to the westward rose high with distinct sky-line. The mountains continued landward the circle of the ships.

REHEARSING THE WORK.

SLEEP was out of the question, so I went over, to the minutest detail, the various features of the work to be done. The torpedoes, with the new arrangement, were to be fired in succession, beginning forward so as to throw her down by the bow. After letting go the anchor, Murphy was to fire torpedo No. 1 without further orders. Charette was then to fire torpedo No. 2, then torpedo No. 3. Deignan, after putting the helm hard aport, was to "lay down" to torpedo No. 4 and be ready to fire by the time No. 3 went off. An additional man was to be selected from the relief crew to attend to torpedo No. 5. After stopping the engine, Phillips and Kelly were to open the sea connections and flood without further orders and then come on deck, and Phillips was to stand by to fire torpedo No. 6, and Kelly torpedo No. 7.

Those were hours of interesting experience before the start. There was no diversion of the senses, and this fact and the feeling of loneliness seemed to deepen the impression of the closeness of God and nature. My business affairs had been disposed of at the beginning of the war, and I had no disquieting thoughts as to the past or the future. The mind and heart accepted the reality of things with deep, keen, exquisite delight. There were singular emotions, as the thoroughness of preparation and the sureness of execution became clearer and clearer, while the details and the processes were gone over again and again. Toward midnight, when there was no longer any chance of the moon failing, these emotions amounted to exultation, so much so

that I could not help giving it expression. Charette had been stirring near at hand; in fact, a little while before, when some one in the darkness had made a noise, Charette expostulated in a vehement whisper: "Can't you keep quiet there! Don't you know Mr. Hobson is sleeping here!" I called out: "Charette, lad, we are going to make it tonight. There is no power under heaven can keep us out of the channel." He seemed surprised that the outer channel was the objective, and said that he and all the other men thought we were going up into the harbor; that the admiral, Captain Chadwick, and I had been seen consulting the chart which took in the inner harbor, and they all thought that we would go inside three miles beyond the entrance. Such was the mission for which these brave men had so ardently volunteered.

CLAUSEN NOT A STOWAWAY.

AT about a quarter of one Charette was sent to call the other men and take the bucket of coffee to the fire-room and bring it up steaming. About one I went on the bridge. Powell and the pilot were walking up and down. They pointed out the Morro, just discernible with the night-glasses, about five miles distant, bearing about northeast by the compass. A fine-looking seaman was at the wheel. I went close and examined him, and said to myself: "Unless looks deceive, he is the man for the additional work with the torpedoes." Before being spoken to he asked if he might go with us. "What is your name and rate?" I asked. "Clausen, cockswain of the barge, sir." The rating confirmed my judgment from his looks, and I replied: "Yes; you may go. When relieved at the wheel you will be given your station and duties." The delight in the man's face could be seen in the moonlight. Clausen's inclusion in the crew was thus entirely regular. The report that he was a stowaway was doubtless due to the fact that he was not in the original crew of six determined upon before the rearrangement of torpedo connections.

PRECAUTIONS FOR RESCUE.

POWELL reported that the admiral had directed the steam-launch, after putting off the *New York's* men on the nearest blockading vessel, to stand in toward the entrance and stand by to lend assistance to the *Merri-mac's* crew in escaping. This measure had been suggested by me because the admiral seemed so solicitous about our escape when

DRAWN BY GEORGE VANDAN

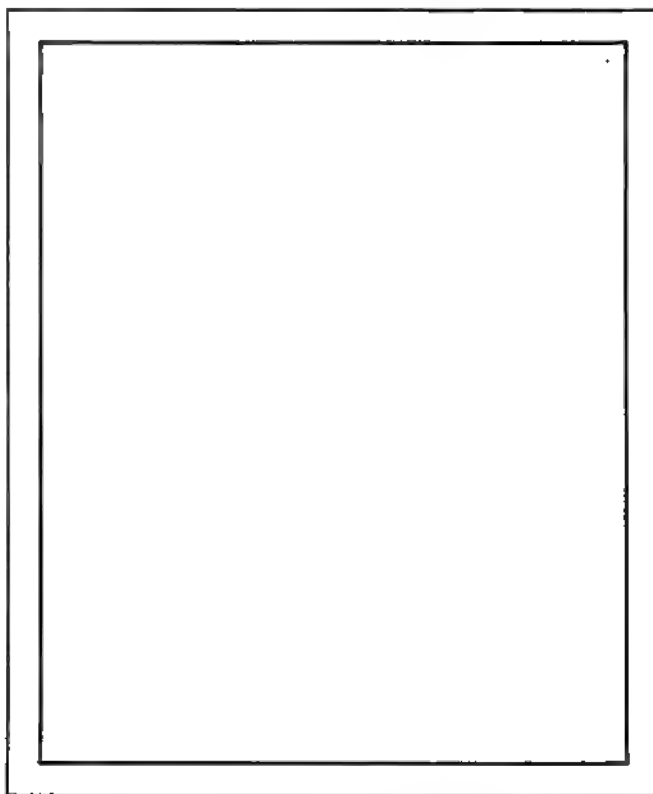
LIEUTENANT HOBSON BIDDING GOOD-BY TO ADMIRAL RAMPSON.

considering the question of going in at sunset. I had suggested the measure only in connection with the sunset plan, and made no further reference to it when decision was made against that hour, since it was questionable whether the chances of escape were sufficient to justify the exposure of the launch's crew. Powell's report was, therefore, a surprise. It was too late to consult

the admiral again. His decision in the matter must be accepted. I asked Powell if his engines and fires were muffled. He answered yes, that he had put over canvas covers, that the launch's regular crew had all volunteered, and that all preparations had been made. It was interesting to see his own delight at the prospect of the work. We arranged the rendezvous. The launch would

creep up from the westward and watch for the appearance of boat or men. If the boat were destroyed and the men could not stand out against the tide running flood, he would look out to dash across the entrance for rendezvous under the seaward side of the Morro, near the mouth of the caverns.

orders. Murphy listened without a word to all the instructions concerning the precautions to be taken in view of the exposure in firing the torpedo: for the forecastle was narrow, and while making contact he would still be in danger from the rushing chain and the breaking stops and hawsers; moreover,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTERKUNT

ASSISTANT-ENGINEER ROBERT K. CRANK.

THE LAST MEAL ON THE "MERRIMAC" AND FINAL PREPARATIONS.

CHARETTE now brought the coffee on the bridge; all the crew came up, and also Mr. Crank from the engine-room. Some sandwiches were at hand; we had a cheerful breakfast. Even the pipe came out as usual. About half-past one we "turned to," and the men went to their stations. I went the round, fore and aft, to go over the duties with each man. Murphy, on the forecastle, was given the same instructions that Mullen had had; in addition, after receiving the cord signal to cut the anchor lashing, and after the lashing had been cut on the starboard side, he was to pass over to the port side and make contact to fire torpedo No. 1 without further

the forecastle had no bulwark or rail, and though high above it, he would be exposed to a heavy blast from the torpedo explosion, the collision bulkhead being directly beneath. Indeed, it was intimated that he might be wounded by the explosion even under the best conditions of precaution. He examined the lashing and block under it, saw the new ax at hand, found the end of the signal-cord, examined the wire ends for making contact, and replied simply: "It shall be done, sir."

Charette was already familiar with torpedoes No. 2 and No. 3. Deignan was taken to torpedo No. 4, Phillips to torpedo No. 6, and Kelly to torpedo No. 7, and each instructed as to the firing. Montague's duties were the same as for the first run. Deignan

RANDOLPH CLAUSEN
OSBORN WARREN DEIGHAN.

DANIEL MONTAGUE.
FRANCIS KELLY

GEORGE CHARLIE.
GEORGE F. PHILLIPS.

MEMBERS OF LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S CREW.

[THE PORTRAIT OF J. E. MURPHY, OF THE CREW, COULD NOT BE OBTAINED IN TIME TO BE PRESENTED HERE.]

relieved Clausen at the wheel, and Clausen was taken to torpedo No. 5. Phillips and Kelly would have the same duties below as previously arranged. All were instructed about the rendezvous and directed afresh to lie down on their faces except while executing work, and to pay no attention to the enemy's fire, no matter what it might be.

Good-bys were now exchanged. The *New York's* men, Powell, and the pilot disem-

back, and took Mr. Crank. Then it was that this gallant engineer left the *Merrimac*. He had not gone from her for a moment during the whole course of preparations, had not had a moment's rest in two days and two nights, and had been repairing the boilers and putting them in shape while the others were unengaged. He had expected to go in the first day and had passed through all the experience of suspense preceding action.

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARNER.

THE LAST MEAL BEFORE ENTERING.

barked. Just then Mr. Crank came up and reported engines and boilers ready for the run, the boilers requiring no further firing. The launch had shoved off and was some distance away, and Mr. Crank repeated the tender of his services to go in. It would have been wrong to accept them. I hailed the launch. There was no reply. Then I hailed again, louder. Still there was no reply. On a still louder hail it stopped, came

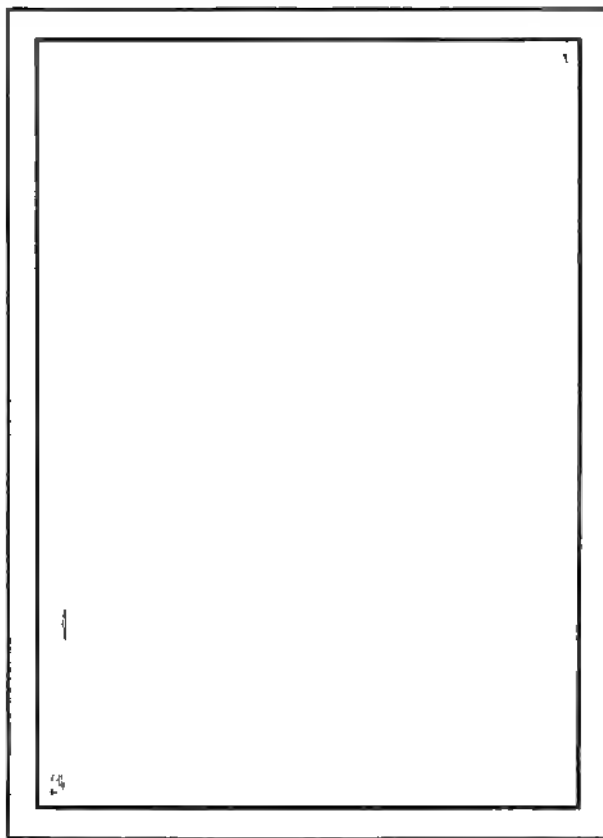
The launch headed for the *Texas* and was soon lost sight of. Preparation was ended. The road was clear. The hour for execution had come.

MAKING FOR THE ENTRANCE.

THE *Merrimac* was heading about west-southwest. The engine telegraph was turned to "slow speed ahead," the helm put astarboard, and we gathered headway and swung

round by the southward and stood up slowly on the course. The moon was about an hour and a half high, and steering for the Morro, we were running straight down the reflected path of light. To clear this we stood to the

light we were in clear view, and our movements must long since have caused suspicion. The enemy was now doubtless on the verge of sounding the general alarm, if indeed it had not already been sounded. The orders were:



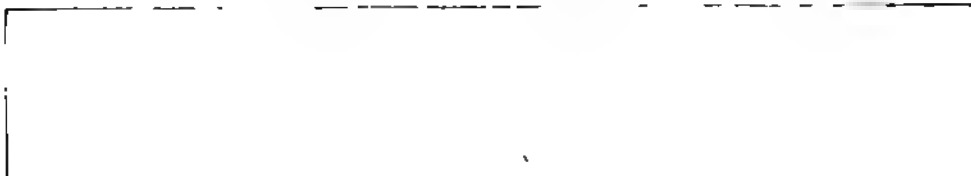
PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. M. CABLE.

ENSEIGN JOSEPH WRIGHT POWELL.

eastward of the course, and crept along obliquely at about four knots. Charette was sent to see that all the men were equipped and the revolvers loaded. It took only a short time to strip off uniforms and put on revolver-belts and life-preservers. Charette soon came back and reported that all the men were equipped except the two below, who had stripped to breech-cloths, and who asked permission to leave their revolver-belts and life-preservers at the head of the hatch on account of the inconvenience in working engines and boilers.

As we stood on, the outlines of Morro and other shore objects became clearer and clearer. The blockading vessels were miles behind. When we arrived within about two thousand yards there could be no further question of surprise. In the bright moon-

"Full speed ahead!" "Steady astarboard!" and the engine telegraph recorded prompt execution, Deignan repeating in firm voice: "Steady astarboard, sir." The vessel responded as if animated. The foam began to fly from our anchors, which, slung over bow and quarter, just trailed in the water, and our bow swung round to the northward and westward. "Meet her!" was the order. "Meet her, sir," was the reply. "Steady!" "Steady, sir." We stood down toward the course for entering. Charette was sent below to tell Phillips and Kelly that we were on the final run and that the signal to stop would be the signal to open up sea connections and then "lay up" on deck by the torpedoes, and both were directed to put on revolver-belt and life-preserver as soon as they reached the deck.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO

The cave in the center was the rendezvous for the crew in case of escape after the sinking.

Morro drew farther to starboard. It bore north, then north by east, then north-north-east. We must keep clear of the two-fathom bank and not overreach to the westward. "Nothing to the westward?" "Nothing to the westward, sir." Morro bears northeast by north. "Port!" "Port, sir." "Steady!" "Steady, sir." "Port a little!" "Port a little, sir." Morro bears northeast. "Steady!" "Steady, sir." "Head for the Morro!" "Head for the Morro, sir." The night-glasses showed up Estrella. "Can you make out the white spot to the left of Morro?" "Yes, sir." "That is Estrella. Steer for Estrella!" "Steer for Estrella, sir." The swell approaching the entrance might tend to set our stern to port. "Watch the helm!" "Watch the helm, sir." "Do not let her yaw, but use only a gentle helm!" "Aye, aye, sir." Deignan's whole thought was centered on his helm. He seemed to

forestall any deviating tendency, and the heavy collier kept as straight as a handy yacht, and on we drove down the exact course. Morro drew higher in the sky, and the western side of the entrance, though dim as expected, showed the bald spot of the sea battery on top.

We were within five hundred yards, and still no token from the enemy, though the silence was ominous. Ah, we should make the channel now, no matter what they might do! I knew how long the vessel carried headway, we were making nearly nine knots, and soon the flood-tide would help, while we had over seven thousand tons of reserve buoyancy that would carry us the required distance even under a mortal wound.

THE FIRING BEGINS.

ANOTHER ship's length, and a flash darted out from the water's edge at the left side of the

entrance. The expected crash through the ship's side did not follow, nor did the projectile pass over; it must have passed astern. Strange to miss at such short range! Another flash—another miss! This time the projectile plainly passed astern. Night-glasses on the spot revealed a dark object—a picket-boat with rapid-fire guns lying in the shadow. As sure as fate he is firing at our rudder, and we shall be obliged to pass him broadside within a ship's length! If we only had a rapid-fire gun we could dispose of the miserable object in ten seconds; yet there he lay unmolested, firing point-blank at our exposed rudder, so vital to complete success. A flash of rage and exasperation passed over me. The admiration due this gallant little picket-boat did not come till afterward.

Glasses on the starboard bow showed the sharp, steep, step-like fall with which the western point of Morro drops into the water. This was the looked-for guide, the channel carrying deep water right up to the wall. "A touch of port helm!" was the order. "A touch of port helm, sir," was the response. "Steady!" "Steady, sir." Now, even without helm, we should pass down safe. Suddenly there was a crash from the port side. "The western battery has opened on us, sir!" called Charette, who was still on the bridge, waiting to take the message to the engine-room if telegraph and signal-cord should be shot away. "Very well; pay no attention to it," I replied, without turning, Morro Point, on the starboard side, requiring all attention. The latter part of the answer was spoken for

the benefit of the helmsman. "Mind your helm!" "Mind the helm, sir." "Nothing to starboard!" "Nothing to starboard, sir." The clear, firm voice of Deignan told that there need be no fear of his distraction. I estimated the distance to Morro Point at about three ships' lengths, and wondered if the men below would stand till we covered another ship's length, two ships' lengths being the distance at which it had been decided to give the signal to stop. All of a sudden, *whirr! cling!* came a projectile across the bridge and struck something. I looked. The engine telegraph was still there. Deignan and the binnacle were still standing. Two and a half ships' lengths! Two ships' lengths! Then over the engine telegraph went the order: "Stop." Sure and steady the answer-pointer turned. There need have been no anxiety about the constancy of the brave men below.

The engine stopped, and somehow I knew the sea connections were thrown open. This has been a puzzle to me ever since. For how could the bonnet flying off, or the ax-blows on copper piping, or the inrush of water make enough noise or vibration to be heard or felt on the bridge, particularly with guns firing and projectiles striking? It may be that the condition of expectation and the fact of the fulfilment of the first part of the order suggested the conclusion, but sure I was that the connections were open and that the ship was beginning to settle.

"You may lay down to your torpedoes now, Charette." "Aye, aye, sir." On the vessel forged, straight and sure the bow entered. Morro shut off the sky to the right. The firing now became general, but we were passing the crisis of navigation and could spare attention to nothing else. A swell seemed to set our stern to port, and the bow swung heavily toward Morro, which we had hugged close intentionally. "Starboard!" "Starboard, sir." Still we swung starboard! "Starboard, I say!" "The helm's astarboard, sir."

Our bow must have come within thirty feet of Morro rock before the vessel began to recover from the sheer, and we passed it close aboard. "Meet her!" "Meet her, sir." The steering-gear was still ours, and only about half a ship's length more and we should be in the position chosen for the manœuver. The sky began to open up beyond Morro. There was the cove. Yes; there was the position! "Hard aport!" "Hard aport, sir." No response of the ship! "Hard aport, I say!" "The helm is hard aport, sir, and lashed."

"Very well, Deignan," I said; "lay down to your torpedo."

Oh, heaven! Our steering-gear was gone, shot away at the last moment, and we were charging forward straight down the channel!

LOSS OF THE STEERING-GEAR.

It is difficult to state just how the steering-gear was disabled. The Spanish lieutenant in charge of the picket-boat claimed that he shot away the rudder and the whole stern structure. It is certain, however, that he had not done this up to a point within half a ship's length from the position where the helm was ordered to be put over. As referred to farther on, Montague reported a large projectile wrecking the stern structure as it cut the anchor lashing. This shell may have destroyed the rudder-head in addition. Charette reported that when he was examining the torpedo connections after they had failed to fire, he noticed that the chain that led from the tiller to the wheel on the bridge along the upper deck had been shot away. The steering-gear may have been disabled thus in any one or in all of these ways.

We must have had four and three quarters knots' speed of our own, and the tide must have been fully a knot and a half. What ground-tackle could hold against a mass of over seven thousand tons moving with a velocity of six knots? We stood on a little longer to reduce the speed further. A pull on Murphy's cord to stand by,—three steady pulls,—the bow anchor fell. A pause, then a shock, a muffled ring above the blast of guns: torpedo No. 1 had gone off promptly and surely, and I knew that the collision bulkhead was gone.

TROUBLE WITH THE TORPEDOES.

If the bow chain in breaking would only give us a sheer and the other torpedoes proved as sure, we should have but a short interval to float, and holding on to the stern anchor, letting go only at the last moment, we might still effectually block the channel. An interval elapsed and grew longer—no answer from torpedo No. 2, none from No. 3. Thereupon I crossed the bridge and shouted: "Fire all torpedoes!" My voice was drowned. Again and again I yelled the order, with hands over mouth, directing the sound forward, below, aft.

It was useless. The rapid-fire and machine-

DESIGNED BY ROBERTA F. SPENCER.

THE "MERRIMAC" AGROUND AND UNDER FIRE OFF ESTRELLA POINT.

gun batteries on Socapa slope had opened up at full blast, and projectiles were exploding and clanging. For noise, it was Niagara magnified. Soon Charette came running up. "Torpedoes 2 and 3 will not fire, sir; the cells are shattered all over the deck." "Very well; lay down and underrun all the others, beginning at No. 4, and spring them as soon as possible." In a moment No. 5 went off with a fine ring. Deignan had waited for No. 2 and No. 3, and not hearing them had tried his own, but had found the connections broken and the cells shattered. He then went down to Clausen at No. 5. No other torpedo responded. No. 6 and No. 7 had suffered the same fate as Nos. 2, 3, and 4. With only two torpedoes we should be some time sinking, and the stern anchor would be of first importance. I determined to go down aft and stand over to direct it personally, letting go at the opportune moment.

A CRISIS OFF ESTRELLA POINT.

PASSING along the starboard gangway, I reached the rendezvous. Stepping over the men, they appeared to be all present. There was Charette, returned from a second attempt at the torpedoes. There could be no further hope from that quarter, and, oh! there was Montague! The stern anchor, then, was already gone. If the chain was broken, we should have no further means of controlling our position. Looking over the bulwarks, I saw that we were just in front of Estrella, apparently motionless, lying about two thirds athwart the channel, the bow to the westward. Could it be that the ground-tackle had held? Then we should block the channel in spite of all. I watched, almost breathless, taking a range of the bow against the shore-line. The bow moved, the stern moved—oh, heaven! the chains are gone! The tide was setting us down and would straighten us out if the stern should touch first. Oh, for the war-heads to put her down at once! But we were helpless. I said nothing to Montague about having let go the stern anchor,—indeed, gave him no evidence of my chagrin,—for he had been instructed that if no signal came from the bridge he should let go a short time after the torpedoes ceased going off; and, moreover, the signal-cord from the bridge had been broken. It was not until weeks after our exchange that I ventured a reference to the subject, when he told me that he had seen that we were not swinging athwart as expected, and had not let go the anchor himself, but that a large projectile

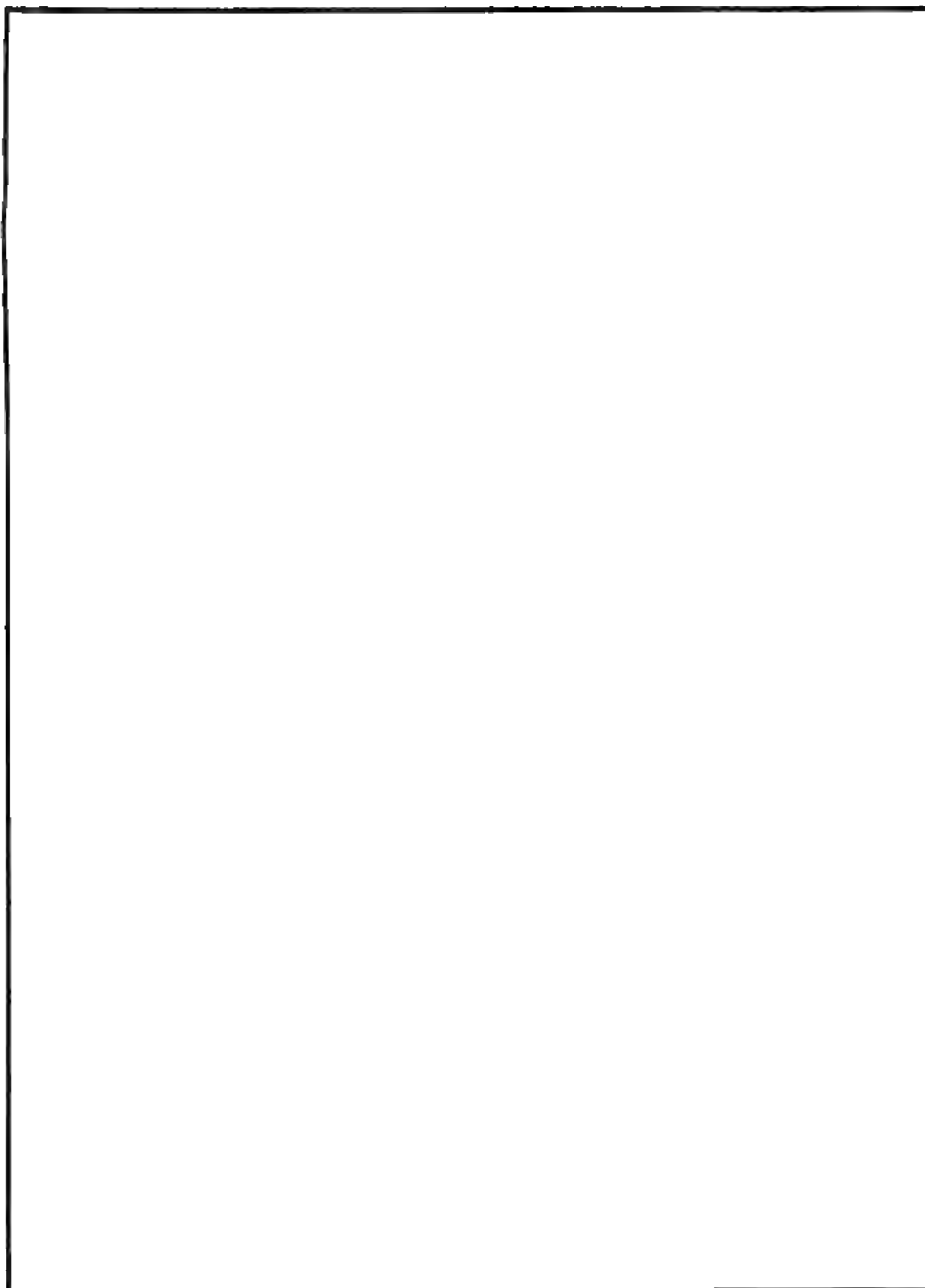
coming from ahead over the port bow, apparently from a ship, had exploded aft, wrecking everything in the vicinity, and cutting the lashing that held the anchor!

KELLY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

THERE was nothing further to do but to accept the situation. We mustered, counting heads, and thought all were present; but we must have counted wrongly, for after a minute or two Kelly came across the deck on all fours. He had done his duty below with promptness and precision, and had come on deck to stand by his torpedo. While putting on his life-preserver a large projectile had exploded close at hand,—he thought against the mainmast,—and he had been thrown with violence on the deck, face down, cutting away his upper lip on the right side. He must have lain there some little time unconscious, and had got up completely dazed, without memory. He looked on one side and then the other, saw the engine-room hatch,—the first object recognized,—and, under the force of habit, started down it, but found the way blocked by water, which had risen up around the cylinders. The sight of the water seemed to bring back memory, and soon the whole situation dawned upon him; he mounted again, and with heroic devotion went to his torpedo, only to find the cells and connections destroyed, when he started for the rendezvous. He had, indeed, brought his revolver-belt, so as to be in uniform, and adjusted it after reaching us. His reception must have seemed strange, for it was at the muzzle of my revolver. Thinking that our men were all at hand, it was a strange sensation to see a man come up on all fours, stealthily, as it seemed, from behind the hatch. Could they be boarding us so soon? My revolver covered him at once, and I looked to see if others followed. It was not until the revolver was almost in his face that the unusual uniform showed that the man was one of us. The idea of the Spaniards boarding us under the condition seemed ridiculous the moment the man was accounted for, and the mental processes and the action taken must have belonged to the class of reflex or spontaneous phenomena. Charette told me that he also, when he saw the man, drew his revolver with the idea of repelling boarders.

BEGINNING TO SINK.

WE were now moving bodily onward with the tide, Estrella Point being just ahead of the starboard quarter. A blasting shock, a



—HARVEY BY WILSON—

ON THE DECK OF THE "MERRIMAC."

lift, a pull, a series of vibrations, and a mine exploded directly beneath us. My heart leaped with exultation. "Lads, they are helping us!" I looked to see the deck break, but it still held. I looked over the side to see her settle at once, but the rate was only slightly increased. Then came the thought, Could it be that the coal had deadened the shock and choked the breach, or had the breach been made just where we were already flooded by sea connection and torpedo No. 5? A sense of indescribable disappointment swept over me. I looked again: no encouragement. But ah! we had stopped, Estrella Point had caught us strong, and we were steadily sinking two thirds athwart. The work was done, and the rest was only a question of time. We could now turn our attention toward the course of action to be taken next.

CONVERSATION ON DECK.

UPON arriving at the rendezvous, I ordered that no man move till further orders, and repeated the order to Kelly when he arrived. The order had been obeyed without murmur. I then said to them: "We will remain here, lads, till the moon sets. When it is dark we will go down the after-hatch, to the coal, where her stern will be left out of water. Some of us will come up and get the rifles and cartridges from the boat. We will remain inside all day, and to-night at ebb-tide try to make our way to the squadron. If the enemy comes on board, we will remain quiet until he finds us, and will repel him. If he then turns artillery on the place where we are, we will swim out to points farther forward." Such were my plans when it seemed we should remain on Estrella Point and sink by the bow with the stern out. I added: "Remain as you are, lads; I am going to take a turn to reconnoiter." I wanted to go forward to hoist the flag. "Please do not, sir," pleaded Charette, when he discov-

ered my intention. "If you go they will see you and will see us all." He was right. It would be wrong to take the risk. There might be a better chance when it became dark. "Very well, then," I said; "I will not go." I looked over the bulwarks to observe again the speed of sinking and take note of the enemy's fire. "Here is a chock, sir, where you can look out without putting your head over the rail," called Charette. The hole was large, just above the deck, well suited for observation. It was doubtless a valuable find of Charette's, for the patter of bullets had continued to increase, and now repeating-rifles were firing down on us from Estrella, just above.¹ It is remarkable, indeed, that some of these men did not see us, for though the moon was low, it was bright, and there we were with white life-preservers almost at the muzzle of their guns. The pouring out of ammunition into the ship at large must have prevented them from seeking special targets with deliberation.

A FOCUS OF FIRE.

THE deafening roar of artillery, however, came from the other side, just opposite our position. There were the rapid-fire gun of different calibers, the unmistakable Hotchkiss revolving cannon, the quick succession and pause of the Nordenfelt multibarrel, and the tireless automatic gun.² A deadly fire came from ahead, apparently from ship-board. These larger projectiles would enter, explode, and rake us; those passing over the spar-deck would apparently pass through the deck-house, far enough away to cause them to explode just in front of us. All firing was at point-blank range, at a target that could not be missed, the Socapa batteries with plunging fire, the ships' batteries with horizontal fire. The striking projectiles and flying fragments produced a grinding sound, with a fine ring in it of steel on steel.

¹ While in prison the men were told by Spanish soldiers that the troops of the Sixty-fifth Regiment were lining the eastern side of the entrance, and troops of the Seventy-fifth Regiment the western side; and the writer was informed by a Spanish army officer that troops were ordered in from far and near, a detachment from Santiago city, of which the officer was a member, arriving only as the *Merrimac* sank.

² Just after the surrender of Santiago, when I went in to assist Lieutenant Capehart, who was detailed to raise the mines, I took occasion to look at the batteries on Socapa, and found in place the following: in the sea battery, two 16-centimeter (6.3-inch) breech-loading rapid-fire, and three 9-inch mortars, studded system, old pattern; on the slope opposite Estrella, one Nordenfelt 57-millimeter rapid-fire, one Nordenfelt four-barrel 25-

millimeter, and four Hotchkiss 37-millimeter revolving cannon. There were emplacements from which guns had been removed, and it was impossible to tell what was the full strength of the battery when the *Merrimac* entered. I was informed that after the landing of United States troops a general redistribution of artillery took place, guns placed along the entrance being transferred to the defense of the city. I was also informed that the batteries of the destroyers had been used ashore at the entrance, but had been put back on the boats before they left the harbor on July 3. It may be added that eight observation mines were found to have been fired at the *Merrimac*—all of the six from the Estrella station, and two of the six from the Socapa station, leaving only four, there being no material to replace the ones fired.

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DESIGNED BY GEORGE VARIAN

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC."

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARNISH.

SPANIARDS SEARCHING FOR THE CREW WITH LANTERNS.

The deck vibrated heavily, and we felt the full effect, lying, as we were, full-length on our faces. At each instant it seemed that certainly the next would bring a projectile among us. The impulse surged strong to get away from a place where remaining seemed death, and the men suggested taking to the boat and jumping overboard; but I knew that any object leaving the ship would be seen, and to be seen was certain death, and, therefore, I directed all to remain motionless. The test of discipline was severe, but not a man moved, not even when a projectile plunged into the boiler, and a rush of steam came up the deck not far from where we lay. The men expected a boiler explosion, but accepted my assurance that it would be only a steam-escape. While lying thus, a singular physiological phenomenon occurred. After a few minutes, one of the men asked for the canteen, saying that his lips had begun to parch; then another asked, then another, and it was passed about to all. Only a few minutes had elapsed when they all asked again, and I felt my own lips begin to parch and my mouth to get dry. It seemed very singular, so I felt my pulse, and found it entirely normal, and took account of the state of the nervous system. It was, if anything, more phlegmatic than usual, observation and reason taking account of the conditions without the participation of the emotions. Projectiles, indeed, were every-moment expected among us, but they would have been taken in the same way. Reason took account of probabilities, and, according to the direction of the men's bodies with regard to the line of fire from the ships' guns, I waited to see one man's leg, another man's shoulder, the top of another man's head, taken off. I looked for my own body to be cut in two diagonally, from the left hip upward, and wondered for a moment what the sensation would be. Not having pockets, tourniquets had been carried loosely around my left arm, and a roll of antiseptic lint was held in my left hand. These were placed in readiness.

We must have remained thus for eight or ten minutes, while the guns fired ammunition as in a proving-ground test for speed. I was looking out of the chock, when it seemed that we were moving. A range was taken on the shore. Yes, the bow moved. Sunk deep, the

tide was driving it on and straightening us out. My heart sank. Oh, for the war-heads! Why did not the admiral let us have them! The tide wrenched us off Estrella, straightened us out, and set us right down the channel toward the part where its width increases. Though sinking fast, there still remained considerable free-board, which would admit of our going some distance, and we were utterly helpless to hasten the sinking.

THE FINAL PLUNGE.

A GREAT wave of disappointment set over me; it was anguish as intense as the exultation a few minutes before. On the tide set us, as straight as a pilot and tugboats could have guided. Socapa station fired two mines, but, alas! they missed us, and we approached the bight leading to Churruca Point to the right, and the bight cutting off Smith Cay from Socapa on the left, causing the enlargement of the channel. I saw with dismay that it was no longer possible to block completely. The *Merrimac* gave a premonitory lurch, then staggered to port in a death-throe. The bow almost fell, it sank so rapidly. We crossed the keel-line of a vessel removed a few hundred feet away, behind Socapa; it was the *Reina Mercedes*. Her bow torpedoes bore. Ah! to the right the *Pluton* was coming up from the bight, her torpedoes bearing. But, alas! cruiser and destroyer were both too late to help us. They were only in at the death.¹

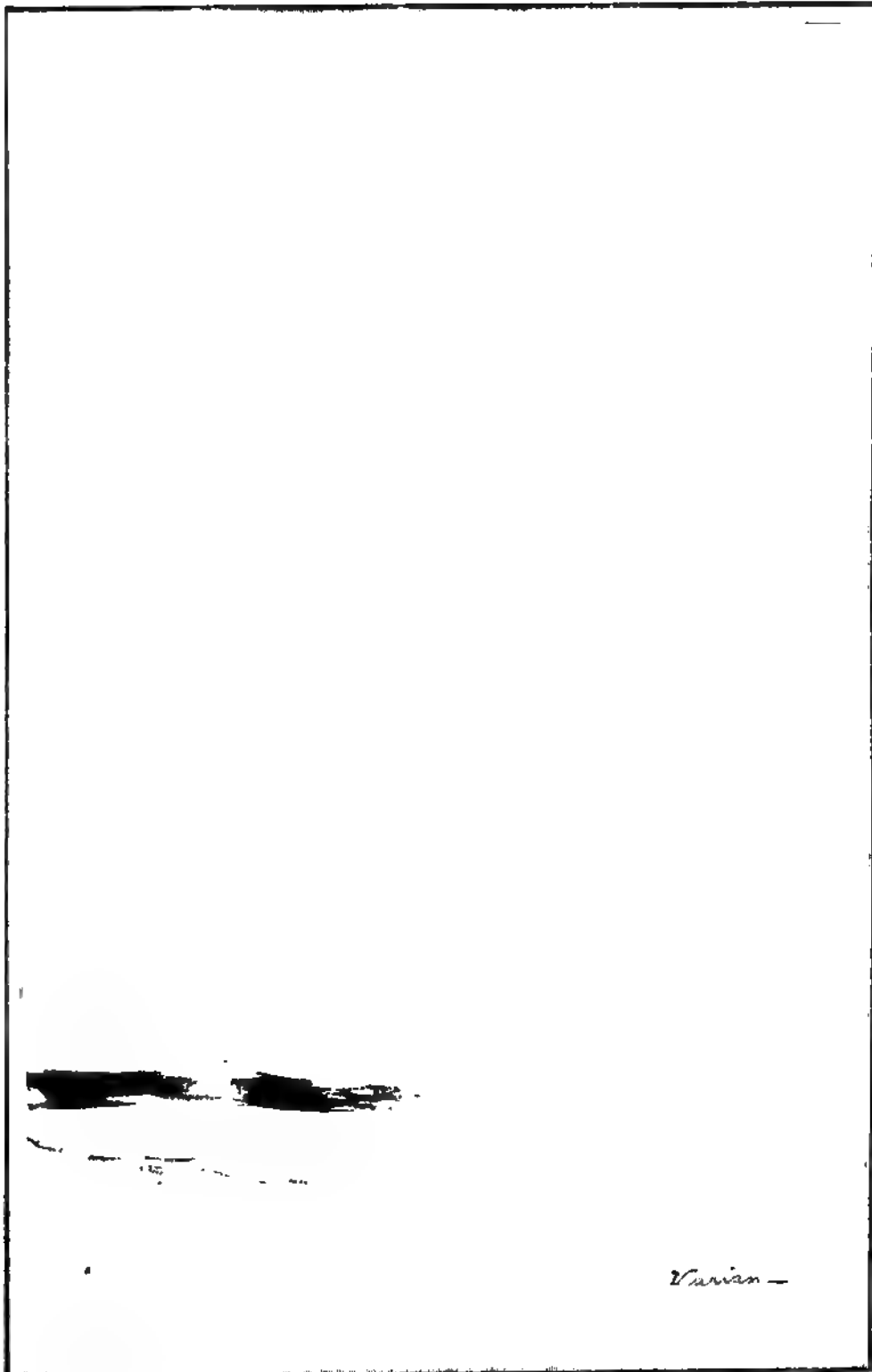
The stricken vessel now reeled to port. Some one said: "She is going to turn over on us, sir," to which I replied: "No; she will right herself in sinking, and we shall be the last spot to go under." The firing suddenly ceased. The vessel lowered her head like a faithful animal, proudly aware of its sacrifice, bowed below the surface, and plunged forward. The stern rose and heeled heavily; it stood for a moment, shuddering, then started downward, righting as it went.

IN THE VORTEX.

A GREAT rush of water came up the gangway, seething and gurgling out of the deck. The mass was whirling from right to left "against the sun"; it seized us and

¹ It was found that the *Reina Mercedes* fired both bow torpedoes, and Admiral Cervera informed me afterward that the *Pluton* had fired her torpedoes. The day following our entrance, two automobile torpedoes were found outside, having drifted with the current,

and, what was remarkable, one still had on the dummy, or drill-head. It cannot be said positively whether any of the automobiles took effect. If they did, we did not feel the effects at the rendezvous. In any case they could not have appreciably affected the sinking.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

THE RESCUE BY ADMIRAL CERVERA.

threw us against the bulwarks, then over the rail. Two were swept forward as if by a momentary recession, and one was carried down into a coal-bunker—luckless Kelly. In a moment, however, with increased force, the water shot him up out of the same hole and swept him among us. The bulwarks disappeared. A sweeping vortex whirled above. We charged about with casks, cans, and spars, the incomplete stripping having left quantities on the deck. The life-preservers stood us in good stead, preventing chests from being crushed, as well as buoying us on the surface; for spars came end on like battering-rams, and the sharp corners of tin cans struck us heavily.

The experience of being swept over the side was rather odd. The water lifted and threw me against the bulwarks, the rail striking my waist; the upper part of the body was bent out, the lower part and the legs being driven heavily against what seemed to be the plating underneath, which, singularly enough, appeared to open. A foot-ball instinct came promptly, and I drew up my knees; but it seemed too late, and apparently they were being driven through the steel plate, a phenomenon that struck me as being most singular; yet there it was, and I wondered what the sensation would be like in having the legs carried out on one side of the rail, and the body on the other, concluding that some embarrassment must be expected in swimming without legs. The situation was apparently relieved by the rail going down. Afterward Charette asked: "Did those oil-cans that were left just forward of us trouble you also as we were swept out?" Perhaps cans, and not steel plates, separated before my knee-caps.

When we looked for the life-boat we found that it had been carried away. The catamaran was the largest piece of floating debris; we assembled about it. The line suspending it from the cargo boom held and anchored us to the ship, though barely long enough to reach the surface, causing the raft to turn over and set us scrambling as the line came taut.

CLINGING TO THE CATAMARAN.

THE firing had ceased. It was evident the enemy had not seen us in the general mass of moving objects; but soon the tide began to set these away, and we were being left alone with the catamaran. The men were directed to cling close in, bodies below and only heads out, close under the edges,

and were directed not to speak above a whisper, for the destroyer was near at hand, and pulling boats passed near. We mustered; all were present, and direction was given to remain as we were till further orders, for I was sure that in due time after daylight a responsible officer would come out to reconnoiter. It was evident that we could not swim against the tide to reach the entrance. Moreover, the shores were lined with troops, and the small boats were looking for victims that might escape from the vessel. The only chance lay in remaining undiscovered until the coming of the reconnoitering boat, to which, perhaps, we might surrender without being fired on.

The moon was now low. The shadow of Socapa fell over us, and soon it was dark. The sunken vessel was bubbling up its last lingering breath. The boats looking for refugees pulled closer, peering with lanterns, and again the discipline of the men was put to severe test, for time and again it seemed that the boats would come up, and the impulse to swim away was strong. A suggestion was made to cut the line and let the catamaran drift away. This was also emphatically forbidden, for we should thus miss the reconnoitering boat and certainly fall into less responsible hands. Here, as before, the men strictly obeyed orders, though the impulse for safety was strong to the contrary, and *saue qui peut* would have been justifiable, if it is ever justifiable.

The air was chilly and the water positively cold. In less than five minutes our teeth were chattering; so loud, indeed, did they chatter that it seemed the destroyer or the boats would hear. It was in marked contrast with the parched lips of a few minutes before. In spite of their efforts, two of the men soon began to cough, and it seemed that we should surely be discovered. I worked my legs and body under the raft for exercise, but, in spite of all, the shivers would come and the teeth would chatter.

We remained there probably an hour. Frogs croaked up the bight, and as dawn broke, the birds began to twitter and chirp in the bushes and trees near at hand along the wooded slopes. Day came bright and beautiful. It seemed that nature disregarded man and went on the same, serene, peaceful, and unmoved. Man's strife appeared a discord, and his tragedy received no sympathy.

About daybreak a beautiful strain went up from a bugle at Punta Gorda battery. It was pitched at a high key, and rose and lingered, long drawn out, gentle and tremulous; it

seemed as though an angel might be playing while looking down in tender pity. Could this be a Spanish bugle?

Broad daylight came. The sun spotted the mountain-tops in the distance and glowed on Morro and Socapa heights. The destroyer got up anchor and drew back again up the bight. We were still undiscovered.

ADMIRAL CERVERA TO THE RESCUE.

SOME one announced: "A steam-launch is heading for us, sir." I looked around, and found that a launch of large size, with the curtains aft drawn down, was coming from the bight around Smith Cay and heading straight for us. That must be the reconnoitering party. It swerved a little to the left as if to pass around us, giving no signs of having seen us. No one was visible on board, everybody apparently being kept below the rail. When it was about thirty yards off I hailed. The launch stopped as if frightened, and backed furiously. A squad of riflemen filed out, and formed in a semicircle on the forecastle, and came to a "load," "ready," "aim." A murmur passed around among my men: "They are going to shoot us." A bitter thought flashed through my mind: "The miserable cowards! A brave

nation will learn of this and call for an account." But the volley did not follow. The aim must have been for caution only, and it was apparent that an officer must be on board in control.

I called out in a strong voice to know if there was not an officer in the boat; if so, an American officer wished to speak with him with a view to surrendering himself and seamen as prisoners of war. The curtain was raised; an officer leaned out and waved his hand, and the rifles came down. I struck out for the launch and climbed on board aft with the assistance of the officer, who, hours afterward, we learned was Admiral Cervera himself. Two other officers were present, his juniors. To him I surrendered myself and the men, and took off my revolver-belt, glasses, canteen, and life-preserver. The officers looked astonished at first, perhaps at the singular uniforms and the begrimed condition of all, due to the fine coal and oil that came to the surface; then a current of kindness seemed to pass over them, and they exclaimed: "Valiente!" Then the launch steamed up to the catamaran, and the men climbed on board, the two who had been coughing being in the last stages of exhaustion and requiring to be lifted. We were prisoners in Spanish hands.

(To be continued.)

AN AMERICAN IN MADRID DURING THE WAR.

BY EDMOND KELLY.

IT happened that at the outbreak of the war it became necessary for me to go to Madrid.

There was a singular contradiction of opinion on both sides of the water as to the wisdom or possibility of going there. In New York the idea prevailed that it was both unwise and impossible. In Paris, General Woodford's secretary—a Spaniard who had been in charge of our Madrid archives—asserted positively, upon being consulted by our ambassador to France, that I would not get farther than the frontier; that the custom-house officers would discover my nationality, arrest me, take me before the governor of the province, and after imprisonment pending instructions from Madrid, as to the duration of which it was impossible to say anything in advance, I would be returned to France, unless a Spanish mob should have left no-

thing to return. An American passport under the circumstances would be worse than useless, for it would prove the very fact of American citizenship that I must, above all, attempt to conceal; so I was recommended to go to the British embassy—charged then with American interests in Spain—and see what, if anything, they could do for me. At the British embassy I heard much the same story: the Spanish government had curtly refused every favor for Americans that the British government had been commissioned to ask; the country was excited, and a journey to Spain would involve "grave personal risks." On the other hand, the letters I received from Madrid assured me that I should experience no difficulty in reaching there; that no passports were required, and all that might be asked of me was a visiting-card. This, it was suggested, might be specially

engraved for the contingency, with a Paris address substituted for that in New York.

It had occurred to me that this plan was dangerous. I had an old address in Paris to which I was still having my letters directed. But if it was discovered that my present address was in New York, such a card would contribute to confirm suspicion that I was in Spain on some improper mission. I went, therefore, to the Spanish embassy in the hope that I might persuade them of the private character of my business and secure from them some document to this effect. I was received there by the *chargé d'affaires* standing in the anteroom, and was informed by him that no such document could be furnished. I was assured, however, that there was no difficulty in the way of my going to Madrid.

"But if I am arrested as a spy?" asked I.

"If you are a spy you will be treated as such," imperturbably responded the *chargé d'affaires*.

This was not reassuring, and was not intended to be so; he evidently desired to bring the interview to a close, and even made some movement toward the door: but I held my ground, and after a little fencing secured from him the suggestion that, as I spoke French, I should probably escape notice at the frontier by eliminating from my luggage everything that indicated Anglo-Saxon origin.

This I accordingly proceeded to do; I had my English papers forwarded by mail, and filled the gaps in my toilet at the *Belle Jardinière*. I relied a good deal on a foulard cravat, which Frenchmen tie in a loose bow like that in which our grandmothers tied their bonnet-strings fifty years ago. I was comforted by the thought that no Anglo-Saxon was ever seen to wear such a tie, and in this somewhat flimsy disguise I started on my travels.

I trust I have not in this preamble raised expectations of adventure which I shall be unable to satisfy; for I have to admit that I slipped through the custom-house with a facility that was positively humiliating, and if these pages have any interest it will be because they may tend to remove some misapprehensions regarding Spain which could, perhaps, not be easily removed by any one but an eye-witness.

First and foremost among these stands the opinion already referred to that Spain would be an exceptionally dangerous country for an American to visit during the war. I flattered myself at first that I passed gen-

erally for a Frenchman, and supposed that my immunity arose from this fact; but I was later assured by the Spaniards with whom I had business to transact that I passed neither for a Frenchman nor an Englishman, but for what I was, a North American, or, in more current Spanish dialect, a "Yankui." In view of the general courtesy with which I was treated I should have found it difficult to believe this, were it not for an incident that occurred at a small hotel at La Granja, the Versailles of Spain. I was lunching at a small table d'hôte with some dozen Spaniards, talking freely with those who spoke French. Toward the end of the repast, a young man who sat next to me and had interested me by his decided views on hypnotism, mind-reading, and other things mystical, plumped me the question roundly:

"But you are not French?"

"No," answered I; "I am not French."

"And you are not English," continued he.

"No," answered I; "I am not English."

"I have been to New York," he went on to say, "and I like it very much."

The whole table was listening; it was obvious that I was an American, and yet we proceeded to talk of New York as we would have talked of Paris, and not a word or gesture indicated the slightest change in demeanor in any one of the dozen Spaniards at the table. In the evening I hesitated about joining them at dinner, but decided to do so in order to make the experience complete. I was received with less cordiality, perhaps, but no less courtesy than before.

During the seven weeks that I was in Spain—and I was there when the news arrived of the destruction of Cervera's fleet and of the surrender of Santiago—only twice was it brought home to me that I was in an enemy's country: once when in the Retiro I heard some wet-nurses muttering after me the words "Yankui" and "Americano," and once when two señoras refused to take the seats allotted to them next to me in a theater.

Moreover, the attitude of Spanish lawyers and men of affairs toward the questions of international law raised in the matter which took me to Spain was in a sense more civilized than our own. Both American and English authors lay down the rule that war puts an end to all business relations, suspends all contracts, prevents the liquidation of all debts, and that it justifies confiscation of personal property and sequestration of real estate; whereas in Spain these theories were listened to almost with surprise, and it was not till the threat to send an American fleet

into Spanish waters seemed to bring the war into the Spanish peninsula that such measures by way of retaliation were at all entertained.

In the second place, the idea seems to prevail that, because Spain has been losing her colonies ever since the sixteenth century, the Spanish people must necessarily be degenerate. Such a conclusion is far from correct. The most obvious facts about a country to a stranger are those connected with its government. Spain was the most powerful nation in Europe during the early part of the sixteenth century; she has to-day lost authority to such an extent that she does not even form part of the so-called concert of powers. She is virtually ignored. During the same early part of the sixteenth century Spain's colonial possessions exceeded those of any other nation in the world. To-day she is in danger of being stripped of the last of them. But this decay of Spain as a nation by no means proves that she is correspondingly decaying as a people. Macaulay struck the key-note of Spanish conditions when he said that, though she was the easiest country to defeat, she was the most impossible to conquer. Napoleon's attempt to conquer Spain was the turning-point of his career; the Peninsula was the "Achilles heel" of his "continental system"; and it must not be forgotten that, before Wellington put his foot in Spain, General Castaños, with a purely Spanish force, routed General Dupont at Baylen, thereby securing the capitulation of a French army of twenty thousand men, and inflicting the first defeat on Napoleon's as yet unconquered troops.

It is not the Spanish people which has degenerated; it is its governing class. The Spanish peasant is the finest fellow in the world. He is thrifty, sober, and industrious, the only peasant who produces wine and drinks water. He makes, or used to make, the strongest infantry in Europe; until the battle of Rocroi it was proverbially unconquerable. Since then defeat has for centuries attended Spanish arms. The reason is not far to seek. The Spanish peasant is to-day almost as ignorant and as bigoted as he was in the sixteenth century; the opportunities which have been extended by wise governments in other nations have been refused to him; he remains poor when those of his neighbor France grow comparatively rich. He still plows with wooden plowshares, he does not know the use of manure, and a somewhat infertile soil hardly leaves him the barest necessities of life. Spain produces an

average of 11.13 bushels of wheat to the acre, while England produces 29. Now, if the peasant is the best thing in Spain, and the government the worst, what must the government be?

The first thing that struck me on crossing the frontier—and the impression deepened as I advanced—was that Spain is industrially as much in the hands of the foreigner as Egypt. The gage of Spanish railroads is not the same as that of France, so there is a change of cars at the frontier; but the Spanish car bears upon it in the middle the arms of England, and at one end the words "Dining-Car," and at the other the word "Restaurant." The name and place of its manufacturers are also inscribed upon it, namely, "Société Internationale des Wagons-Lits, St.-Ouen, Seine." Upon the engine we read the name of a Glasgow firm. In Madrid the finest private building was constructed and is still owned by an American life-assurance society; the only good circus is known as the Parish Circus. Most of the mines as well as the railroads are worked by foreigners; and the very garbage of Madrid is removed and disposed of by a Belgian company. Industrially as well as agriculturally, Spain, with the single exception of Catalonia, remains stationary while the rest of the world moves on. And the question, What factor in the nation is responsible for this? is perhaps best answered by the proposal seriously made by the administration of finance, as late as the eighteenth century, to transfer to the crown the little property still devoted to public education. But if ignorance is the proximate cause of the decadence of Spain, bigotry is at the root of it. Wherever the arms of England have conquered provinces, she has founded there commercial colonies and factories, which have in them the seeds of vitality and progress; but the arms of Spain have left behind them monasteries and convents, doomed by their religious vow to sterility and decay.

As soon as the Spanish frontier is crossed one is impressed by the predominance of things military. The French *gens d'armes*, without visible weapons of attack, are replaced by policemen in full military dress, who march two by two up and down the platform, with their rifles erect and with all the air of soldiers on parade. At Burgos, the matchless cathedral of which can plainly be seen from the railway-station, we saw cavalry manœuvring in considerable force, and at Valladolid there must have been three

thousand infantry waiting for a transport-train. We have heard so much of the neglect of the army in Cuba that I was surprised to see how very smart it looked in Spain. The Spanish soldier looks much smarter than the French; his uniform is cleaner, he holds himself better, he looks larger, and in every way has the appearance of being a more dangerous and self-reliant enemy. I attended at Madrid the change of guard which takes place every morning at the royal palace at eight o'clock. It was an imposing sight. The guards, the one relieving and the one relieved, cross each other in the court to the playing of the "Royal March." This last sounds like a Scotch air in two parts, played at first one after the other, and then together, with the effect of a Bach prelude. The time is slow, and this gives an air of solemnity to the performance. But the whole effect was spoiled for me by the singular trick of putting down the foot toe first. It is true that the only one who succeeded in doing this was the drum-major; but all attempted it, and the success of the one exception, as at every step he pointed his foot downward like a ballet-girl, gave him the pitifully incongruous appearance of a dancing-master. But in the Fête Dieu, when the military turned out in force to escort the procession of the sacrament, the display was a remarkably brilliant one, and reminded me of France under the empire. There was not the mechanical precision of the German, or the dash of the British guard; but it was characterized by the alertness which used to distinguish the French army, and which, since its defeat in 1870, it seems in great part to have lost. I could not help feeling, as I looked at them, that we had greatly underestimated at home the fighting qualities of the Spanish soldier.

My rooms at Madrid looked out on the Puerta del Sol, the great square of Madrid, where every revolution has taken its start; and I have no hesitation in denouncing it as the most continuously noisy square in the world. For the population of Madrid may be divided into two groups: that which does not go to bed till four in the morning, and that which gets up at three, or even earlier. Strange to say, the second of these two is just as merry as the first. When an Anglo-Saxon is induced to get up as early as three in the morning he is likely to feel a little solemn. Dickens says that a man who rises before daybreak feels as though he had got up to be hanged; far from this, the Spaniard who goes abroad at this hour is just as noisy as the reveler he replaces. It would seem as

though the two groups had arranged to keep up a sufficiently continuous noise to make attempt at sleep ridiculous. All night long the air is filled with the hum of a multitude, high above which are heard perpetual street-cries: "Refreshing drinks!" "Lottery tickets!" "Newspapers!" These last are brought in wagons to the center of the square, and are distributed in bundles to men, women, and boys, who rush headlong in every direction, giving to the square the aspect of a wheel with living spokes of movement from the center to the circumference. At first when, after a sleepless night, I was tormented at 3 A. M. by shrill cries of "El Heraldo—el Heraldo de Madrid," I would get up to try and discover who it was that at that hour was still interested in a paper that had been published the evening before. I never could find that anybody bought it. The cries seemed to issue from a few old women who were left after a night's work with one or two copies still unsold. They were engaged for the most part in cracking jokes and gossip, but every now and then the horrid, shrill nasal combination of wood and brass that seems to compose the Spanish crier's throat would shriek out automatically, without any regard to consequences: "El Heraldo—el Heraldo de Madrid."

I could not perceive any difference in the appearance of the people or the place owing to the war, except, perhaps, in increased interest in newspapers. There were days when the town went wild with joy, as, for example, when the sinking of the *Merrimac* was announced as a great naval victory, and the destruction of Cervera's fleet as a successful sortie. But it must not be supposed that the announcements made were altogether untrue. The system pursued was that of *suppressio veri* rather than *expressio falsi*; and in view of the success with which they misled, it is remarkable how accurate they were. For example, Hobson's exploit was described pretty accurately as it must have seemed at first to have occurred. The *Merrimac* was reported as having undertaken to force the entrance to the harbor and as having been victoriously sunk by the Spanish batteries. Singularly enough, the real facts were never directly told; but they indirectly leaked out when it became necessary to say enough to explain the extraordinary courtesy shown by Cervera in announcing to Sampson the safety of the heroic crew. Again, the destruction of Cervera's fleet was not falsely reported, though for forty-eight hours it was represented as a victory. The head-line in all the papers and the street-cry was, "Salida de

Cervera!" ("Sortie of Cervera!"), and the details given in the official despatches, as nearly as I can remember, ran thus: "On Sunday morning Cervera issued with all his cruisers and torpedo-boats from Santiago harbor, and, after having engaged the whole American fleet, was last seen still fighting in the west." When the real facts became known, triumph yielded to despondency. On such occasions I felt it prudent, when in the streets, to keep my "eyes in the boat," but I nevertheless had ample opportunity to judge of the general complexion of the people. I had by this time become perfectly well known to those who regularly haunted the caf  s in the Puerta del Sol and the Calle de Alcal  ; but I did not catch a single glance of hatred, nor did I suffer the slightest discourtesy.

No one in Spain expected ultimately to defeat us, but they all dearly hoped for some little advantage on which they could still hang the tattered remnant of the old Castilian pride. It was for this that Cervera man  vered and the army remained to the end opposed to peace. And they would have been satisfied with so little. The captain of the merchant-ship *Montserrat*, because he had once successfully run the blockade, was f  ted and banqueted at Cadiz as though he had destroyed our entire fleet. But they were to be left nothing: both fleets destroyed without leaving a wrack behind; all their crews either dead or prisoners of war; and this accomplished by us apparently without an effort, without the loss of a ship, almost without the loss of a man! It was crushing!

As soon as the destruction of Cervera's fleet was made known in Madrid, and the first effect of stupefaction had passed away, the demand for peace became loud and universal. Both people and press almost without an exception clamored for it. The army alone held out. Unfortunately, the army was the factor with which the government had most to reckon. Nor did the news of the surrender of Santiago to an inferior force affect the position of the army. It was claimed that a fair chance had not yet been given to it, and that the army ought to have an opportunity of retrieving the laurels which the navy had lost. Marshal Campos, the general-in-chief, a friend of the dynasty and favorable to peace, on one of his weekly visits to the barracks, was left by the officers on one excuse or another until he was entirely alone. No attempt was made to conceal that General Weyler, the man of war, was the army's favorite. On the other hand,

a meeting of prominent merchants in Barcelona was called for the purpose of considering the advisableness of uniting the fortunes of that city to those of France; and it was openly announced that if Watson's fleet threatened her port, Barcelona would hoist the French flag. These were the conditions under which the Spanish government had to face negotiations for peace which could no longer be postponed.

We are told that the Spaniard is improvident and procrastinating. It is true that, whatever he is asked to do, he is proverbially sure to answer, "*Ma  ana*" ("To-morrow"). But his improvidence is in great part due to ignorance and bad administration. Some light has been thrown on the subject by the experience of our life-insurance companies there. During the first half of the century several Spanish companies were organized for the purpose of insuring life; but every one of them failed under conditions so disgraceful that as late as the eighties it was deemed dishonorable to have anything to do with the business. Nevertheless, one of our companies has insured to the amount of twenty millions there, and has felt justified by its business in erecting the finest private building in Madrid. Few things in Spain struck me more than that, while the war had aroused sentiments of hatred in every Spaniard against all things American, while the press was daily misleading its readers regarding us with as little conscience as the yellowest of our own journals, while the illustrated papers were publishing lurid pictures of our troops in Tampa, engaged not only in slaying but in eating one another, Spanish policy-holders, fearful lest the war should prevent the transaction of business, were crowding the company's offices asking to be allowed to pay their premiums. During the entire war not a single policy was allowed to lapse.

The character of the business throws some light upon national character. A life-insurance company issues two classes of policy: the one involves the payment of premiums by the policy-holder during life, and the payment of a principal sum by the company to his beneficiaries; the other involves the payment of a principal sum by the policy-holder, and that of an income to him during his life. The first class is the policy taken by those who wish to secure a capital to others after their death; the latter is that taken by those who wish to secure a large income to themselves during their life. Now, while France is the country in which the selfish form of policy is taken most,

Spain is the one in which it is taken least. And the meaning of this is clear. France is a country of small families, Spain of large. In France the single child often dies, leaving the parents no one to care for but themselves; in Spain there is always a quiverful to be provided for.

And the system of education is different—such education as there is. The large family means freedom of intercourse between the sexes, for it means hosts of cousins, and a large family circle makes attempt to fence off girls from boys impossible. Nothing is more charming than to see groups of young men and women ranging from sixteen to twenty-five innocently romping in the public park. It is rare to walk in the Retiro of a morning without coming across two or three parties of them, playing at such games as “drop the handkerchief,” “tag,” “I spy,” and many others that are unknown to us; and on holidays the Retiro is crowded with them.

It is not easy to say when, in Spanish cities, children cease to be children. In the country the life is one of labor, but in the town it is one of gaiety and amusement; and they are so simple and graceful about it that it seems a pity they should ever be asked to deal with such dull questions as colonial administration.

The bull-fights went on during the war as usual; nor is this surprising when we remember that during the siege, and even during the bombardment, of Paris, “Punch and Judy” in the Champs-Élysées did not shut down for a single day.

But though the appearance of the people was very much the same, the city of Madrid was very different from what it was at my last visit, in 1884. The introduction of tramways has occasioned the building of entirely new quarters, especially on the high ground in the northwest; many public buildings have been erected; the Bank of Spain presents three noble façades, one of which is over a hundred yards long; the Ministry of Commerce is just completed; the Bourse is also new. Fountains are being constructed; one of an imposing character is being put together at the head of the Prado, just opposite the museum; handsome entrance-gates to the Retiro are being built, and additions made to the royal palace. There is nothing to indicate poverty or neglect in Madrid; on the contrary, it has an abundant supply of pure water from the Guadarrama Mountains, which is used lavishly to cool the streets during the hot weather. Some of its pavements are of asphalt,

and more asphalt was being put down while I was there. The streets are carefully swept every morning, and to the superficial eye it would seem as though the city enjoyed good government. In the provinces, however, a very different spectacle meets the eye: Toledo is a city of ruins and graves; the buildings in the gardens of Aranjuez are going to pieces; the marble-paved fountains of La Granja—the finest in the world—are being dislocated by shrubs and weeds. Clearly, money is being spent only where it can make some show and justify the process of “addition, division, and silence.”

When I first arrived in Madrid I was told that I was safe there so long as I kept clear of café-brawls and street-fights, but that it would be unsafe to go into the provinces. But even these limitations proved unnecessary; for I went alone to cafés where Baedeker warns the stranger not to go unaccompanied by a Spaniard, and I took long walks in the suburbs without the slightest inconvenience; I ventured unmolested on a trip to the nightgale-haunted gardens of Aranjuez, and subsequently to the more pretentious palace of La Granja. I have already referred to an incident that occurred at this place. There is not much to be said of La Granja except that it is a reproduction of the park of Versailles, enhanced by the Guadarrama Mountains for a background, and enlivened by the occasional peep of a fawn or the bound of a red deer.

But on the way there the traveler is hurried, if he permits it, through one of the most interesting towns of Spain, Segovia. It owes its existence probably to the confluence of two torrents which, by carving out precipitous crags at the point where they meet, furnish an impregnable site for a fortress. Segovia lies back of this fortress, and from the opposite side presents the appearance of a “ship under full sail.” And what a ship! Segovia is a city of churches and cathedrals. The apse of one of them furnishes it with a rounded stern, the steeples of others with its three masts, domes vaguely suggest the upper sails, lofty walls its bulwarks, and for a prow the Alcázar narrows its steep battlements to a point over the sharp crag where the two torrents meet.

AN incident occurred to me on a previous journey through Spain which, in view of the fifteen years that have since elapsed, may perhaps be forgiven me.

I was traveling there with an American who had been so continuously engaged since

boyhood in the battle of life that he was never contented unless he was fighting something or somebody. So when, upon reaching the Escorial, we learned that a few rooms out of this vast edifice were closed to visitors because they were occupied by Queen Isabella, these immediately became the only rooms he at all cared to see, and this although, except for Goya's tapestries, they had but little of interest in them. We therefore abandoned everything but this, and made our way to the concierge within whose jurisdiction these rooms were. He was a flunky of the haughtiest possible description, and scouted all our tenders of consideration, doubtless because he knew he could not earn them. "But if," said I, out of sheer resentment at his insolence, "one had the honor of knowing the Queen?"

"If her Majesty the Queen knows you," was the supercilious rejoinder, "her Majesty can show you over the apartment herself."

"Please, then," said I, offering him my card, "take this up to her Majesty."

This may seem an act of folly as well as of insolence to those who have never tried the effect of a visiting-card in Europe; but whether it is that the tender of a visiting-card by a quiet assumption of right has a mystic power to silence opposition, or whether an American is regarded as something unusual and outside the pale, and therefore entitled to exceptional treatment, the fact remains that a visiting-card bearing such an address as Kalamazoo, Michigan, is sometimes effectual where money, however prodigally offered, will fail. Once I knew two Americans who, by sending in their cards to Gambetta, then president of the Chamber, secured admission, while crowds provided with duly authenticated orders for seats were left waiting in the lobby.

The flunky was visibly impressed by the proposition, and informed me with some reluctance that he had no right to send up cards, for all visits were arranged by the majordomo. "But," he added, "her Majesty is going out to drive at four, and if her Majesty sees you and recognizes you, her Majesty can grant you admission."

Knowing that I had never laid eyes on the Queen, and that she had probably, therefore, never laid eyes on me, this suggestion did not seem to advance us much; but it offered the only chance. So having extracted from the concierge the promise that if we returned at four he would put us where the Queen could "recognize" us, we left.

My friend, who had not been able to un-

derstand the conversation, asked me what I purposed to do. Upon hearing the program, he asked: "But you have never seen the Queen, have you?"

"Never," said I.

"Then how can she recognize you?" continued he.

"I don't know," admitted I.

"We shall be arrested," said he.

"Probably," answered I.

"That will be inconvenient," said he.

"You got me into it," said I.

"I'll see you through," said he.

And so we pursued our investigation of the Escorial. But what with the novel anticipation of addressing royalty before me, the possibility of arrest, vague notions of the somewhat arbitrary powers royal personages are believed to possess over those who venture to molest them, and, above all, the excitement produced by a situation which contained in it chances that we could not anticipate, I confess that nothing I saw interested me, and I was not sorry when a quarter to four struck and the hour for confronting Queen Isabella approached.

We returned to the concierge, who seemed surprised and embarrassed at our return.

"Her Majesty has not yet started?" asked I, with as *déagé* an air as I could assume.

"No," answered the concierge, sulkily, blocking the entrance.

At this moment a cry within the court and the sound of wheels indicated that the Queen was about to step into her carriage at a different entrance from that at which we were standing.

"But you promised to put me where the Queen could recognize me," said I.

He very reluctantly made way, just enough to permit us to squeeze past him. The carriage had entered the court and was making for an entrance on the left. We hurried there so as to intercept the Queen before she could get into the carriage, and arrived there just in time. As we stood by the carriage the Queen was coming down a wide staircase, looking very big on the arm of her little husband, and behind her were a number of her retinue in pairs, arm in arm, filling up the staircase as far as we could see, and winding away to the right above.

At this moment I became for the first time aware of the imperfections of my dress, and at the discrepancy between the gorgeous attire of the pageant before me and the traveling-cap which I immediately removed from my head, and the red Murray which I could not get into my pocket. I stood a

little off the carpet which had been spread for the royal feet, and bowed low. The Queen hardly noticed my bow, and was clearly about to step into her carriage without that act of recognition so essential to our purpose. So I stepped upon the carpet, partly blocking her way. This brought the Queen and her entire retinue to a standstill. The time had come when I must say something.

"Clearly," said I, in French, "your Majesty does not remember me."

The Queen remained silent and sinister.

"*En effet*," continued I, "it is a long time since your Majesty has seen me."

The veracity of this statement, at any rate, I knew no one could gainsay.

"What is your name?" said the Queen.

"Edmond Kelly," continued I, aware that this intelligence did not help me very much.

"*Qu'êtes-vous?*" returned the Queen. ("What are you?")

The question was a natural one, and yet the form was decidedly uncivil. I began to feel as though I were not awake, but engaged in some ridiculous dream. But as things began to confuse themselves in my mind there suddenly came to me a happy thought. I had been for some years practising law in Paris. Among my clients was the American legation there, and the State Department had authorized me to entitle myself counsel to the American legation at Paris. This was the answer I needed, for nothing lifts a civilian higher in royal eyes than a connection, however slight, with things diplomatic. And the announcement of my title had an even prompter effect than I had hoped. The royal countenance relaxed.

"What can we do for you?" said the Queen.

"My friend," said I, "has come three thousand miles to see the tapestries of Goya."

The Queen turned her head very slightly toward some one behind her, and said:

"Would it be possible to arrange that these gentlemen see the tapestries of Goya some day during the week?"

"Whatever your Majesty desires," came back the answer.

But we were leaving that night; our trunks had gone on to Paris, and our traveling-caps and Murrays were all the luggage we had.

"Alas!" said I, "we are here for the day only, and my friend returns to New York tonight."

"Would it be possible to arrange that these gentlemen visit the tapestries during our drive?" once more asked the Queen.

"All that your Majesty desires," came back the answer once more.

"See, then, that these gentlemen are admitted to the tapestries during our drive," said the Queen. She looked at us and bowed, smiled slightly, and stepped into her carriage.

We stood bowing to the rest of the retinue as they passed, and I thought I saw on some of the faces a still broader smile. How I kept my own countenance I do not know; but when the last courtier had driven away, my friend and I had to sit on the staircase to have our laugh out.

Meanwhile our once haughty flunky was bowing before us to the ground.

And this is how we saw the tapestries of Goya.

"YOU TAUGHT ME MEMORY."

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

YOU taught me memory, and you have forgot;
 You brought me life, and then you bade me die;
 You sought my truth with looks that could but lie;
 You taught me love, and yet you knew it not!

You taught me memory, yet you have forgot,
 And I—I must remember till I die.
 This truth, ah! this, leaves no consoling lie—
 You taught me love, and you, you know it not.

ADVANTAGES OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY CAPTAIN A. S. CROWNINSHIELD, U. S. N.

A RÉSUMÉ OF ISTHMUS CANAL PROJECTS.

BEFORE entering upon any statement of the advantages, from a commercial as well as from a political point of view, of the proposed Nicaragua Canal, it is desirable that some brief account of the history of the project to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans should be given, in order to show the great interest that has been taken by many successive administrations of our government, by congressional action, and by private individuals, either singly or associated as societies or companies, to discover the most favorable route for the proposed interoceanic waterway, and to secure concessions from the local governments, followed by efforts to obtain the necessary capital with which to construct the canal.

For a quarter of a century after Balboa, in 1513, had discovered the great South Sea, the Spaniards made diligent search to solve "the mystery of the strait," and by the year 1553 the fact that there was no break in the isthmus was at last reluctantly admitted. From that period to the present time, geographers and engineers, sometimes depending upon their own resources, sometimes aided or supported by their respective governments, but all actuated by one impulse, have searched and explored the great isthmus throughout its entire length, seeking a route for a waterway that would remove the necessity for the long and hazardous voyage around the stormy cape.

In 1825, John Quincy Adams being President and Henry Clay Secretary of State, a correspondence was opened by the Central American governments with that of the United States, inviting the coöperation of the latter in constructing an interoceanic canal, with the proposal of a treaty which should secure the possession of it to the two nations.

In 1835 President Jackson sent a special

agent to the isthmus, with the object of obtaining information on the subject. Again, in 1838, the Committee on Roads and Canals of the House of Representatives reported that it was desirable that the President should open negotiations with the governments of Central America, with the object of constructing a ship-canal across the isthmus. The cession of California to the United States in 1848, and the discovery of gold, awakened interest in the project of shorter communication with our newly acquired territory. In 1849 a charter was granted by Nicaragua to the American Atlantic and Pacific Ship-Canal Company of New York, followed in 1850 by the celebrated Clayton-Bulwer treaty—a treaty that it was hoped would not only remove all differences that had arisen between the governments of Great Britain and of the United States over this question, but which would bring about the speedy construction of an interoceanic canal. It is needless to say that all hopes based upon this treaty were doomed to disappointment.

Twenty years passed by; General Grant was in the presidential chair, when there appeared upon the scene an officer of our navy who had long made a study of the problem of interoceanic communication via ship-canal across the American isthmus. The late Rear-Admiral Ammen, having been appointed, in 1870, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, determined that a more thorough exploration of the several routes that had up to that time received consideration should be made by the United States government. Under Ammen's active and guiding spirit our Navy Department despatched one expedition after another to the isthmus. Darien, the Atrato, Panama, Tehuantepec, and Nicaragua were all explored and thoroughly surveyed with instruments of precision, the one object being to determine which of these several routes possessed those features which would render the construction of a commercial canal through the American isthmus possible. Space will not permit of any description of the labors in-

volved in the numerous expeditions sent out at this period by our government.

In 1874 President Grant appointed a commission composed of General Humphreys, chief of engineers, United States army; C. P. Patterson, superintendent United States Coast Survey; and Commodore Ammen, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, to consider the subject of interoceanic communication through the American isthmus. The report of this commission was made only after two years of deliberation; in fact, it delayed making its report until 1876 in order that two other routes could be further examined by army engineers. I shall not attempt to give the report of this commission in full, though its importance would, but for lack of space, warrant my doing so. It is enough for me to say that it reported of the Nicaragua route as follows:

It possesses greater advantages and offers fewer difficulties from engineering, commercial, and economical points of view than any one of the other routes shown to be practicable.

An association of American citizens, in the year 1887, having secured from the government of Nicaragua a concession to construct a ship-canal through its territory, was incorporated the following year by the Congress of the United States under the title of the Nicaragua Maritime Canal Company. The United States Senate, through its Committee on Foreign Relations, sought to obtain, through this company, control of the canal by the United States government; but objections to certain features of the proposed work having been raised in the Senate by one or more senators, two commissions, composed of government and civil engineers, have, within the last three years, been sent to Nicaragua for the purpose of making additional examinations of the canal route.

PHYSICAL ADVANTAGES OF THE NICARAGUA ROUTE.

THE project of a ship-canal extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific by what is known as the Nicaragua route is based upon two important physical features: first, Lake Nicaragua is at the summit-level of the projected work, and, second, the range of hills which separates the lake from the Pacific, and prevents its waters from flowing west instead of east, is at one point only forty feet above the lake, while the lake is one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea. This point in the hills is con-

sequently only one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level, and is, as a matter of fact, the lowest point in the great mountain-range which extends the entire length of the American continent. From the Arctic Ocean on the north to the Strait of Magellan on the south, whether in the Rocky Mountains of British America and the United States, in the Cordilleras of Mexico and Central America, or in the Andes of South America, seek where we may, no depression as low as this can be found.

Lake Nicaragua at the summit-level of the proposed route is a magnificent body of fresh water over ninety miles in length and forty in width, and while its western shore is only twelve miles from the Pacific, its outlet is into the Atlantic Ocean through the San Juan River. This river is something over one hundred miles in length. The project of the so-called Nicaragua Canal embraces the use of the lake and over one half of the river, with a canal from the point where it is necessary to abandon the river, to the Caribbean Sea; also, a canal from the western side of the lake to the Pacific. Thus it will be seen that the project is made up of canal, river, and lake navigation, the canal forming only a fraction of the distance between the two oceans. Locks to reach the summit-level and to descend from the same are to be located at suitable points in the two parts of the canal proper, and one or more dams will hold the river at a proper elevation, thus producing slack-water navigation, and enabling the use of the river, for a distance of over sixty miles, as a part of the waterway that is to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific.

When the divide between the Atlantic and the Pacific is cut through, part of the waters of the lake, which for untold ages have flowed east to the Caribbean Sea, will flow west to the Pacific. Lake Nicaragua, covering, as it does, nearly three thousand square miles, becomes not only a part of the water-route itself, but a grand reservoir located exactly where it is most needed—at the summit-level. Thus it will be seen that while nature has not quite opened through Nicaragua a complete water-route to the Pacific, she has come very near to it. In fact, of all the routes for an interoceanic canal that have received consideration, it must be admitted that so much has already been accomplished by nature toward this end that the work which remains for man to do will be far less than by any other route.

LOCKS NO OBSTACLE.

THE fact that a canal by way of Nicaragua requires locks in order to overcome the elevation is, to my mind, a favorable feature of the route, rather than, as has been advanced by De Lesseps and others, an unfavorable one.

The promoters of the Panama Canal took the ground that a sea-level canal was a *sine qua non*; that the delay caused by the introduction of locks would be so great that any route which required their use was not worthy of consideration, though De Lesseps himself admitted at the Paris Inter-oceanic Canal Congress that if a lock-canal were the only one possible, then the Nicaragua route was the one that he should favor. It was a fact, however, as he well knew, that his own chosen route by way of Panama, with its boasted sea-level, required a lock on the Pacific side in order to eliminate the effect of the great rise and fall of the tide at Panama. But should it require as much as one hour to pass a ship through each lock, what would the delay amount to? Even should a half-dozen locks be required to reach the summit-level, of what consequence would this be when the canal would save a distance of seven or eight thousand miles? As regards the capacity of a lock-canal for general traffic, — in other words, the amount of tonnage it will be able to pass, — *one* lock, as required in the plans of the original project of the Panama Canal, will limit the number of ships as much as the six or eight required in the plans of the Nicaragua Canal, for the simple reason that all the locks in the latter can be employed at the same time, and as soon as a lock has been used to pass a given vessel, it is ready for another.

In returning to the statement that a canal with locks is more favorable than one without them, let me say that I have in mind the feature of the great rainfall of the regions under consideration; namely, Panama and Nicaragua. While water in considerable quantities is essential for a canal, it is also at times a canal's greatest enemy, and in countries like Panama and Nicaragua, where the rainfall is enormous, the engineer finds it necessary to see that only such an amount of water is admitted into the canal as its proper use requires; the rest must be rigorously excluded. To accomplish this end was the great, if not the greatest, problem in the plans for the construction of the Panama Canal. Any canal the level of which is that of the sea must provide for all the

watercourses through which it passes. If small, they may be taken into the canal, and if of considerable volume, they must be diverted; otherwise the canal itself becomes neither more nor less than a drain. In the case of the Chagres River, the volume of which has been known to reach the enormous quantity of one hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet a second, the problem of its diversion was one of such magnitude that the engineers of the Panama Canal found it to be all but insurmountable. In the case of the Nicaragua project, as the canal proper is only a limited portion of the route, and is to be sufficiently elevated to provide against such difficulty, so that all surplus water will drain away from the canal rather than into it, the necessity for locks will become a favorable rather than an unfavorable feature, as the permanence of the canal and the freedom from injury by water itself must be surely established.

FEASIBILITY AND COST.

THE question of whether a canal via Lake Nicaragua is feasible has been decided favorably over and over again by competent engineers, and this has been done after many careful and exhaustive explorations and surveys by both private and governmental expeditions. It is true that engineers have differed in several of the details of the work; nevertheless, there has been only one opinion as regards the conclusion that it is possible to construct all the works involved in a waterway via Lake Nicaragua. This fact must be admitted. The testimony in its favor is too great for any but the most prejudiced person to do otherwise, and being so admitted, we next naturally come to the question of cost.

This question of cost is one that has received the serious study of capitalists, engineers, and legislators. As might be expected, the estimates have varied, ranging from sixty-five to as high a sum as one hundred and forty millions of dollars, depending somewhat upon the bias of the person making the estimate. The general consensus of opinion is that all the works involved, locks, dams, canal proper, with suitable harbors at the terminals of the canal, can be constructed for the sum of one hundred or one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. This latter amount gives sufficient margin for contingencies, and is all that the latest resurvey by the United States government commission finds necessary. Upon this matter of cost I shall have a word to say farther on.

PACIFIC OCEAN.	SAITO.	LAKE MICHOACAN.	PORT SAN CARLOS.	RIO SAN JUAN.	COCHIN DAM.	LOCH.
	TOLA BASIN.		RIO RIO.	RIO SAN CARLOS.	SAN FRANCISCO BASIN.	SAN JUAN DEL MONTE
					DESERED BASIN.	ON CRYSTOWN.
						ATLANTIC OCEAN

Canal in construction, 26.8 miles; length of locks, 31.8 miles; River San Juan, 64.5 miles; Lake Nicaragua, 54.5 miles. Total distance from ocean to ocean, 166.4 miles.

PROFILE OF CANAL.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

VALUE TO THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

THE advantages to our own commerce of a waterway through the Central American isthmus will be divided among our Atlantic, our Gulf, and our Pacific coast ports, in inverse proportion to the order named. Considering the several parts of our country, it is, to my mind, the Pacific coast which will receive the greatest benefit from the opening of the Nicaragua Canal.

For many years—in fact, from their very settlement—the States of California, Oregon, and Washington have not received their proper proportion of European immigration. Like drops of water upon a dry sponge, this flow of immigration has been absorbed by that part of our country lying east of the Rocky Mountains; and while it is true that the opening of the several transcontinental railroads has, to a certain extent, assisted people in reaching the Pacific coast more readily, it has never developed, as was expected, a proper flow of immigration into this very important part of our country. The reason for this, in my opinion, is not that the immigrant could not readily reach the regions in question, but that, once there, he found that the railroads did not enable him to send his products to a market, at least not upon terms as favorable as were secured by those who had located nearer the Atlantic coast.

The transcontinental railroads have never carried eastward the great bulk of the more important agricultural products of California and Oregon. Every bushel of the grain products of these States, reaching the enormous amount of over a million tons annually, is sent in sailing-vessels to Europe via Cape Horn. Immediately upon the opening of the Nicaragua Canal the status of the producers upon our Pacific coast will be changed. They will be brought eight thousand miles nearer to their market! This is a fact of tremendous importance.

It may be asked why these grain products of California and Oregon should be taken by so long and circuitous a voyage when their way to a market via the transcontinental railway to an Atlantic port, and thence by steamer to Europe, is so much more direct and could be accomplished in so much less time.

A person who desired to go from San Francisco to Liverpool or to Havre would certainly come to New York by rail, and thence by steamer across the Atlantic, making the entire trip in two weeks' time;

why should not the bag of wheat do the same? The simple reply is that the person referred to is of greater value than the bag of wheat, and, like all articles of value, he can bear the greater cost of being rapidly transported. To carry freight of any kind by rail is much more expensive than to carry it by water; hence our bag of wheat, which has not the value that would warrant its long trip across the continent, must be taken over a still longer route by water, namely, the one via Cape Horn, which up to the present time is the only water-route available.

A voyage of one hundred and thirty days must be made around the stormy cape before a cargo of grain shipped in San Francisco can reach its destination; whereas, when the Nicaragua Canal is completed, the same cargo will be taken to Europe by steamer in thirty-five days. Thus will the owner of the cargo be able, by sending it through the canal, to dispose of it sooner by over three months' time than if he sent it around the cape. As the merchant who sends his cargo through the canal will be paid for it in less than one third the time that he had to wait for payment when it was sent around the Horn, so will he be able, upon a given capital, to do three or four times more business.

The nearer the producer is to his market the greater will be his stimulus to increase the amount of his production. Thus will immigration be induced, and thus will the canal become a most important factor in developing and building up the States on the Pacific Ocean.

THE OPPOSITION OF THE RAILWAYS.

I DO not hesitate to assert that the opposition of the transcontinental railways to the construction of the Nicaragua Canal has been on their part a great error. No more injury will come to them through the building of an interoceanic canal than comes to the New York Central Railroad through the existence of the Erie Canal. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that the canal will be to these railways a great source of benefit rather than an injury. At the present moment—in fact, for years past—nine tenths of the business of these railroads has been local and not overland business, showing that, for years to come, they must depend almost entirely for business upon that part of their roads situated within the borders of the coast States, rather than upon their overland lines. Therefore, what-

ever tends to develop these several States must necessarily benefit the railroads. The canal will undoubtedly stimulate production, so there will soon be an increased quantity of products to be carried from the interior of the Pacific States to the coast ports for shipment, necessarily giving increased business, as already stated, to the railroads. The long-felt want of a European immigration to the Pacific coast—a want which has resulted partly from the remoteness of that coast and partly from the fact that, even should an immigrant start for those far-distant States, he would, in all probability, be absorbed en route—will be removed by the canal. The steamships which will be engaged in the trade of carrying grain, lumber, and other products of the Pacific coast will not return from their voyage to Europe empty. Rather than do this they will offer very low rates of passage to the overcrowded European, and the fact that he will be taken direct to his destination, that he will thus avoid the long and expensive railway journey across the continent, will bring forth thousands of sturdy laborers eager to reach the fertile and unsettled parts of our three Pacific States. This growth of population will greatly increase the passenger traffic as well as the other business of those States.

BENEFIT TO THE GULF STATES AND THE EAST.

THE advantage of the Nicaragua Canal to our Gulf ports, while perhaps not so great as to our Pacific coast, will still be very considerable. The fact that our ports on the Gulf of Mexico are nearer to the canal than are any other United States ports is of itself an advantage not to be lost sight of. The canal will be of special benefit to the cotton-producers of our Gulf States, as it will furnish them a shorter water-route into the Pacific Ocean, and thence to Japan and China, where there is a large and constantly increasing demand for our cotton. Railway rates for carrying cotton to San Francisco are now most exorbitant—in fact, nearly prohibitive; but once the canal is opened, scores of cargoes will start annually from New Orleans, Galveston, and Mobile for the far East, and thus will the canal furnish a new outlet for this important American product, and enable it to reach a market from which it has been heretofore debarred. The great lumber-trade of Pensacola and the coal and iron products from Tennessee and Alabama will also be able to reach the markets of the west coast of South America

and Mexico, which without a canal can never be opened to them. The manufacturers of our Central and Eastern States, which can reach Pacific ports in both North and South America only by the long voyage around the Horn or by transshipment over the Panama Railroad, will be able to land their goods in these regions much more quickly and more cheaply than at present. In fact, the conditions which govern this particular trade route, now so favorable to Europe, will be reversed by the inter-oceanic canal.

All parts of our country, from a commercial point of view, will receive benefit from the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. Markets will be opened to us which, owing to unfavorable water-routes, we have never before been able to reach, and the export of American manufactures will be stimulated and increased to a marvelous degree.

USES IN WAR.

HAVING thus given consideration to the canal as a factor in American trade and commerce, and having demonstrated its great importance in developing the resources of the Pacific coast States, let us pass to the question of its use as a means of quickly moving our naval ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or vice versa, as the occasion may arise. It being the policy of our government to maintain a navy of moderate size, it is of the greatest importance that we should be able to transfer our ships from one ocean to the other in the quickest time possible. We have already been given one great object-lesson as to the necessity for the canal by the famous voyage of the *Oregon*, and now we are to learn a second lesson through the voyage of the same ship, accompanied by the *Iowa* and her consorts, over the same route, steaming back into the Pacific.

This voyage, which is destined to remain one of the most memorable in the history of our navy, was begun at San Francisco on March 19, 1898. The first run of 4012 miles to Callao was made in sixteen days; by the next run of 2666 miles, in a direction opposite to her destination, she reached in thirteen days the Strait of Magellan. Turning north, she at last began to approach, though still so far away, the scene of her future operations. With short stops at Rio de Janeiro and Bahia, in Brazil, she again rushed across the equator, once more endured the exhausting heat of the tropics, rounded Cape St. Roque, and at last gladdened the hearts of

the American people by announcing her arrival in the West Indies. During the latter part of this voyage the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera was making its voyage across the Atlantic. Would this fleet proceed to Cape St. Roque, and there attack the *Oregon*? was the question that taxed the minds of all.

As regards the military, or rather the naval, use of the canal to the United States, the events of the war with Spain are too recent to admit of belittling its value. Would it have been of no advantage to us if we could have placed the battle-ship *Oregon* in Cuban waters in eighteen days from the time she sailed from San Francisco, instead of in the sixty days she required? Was the risk of the disabling of her machinery, when driven at full speed for thirteen thousand miles, no disadvantage to the United States? Had Admiral Camara pursued his voyage to the Philippines beyond the Suez Canal, Commodore Watson would have had a long and hopeless chase to overtake him; but could he have used the Nicaragua Canal, the race to Manila would no longer have been in doubt.

Never again should the United States, by longer neglecting the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, require such a voyage to be made. Never again should this country engage in a foreign war without a waterway through the Central American isthmus. The same necessity that obliged the *Oregon* to make this voyage will sooner or later again arise. Shall our battle-ships continue to follow the weary route around Cape Horn, or shall they be able to save eight thousand miles by using the interoceanic canal? Must they circumnavigate the continent of South America, or will they be able to eliminate, by the existence of a canal, so unnecessary a part of the voyage? If I understand aright public opinion upon this question, I am sure that I am not incorrect in making the statement that the voice of the American people is virtually unanimous in demanding the building of the Nicaragua Canal.

SUEZ AND NICARAGUA.

THE questions of governmental aid and the possible cost of the canal are scarcely any longer debatable. The subject has passed beyond the discussion as to whether the canal will cost fifteen or twenty millions of dollars more or less. From every point of view, whether commercial, political, or economical, the American people require a canal, and as capitalists have failed, from unex-

plained reasons, to recognize its value, the time has arrived for our government to step in and, by giving its guaranty, aid in the construction of this important waterway.

In referring to the fact of the failure of our capitalists to recognize the value of a canal connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, a few observations upon the value of the Suez Canal as an investment may not be out of place.

The par value of the Suez Canal shares is five hundred francs. Last April they were quoted in Paris at 3518 francs. The shares of the Suez Canal purchased for the British government by the astute Disraeli, for which he paid nineteen millions of dollars, are now worth the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty-three millions of dollars, or much more than the entire original cost of the Suez Canal itself. The operating expenses are probably less than nine per cent. of its earnings, so that, from a gross income of about fourteen millions of dollars, it is able to divide among its shareholders nearly thirteen millions.

With such a fact staring us in the face, how is it conceivable that any one can assert that the Nicaragua Canal, which will save in distance three thousand miles more than the Suez Canal, and which can be constructed for about the same sum, is not a good investment?

THE DANGER OF LOSING THE CONCESSION.

THE American people have cried out for years for the control of any canal that should connect the Atlantic with the Pacific. What greater right to control any piece of property can be named than that of ownership? The Nicaragua Maritime Canal Company still holds concessions from the governments of both Nicaragua and Costa Rica which give it the sole right to build a canal over this route. This concession from Nicaragua is the most favorable one that has ever been granted, or which will ever again be granted, by that country. Should this concession be allowed to lapse through failure to exploit it?

In the year 1887, under exceptional conditions, such as the failure of the Frelinghuysen-Zavala treaty and the possibility of the completion of the Panama Canal, Nicaragua stipulated in Article L of its concession to the Maritime Company that its (Nicaragua's) share of the canal should be limited to six per cent. of the total amount of the securities issued, whereas the Frelinghuysen-Zavala treaty, which provided that the United States government should bear

the entire cost of construction, granted to Nicaragua thirty per cent. of the net income. Note the great difference in favor of the present concession, by which the government of Nicaragua is to receive only one fifth of what it would have received under the Zavala treaty. The bill now before Congress provides that the United States government shall guarantee the securities of the Maritime Company, and thus produce the money necessary to construct the canal. The company in return is to give our government seventy per cent. of its stock, and allow it to appoint nine out of eleven of the directors.

No greater control than this over this important work can ever be obtained by the United States government, nor shall we ever again secure from Nicaragua such favorable terms. This concession will expire, should Congress fail to pass the bill in question at this session, in October, 1899. Once Nicaragua is free to grant a new concession, and she certainly will be if we neglect such a golden opportunity as is now presented, she will demand terms far more favorable to herself, and far less so to those who seek a new concession.

Such in brief is the present situation of this important measure. Are our legislators and our statesmen alive to its importance?

OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED—THE QUESTIONS OF TONNAGE AND DISTANCE.

A RECENT interview with an opponent of the canal, published in the New York "Evening Post" for October 18, 1898, contains statements too misleading and based upon data too incorrect to pass unnoticed.

For example, the gentleman who is interviewed, in order to show how little commerce will make use of the canal, states that, in 1880, he had fixed the amount of tonnage that would pass from ocean to ocean via the canal at 1,625,000 tons. Now, as these were the figures of a decided opponent of the canal, it is right to assume that he did not place them any less than he dared. But let it be remembered that these are the figures of 1880. What are the figures of 1898? What has been going on in the carrying-trade of the world during this interval of eighteen years? One would suppose from the statement in this interview that the ship-building industry during this period had been at a standstill, whereas it is a fact that never in the world's history has it shown such activity. Never has there been such an increase in the amount of tonnage added to the carrying-

trade of the world as has taken place during the last seventeen years. My authorities on this point are the reports of the two noted societies, the Bureau Veritas and Lloyd's Register. According to the former the steam tonnage of the world's merchant marine was:

	No. Steam-Vessels.	Net Tons.	Gross Tons.
In 1881	6,392	4,401,751	6,745,198
In 1896	11,155	10,761,025	17,089,596

Lloyd gives for the year 1896-97, 11,027,000 net tons, or 17,737,821 gross tons; and yet, in the face of these facts, the person interested has the hardihood to quote the figures of 1880 as applicable to the year 1898! The tonnage of the world's merchant marine is increasing with giant strides, and if we allow, for the sake of argument, that the statement referred to of the amount of tonnage that would use the canal was correct for 1880, should it be considered so for 1898? And if there has been so great an increase in the world's tonnage, is it not proper to believe that there must have been some increase in the tonnage that would use an isthmian canal? Let it here be remembered that this increase is still going on, so that whatever it may now be, it will have increased still more by 1904, the earliest date at which the canal could be completed. Further, it must be remembered that whatever may be the amount of tonnage that will use the canal when first opened, it will, in all human probability, gain rapidly. Less than a million tons of shipping passed through the Suez Canal the first year of its existence, yet this tonnage developed with rapid strides until within a very few years it amounted to over eight million tons.

This opponent of the canal dwells upon routes of trade which have never been considered as within the sphere of the canal's usefulness, but omits from his interview any mention of the fact that the canal will bring the producers of our Pacific coast seven or eight thousand miles nearer to a market, and that nothing else on the face of the earth which is in the power of man to do will so much assist in the development of this part of the United States as a ship-canal across the American isthmus.

LOCOMOTIVE AND SHIP.

WE are all aware of the usefulness of the locomotive as an instrument of commerce, but I decidedly take issue with the statement that it is "as effective as any ship that ever sailed the sea." If this view of the value of

the locomotive is the correct one, why is it that the locomotive has never hauled the grain and lumber of our Pacific coast across the country on its way to its only market? These seven transcontinental railways of which he boasts lead directly East, and the grain could be transhipped at any one of several Atlantic ports, going thence by water to Europe, and requiring in round numbers only six thousand miles of carriage, three thousand by land and three thousand by water. Many millions of tons of grain have failed to make use of the locomotive, but have preferred the despised ship and the long voyage—long in both time and distance—around Cape Horn. The transcontinental railway freights may have been reduced even as much as is claimed, but they have not yet reached the point which will enable the locomotive to haul a ton of grain from California to New York. The modern ocean freight-steamer, carrying five and six thousand tons, dead-weight, has kept pace, in the reduction of ocean freights, with the modern locomotive. If the locomotive possesses such an advantage over the steamship, how is it that the coasting steamships of Galveston, New Orleans, Savannah, Charleston, Norfolk, Baltimore, New York, and Boston have competed so successfully with the locomotive? How is it that in 1897 the Sault Ste. Marie Canal passed ten million tons of freight into and out of Lake Superior? Why has not the locomotive hauled all this freight to and from the Northwest? Because neither in the Northwest nor on our Atlantic coast railways can the locomotive compete either

in speed or in cost with the steamship as a freight-carrier.¹

I DENY most emphatically the truth of the statement made in the interview that the advocates of the Nicaragua Canal have strenuously opposed any investigation of the project by the government. On the contrary, the canal company has courted every investigation, and it has aided with its own men and means, expending thousands of dollars of its own money, to assist the recent expeditions sent to Nicaragua by the United States government for the very purpose of investigating the question of the feasibility of the canal, although the company did not consider this necessary.

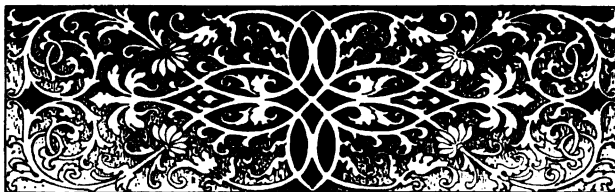
The Manchester, the Kiel, and the Corinth canals are cited in the interview as failures, and this is advanced as an argument against ship-canals in general. Why is the Suez Canal, with its phenomenal success, omitted from the list? Because hundreds of railroads have failed financially, does that fact act as a deterrent to capitalists who desire to embark in similar ventures? The question whether a ship-canal will be a failure or a success depends largely upon the distance it will save over some other route. The Suez Canal saves four thousand miles over the route to India via the Cape of Good Hope, and its success, as already stated, is simply phenomenal. I therefore maintain that it is perfectly logical to suppose that the Nicaragua Canal, which will save eight thousand miles over the Cape Horn route to the Pacific, will enjoy a fair measure of success.

¹ Since the foregoing was written, the writer is informed by the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco that 1,150,000 tons of wheat, 200,000 tons of other grain, and 2,000,000 barrels of flour were shipped from the Pacific coast in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898.

The official report of "The Operating and Care of the Saint Mary's Falls Canal, Michigan (Sault Ste. Marie), for 1897," gives the total freight which passed through that waterway as 18,982,755 net tons. For a railroad to carry this amount in one year it would require fifty

trains a day, of forty cars each, each car carrying the full weight of twenty-five tons. The value of this freight by the same official report was \$218,235,927, and the value of the American craft employed in this trade is \$42,375,700.

The cost of carrying this freight per mile ton was $\frac{3}{10}$ mills, or less than one tenth of a cent per ton, all of which goes to show that the modern steamship as a freight-carrier is more than able to hold its own with the locomotive.





THE GREEN SQUAD.

THE LIMERICK TIGERS.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,

Author of "Two Runaways," "Ole Miss an' Sweetheart," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERICK D. STEELE.

LOUDLESS skies had ushered in the anniversary of St. Patrick's birth, and the free-hearted sons of Erin, with bits of green in hatbands and buttonholes, were informally gathered in Dan Sweeny's saloon around many a steaming glass. Here and there little groups discussed politics with a fervor peculiar to the race, their laughing faces floridly visible through strata of everything smokable from Havana cigars to the little dudeens.

It was a gathering familiar to every American city, orderly for the most part, but marked by jest and argument and bits of song that carried with them traditions of green hills and dark-eyed lasses across the sea.

The noisiest group had taken refuge in a corner to play pitch. Its excitable members frequently rose to their feet to deliver important cards, knuckles down, loudly and fiercely. Unexpected dénouements brought forth peals of laughter and drew sympathetic smiles and comments from other groups. Presently a discussion near at hand developed a new center of interest. An eloquent voice rose above the general noise as clear as a bugle-call. The speaker was pounding the table for emphasis.

"Why is it, me frien's, why is it, I say,

that in this broad city, wid its asphalt pavements, an' its marrabull statoots guardin' ivery crossin' av the same—why is it, wid its beautiful women av ginuine refinemint, why is it—"

"What the devil are ye thryin' ter say, Mike? Don't ask us the same question so much!"

"Nivertheless," said Mike, looking fiercely across to the card-player who had interrupted him, and raising his voice yet higher, "why is it, whin in this town there be foive companies, wan av thim Dootch an' wan av thim naygurs,—bad luck to the haythens,—why is it, I say—"

"An' if ye ask me the question ag'in, look out for me beer-mug, ye blackgyard!" said the card-player, indignantly laying down his hand and glaring at the orator.

"Let him alone, Tim," said a peacemaker, soothingly; "give him a chance to be done with it all, man."

"Give him a chance? What the devil does a man want to come here for an' break up me sport wid wan question that niver gits ripe in his mouth? An' me a-losin' steadily! How can I tell what's the thrump, an' if the ace is led already?"

Two men were holding Mike in his chair, and so two more took hold of Tim as a matter of precaution.

"Go on, Mike!" shouted a voice. "Git done wid ye, man! Can't ye see ye're

sp'ilin' the game? What is it? Now, come, man, out wid it! Ye were sayin'—"

Mike struck the table a blow that caused the glasses to leap in the air.

"Why is it, thin, gintlemen, why is it, in a city loike this, that has the good taste to illect ivery Irishman what gits on the board ticket, why is it, I say—" There was a sudden upsetting of chairs at the card-table, and Tim struggled frantically with his captors.

"Oh! will ye let me git to him, ye blackgyards? Will ye listen to that? Am I to sit here all day, an' him a-buzzin' like a throlley-wire to break up me game!"

The orator's voice rose over all.

"Why is it, thin, that the day av the blessed St. Patrick is disgraced by the sight

an' lift up the harp of ould Ireland for the honor of St. Patrick on the day he was born!"

"What would ye do, Mike? Don't trample on us; we feel the disgrace already." It was a plaintive voice that interjected this natural question as Mike paused for breath.

"Do?" thundered the orator, his fiery face shining in the smoke like a painted war-cloud. "Do? Why, git ye up a company, man, an' kape the old glories fresh! Look at Tim Noolan, over there! Ask him where his blessed Limerick fayther laid down his glorious life."

"I move we organize a company," shouted Tim, shaking off his friends and standing in his chair, "an' let the name be the Limerick Tigers!"

A rousing cheer greeted this proposition, and for a few moments confusion reigned.

move," said a rich Irish in the uproar had partly "that we paint our uni- en an' the town red at he same time, for the he Emerald Isle."

Hooray!"

n' McGinnis shall be the in."

ooray for McGinnis! in McGinnis it is!"

n'," said Mike, putting a bugle voice again—

"an' Dan Sweeny shall carry the flag."

— This honor to their quasi-host took the meeting by storm. Loud cries for Sweeny followed, and that in-

dividual responded eloquently:

"Sure, an' I will right proudly, me friends. The drinks are on me."

And in this cyclone of patriotic fervor was born the Limerick Tigers.

It was the race spirit that had made McGinnis a city father, and the same spirit made him captain of the Tigers. It was never claimed by any friend of his that special fitness for the duties of either position had aught to do with his election.

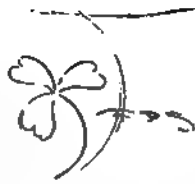
McGinnis's genius lay in successful contracting, and his special talent was a facility for throwing into the hands of his friends opportunities that paid dividends.

"WHY IS IT, I SAY—"

av no flag av ould Ireland upon our strates? Who licked the Frinch at Watherloo? Who licked the Rivolution War? Who whipped iverything on the say from Good Hope to the north pole, an' only kape their han's off av each other's throats to presarve the race alive? The Irish, sure!"

A cheer greeted this patriotic outburst, and the men who had been holding Mike in his chair now stood him in it.

"An', gintlemen, here ye are lettin' the naygurs cilebrate the birthday of Lincoln—God rest his pure soul!—four times ivery year, an' George Washington wance, an' niver a blessed man av ye to shoulder a gun



Apprised of the honor conferred upon him by the Tigers, he addressed himself to the organization of the company with a zeal born of responsive patriotism and a quick recognition of the political value of the combination. His new

"Upton's Tactics" soon presented a thumb-worn appearance, and the time came when he could repeat much of it by heart; though it must be admitted that he never fully grasped all the theories set forth. He studied faithfully and fervently, however; time or place was not considered. The Tigers proudly observed him, book in hand, in the basement of the half-finished Masonic Temple, the construction of which had been intrusted to his skill, lost in the mental contemplation of company formations. They beheld his form outlined against the sky as he stood upon the towering roof where the tinners labored, his eyes upon the pregnant

pages. They contemplated him through the window of his office working before his open book, with sixteen little blocks doing duty as infantry. They were pleased, for it was evident that the captain would lead them to a victorious career. But rapidly as McGinnis acquired knowledge, the company acquired members faster. The green squad was always in sight. The Tigers gloried in the fact that, while the oldest and most popular of the city companies boasted of but sixty-three members, eighty-five answered to roll-call in the new organization.

The patriotic enthusiasm that governed the election of the Tigers' officers governed all other appointments; and thus it was that the making of the uniforms fell to a local Hibernian tailor whose time hung heavily upon his hands. It was perhaps natural that he should suppose, looking down the ranks after the men had been "sized up," that they were all virtually of the same height, deception being the object of the sizing; but it was a serious error on his part to suppose that three averages obtained by measuring

the first, the middle, and the last man in the ranks would produce satisfactory results. No nation presents such extremes as the Irish; and there is a difference between six feet four and four feet six greater than

the perspective of a long rank would indicate. The result of all was that, when Memorial day and the uniforms arrived, the day on which the Tigers were to make their first appearance upon the streets, there were many misfits and no time to remedy them. Indeed, when McGinnis, resplendent in green and gold, with floating plumes and dazzling sword, brought his gallant company into line at their armory, and then to "carry arms," there was behind them a diagonal wrinkle that, beginning at the right shoulder of the first man, traveled the whole length of the rank, and disappeared under the left arm of the last one, Corporal Noolan. One or two of the men had,

"HE STUDIED FAITHFULLY."

perforce, rolled up their trousers, and one or two showed white underwear over their shoe-tops. Privates O'Neal and Murphy were troubled with coat-sleeves that, slipping over their hands, prevented that quick, snappy grasp of gunstock so much esteemed in the military manual of arms.

And there was something wrong with the hats. Eagan, the first sergeant, a giant, had one that perched upon the corner of his head and swayed out of line whenever the tall green and white plumes caught the breeze. On the other end of the line, Corporal Noolan kept his hat up by giving it savage twists against the bulging corners of his head. But there were times when a jostle on the part of a neighbor would cause it to settle, extinguishing, fortunately, Noolan's remarks along with his countenance.

The quick eye of Captain McGinnis discovered the prominent irregularities in the costumes. He reflected a moment, and then consulted his "Tactics," which he wore thrust in his sword-belt. His search was not

satisfactory, and he at length returned it with impatience. He was a man of action.

"Privates Donnelly, Hagan, O'Toole, Sullivan, McBee, and Mulligan, to the front an' center, march!"

The men came forth, their misfits brought into prominence by the movement.

"It is evident, me friends," said the captain, after a critical survey, "that our comrade Simpson, who made the elegant uniforms for us, struck bad cloth that shrunk on some of yez an' stretched on the rest; or it's maybe ye have stretched an' shrunk yerselves. Attintion, squad!" The captain drew his sword. "Swap pants! Break ranks, march!"

While this command was being executed in the property-room, he began the task of reducing to order the warring elements of his command. First he tried a dignified silence and a prolonged stare. Hampered by their new dress and unnatural positions, certain members were disposed to be discontented. During the three minutes of the captain's experiment a phonograph would have preserved such sounds as:

"Don't crowd me, Dennis! don't crowd me!"

"Tim Noolan, your elbow is in me fifth rib!"

"Mike, hold me gun till I roll up me sleeves ag'in! I'll be cuttin' enough off av these arms by night to make me boy's bicycle pants!"

"Micky Fagin! Gosh, man, don't drop ye gun on me foot ag'in! Wanst was enough! D'ye take me for a gun-rack?"

"Captain, if ye'll bring me terbacco from the hip-pocket av the pants I swapped with O'Neal—"

"Silence!" roared McGinnis. "Ye are chatterin' like er lot av jay-birds in a' acorn-tree. Ye'd drive an old maids' tay-party crazy wid envy. Corporal Noolan, come from under that hat! Is it the blindman's-buff ye're thryin' to play—"

"Sure, an' I nade four hands, captain, wid this green tent I'm wearin'—two to kape me sleeves rolled up, wan to hold me gun, an' wan to hold me hat—"

"Silence! Remimber, men, that to-day the eyes of the town'll be on yez. Don't forgit the frin', me boys. Pull the trigger at the word, an' not before, d'ye mind? Come, let's thry it wanst more, for if there's any difference in your mistakes, sure, it's your raggedest p'int. Attintion, company! Ready! Aim—"

"Don't say the word, captain!" said

Noolan, earnestly. "I've a ball-cathridge in me gun I was savin' in case me box won't open quick at the time. Ef ye say 'Fire,' git from before me!"

McGinnis got from "before" him hurriedly, and consulted his "Tactics" excitedly while the command held themselves in the position necessitated by "Aim."

"Recover!" he said, after a prolonged and painful search.

"Thanks be to St. Patrick!" said Mulligan, drawing a long breath. "Me gun was weighin' ten pounds more to the minute."

McGinnis did not hear him. He was red in the face, and freezing his command with a stare.

"What other blackgyard has a ball in his gun?" he asked furiously. "Throw 'em out to wanst!"

Several ball-cartridges dropped to the floor.

"An' where did yez git thim?"

"Sure, 't was Noolan's notion, captain, that the ball-cathridge makes the rale noise; an' we can't be lettin' the Tigers be downed to-day—"

"An' did yez suppose," said McGinnis, sarcastically, "ye could be turnin' loose lead in a crowd widout more funerals, ye spalpeens?"

"Sure, captain," said Noolan, soothingly, "the crowd'd be safe behindst us."

"Safe! Safe! Put 'em away, I tell ye! Safe! An' who the divil'd be safe wid this company shootin' ball-cathridges? Oh, will ye look at Noolan! Come from under that hat! The blessed angels would be gittin' behindst the trees in self-definse. Private Murphy, av ye could let down your proud galluses, your pants'd make friends wid your elegant gaiters! Attintion, company! At the command 'Attintion,' men, brighten up an' look ahead av ye; don't watch me—I'm not goin' to l'ave ye. Attintion! Carry arms! Sure, that would have made glad the heart of St. Patrick himself! Corporal Noolan, turn your gun round; ye'll find it aisier to hold. Attintion! Right by twos,—by twos, d'ye mind now,—twos, not fours! Column, lift!—Sure, that was right. March! Column, lift again, an' take the door next time in passin'. Steady; don't crowd. Ye'll git out soon enough—an' be gladder to git back, I'm thinkin'."

And the sun shone for the first time upon the green and gold of the Limerick Tigers. In column of fours Captain McGinnis brought his company into line with the battalion, and, the situation being favorable, did it with very



"COME FROM UNDER THAT HAT!"

little friction. The extreme length of the company, however, and the extra pace set by the stalwarts in front, made the efforts of the small men toward the rear of the column somewhat violent, a fact that instantly attracted the attention of the colored gamins of the street. Corporal Noolan, being the last man in the procession, when emerging from his cavernous hat, as he did at intervals, generally found himself lined up with a row of these barefoots, who kept faithful pace with him, but ready always to dodge the angry sweep of his gun. Once in line with the battalion, however, and "dressed," the Tigers really presented an imposing front, and the heart of McGinnis swelled with pride as he cast his eye down the line.

A young candidate for the legislature, standing upon a platform, in a patriotic speech took part in the chief function of the occasion, which was the presentation of a magnificent banner from woman friends of the new company. As he concluded his peroration he shook apart its silken folds, displaying a green field upon which stood the harp of Ireland. The Tigers greeted it with rousing cheers and a waving of plumed hats.

The speech of acceptance, delivered by a young political friend of the company, was one long to be remembered, but too long to be recorded. Amid waving of handkerchiefs, the clapping of hands, cheers, and the roll of the drum, Sergeant Sweeny stepped forward and took the sacred banner into his keeping. A startled expression came upon his face as

he felt himself in unassisted possession of the gift. The new treasure was as large as the side of a cottage room, the staff of hard wood surmounted by a solid brass eagle; and there were two silken cords with gilt tassels that weighed probably five pounds each. The harp of Ireland, in bullion, was six feet high and added fifteen pounds to the gross weight. In addition to these impedimenta was the bullion fringe, eight inches wide. And Sergeant Sweeny was a small man.

But, though small in stature, the sergeant was not easily dismayed by large odds. Shouldering his charge as though it were a mere fish-

ing-pole, he marched to the neighborhood of the battalion's major, who sat his horse, his staff about him.

"Major," he said, with an entirely original salute, "an' will ye please assign me a place in the ridgy mint?"

The major bit his lip and was silent a moment. Then he said with calmness:

"Your place, sergeant, is in the center of your own company."

"Me own company!" exclaimed the color-bearer, resting his staff upon the ground.

"Sure, they told me I rode wid the major!"

"No. Fall in!"

Sergeant Sweeny, after a moment of reflection, shouldered his burden, and somewhat wearily made his way to the designated position, fitted the staff in the socket upon his belt, and awaited results. Those behind the gallant fellow could see that his responsibility was a great one, for his broad belt sank into his back so deep that his coat-tails stood out at right angles.

Then came the fatal order:

"Battalion, by platoons, left wheel, march!"

Back from the front, on the voices of captains and lieutenants, rolled the martial words. Captain McGinnis gave as he heard it: "By platoons, heigh! heigh! heigh! heigh! h - h - h -" It mattered but little with the Tigers. They watched eagerly the company in advance of them, and gave one another commands and advice of their own. After a scramble that seemed to involve not alone the reputation of the company, but the lives of several members, two rather decent-

looking platoons emerged from the mêlée with Sergeant Sweeny between them, bravely balancing the flag and keeping up as best he could a martial front and step.

"Steady, boys, steady!" shouted McGinnis, looking back over his shoulder; "don't neglect the touch. Corporal Noolan, come from under that hat! Aisy on the line; don't be runnin' an' haltin' that way; remember the eyes av the city is upon ye! Sergeant Sweeny, kape the shtep,—ye 're sidlin' like a crab,—an' quit starin' at the flag like ye 'd niver seen wan before! Steady, boys! Silence in the ranks! Steady! We 're comin' now to the corner, an' it 's there the whole town 'll be waitin' for yez. When ye turn that corner, kape the touch natly, an' don't come a-gallop in round like a lot av scared sheep. Swing round, swing round ilegant, like a farm-gate. Now for ye! Column, right wheel!" The captain had turned about, marching backward, with the point of his sword in his left hand, as he saw other captains doing, and his mistake was natural. Part of the first platoon went one way and part another. "Come back!" he yelled furiously to the wanderers. "Ye know what I mane! Who did yez see goin' off there?" he asked sarcastically, as they came running in. "Was it the blessed band, or the ridgy mint, or the major?"

"Ye said, 'Column, right,' captain!"

"An' if I did, have n't ye got sinse enough to know it was me own right I referred to, an' me back was turned! Second platoon!" he called out at this moment, "teach them the thrick, me lads! Now! Come round like a gate!"

They came, but not like a gate. The captain's comments at this point are necessarily suppressed. The pivot-man of the sec-

ond platoon turned sharply to the left, and started up the street without waiting for the gate to swing around. The men, however, came on a wild run, the long sleeves of Murphy causing him to drop his gun, which he promptly fell over. Corporal Noolan, disappearing under his hat, ran that unfortunate affair against a bayonet, and saw it vanish ahead of him just out of reach, as the owner of the bayonet fled into line.

But the captain found an outlet for his wrath. The gallant Sweeny, in turning the corner, met a small gale of wind. The banner

immediately straightened out and sailed him off across the street toward a lee shore of assembled hacks and drays. The voice of McGinnis rose above the din and outcry of the cheering spectators:

"Sergeant Sweeny, kape the shtep!"

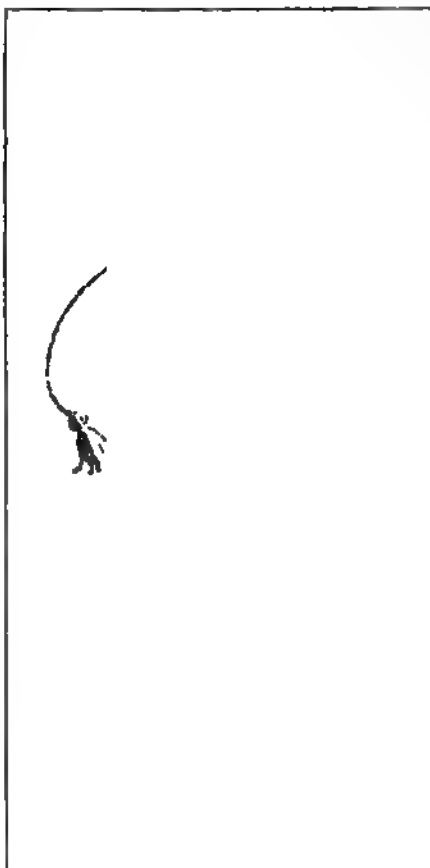
The sergeant's red face was turned back for an instant before he struck the breakers, and he delivered his defiance:

"To blazes wid ye shtep! I 'm here for appearance, an' I 've a shtep av me own." Then he went upon the lee shore and promptly capsized, producing a series of runaways, collisions, and much profanity.

"Company, halt!" shouted the captain. "Sergeant Eagan, take four men an' arrest the blackgyard! He 's stealin' the flag!" Sergeant Eagan and his four went on a run

after the unfortunate color-bearer, and brought him back in triumph; whereupon a riot was narrowly averted. A compromise was effected by furling the banner. When quiet was at length restored it was found that the battalion had disappeared down another street, oblivious of the fact that it had lost a whole company.

This catastrophe became apparent to the major when the command reached the ceme-



"I 'VE A SHTEP AV ME OWN."

tery and a rest was ordered. The adjutant was ordered to gallop back and ascertain the cause. During his absence three wild, ragged volleys were heard. He reported upon returning that the Tigers had compromised by firing a salute over the Confederate monument. When the first volley was discharged, certain old Confederate veterans who had gathered to encourage the new recruits looked hurriedly into one another's faces and promptly disappeared in neighboring doorways and behind friendly shade-trees. They had recognized the "rattle noise."

ONE of the most popular organizations in the land to-day is known as the Limerick Tigers' Club. It meets only annually. A

ball is given on the evening of St. Patrick's day. Brave men in green and gold wait gallantly on fair women, and the merry tunes of old Ireland keep the ancient glories fresh. Upon the wall outspread is a magnificent banner bearing a golden harp, and it is a fixture.

When the rout is at its best, and flying feet beat time to inspiring strains of national music, sometimes a mellow voice is heard above the sounds of revelry, exclaiming: "Sergeant Sweeny, kape the shtep!" And from somewhere always comes the answer: "To blazes wid ye shtep! I'm here for appearance, an' I've a shtep av me own!"

But this does not occur when Sweeny is on the floor.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Author and Man of Action.

THERE are so many ancient as well as modern instances of the possession by the same person of a faculty for action and a faculty for literary expression that it is surprising that there should ever be surprise when such a union occurs. In this country some of the most "practical," so called, of the founders of the republic were notable for their power of literary expression, the most practical of all the founders being, in fact, the ablest American writer of his time, and one of the best English prose writers of all time—"The Many-Sided Franklin," whom Mr. Ford is now so pleasantly representing to the readers of THE CENTURY. Coming down to the Civil War, the author of the Gettysburg Address and the First Inaugural could express himself with as much grace as shrewdness and force.

The State of New York has just elected as its first magistrate a practised and vigorous writer, who has always been conspicuous as a man of action; and the present Secretary of State of the United States is an author of distinction, a writer of peculiar ability and charm.

The city of New York and the whole country have recently been called upon to mourn the untimely and sacrificial death of a man of action who was prominent also as a writer. Nothing could be more "practical," more active, than the life of Colonel Waring. Intrepid and brilliant as a soldier, untiring as an agricultural and sanitary engineer, the larger part of his useful life was spent in the mastery of details that could be lifted from the sordid only by scientific enthusiasm and the humanitarian object in view. But along with

his professional work and with his technical writing, Colonel Waring maintained a literary career, with which the readers of this magazine are especially familiar. It was for another periodical that he wrote that delightful early sketch of his horse "Vix," fit to be classed with John Brown's "Rab," Charles Dudley Warner's "Calvin," John Muir's "Dog," and W. J. Stillman's "Billy and Hans"; but most of his magazine writing has been in these pages, from his series entitled "A Farmer's Vacation," in 1875, down to his description of bicycling in the Tyrol and the Dolomites, published in the spring of 1897. These numerous contributions include papers specifically professional, papers descriptive of travel, at least one on a theme purely literary (an article on George W. Cable), and others on the horse, concerning which subject he wrote with the enthusiasm both of an admirer and an expert. It is curious to recall that in 1881 Colonel Waring was employed by this magazine to report professionally upon the sanitary condition of New York,—"The Disease" and "The Remedy,"—which he did in the May and June numbers of that year.

Waring was not a distinctively imaginative writer: he dealt with facts; and yet to write well even of facts one must have a touch of the imaginative. In his practical work there was also a sort of creative imagination which was the basis of his greatest successes. In his dealing with so commonplace a piece of work as the cleaning of the streets of a big city, this faculty of imagination—this prophetic grasp of future possibilities, which very successful business men are apt to possess—was his in a high degree.

The great work he was doing for the city of New York, at the head of the Street-Cleaning Department, was only just begun,—for he had far-reaching plans concerning the profitable disposition of garbage and concerning other matters of vital importance to the people,—when the government of the city, by the vote of a minority of its citizens, passed into the hands of a political organization conducted primarily for the support or enrichment of its own managers. In the face of all Waring had done for New York, he was promptly and ruthlessly turned out of office. If we should hear of such management of municipal affairs in the city of Madrid we should probably describe it as characteristically "Spanish." As a matter of fact, we regret to say that the proceeding was characteristically "American." But it was not American in the best sense, for it was only one more conspicuous instance of that spoils system against which is arrayed to-day the conscience of the entire country.

The name of Waring will be always gratefully remembered in the metropolis, not only for the actual work for the first time properly performed by him; it will be remembered there and throughout the country for the object-lesson thus given by him of honest, thorough, and brilliantly successful municipal administration. Nor will he be forgotten in connection with his last, unfinished undertaking, the sanitary redemption of Havana—a work of the highest necessity, which in his loss has already proved so costly to the nation.

Some Timely Considerations.

RECENT events in the United States, acts of lawlessness in different parts of the country, have again illustrated the old contention that public opinion is more powerful than legal enactment. The acts of lawlessness to which we allude have not been committed merely by secret emissaries; some of them are the open acts of supposed "leading citizens," even of high officials. That in each case the problem of race distrust and antipathy has been prominent is a fact of ominous significance at a moment when the nation has added new race problems to the unsolved problems of race which still confront us on the continent itself.

Those who are optimistic about the future of our beloved country have felt that the railroad, the telegraph, and a common language were elements which conquered the discrepancies and dangerous separations of distance. Yet it cannot be denied that geography and climate make differences of conditions that must always tend toward a difference of opinion and interest. This separation in interest creates antagonistic demands, requiring the greatest statesmanship at the center and the greatest patriotism everywhere to keep from straining the body politic to the point of breaking.

It is a question whether or not some of the American communities that regard with horror the doings in certain other communities might not be equally culpable if subjected for a long period to the same conditions. Yet the local conditions have brought a state of mind, a state

of public opinion, which makes such lawlessness easily possible and fatally usual in one community and not in another. These illegal acts, whether by governors or private citizens, are not only demoralizing to the immediate community by the abandonment of legal procedure, but they are, in addition, lamentably unsocial, disuniting, disintegrating. It does not tend to national unity when the rest of the Union looks on at illegal acts on the part of citizens or office-holders, in one or another State, which acts remain not only unpunished, but apparently sustained by the ruling opinion of the immediate community.

Incidents of this sort give food for grave thought at this epoch in our history. How much "expansion" can the country endure without endangering its cherished principles and institutions, and its very territorial existence? how many differences in interest on the part of its people? how many opposing views growing out of inherited methods of thought and permanent conditions of climate?

Question and Answer.

THE Editor has received the following letter, dated October 19, 1898:

"I presume upon a slight acquaintance to ask you some questions as to certain cuts in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, for my personal information only, and to ask you to favor me with an answer. The cuts are those in the magazine for July, September, and October of this year, by Timothy Cole, and one by Henry Wolf, and the questions: first, are these cuts really woodcuts, and, second, are the impressions in the magazine printed from the original blocks? They are admirable. I take them to be woodcuts, and if they are, I am very glad—rejoiced to know that this most delightful art has been revived—restored to life again. I am so weary of, so nauseated with, 'half-tone' and 'process' things.

"Let my interest in this matter be my excuse for taking any portion of your valuable time, and believe me,

"Yours faithfully,
"C. T. M."

In answer to the above gratifying inquiry we would state that the "cuts" referred to are wood-engravings. The answer to the second inquiry is that wood-blocks are never directly printed from in steam-printing. An electrotype from the wood is taken, and the original is preserved, otherwise unused, except for the pulling of a few proofs on a hand-press. We should add that wood-engravings are constantly appearing in THE CENTURY, and that we are glad there are readers who appreciate their excellence. There are several kinds of engravings in use in THE CENTURY: first, wood-engravings; second, process plates of line-drawings; third, half-tone process plates; fourth, half-tone plates which are worked upon by wood-engravers, becoming what are called by some tone-engravings. Aside from the necessities of time, it is the custom of THE CENTURY'S art department to select for each original that method of reproduction which will best bring out its qualities.

In regard to drawings in line, the mechani-

cal processes now effect results once obtained only by the engraver's most laborious efforts. It would be a foolish waste of energy to give to a wood-engraver a piece of work that the process can do as well, if not better. Then there are indeed certain kinds of pictures, not in line, which can be reproduced more satisfactorily, in great reduction, by pure half-tone process than by any other reproductive method known—say a picture like "The Declaration of Independence," by Trumbull, filled with small figures, and each one a portrait. No engraver could reproduce these small faces and keep the character in the way that a direct half-tone plate will do it. For such purposes the half-tone process is invaluable. Again, there are certain kinds of drawings in wash for exquisitely translating which the old wood-engraver won reputation; but these can now be translated at once more literally and more effectively by a union of process with hand-work. On the basis of a process plate, one of the former wood-engravers now sometimes puts days of brain-directed hand-work, correcting the errors of the mechanical process, while availing himself of all that is true and expressive in the plate as it comes to him from the process-room. Results may sometimes be obtained in this way that are as satisfactory as the more laborious method of complete wood-engraving; for there are few engravers alive who are at once minute, exact, correct, and artistic. Only a practised eye can distinguish such plates as these,—and there are many of them in *THE CENTURY*,—from the finest wood-engravings. Such engravings are artistically satisfactory, and are not for a moment to be confounded with the ordinary cheap, monotonous process blocks, of which our correspondent confesses such natural weariness.

As for the wood-engraving pure and simple, it certainly has not yet lost its utility and its attractiveness. Yet there are those who prefer a process plate from a photograph of an old master to one of Timothy Cole's most exquisite reproductions from the original. For certain purposes a process picture has distinct usefulness; but it must be remembered that the photograph is one thing and the process-engraving another. The process-engraving is covered with a fine mesh that a magnifying-glass of very little power clearly shows. An element of monotony is at once introduced; a veil is pulled across the picture which deadens its impression to the eye. Something may be—something indeed must be—lost by the interpretative hand of the wood-engraver; yet at least the dullness of the process is not there, and when the perception of the engraver is true and sympathetic, and the stroke is governed by an instinctive sense of art, something of the charm—something of the miracle—of the original is given which satisfies the eye and pleases the mind of lovers of the beautiful.

An experienced art critic said the other day, in

effect, that in art reproduction whatever method lost the accent lost the picture. For this reason he had no use, he said, for the process, as against wood-engraving. Whether he was too pronounced in his prejudice or not, it remains true that even a wood-engraving not of the highest quality often takes hold of the printed page and gratifies the eye in a way that scarcely any process plate can do. We thank our correspondent for giving us an excuse for saying another good word for an art that we "shall not willingly let die."

Typical Heroism.

It is true that the preparedness for war on the part of the Spaniards was greater in proportion to the strength of the two nations than the preparedness of the United States. In cases where we actually had a stronger armament, the great disproportion of loss, and the comparative ineffectiveness of the Spanish arms, of course redound to the credit of this country. The strength of America being, however, so preponderant, and on some occasions our armament being so much more powerful, it is fortunate that there were occasions for many heroic acts on the part of Americans that were in the nature of "forlorn hopes." Among these the most conspicuous is the case of the crew of the *Merrimac*. Though the immediate object of the sinking of the collier was not accomplished, no event of the war afforded greater proof of the high morale of the entire navy, officers and men alike. The desire of officers and seamen to participate in what must have looked like an inevitable sacrifice of limb or life is not the least interesting and, indeed, pathetic part of Lieutenant Hobson's thrilling narrative.

The fact that so many stood ready to engage in the perilous duty, while it does not take a single leaf from the laurels of those who actually took part in the maneuver, makes the heroism of the officer and crew of the *Merrimac* significantly typical.

An Anecdote of Carlyle.

MR. JOHN PATRICK, the author of the article on Carlyle in the present number of *THE CENTURY*, has sent us the following note concerning the portrait of Carlyle on page 330:

During Carlyle's last visit to Kirkcaldy, he was found, one morning about six o'clock, sitting just as you see him in my portrait, with hat on, on the old stair of the house he lodged in while schoolmastering in Kirkcaldy, looking wistfully over to the old burgh school in which he taught. A master joiner, not knowing Carlyle, and thinking something wrong with the person so situated at that early hour in the morning, walked up to him, but was so astonished with the fierce look that Carlyle cast on him that he was struck speechless, and had to turn away, puzzled to account for the strange sight.

OPEN LETTERS

A Word in Favor of the Panama Canal.¹

THE people of the United States demand the construction of a ship-canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The most feasible and quickly constructed canal is the best. The popular demand has been emphasized by the events of the last few months. Selfish corporate interests have endeavored to convert this demand into the advocacy of a bill making the government the partner of a private corporation and binding it to furnish all the money required for the building of a canal over the longest and most difficult of the many routes which have been surveyed across the Central American isthmus, namely, the Nicaragua route. The concession for a canal upon this route will expire in October next, and Nicaragua cannot extend it, for the reason that she is no longer an independent nation, but has become one of the states of the greater Republic of Central America. Engineers of eminence have disagreed as to the practicability of this route, and have differed widely in their estimates of the cost of building a canal upon it. The Ludlow Commission, appointed by President Cleveland, reported adversely on the plan proposed by Mr. Menocal, the chief engineer of the Maritime Company, which holds the Nicaragua concession. The commission of which Admiral Walker is the head, appointed by President McKinley, will, according to newspaper reports, pronounce in favor of the practicability of the Menocal plan, with some alterations. Thus we see there is a grave and irreconcilable conflict between two commissions composed of men of the highest rank and ability. How these differences will be reconciled we do not presume to say. It is sufficient to point them out.

The promotion of the Nicaragua Canal scheme proceeds in entire disregard of the fact that the Panama Canal is now under construction, that two fifths of the entire work upon it is actually completed, and that the company which is the present owner of the property and concessions has large cash resources available for the continuance of the work, and has now more than three thousand men employed in digging its canal. The engineering difficulties connected with the Panama Canal have recently been submitted to a commission composed of engineers of the highest international reputation. Among the members of this commission are the engineers who had charge of

the Manchester Ship-Canal, the Kiel Ship-Canal, the Croton Aqueduct, and other works of great importance; their decisions and recommendations will be virtually conclusive upon the engineering problems of the Panama Canal. This commission differs from the government engineering commissions which have examined the Nicaragua route in this, that it contains members who have actually built ship-canals, and whose knowledge of the subject is therefore not merely theoretic. Their report will show that there are no physical obstacles in the way of the speedy completion of the Panama Canal; that \$125,000,000 have already been invested in it in actual excavation work, and that it can be finished for \$100,000,000 more. It will be only 46 miles long, whereas the Nicaragua Canal will have a length of 175 miles, of which 125 will be in Lake Nicaragua and in the upper part of the San Juan River. But neither the lake nor the river are navigable for sea-going vessels; the lake must be dredged to create a channel, and the river must be dammed to raise its level and to drown the rapids in it. The Panama Canal has good harbors at each of its ocean termini, whereas the Nicaragua Canal has no natural harbors at either end, and at least \$10,000,000 must be spent in making artificial harbors before it can be used.

The Panama Canal is being constructed as a commercial enterprise, and it will be open to the shipping of all nations on equal terms. The commercial and naval vessels of the United States will have just as good facilities for transit through it as they could have through a canal built and controlled by the United States government. What the United States requires is political control, and not ownership, of a transisthmian canal; such control is, however, a matter for international arrangement and diplomatic settlement, and no private company could have any influence over it. In these circumstances, it would seem wise for the public to suspend judgment until the whole subject can be more thoroughly examined, and the proper course for Congress to take would seem to be to provide for the examination of the Panama project by a commission of equal eminence and authority with that which has just examined the Nicaragua route. For the United States to build the Nicaragua Canal would be to insure the opening of two rival ship-canals across the isthmus. The shorter and better canal would inevitably get the business, and the longer one would be a continued burden upon the Treasury for its maintenance and for the interest on its bonds.

E. V. Smalley.

¹ See also "Advantages of the Nicaragua Canal," in this number of THE CENTURY.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Odd.

THERE ain't a room in all the house
Ez int'restin' to me
Ez is the kitchen—that 's the place
A feller must n't be!

There ain't a day in all the week.
A hull one, when a kid
Cu'd play, like Sunday—that 's the day
Yer 'd ketch it, if yer did!

And hev yer noticed now, I ask,
How things is never half
So roarin', splittin' funny 'z when
Yer where yer dass n't laugh?

And did yer ever hear 'em tell
They 'd had so big-a blow,
Sech all-unheard-of larkin', ez
The time yer did n't go?

Catharine Young Glen.

Aunt Cinthy's Valumtine.

BEFORE ever a jonquil had bloomed, Aunt Cinthy came to her mistress with every appearance of agitation spread over her thin little face. All the wrinkles on her yellow countenance were in play, whether in fury or excess of frivolity, none might say.

"Miss May," she jerked out, "I wished you 'd write me a valumtine."

"Why, Aunt Cinthy, this is no time for valentines; this is too early."

"You smoke hams fo' to six months 'fo' yer cyarve 'em," declared the old woman, sententiously. "You please, ma'am, write me a valumtine now!"

"Aunt Cinthy, what have you to do with valentines?" asked her mistress, with some impatience, looking up from the exercise in French that she was correcting; for in her changed fortunes Mrs. Carew had added to her many efforts for support of herself and daughters and faithful old nurse a class in French.

"I 'm 'bleeged ter have one, and I don't keer ter buy one," declared Aunt Cinthy, obstinately.

Aunt Cinthy had already buried three husbands, and it surely seemed, with her half-century of years behind her, that she had done with wounded hearts and arrows.

"Valentines are for young folks and children," explained Mrs. Carew.

"Dat 's hit!" cried Cinthy, triumphantly. "I

gwine send mine ter a rale young man. You know dat fool nigger boy we-all been payin' so many nickels ter cut we-all wood? Well, dat 's him. Dat ve'y nigger boy—Major—dat 's him!"

"Why, that boy can't be twenty years old!" exclaimed the lady.

"He ain't," laughed old Cinthy. "His gramma and me-us wuz ol' fellow-servants' fo' surrender. Dat ve'y same young nigger been pourin' 'lasses down my ear. Hit time he stop his foolish talkin'. I gwine marry dat boy—sho!"

"You don't think he wants to marry you, Aunt Cinthy!"

"Yessum, he do," cried the old woman. "Last week he ast me how ol' I is. Ever' one of my husbands, dead and buried, dee begin des dat way. He say I sho make de richest cracklin'-bread in nine 'jinin' States. Ever' man I done married and buried done des dat way. He say my ironin' uv Sunday shirts is de freest uv cat-faces he ever is see. He say I got de lightest hand at a puddin', and de neatest at a pie, he ever is see. Ever' man I married and laid in his grave carried on des dat way."

"But you would n't marry him, Aunt Cinthy?"

"Who gwine cut we-all wood ef I don't? Us done waste mo' nickels on him now dan he worf."

Doubting if even so early a valentine would persuade young May to wed this quaint December, Mrs. Carew consented to write, at Aunt Cinthy's still more urgent solicitation and dictation.

The old woman stood by the fire, with one sharp elbow in one thin hand, and a sharper chin in the other, and began: "Yessum; I been stud'in' what to say to dat young nigger, and I 'bout know now how ter suit him. Dis heah is de song I gwine send him:

"Green tree rocky—oh!

You tell me dat you love me so.

De bare tree am a-rockin', too;

Hit say I maybe mought love you.

"De yallerhammer's wings will fly
Around de ol'est tree dat 's nigh;
And young fool niggers will, I see,
Be foolish 'bout growed folks like me.

"So, nigger, ef you ain't got sense
Ter stay on yother side de fence,
But keep up yo' fuss round my kitchen do',
I 'll hatter take you fer my beau.

"Dar's sugar in de gourd, when you string hit fine;
Dar 's sugar in de punkin' vine;
Dar 's sugar in yo' heart fer me;
And yo' valumtine I 'll sho'ly be."

The Yak.

THIS is the Yak, so neg-li-gée:
His coif-fure 's like a stack of hay;
He lives so far from Any-where,
I fear the Yak neg-lects his hair,
And thinks, since there is none to see,

What mat-ter how un-kempt he be.
How would he feel if he but knew
That in this Pic-ture-book I drew
His Phys-i-og-no-my un-shorn,
For chil-dren to de-ride and scorn?

The valentine was duly sent, though January frosts still whitened the fields, and hyacinth buds had scarcely begun to peep above the borders of the flower-beds.

Aunt Cinthy sent Major four times one day to the post-office to inquire for the valentine. He could not prevail on the irascible postmaster to look for anything for Mr. Major B. Jenkins. Moreover, the postmaster said repeatedly, and very reasonably, that there could not be a valentine, for Valentine's day was more than a month off. He was bothered enough when that day came, and he would not be bothered before. But at length Aunt Cinthy's urgency and Major's persistency prevailed. The "drop letters" were looked over, and Major received his missive. Most probably Major never read his early valentine; most probably he could n't.

However, there was little need for its perusal, Aunt Cinthy quoted from it to him so frequently and so feelingly. Whether he appreciated it never transpired; but he certainly appreciated,

and sampled more frequently than ever, Aunt Cinthy's crisp waffles and light puddings.

Aunt Cinthy, pursuant of her plans for him, had persuaded her mistress to let him occupy an old cabin in the farther lot, for which he was supposed to pay rental in wood-chopping.

The 1st of February, Aunt Cinthy began to make diligent preparations for receiving a valentine, which she had determined, willy-nilly, to have.

She made Major whitewash her own house in the upper lot with four snowy coats, inside and out. She had him decorate all the inner walls with cedar boughs, made very white with flour, to the great diminishment of Mrs. Carew's barrel. Whether the victim knew that he was preparing garlands for his own sacrifice, none could tell.

Aunt Cinthy determined that nothing should be lacking for "Major's fust weddin'," as she styled it.

She made a great snowy cake, and set it in the ironing-room, with other dainties flanking it. This was a wise provision, as the sequel proved.

The Cat

OB-SERVE the Cat up-on this page.
Phil-os-o-phers in ev-er-y age,
The ver-y wis-est of the wise,
Have tried her mind to an-a-lyze
In vain, for noth-ing can they learn.
She baf-fles them at every turn
Like Mis-ter Ham-let in the play.
She leads their rea-son-ing a-stray;

She feigns an in-ter-est in string
Or yarn or any roll-ing thing.
Un-like the Dog, she does not care
With com-mon Man her thoughts to share.
She teach-es us that in life's walk
'T is bet-ter to let oth-ers talk,
And lis-ten while they say in-stead
The fool-ish things we might have said.

The 14th of February was the day set for the wedding. Uncle Benson came up from the River Place, which had once belonged to his former owners, the Carews. In all the changes of rent, mortgage, and sale, Uncle Benson still remained head man at the River Place.

He declared he had been "at ever' one of Cinthy's weddin's, and nary one would he miss while his head was hot."

Aunt Cinthy was enveloped in yards upon yards of white tarlatan veil and dress. She looked like "a pick-room in ginnin'-time," Uncle Benson said.

The preacher was there, with sleek black face and sleek black coat and keen appetite for the coming feast. The "pair of licenses," wisely bought and paid for by Cinthy herself, lay on the table.

The hour came, but not the man. Suspense grew fearful. One by one the guests crept out, going to seek the bridegroom, but returning without him.

Cinthy sat in the chair of state, rocking and lamenting loudly.

Uncle Benson gave forth a stream of reminiscences concerning those other three "weddin's that went off all beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!"

He vowed that nothing but fear of his old woman on the river kept him from coming forward to offer himself for "bridebroom," rather than have "Sis' Cinthy and all these fine folks dissap'nted of de weddin' and de weddin' supper."

He was about to begin a chain of recollections about the three funerals, which had also passed off most beautifully, when Miss May came to the rescue, bidding him go in search of the bridegroom, and return not without him.

Cinthy still rocked and lamented, but even now she found a moment of satisfaction, and cried out, wiping her tears: "Anyhow, Miss May, our cordwood is stove-wood now. Ever' stick of hit dat no-count nigger cut, and cut it short, too."

Suddenly sounds of scolding, vociferating, scuffling, came from the cabin in the far lot. While all held their breath and listened, Uncle Benson came panting and puffing to the snowy chamber. His Sunday coat and his gray woolly

hair were all pulled awry with exertion. With one last great effort, he flung the bride room into the room, exclaiming:

"Dar he! Dat him! Heah he! Hid under de baid! I cotch his heel; I fotch him out. He fer dissip'intin' Cinthy of de weddin', and dis her fo'th, too!"

A sigh of relief went up from the assembly.

"Helt back, he did. I tol' him never was he gwine ter set toof in dat big cake in de ironin'-room lessen he come, and come quick. Dat fotch him!"

"He 's des sorter bashful-like," declared Aunt Cinthy, with unctuous air of possession and unmarred satisfaction. "He 'll outgrow hit wid his age; he 'll git mo' sense as he git mo' ageable."

No sooner had the sudden entrance of the bridegroom been brought about than the preacher, promptly setting his back against the door to prevent a like sudden exit, began without delay the ceremony.

Major's answers were perhaps a little sulkily given, but Aunt Cinthy's replies were cheery enough for two.

"Hit 's like I tol' you, Miss May," she observed, as she passed where her mistress stood to observe the ceremony. "You hatter be soon ter send yer valumtine, ef yer want ter git a' answer to yourn at due date and time."

With this, the determined and happy bride led the procession to the cake-cutting in the ironing-room.

Martha Young.

World-Language.

Como esta Usted was all I knew

Of Spanish; you of English knew still less
And yet that night how fast the hours flew

In vain I sought for phrases—one or two—

With which my admiration to express:
Como esta Usted was all I knew.

A trifle tiresome grows "How do you do?"

After much repetition, I confess;
And yet that night how fast the hours flew!

Was ever hapless lover forced to sue

In such cramped phrase? You laughed at my distress:

Como esta Usted was all I knew!

So, silent as the Sphinx, I sat by you;

Nor, till we parted, dared your hand to press:
And yet that night how fast the hours flew!

Perchance Love needs no language; there are few

Unspoken thoughts Dan Cupid cannot guess.

Como esta Usted was all I knew;
And yet that night how fast the hours flew!

Charles Love Benjamin.

Ballade of the Rhyming Duelist.

To my ballade, I prithee, list,
Since haply, at the century's close,
The world has turned romanticist,
And hero-worship daily grows.
I sing a knight of gallant pose,
Of valiant heart and supple wrist,
He of the weird and rueful nose:
I sing the rhyming duelist.

He was a true philanthropist:
Of bores he quickly did dispose;
He caused bad actors to desist
From adding to the public woe.
What chivalry doth this disclose!
He needeth no apologist;
Such fame with endless luster glows.
I sing the rhyming duelist.

And yet the sweets of life he missed:
Love made him feel its bitterest throes;
For him was but vicarious tryst;
For him the thorn, and not the rose;
For him the subtlest pang love knows,
To wait below while Christian kissed:
Yet bravely bore he all his woes.
I sing the rhyming duelist.

ENVOY.

Ah, Cyrano, 't is not in prose
That we should praise the balladist;
So, in the form thine own song chose,
I sing the rhyming duelist.

Beatrice Hanscom.

"If You 'll Not Love Me, Dear."

If you 'll not love me, dear,
What shall I do?
Shed bitter tear on tear,
Spend life in rue?

If you 'll not love me, dear,
This must I do:
Make up your heart's arrears
And love for two.

Julie M. Lippmann.

NOT IN IT.

FIRST CHICKEN. Look at that duck. The airs he puts on are insufferable. Won't speak to us.

SECOND CHICKEN. I know. Says we don't belong to his set.

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FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. PAINTED BY JOHN OPIE.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

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MIDWINTER NUMBER.

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HARNESSING THE NILE.

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD,
Former United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General in Egypt.

WITH PICTURES BY R. TALBOT KELLY.

ENGINEERING skill is to rearrange nature's surface on the Egyptian frontier, and pond back into Nubia a body of water a hundred and forty miles long, crossing the tropic of Cancer, and extending southward nearly to Korosko,—a goodly step on the journey to Abu-Simbel and Wady-Halfa,—by means of a great dam across the Nile at Assuan. The Pyramids and the Sphinx have borne testimony through the centuries to the grandeur and power of execution which dwelt within the Nile valley; and what more fitting now than that the same valley be the theater of a gigantic engineering exploit, audacious perhaps, but certain of success, and ministering to man's necessities, rather than to his vanity?

As a building achievement the scheme is on a scale worthy of a Rameses or a Pharaoh. To create in the heart of the African desert a lake having from two to three times the superficial area of Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, and control it with scientific precision, so that the impounded flood may be turned into distant channels at will, is a stupendous undertaking. But the engineers claim that their plans can be carried out to the letter; they have estimated the exact cost of the dam, computed almost to the gallon the vol-

ume of water that will be imprisoned, and figured the necessary resistance to be provided at every point of the masonry. In Cairo, the experts of the ministries of public works and finance, likewise, have calculated to a nicety the sum from taxation that will come into the public treasury through the country's augmented productiveness.

Subordinate to the great dam, a smaller one, not unlike the barrage at the apex of the delta, ten miles to the north of Cairo, is to be made at Assiut. Its function will be to give a sufficient head to the river to force the water into the system of irrigation canals that vein hundreds of thousands of acres between Assiut and Cairo. The completion of the Cairo barrage (it was begun by Mehemet Ali Pasha, from the plans of a French engineer, but not made effective until England took the country in hand) so developed cotton-culture as to add to the public revenue of the country at least \$10,000,000 annually. It may safely be concluded that the Assuan reservoir is but one of a series which will in time be constructed southward to the Victoria Nyanza. The reestablishment of khedival authority at Khartum will determine this.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIRST CATARACT FROM ELEPHANTINE ISLAND.

The agricultural industry that will be chiefly benefited by the Assuan reservoir and the tributary weir at Assiut is cane-culture. With Cuba's productiveness destroyed for several years, the time is considered propitious, doubtless, for doubling or trebling Egypt's output of raw sugar. The Nile cane is of such exceptional quality that much European capital has been invested in recent years in its cultivation, while crushing-factories have gone up on the river's banks as if by magic.

No subject is receiving wider attention at this time than that of territorial expansion. Great Britain, as well as France, Germany, and Russia, is yearly pressing forward its domain in Africa and Asia, preceded by the soldier or the explorer; and the fortunes of war have carried the Stars and Stripes overseas, and brought an Asiatic archipelago under administrative guidance from Washington.

But the triumph of a practical science, such as irrigation, which bears no relation to the sword or diplomacy, and turns a single acre of desert sand into a productive field, must be a thousandfold more valuable to the world than the victory of arms that merely changes a frontier or deprives a defeated nation of sovereignty and territory: it is the victory of peace; it is creation.

Old Egypt is now so fairly in step with the march of progress as to be attracting the attention of the civilized world. Irrigation is the lever of this progress—the irrigation of definite science, rather than of chance or guesswork; and the move to harness the Nile and compel it to surrender its magical richness to the soil is a project that will be watched by millions of students of utilitarianism. Stated simply, it means the increase of the country's productive capacity by twenty-five per cent., bringing, as it will, considerable stretches of desert soil within the limits of cultivation, while vast tracts of land already arable will be rendered capable of producing two, if not three, crops in the year, by having "summer water" supplied to the thirsting ground.

The Egypt of the map shows more than 400,000 square miles, an expanse nearly seven times as great as New England; but the practical Egypt—that which produces crops and sustains life—is barely as large as the States of Vermont and Rhode Island taken together. This is the ribbon-like strip of alluvial land bordering the Nile, a few miles wide on each side, and measuring not more than 10,500 square miles. The extension planned, and to be completed in the next

six or eight years, wholly by irrigation, is no less magnificent in conception than the rescuing from the Libyan and Arabian deserts of 2500 square miles, or twice the area of Rhode Island. This will be exploitation in its truest sense, and its accomplishment will be a verification of the ancient saying that "Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt."

As an object-lesson, this Egyptian enterprise should have no more interested observers than in America, especially in Colorado, Nevada, California, and other States of the West, where the irrigation expert is succeeding the railway-builder as a developer.

British contractors have agreed that the dam that is to "hold up" the historic river on which Cleopatra floated in her gilded barge, and on which Moses was cradled, will be completed by July 1, 1903. It will be built of granite ashler, much of which will be quarried from the Assuan side of the river, coming from the ledges that furnished the obelisks that now stand in Central Park in New York, on London's Thames Embankment, and in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. It will be seventy-six feet high in places, and, with its approaches, nearly a mile and a quarter long. The difference in water-level above and below the dam will be forty-six feet; and the top of the structure, thirty or forty feet in width, will give bridge facilities to pedestrians, camel-trains, and other traffic of the region. It may interest arithmeticians to know that it is estimated that two hundred and fifty billion gallons can be stored in the reservoir.

The contractors present what looks like a moderate bill. They are to receive \$800,000 a year for thirty years, aggregating about \$24,000,000. As an incentive for them to live up to their agreement, the first payment by the Egyptian government is not to be made until the work is completed and accepted. The credit is a long one, certainly, and its present actuarial value cannot be much in excess of \$10,000,000. The ability of Egypt to make such a favorable contract, by which she apparently takes little risk, and is to pay away each year only a portion of the sum the reservoir brings to her exchequer, reflects the enviable position of her national credit. The transaction may further be taken as an earnest of Great Britain's intention to retain indefinitely her grasp upon the land of the Pharaohs. English engineers and surveyors and a horde of native laborers are already at work at Assuan, and a single order for three million



THE NILE AND NORTHEASTERN AFRICA.

barrels of European cement is in process of delivery.

For years Sir William Garstin, Mr. Willcocks, and other English engineers in the khedival service have strenuously advocated the creation of one or more reservoirs that would give perennial irrigation to Egypt. Experts of other nations have been called into consultation, and all have admitted the feasibility of the project, though they were not at first in accord as to the location of the principal dam. They were agreed that the natural advantages of the Assuan site, with its bed of syenite granite beneath the river, the conformation of the surrounding country, and the inexhaustible supply of stone near by, offered advantages approached by no other location.

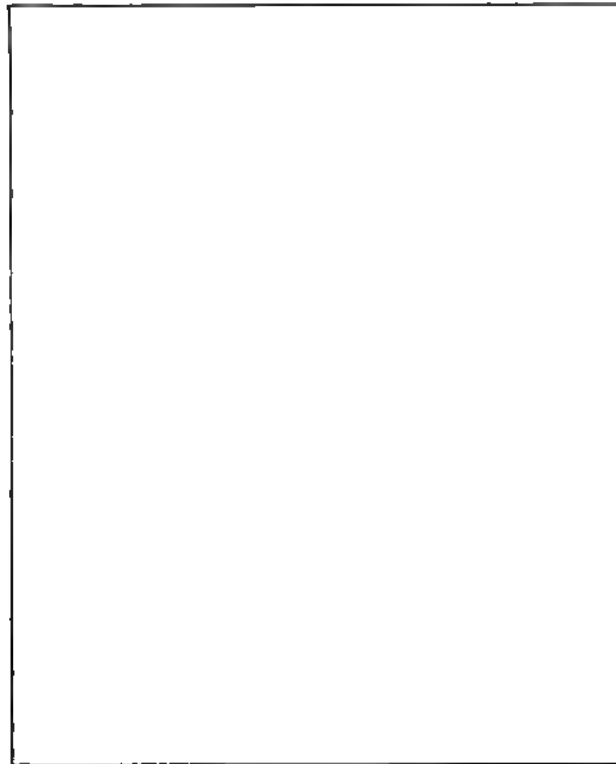
A situation thirty miles south, at Kalab-

she, was favored by some; but the structure proposed, necessarily resting on a foundation of crumbly sandstone, could not be regarded as permanent or as safe as if it rested on a foundation of granite. The Silsila Gate, fifty miles north of Assuan, having the same underlying sandstone, was rejected as a site on the ground of insecurity. A dam there, besides, would submerge the temple at Kom-Ombos, as well as a good part of the town of Assuan. Hence all the engineers in the end favored damming the Nile at the first cataract, at a point about four miles south of Assuan, and not far from the island of Philæ. There nature has been lavish in providing hills of solid rock on each side of the river that will stand the ravages of the elements as long as the world lasts.

Little time was wasted in the preparation of the original plans for the dam. But the officials having the matter in charge, intent only on the utilitarian aspect of the problem, brought about their heads, four years ago, a wide-spread outburst of indignation, when it was announced that the treasured ruins of Philæ would be submerged for months at a time, were their recommendations carried into effect. Meetings were held by learned societies everywhere to protest against any

a modified project, conciliating archaeological interests with engineering necessities, could be devised.

To silence their critics, if possible, the engineers proposed many makeshift plans, some of which displayed surprising ingenuity. Sir Benjamin Baker, of Manchester Canal fame, favored the raising of the island, as a whole, some twelve feet, and offered to do it for a million dollars, guaranteeing its safe accomplishment. Another gravely pro-



LOG-SWIMMING DOWN THE CATARACT.

desecration of Philæ, and their memorials poured in to the Egyptian government for months. From every country in Europe, from the United States, and from the centers of learning in the East, antiquarians, Egyptologists, archaeologists, and literary people generally, joined in vigorous protest. The late Sir Frederick Leighton, president of England's Royal Academy, did not hesitate to say that "any tampering with Philæ would be a lasting blot on the British occupation of Egypt." This stinging remark brought the subject into the realm of British politics, and did as much as all the protests to cause the too practical plans of the English engineers to be held in abeyance until

posed that the temple of Isis, pylons, and all, be moved to a neighboring and higher island and erected anew, and submitted a proposal for the contract. Still another recommended building a caisson of masonry around the island, that would protect it from flood, but make it necessary to descend a flight of stairs to view the buildings.

The proposal to remove Philæ stone by stone was too fantastic even for the pen of a Jules Verne. An American writer suggested that if Philæ's great structures were to be disturbed at all, they should be floated six hundred miles down the Nile and rebuilt in Cairo. This, the writer urged, would bring to the doors of the tourists'

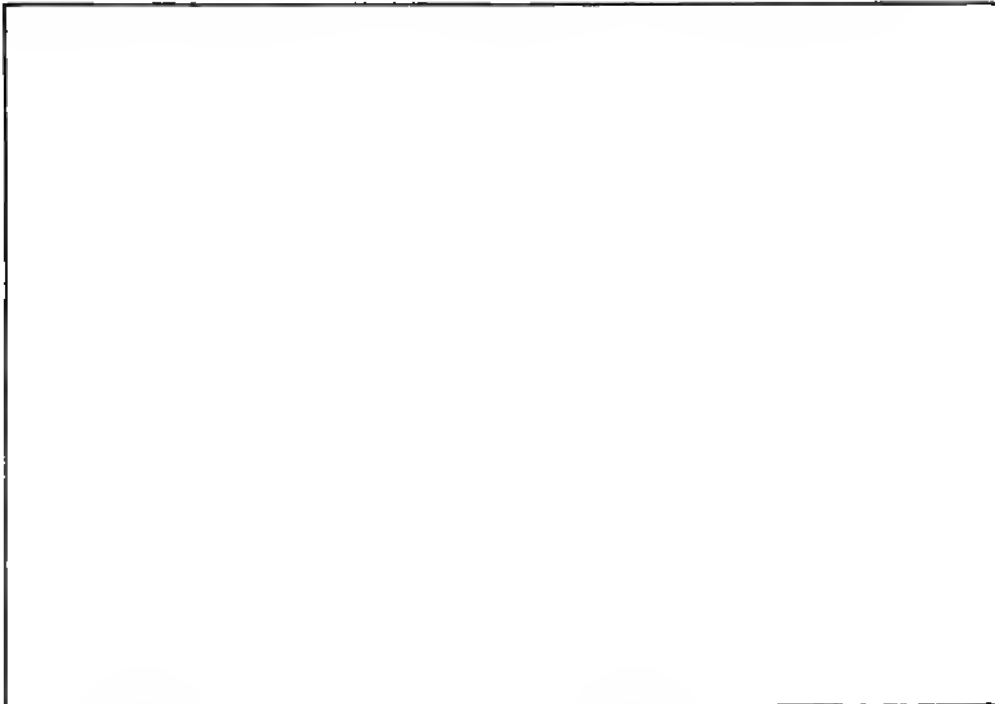
strand beneath Pharaoh's Bed, will never again give a touch of color to the scene. Nor can the patriarchal sheik of the cataract load his clumsy boats at the point of the island with tourists sufficiently courageous to "shoot the rapids" on the way back to their steamers or hotel at Assuan. The making of the dam will force the nude population of the region to prosecute their amphibious pursuits elsewhere—most likely in eddying rapids farther down-stream. But the daring soul who has "shot" what will remain of the cataract will, as of old, be landed on the bank at Assuan to the resounding "Heep, heep, hooray! Zank you, zank you!" of his crew of black rowers, whom he will liberally bakshish while yet believing himself a hero.

The American sun-seeker or English milord, making the voyage to Wady-Halfa by his own dahabiyeh, will no longer have his craft hauled up the Assuan cataract by a hundred shrieking Arabs and Berberins, for most likely it will be taken up the rapids and through the locks by electricity generated by the rushing Nile itself. Indeed, a practical Britisher is in the field for utilizing the cataract's force for electrically lighting Assuan and propelling irrigating machinery for a hundred miles or more

down-stream, to the relief of the familiar shadoof and creaking sakieh.

The Assuan dam will differ in several respects from any great dam hitherto constructed. In the first place, none for impounding water has ever been made on any river approaching the size of the Nile; and, in the second place, it is to be both a dam and a waterway, a conjunction exceedingly difficult to effect. To confine Father Nile in flood-time would be hopeless, and therefore the river must be allowed to run unimpeded through the dam during several months of the year. As soon as the flood subsides, but while the discharge is still greater than can be at once used for irrigation, the water will be retained for use during the parching summer months. For this purpose the structure will be divided into a large number of piers, with openings that can be closed at will by gates.

Each pier must be capable of supporting its own weight and the pressure of water against the adjoining sluice-gates, and the piers must be able to pass the torrent without damage. At times the velocity of the escaping flood-water will be very great; consequently the piers will be enormously massive. The locks for steamers and other craft navigating the Nile will be on the west side.



PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF THE CATARACT ON THE COMPLETION OF THE DAM.

TOURIST-BOAT LEAVING SHEHAL FOR THE CATARACT.

It being the particles of soil contributed to the river by the wash of the mountains and hills in Abyssinia that enrich the fields, the dam will be so designed that the water released daily, during low Nile, will be drawn from near the bottom of the reservoir. Egyptian farmers prize the "red water," which is vastly richer in fertilizing value than clear water can be. In the autumn, after the silt-laden water has passed off, the sluice-gates will be closed gradually until the reservoir is full, which, with normal conditions, will be in January and February. From April to the end of August, when the Nile runs low, and the demand for water for the crops is at its highest, the gates will be systematically opened, and the summer supply of the river supplemented by the water which, had it not been stored, would have flowed uselessly into the Mediterranean. Thus Middle Egypt and the delta will secure more or less perennial irrigation.

The added irrigation resulting from the big reservoir, it has been computed, will permanently benefit Egypt to the value of \$100,000,000. A direct annual return to the revenue of \$2,000,000—more than twice the sum to be paid each year to the firm building the dam—from sale of water and taxation on lands that will be rendered fruitful is promised. The government will further real-

ize considerable sums from the sale of reclaimed public lands, and indirect revenues traceable to the country's augmented producing capacity. The customs and railways are certain to show large increases, and the reservoir will thus add considerably to the security behind Egyptian bonds of all classes, now amounting to a trifle over \$500,000,000, and which for several years have commanded a fair premium.

The British diplomatic agent in Egypt, Lord Cromer, has recently had something to say on the financial aspects of the reservoir measure, fearing that at first sight it may appear a somewhat hazardous undertaking to increase the liabilities of the Egyptian treasury while the Sudan expedition is in the midst of its work. It is Lord Cromer's belief that the expenditure of capital to improve the water-supply, thereby increasing the revenue, affords the best and most certain way out of the pecuniary difficulties which may be impending by the re-occupation of the Sudan. As regards the views of the native population, he has informed his government that he has never before known a measure to be received with such unanimous approbation; and Lord Cromer knows, for the new Egypt is largely his creation.

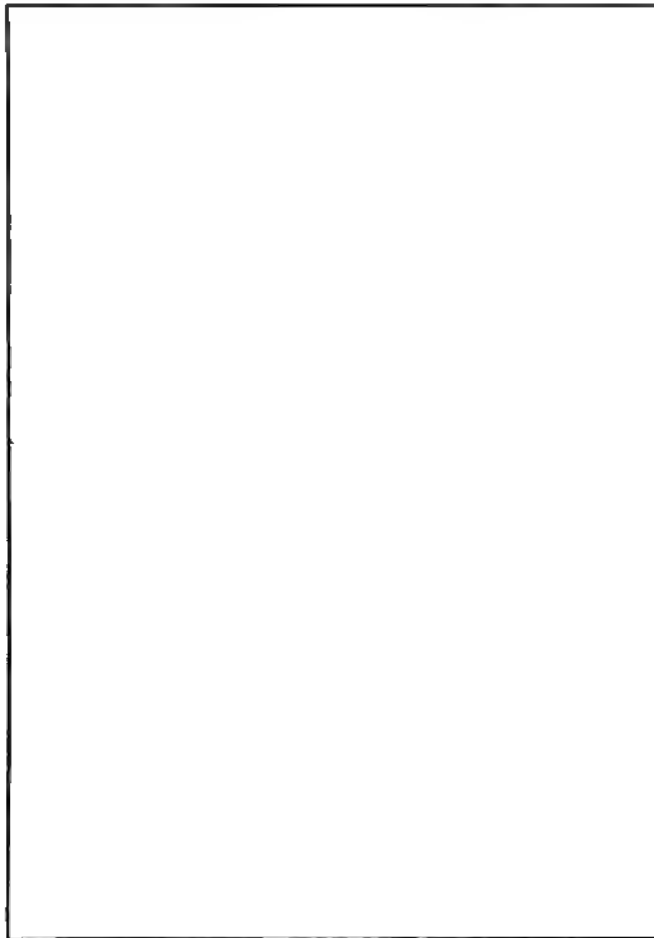
There is a legend that the yearly flooding of

the Nile is caused by the tears shed by Isis over the tomb of Osiris, and the question has for uncounted centuries been asked as a type of impossibility, "Can man arrest the tears of Isis as they flow?" Joseph of Israel did it, at Pharaoh's command, by constructing a reservoir and canals, which fertilized the Fayum province, and gave to the Nile an equable flow. It was Joseph who conceived the idea of turning the surplus waters of high Nile into that vast depression in the desert to the southwest of the Fayum, creating thereby the Lake Moeris of ancient history.

A delving American, Mr. Cope White-

known as the Wady-Rayan—by utilizing the canal of Joseph, which leaves the Nile at Assiut and conveys the water of life to the Fayum. But the Englishmen guiding the Egyptian chariot of state having no wish to divide honors with Joseph, however worthy as an irrigationist, nor with Mr. Whitehouse, the latter was formally thanked for his scholarly suggestion, given a high decoration by the khedive—and the Englishmen proceeded with their studies preliminary to the Assuan dam.

To comprehend the importance of present-day irrigation in Egypt, it must be borne



NATIVES HAULING A BOAT UP THE "GREAT GATE."

house, capable of intelligently exploring both the desert and moldy manuscripts and maps in Italian libraries, showed the khedive's engineers a few years ago how again to store the flood of the Nile in the same desert depression—or that part of it

in mind that the country owes its fertility solely to the Nile. Its agriculture, even the country's existence, depends on irrigation, for Egypt is virtually rainless. Wherever the Nile water can be regularly supplied to the soil, the most bountiful crops follow,

which, like cotton and sugar, command high prices because of their excellence. Indeed, with a reliable supply of water, farming in the Nile country can be pursued with more certainty of success than in any other country of which I have knowledge. The Egyptian farmer can rely on getting four or five hundredweight of long-staple cotton from an acre, which is readily marketed for two cents a pound more than American cotton sells for—American cotton that does not average two hundredweight to the acre. The Nile cane, likewise, is sufficiently rich to give its cultivators decided market advantages.

Successful in an unexpected degree in augmenting the population of the ancient land of the Pharaohs by enforcing hygienic measures, the British administrators at Cairo are recognizing the necessity for proportionately increasing the area of what on another page I have termed the practical Egypt. When the British occupation began, sixteen years ago, Egypt's population was about 7,000,000. An official census just completed

shows that it has risen to 9,750,000, as the result of caring for child life, and teaching the common people to observe rational rules of cleanliness and order.

The present census gives to the practical Egypt a population of 928 to the square mile, a density far in excess of any European country, even Belgium, and not to be equaled outside of Asiatic communities.

It will no doubt surprise most readers to be told that a fair estimate of the value of Egypt's 10,500 square miles of cultivable territory is \$115 an acre. It is a fact, as well, that the foreign bonded indebtedness—naturally based upon the intrinsic value of the country—averages \$75.74 per acre, while the *per capita* proportion of the external debt burden is no less than \$52.20. The average land tax of Egypt is something in excess of \$4 per acre.

These vital statistics are mentioned to reflect in its fullest importance what the building of the great dam at Assuan means to the people of Egypt and their European creditors.

A FAIRY GRAVE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

LET a little grave be made,
Half in shadow, half in shade,
In a quiet, kindly place,
Friendly as her face.

Let the passing fairy bird
From his airy height be heard;
Ever, ever for that ground
Only gentle sound.

Let the singing winds, which be
Wingèd dream and melody,
Singing softly, by her lie,
Softly singing, die.

Let the bee has sucked the bloom
Homeward journey by her tomb,
And his tithe of sweet be paid
To her sweeter shade.

Let the low clouds, red and gold,
Mourn her on the mountains old;
Beauty, aye her guardian be,
You and Melody.

Spirits of sound and souls of flowers,
All you dearest griefless powers,
You with whom she went away,
Tend her night and day.

FROEBEL.

DRAWN BY FRANK FRENCH.

DICKENS.

WHAT CHARLES DICKENS DID FOR CHILDHOOD. HIS WORK IN EDUCATION.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,
Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto.

FROEBEL and Dickens are the best interpreters of Christ's ideals of childhood. The philosophy of Froebel and the stories of Dickens are in perfect harmony. The two great reformers protested vigorously against the interference of intermeddling adults with the full development of the individuality of the child. They recognized the divinity in each child so fully that they objected to all "stamping and molding" processes by which its selfhood was dwarfed or warped. Other educators and reformers had considered the problems of human evolution from the standpoint of the adult, and had asked, "What can we do to fit the child for its work?" Froebel and Dickens asked, "How can we help the child to grow by its own self-activity?" They were the great apostles of childhood. They began the struggle for the freedom of childhood from the restrictive interference of adulthood.

Dickens is commonly regarded merely as an educational critic. This is a narrow and unfair view. He was a great critic. He aroused the indignation of the civilized world against those who treated childhood inhumanly, and the hatred of adult tyranny which he awakened developed a loving sympathy for children. But he could not have so clearly exposed the wrong in education

without having a definite conception of the right. He was the greatest destructive educational critic, but he was also a most advanced, positive, constructive educator. There is no great ideal of the "new education" which is not revealed by Dickens in his novels or his miscellaneous writings.

Dickens was the first Englishman of note to advocate the kindergarten. In July, 1855, he published an article of eleven columns in "Household Words," which would take a leading place if compared with the papers read at a meeting of the International Kindergarten Union to-day. The following extracts from this article, written forty-three years ago, would not be unworthy of Dr. Harris, Mme. Kraus-Boelté, or Miss Blow:

There would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dull-witted men or women if there were fewer children starved or fed improperly in heart and brain. To improve society—to make men and women better—it is requisite to begin quite at the beginning, and to secure for them a wholesome education during infancy and childhood. . . .

His boys came to him [Froebel] with many a twist in mind or temper, caught by wriggling up through the bewilderments of a neglected infancy. The first sproutings of a human mind need thoughtful culture; there is no period of life, indeed, in which culture is so essential. And yet, in nine out of ten cases, it is precisely while the little

DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNES.

WACKFORD SQUEERS, ESQ.

blades of thought and buds of love are frail and tender that no heed is taken to maintain the soil about them wholesome, and the air about them free from blight. . . .

Childhood should be made as happy as God in his wisdom designed it should be, and full play should be given to its energies and powers. . . .

The whole principle of Froebel's teaching is based on a perfect love for children and a full and generous recognition of their nature, a determination that their hearts shall not be starved for want of sympathy, that since they are, by infinite wisdom, so created as to find happiness in the active exercise and development of all their faculties, we who have children round about us shall no longer repress their energies, tie up their bodies, shut their mouths, and declare that they worry us by the incessant putting of the questions which the Father of us all has placed in their mouths.

The frolic of childhood is not pure exuberance and waste. "There is often a high meaning in childish play," said Froebel. Let us study it, and act upon hints—or more than hints—that nature gives. They fall into a fatal error who despise all that a child does as frivolous. Nothing is trifling that forms part of a child's life. . . .

The cardinal point of his doctrine is: take care that you do not exercise a part only of the child's mind or body; but take thorough pains to see that you encourage the development of its whole nature. . . .

Only the mother should, if possible, be the child's chief companion and teacher during at least the first three years of its life, and she should have thought it worth while to prepare herself for the right fulfilment of her duties.

Dickens in his admirable article not only explained the general principles of Froebel's educational philosophy, but gave a detailed analysis of the "gifts" and "occupations" used in the kindergarten, and an exposition of their influence on mind-development that would be suitable for a lecturer in a kindergarten training-school of the present day.

The third gift enables the child to begin the work of construction in accordance with its own ideas, and insensibly brings the ideas into the control of a sense of harmony and fitness. The child learns the charm of symmetry, exercises taste in the preferences of this or that among the hundred combinations of which its eight cubes are susceptible.

Speaking of the other building gifts he says:

Without strain on the mind, in sheer play, the elements of arithmetic are made clear to the children. . . . As a child has instilled into him the principles of arithmetic, so he acquires insensibly the groundwork of geometry, the sister science. . . .

Modeling in wet clay is one of the most important occupations of the children who have

reached about the sixth year, and is used as much as possible, not merely to encourage imitation, but to give some play to the creative power. . . .

We have been perfectly amazed at the work we have seen done by children of six or seven, bright, merry creatures, who have all the spirit of their childhood active in them, repressed by no parents' selfish love of ease and silence, cowed by no dull-witted teacher of the a-b-c and potbooks.

Every element of purity and strength in the new education is revealed in these quotations. The reverent sympathy for childhood; the spirit of true motherhood; the full recognition of selfhood; the influence of nature in revealing conceptions of life, evolution, and God; the development of body, mind, and spirit through play; the need of training the entire being as a unity; the culture of origination and executive power; the necessity for perfect freedom in order to attain full growth; and the fundamental process of creative self-activity—all were clear to the great absorptive and reproductive mind of Dickens.

It was a part of the life-work he planned for himself to change the spirit and revolutionize the attitude of adulthood toward childhood. He aimed to clear away the barriers that prevented the free growth of the child toward God, to save it from cruel treatment, and to fill its life with brightness, hope, and love. All his child characters were created to make humanity aware of the gross wrongs inflicted on defenseless childhood, or of the possibility of guiding the race by wise, reverent, loving training of children.

Dickens adopted two plans for arousing the world: he pictured both the bad and the good methods of training. He was no more effective in describing the evil than in unfolding the good. He deliberately planned to be destructive more frequently than constructive. Men generally have to be prepared for an advance toward a higher stage of evolution by making clear to them the errors or weaknesses of their condition. Dickens had exquisite skill in picturing the inconsistencies, the injustice, the blundering, and the selfishness of weak or wicked men and women; but he had power to reveal the true as well as to unmask and expose the false.

He made schoolmasters prominent characters in six of his books—"Nicholas Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Our Mutual Friend," and "Hard Times." The coarse brutality of Squeers was offset by the loving sympathy of the dear old schoolmaster who

sheltered Little Nell. Dr. Blimber and Mr. Creakle, each in his way a perfect type of wrong methods of dealing with children, were more than counterbalanced by Dr. Strong. There is no page in any language that treats of more fundamental educational principles than the page describing Dr. Strong's school. In "Hard Times" the dwarfing of Louisa and Tom Gradgrind by their father's false educational ideal was brought into perfect relief by the unfolding of wisdom and sweetness in Sissy Jupe, who was not robbed of a real childhood.

Squeers's school was described to arouse the indignation of the public against badly managed private schools, conducted by ignorant, sordid, brutal men who "traded in the avarice, indifference, or imbecility of parents and the helplessness of children." In the preface to "Nicholas Nickleby," Dickens, speaking of private schools, said:

Of the monstrous neglect of education in England, and the disregard of it by the State as a means of forming good or bad citizens, and miserable or happy men, this class of schools long afforded a notable example. . . . The Author's object in calling public attention to the system would be very imperfectly fulfilled, if he did not state now, in his own person, emphatically and earnestly, that Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down, lest they should be deemed impossible.

He had a wider aim, however, than the overthrow of an evil system of private schools. He caught the spirit of Henry Barnard and Horace Mann, and was one of the first Englishmen to see the advantages of a national system of education, and the urgent need of well-trained teachers by whom young minds might be guided in the first stages of their growth. In the same preface he denounced the carelessness by which "any man who had proved his unfitness for any other occupation in life, was free, without examination or qualification, to open a school anywhere; although preparation for the functions he undertook, was required in the surgeon who assisted to bring a boy into the world, or might one day assist, perhaps, to send him out of it,—in the chemist, the attorney, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker,—the whole round of crafts and trades, the schoolmaster excepted." He showed true sympathy with childhood, and a clear conception of responsibility for its proper development, in this preface. "We hear sometimes," said he, "of an action for

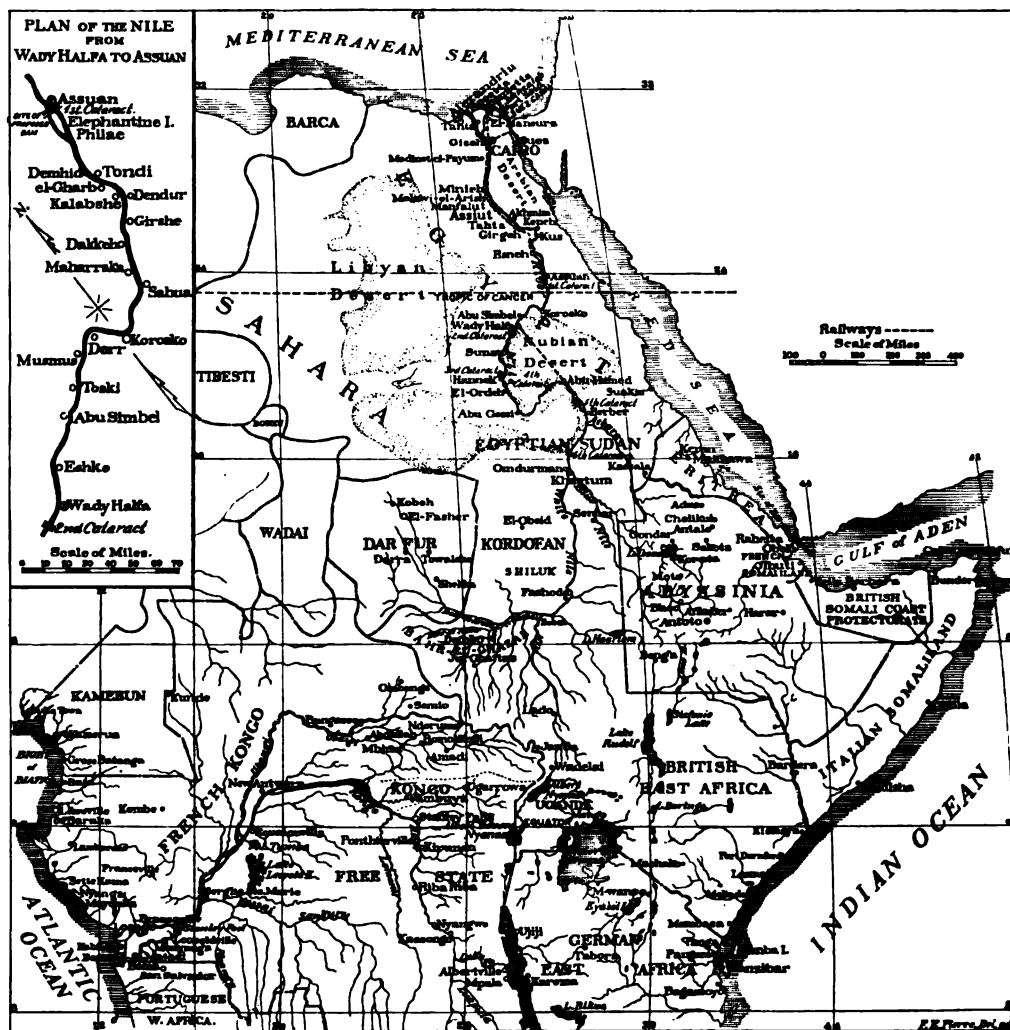
damages against the unqualified medical practitioner, who has deformed a broken limb in pretending to heal it. But, what about the hundreds of thousands of minds that have been deformed for ever by the incapable pettifoggers who have pretended to form them!"

Dickens concentrated in his delineation of the character of Squeers the chief elements of evil that existed in the schools of his day, and revealed the terrible effects of unnatural and inhuman treatment of children. Human hearts everywhere were appalled by the picture of the boys in Dotheboys Hall as they appeared to Nicholas when he was first introduced to them.

There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining; there were vicious-faced boys, brooding, with leaden eyes, like malefactors in a jail; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the mercenary nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts, eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient Hell was breeding here!

The publication of "Nicholas Nickleby" freed England from the low class of private schools, aroused a wide-spread interest in national education and the better training of teachers, and helped to reveal the fundamental principle of true discipline in home or school, that all coercion is dwarfing in its effect on character-growth. There are many teachers and parents who still need to learn that even the most refined methods of coercion cripple the individuality of the child and prevent the development of its true selfhood, the divinity of its nature. For them "Nicholas Nickleby" is one of the best of all books. They should read it once a year.

It takes only a few minutes to read the description of the single day's experience of the schoolmaster in "The Old Curiosity Shop," but few characters are better known or better loved than he. We get only a glimpse at a simple man in passing, but that glimpse reveals his unselfishness and his tenderness so perfectly that he becomes one of our dearest friends. The school is very old-fashioned, the seating is bad, the appliances are defective, the methods of



THE NILE AND NORTHEASTERN AFRICA.

barrels of European cement is in process of delivery.

For years Sir William Garstin, Mr. Willcocks, and other English engineers in the khedival service have strenuously advocated the creation of one or more reservoirs that would give perennial irrigation to Egypt. Experts of other nations have been called into consultation, and all have admitted the feasibility of the project, though they were not at first in accord as to the location of the principal dam. They were agreed that the natural advantages of the Assuan site, with its bed of syenite granite beneath the river, the conformation of the surrounding country, and the inexhaustible supply of stone near by, offered advantages approached by no other location.

A situation thirty miles south, at Kalab-

she, was favored by some; but the structure proposed, necessarily resting on a foundation of crumbly sandstone, could not be regarded as permanent or as safe as if it rested on a foundation of granite. The Silsila Gate, fifty miles north of Assuan, having the same underlying sandstone, was rejected as a site on the ground of insecurity. A dam there, besides, would submerge the temple at Kom-Ombos, as well as a good part of the town of Assuan. Hence all the engineers in the end favored damming the Nile at the first cataract, at a point about four miles south of Assuan, and not far from the island of Philæ. There nature has been lavish in providing hills of solid rock on each side of the river that will stand the ravages of the elements as long as the world lasts.

systematic physical training, especially in the case of children who are physically weak or defective. Paul might have lived, should have lived. He was killed by his father and Dr. Blimber. They were saved from criminality only by their ignorance. Paul's brain was too strong for his body, yet instead of giving special attention to the development of his body, he was taken to Dr. Blimber's school that he might "learn everything." The educational leaders of to-day have not fully learned the lessons directly and incidentally taught by the pathetic story of Paul Dombey.

In "David Copperfield" the extremes of bad and good schools are outlined. David attended two schools, one conducted by Mr. Creakle, a selfish wretch of the Squeers type, the other taught by Dr. Strong. The first was a type of evil in brutal coercion, in disregard of the rights of childhood, and in the dwarfing of individuality; the second was a type of every high modern ideal of education. The more perfectly a man comprehends the philosophy of the new education, the more definitely will he recognize the fact that Dickens includes in the half-page describing Dr. Strong's school every element of the best modern ideals of teaching, management, and training.

David's reception into the school is suggestive. He was presented by Dr. Strong to the head boy, and by him introduced to the rest of the school individually. Politeness, courtesy, consideration, recognition of brotherhood, are all involved in this suggestion.

"We had noble games out of hours." Dickens saw not only that physical culture is an important element in education, but also that games constitute by far the best kind of physical culture—the only kind that develops the child as a unity, physically, intellectually, and morally. The world is now beginning to learn what Dickens saw so clearly in 1850. Prussia recently sent sixty educators to England to study English games, with the view of introducing them into Prussia.

"The doctor himself was the idol of the whole school." This recognizes the positive side of the personal influence of the teacher. Dr. Strong was described, not as a restraining influence, but as inspiring and stimulating.

"He was the kindest of men, with a simple faith that might have touched the stone hearts of the very urns upon the wall." The mightiest force in education is human sympathy and love, the spirit of true motherhood in man or woman. Blessed are the chil-

dren whose teachers have "a simple faith" in them. It is easy to love the good; the bad most need love. "Oh, if Tom McGuire would leave school," says the discouraged teacher, "how happy I should be!" Love him with a true unselfish love, and the demon in him will leave, and into its place will come two angels, one to shine in Tom's life, and the other in your own.

"We had plenty of liberty." Liberty is the central principle in true development. Christ's greatest work is the emancipation of the human soul. "The perfect law of liberty" recognizes independent self-activity as the basis of all real growth, physically, intellectually, and spiritually; as the source of the natural evolution of a strong, self-reliant, self-directing individuality.

"We all felt that we had a part in the management of the place, and in sustaining its character and dignity." Individuality is not the highest ideal in education. Community, interdependence, the unity of the race, the relationship of the individual to humanity, this is the supreme element in education. There is perfect harmony between individualism and socialism, when they are fully understood. Dickens made the every-day life in Dr. Strong's school reveal this greatest truth in philosophy.

"There was an appeal in everything to the honor and good faith of the boys, and an avowed intention to rely on their possession of those qualities unless they proved themselves unworthy of it, which worked wonders." Children deserve our faith, and even if they do not, we can make them worthy of trust by trusting them. Let a boy understand that you expect him to do wrong, and he will usually fulfil your expectations. The freeing of the minds of teachers from the blighting doctrine of the total depravity of the child made it possible for them to study the child with interest and with faith in its evolution toward the divine. Dr. Strong looked for the divinity in the child, and made it the dominant element in its development.

In "Hard Times," one of the least appreciated of Dickens's books, he deals in a masterly way with the broad question of the true function of education, and proves the folly of the utilitarianism which would degrade education to a mere economic question; which elevates a so-called practical education above the spiritual evolution of the race; which confines the child to the elements that will enable it to make a living, and excludes from its life music, art, literature, the appreciation of nature, and all those elements of culture

that give true grace and dignity to man, and qualify him for the transformation of his material environment, for progressive advancement toward a higher civilization, and for a conscious growth toward the divine.

Mr. Gradgrind believed in facts.

"Now, what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

To the Gradgrinds everywhere, and to the large class who are narrower and meaner than Mr. Gradgrind, who object to what they call "educational frills for the children of the working-classes" in order to reduce their tax bills, Dickens gave direct reply:

Utilitarian Gradgrinds, skeletons of school-masters, Commissioners of Facts, genteel and used-up infidels, gabblers of many little dog-eared creeds, the poor you have always with you. Cultivate in them, while there is yet time, the utmost graces of the fancies and affections, to adorn their lives, so much in need of ornament; or, in the day of your triumph, when romance is utterly driven out of their souls, and they and a bare existence stand face to face, Reality will take a wolfish turn and make an end of you. . . . Beautify their lives of machinery and reality with those imaginative graces and delights without which the heart of infancy will wither up, the sturdiest physical manhood will be morally stark death, and the plainest national prosperity figures can show will be the Writing on the Wall.

But the events of the story give a clearer answer to the practical utilitarians. Robbed of their childhood, Mr. Gradgrind's children, Louisa and Tom, had no true foundation for womanhood and manhood. Their wrecked lives revealed too late to their regretful father the folly of his system of training.

The interview between Louisa and her father, when she fled from the coarse husband he had chosen for her, is full of suggestiveness and warning for all who either deliberately or carelessly blight childhood by the interference of intermeddling adulthood.

"How could you give me life, and take from me all the inappreciable things that raise it from a state of conscious death? Where are the graces of my soul? Where are the sentiments of my heart? What have you done, O father, what

have you done, with the garden that should have bloomed once in this great wilderness here?"

"If it had ever been here, its ashes alone would save me from the void in which my whole life sinks. . . . I don't reproach you, father. What you have never nurtured in me, you have never nurtured in yourself; but oh, if you had only done so long ago, or if you had only neglected me, what a much better and much happier creature I should have been this day! . . . Would you have doomed me, at any time, to the frost and blight that have hardened and spoiled me? Would you have robbed me . . . of the immaterial part of my life, the spring and summer of my belief, my refuge from what is sordid and bad in the real things around me, my school in which I should have learned to be more humble and more trusting with them, and to hope in my little sphere to make them better?"

"Oh, no, no! No, Louisa."

This scene proves that Dickens is worthy of a foremost place of honor with Montaigne, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel as a pleader for a reverent recognition of the rights of childhood. It proves also that he understood the fundamental law of evolution by stages as taught by Froebel, which is now the dominating law of psychology, and saw clearly the two errors still made in so many homes and schools: first, by neglecting or preventing the development appropriate to childhood; and, second, by attempting to force upon childhood the intellectual or ethical culture belonging to a later stage of development.

"Hard Times" ridiculed with deserved mercilessness the absurdity of giving mere verbal descriptions of things as a substitute for actual knowledge of the things themselves, and of their powers, their processes of growth and modes of action. Nothing could be finer than the incident at the examination of the school established by Mr. Gradgrind, when he asked Sissy Jupe ("girl number twenty") to define a horse. She was the daughter of a circus-rider, and had lived with horses from her babyhood, and played with them as an ordinary child does with kittens or dogs, but she had never defined a horse, and she failed to answer.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Gramnivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." This (and much more) by Bitzer.

"Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

There can be no doubt that the scathing criticism in "Hard Times" of the stupid perversion of Pestalozzi's object-teaching, which resulted in such teaching as Bitzer had received, and was recommended even in the training-schools of England, did much to lead to the prohibition of "object-lessons" by the British government for twenty years.

The natural curiosity of children in relation to the great world into which they are born is their mightiest intellectual stimulus. It is the source of all true interest, and should develop rapidly throughout the whole life of each individual. This natural wonder-power is the basis of all investigation that leads to new discoveries in the material, the intellectual, and the spiritual world. Dickens saw in the school processes of his time methods that dwarfed this wonder-power, by the substitution of the teacher's interests for those of the child. Even yet the schools reverse God's plan of developing the child from within, by its own self-activity, in response to the promptings of its own interests; and wonder-power is lost through lack of opportunity for exercise, and by the substitution of the teacher's interests for the child's interests. Before the child goes to school it finds its own problems; as soon as it goes to school the problems are brought to it by the teacher. Dickens exposed the stupidity of the school processes by the methods of Mr. M'Choakumchild, Mr. Gradgrind's teacher. There is a world of suggestiveness even in the name, M'Choakumchild.

"Bring to me," said Mr. M'Choakumchild, "yonder baby just able to walk, and I will engage that it shall never wonder."

Dickens in this remarkable book shows that he recognized definitely what so many educators since have been slow to understand, that character-development should be the great end of all education. How clearly he reveals the blindness of Mr. M'Choakumchild and Mr. Gradgrind in their treatment of Sissy Jupe!

Mr. Gradgrind was a kind man at heart, and he had adopted Sissy Jupe when she was left fatherless. He was very much disheartened to find that she had read poetry, and about the fairies and the hunchback and the genii. He hoped, however, that right training would undo the evil he supposed must follow such reading.

Mr. M'Choakumchild gave her up in despair, however. He could not fill her

mind with bare facts, and she "would burst into tears on being required (by the mental process) immediately to name the cost of two hundred and forty-seven muslin caps at fourteen pence halfpenny." Mr. Gradgrind reluctantly told her it was no use for her to continue longer at school. She cried, because she was really sorry at her failure to please her benefactor.

"Don't shed tears," said Mr. Gradgrind; "don't shed tears. I don't complain of you. You are an affectionate, earnest, good young woman, and—and we must make that do."

"Affectionate, earnest, good," these were the characteristics resulting from a system regarded as a failure by Mr. Gradgrind. The real failure was revealed to him later, when he saw the shipwrecked lives of Louisa and Tom.

Tom expressed his opinion of his father's system of training to Louisa confidentially, one evening, when they were accidentally left for a few minutes alone in their study den.

"I am a Donkey, that's what I am. I am as obstinate as one, I am more stupid than one, I get as much pleasure as one, and I should like to kick like one."

He was not far astray in his opinion. He was the natural product of a false system of training, that dwarfs true childhood by preventing its happy, free development, and blights it by forcing upon it prematurely the experiences, the feelings, and the thoughts rightfully belonging to maturity.

No man could have written "Hard Times" who was not an advanced and thoughtful educator.

Did Dickens deliberately aim to improve educational systems and reveal the principles of educational philosophy? The answer is easily found.

He was the first great English student of Froebel. He deals with nineteen different schools in his books. He gives more attention to the training of childhood than any other novelist, or any other educator except Froebel. He was one of the first Englishmen to demand national control of education, even in private schools, and the thorough training of all teachers. He exposed fourteen types of coercion, and did more than any one else to lead Christian men and women to treat children humanely. Every book he wrote except two is rich in educational thought. He took the most advanced position on every phase of modern educational thought, except manual training. When he is thoroughly understood he will be recognized as the Froebel of England.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. PAINTED BY JOHN OPIE.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

Puritans, "some considerable men" of Josiah Franklin's acquaintance planned a removal to New England, "and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy their mode of religion with freedom."

Josiah Franklin, shortly after his arrival in America, became a member of the Old South Church, and his chief distinction appears to have been in the affairs of this church. Sewall states that upon occasion he "moved prayer at Meeting," or "pitched" the tune, and the son records in his autobiography that he "was skilled a little in music, and had a clear, pleasing voice, so that when he played psalm tunes on his violin and sung withal, as he sometimes did in an evening after the business of the day was over, it was extremely agreeable to hear." Nor did the two services on Sunday and the "Thursday lecture" satisfy the religious side of his nature, for he held devotional meetings in his own home.

The ambition of every self-respecting New England family at that time was to produce at least one clergyman, and Josiah planned to devote Benjamin, "as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the Church," an intention stimulated by Franklin's early bookishness. "My Uncle Benjamin, too, approved of it," and "having been a great attender of sermons of the best preachers, which he took down," he "proposed to give me all his shorthand volumes of sermons, I suppose as a stock to set up with, if I would learn his character." But, as already mentioned, the expense and the probable "mean living" finally led the parent to change his determination.

Yet clearly the "mean living" was not the absolute deterrent, for at sixteen years of age, in his description of Harvard College, the boy, recounting the shifts of the graduates for a livelihood, described how the greater "Crowd went along a large beaten Path which led to a Temple at the further End of the Plain, call'd, The Temple of Theology. The Business of those who were employ'd in this Temple being laborious and painful, I wonder'd exceedingly to see so many go towards it; but while I was pondering this Matter in my Mind, I spy'd *Pecunia* behind a Curtain, beckoning to them with her Hand, which Sight immediately satisfy'd me for whose Sake it was, that a great Part of them (I will not say all) travel'd that Road." Apparently, too, Franklin later in life did not approve of even the "mean living" of the

New England clergy, for he declared, apropos of the test act of Massachusetts:

If Christian preachers had continued to teach as Christ and his Apostles did, without salaries, and as the Quakers now do, I imagine tests would never have existed; for I think they were invented not so much to secure religion itself as the emoluments of it. When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself; and when it cannot support itself, and God does not take care

TITLE-PAGE OF FRANKLIN'S "WICKED TRACT."
IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

to support it, so that its professors are obliged to call for the help of the civil power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one.

He did not, however, believe in his theory strongly enough to apply it within the family circle; for Franklin wrote to the father of the boy he had selected for his son-in-law: "Tell me whether George is to be a Church or Presbyterian parson? I know you are a Presbyterian yourself; but then I think you have more sense than to stick him into a priesthood that admits of no promotion. If he was a dull lad it might not be amiss, but George has parts, and ought to aim at a mitre."

GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIRST CATARACT FROM ELEPHANTINE ISLAND.

The agricultural industry that will be chiefly benefited by the Assuan reservoir and the tributary weir at Assiut is cane-culture. With Cuba's productiveness destroyed for several years, the time is considered propitious, doubtless, for doubling or trebling Egypt's output of raw sugar. The Nile cane is of such exceptional quality that much European capital has been invested in recent years in its cultivation, while crushing-factories have gone up on the river's banks as if by magic.

No subject is receiving wider attention at this time than that of territorial expansion. Great Britain, as well as France, Germany, and Russia, is yearly pressing forward its domain in Africa and Asia, preceded by the soldier or the explorer; and the fortunes of war have carried the Stars and Stripes overseas, and brought an Asiatic archipelago under administrative guidance from Washington.

But the triumph of a practical science, such as irrigation, which bears no relation to the sword or diplomacy, and turns a single acre of desert sand into a productive field, must be a thousandfold more valuable to the world than the victory of arms that merely changes a frontier or deprives a defeated nation of sovereignty and territory: it is the victory of peace; it is creation.

Old Egypt is now so fairly in step with the march of progress as to be attracting the attention of the civilized world. Irrigation is the lever of this progress—the irrigation of definite science, rather than of chance or guesswork; and the move to harness the Nile and compel it to surrender its magical richness to the soil is a project that will be watched by millions of students of utilitarianism. Stated simply, it means the increase of the country's productive capacity by twenty-five per cent., bringing, as it will, considerable stretches of desert soil within the limits of cultivation, while vast tracts of land already arable will be rendered capable of producing two, if not three, crops in the year, by having "summer water" supplied to the thirsting ground.

The Egypt of the map shows more than 400,000 square miles, an expanse nearly seven times as great as New England; but the practical Egypt—that which produces crops and sustains life—is barely as large as the States of Vermont and Rhode Island taken together. This is the ribbon-like strip of alluvial land bordering the Nile, a few miles wide on each side, and measuring not more than 10,500 square miles. The extension planned, and to be completed in the next

six or eight years, wholly by irrigation, is no less magnificent in conception than the rescuing from the Libyan and Arabian deserts of 2500 square miles, or twice the area of Rhode Island. This will be exploitation in its truest sense, and its accomplishment will be a verification of the ancient saying that "Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt."

As an object-lesson, this Egyptian enterprise should have no more interested observers than in America, especially in Colorado, Nevada, California, and other States of the West, where the irrigation expert is succeeding the railway-builder as a developer.

British contractors have agreed that the dam that is to "hold up" the historic river on which Cleopatra floated in her gilded barge, and on which Moses was cradled, will be completed by July 1, 1903. It will be built of granite ashler, much of which will be quarried from the Assuan side of the river, coming from the ledges that furnished the obelisks that now stand in Central Park in New York, on London's Thames Embankment, and in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. It will be seventy-six feet high in places, and, with its approaches, nearly a mile and a quarter long. The difference in water-level above and below the dam will be forty-six feet; and the top of the structure, thirty or forty feet in width, will give bridge facilities to pedestrians, camel-trains, and other traffic of the region. It may interest arithmeticians to know that it is estimated that two hundred and fifty billion gallons can be stored in the reservoir.

The contractors present what looks like a moderate bill. They are to receive \$800,000 a year for thirty years, aggregating about \$24,000,000. As an incentive for them to live up to their agreement, the first payment by the Egyptian government is not to be made until the work is completed and accepted. The credit is a long one, certainly, and its present actuarial value cannot be much in excess of \$10,000,000. The ability of Egypt to make such a favorable contract, by which she apparently takes little risk, and is to pay away each year only a portion of the sum the reservoir brings to her exchequer, reflects the enviable position of her national credit. The transaction may further be taken as an earnest of Great Britain's intention to retain indefinitely her grasp upon the land of the Pharaohs. English engineers and surveyors and a horde of native laborers are already at work at Assuan, and a single order for three million

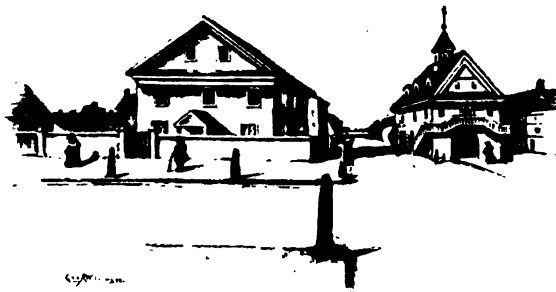
going in Boston, on his arrival in the City of Brotherly Love he relates that:

I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continu'd so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

During his first brief visit to London, Franklin made friends of a number of deists such as Lyon and Mandeville, both of whom had written books then thought highly irreligious. Franklin himself followed their example. While working as a journeyman printer he "was employed in composing for the second edition of Wollaston's 'Religion of Nature.'" The book was an absolutely inoffensive one, and the six editions and ten thousand copies sold of it probably did as little harm as any book ever printed; but to the young doubter, fresh from his controversies with the Boston ministers, it was an irritation to leave unanswered the *a priori* propositions, and circular reasonings based thereon, concerning good and evil, truth and falsehood, pleasure and pain. So in spare

Pleasure and Pain" has since been known as his "wicked tract," and Franklin lived to term it "an erratum," and to destroy almost all of the hundred copies he had printed.

Upon his return to Philadelphia, Franklin "regularly paid my subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting" in that city; yet, while "I had still an opinion of its propriety, and its utility, I seldom attended any public worship." For this conduct his clergyman reproved him, and urged Franklin to attend "his administrations, and I was now and then prevail'd on to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study; but his discourses were chiefly either polemical arguments or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced. Their aim seemed to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens." Finally, a special sermon so "disgusted" Franklin that he "attended his preaching no more. . . . I had some years before compos'd a little Liturgy or form of prayer for my own private use (viz., in 1728), entitled 'Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion.' I return'd to the use of this and went no more to the public assemblies."



DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS.

OLD QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, SOUTHWEST CORNER OF SECOND AND MARKET STREETS. COURT-HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. AFTER AN OLD LITHOGRAPH.

hours he wrote and put into type a little tractate, animadverting on some of the clerical author's arguments, and practically denying a future life or rewards, the existence of natural religion, and of the theological distinction between man and beast. This dissertation on "Liberty and Necessity,

So long as this clergyman was the sole minister of the sect in Philadelphia, Franklin continued to absent himself from church: but, "about the year 1734, there arrived among us from Ireland a young Presbyterian preacher, named Hemphill, who delivered with a good voice, apparently extempore,

WILLIAM WOLLASTON. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY VERTUE AFTER A PORTRAIT
ATTRIBUTED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

most excellent discourses, which drew together considerable numbers of different persuasions, who join'd in admiring him. Among the rest, I became one of his constant hearers, his sermons pleasing me, as they had little of the dogmatical kind, but inculcated strongly the practice of virtue, or what in the religious style are called 'good works.' The Rev. Jedediah Andrews, the old clergyman, did not agree with Franklin; having first taken Mr. Hemphill as his assistant, as his popularity grew he came to believe it nothing but a "dreadful plot laid by Satan to root Christianity out of the world," and charged that the eloquent preacher drew about him only "Free thinkers, Deists and nothings." Through his influence the newcomer was arraigned for heterodoxy before

a synod, and "never was there such a trial known in the American World." Mr. Hemphill had preached that "the Gospel was a revival of the laws of nature"; that "the Lord's Supper promoted a good life, but was not a communion with Christ"; had prayed for mankind, and not for the church; and, perhaps worst of all, in the eyes of his accuser, had preached sermons in which he had made no mention of original sin. Franklin, who had become a "zealous partisan . . . contributed all I could to raise a party in his favour, and we combated for him awhile with some hopes of success. There was much scribbling pro and con upon the occasion; and finding that, tho' an eloquent preacher, he was but a poor writer, I lent him my pen, and wrote for him two or three pamphlets, .

and one piece in the Gazette." These defended Hemphill, "because in all his discourses he enforced Christian charity and the necessity of a good life"; but how little in accord Franklin was with his own church is shown by his assertions that "good works put men in God's way and reconcile God to them," and that "original sin was as ridiculous as imputed righteousness." A reply was

others than bad ones of his own manufacture, tho' the latter was the practice of our common preachers. He afterwards acknowledged to me that none of those he preached were his own, and I quitted the congregation, never joining it after, tho' I continued many years my subscriptions for the support of its minister." His disgust may have been the direct cause of Poor Richard's remark

FROM A PRINT IN THE "COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE."

quickly forthcoming, which dwelt on the pamphleteer's "false and abusive Criminations, his outrageous Billingsgate Language, and horrid Profaneness." As was foreordained, the eloquent clergyman was brought in guilty, and silenced, but he continued to preach as an independent until he was caught using another man's sermons. "This detection gave many of our party disgust, who accordingly abandoned his cause. . . . I stuck by him, however, as I rather approv'd his giving us good sermons compos'd by

that, "Many have quarrel'd about Religion, that never practised it." Franklin's opinion of church disputes is given in no uncertain key:

Each party abuses the other; the profane and the infidel believe both sides, and enjoy the fray; the reputation of religion in general suffers, and its enemies are ready to say, not what was said in the primitive times, Behold how these Christians love one another, but, Mark how these Christians hate one another! Indeed, when religious people quarrel about religion, or hungry

people about their victuals, it looks as if they had not much of either among them.

Thoroughly out of humor with the faith of his father, Franklin now took a pew in the Episcopalian Christ Church, and there his family henceforth worshiped, there a son and daughter were baptized, and there he and his wife, with two of their children, were eventually buried. And though Franklin rarely attended the service, he concerned himself in the material interests of the church. In 1737 he subscribed to a fund for finishing the new building, in 1751 to one to build a steeple and purchase a chime of bells, and twice he was appointed by the vestry one of the managers of lotteries for raising a fund for this purpose. Probably the most amusing relic of his relations with this church was an advertisement in his own paper, anent his wife's Prayer-book:

Taken out of a Pew in the Church some Months since, a Common-Prayer Book, bound in Red, gilt, and letter'd D F on each Corner. The Person who took it, is desir'd to open it and read the Eighth Commandment, and afterwards return it into the same Pew again; upon which no further Notice will be taken.

However Franklin, the private citizen of tolerant Pennsylvania, might be left free to think and act as he chose, when he became an office-holder of the colony his freedom was curtailed, for he was called upon to sign an oath, or test, before he was allowed to serve the public. By this he was required to "Solemnly promise and declare that . . . our hearts abhor, detest and renounce as impious and heretical that damnable doctrine and position that princes excommunicated and deprived by the Pope, or any other authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects"; to "solemnly and sincerely profess and testify

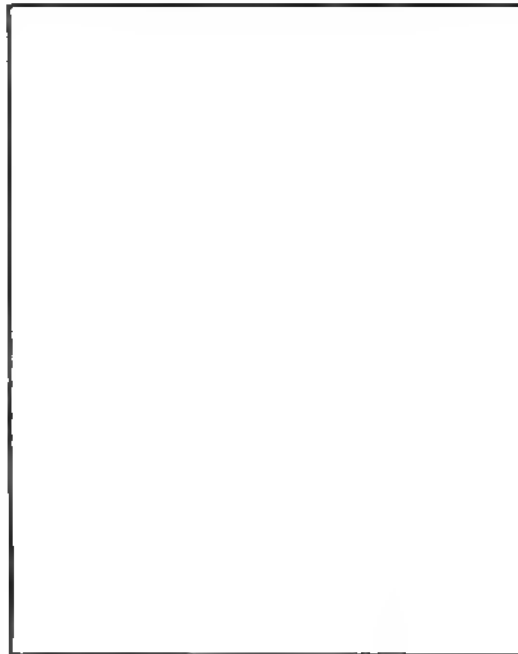
that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is no transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ"; that "the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, or the sacrifice of the mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous"; and that "each of us for himself do solemnly and sincerely profess faith in God the Father, and

in Jesus Christ his Eternal Son, the true God, and in the Holy Spirit, one God, blessed for evermore. And we do acknowledge the Holy Scriptures to be by divine inspiration."

Although the office-holder subscribed over and over again to this oath, it was clearly from necessity, and not from choice, and time did not lessen his dislike of it. This was shown in 1776, when the colonial charter was abrogated and a convention set about the framing of a new government.

Of this body Franklin was president, and he threw all his influence in favor of doing away with every test, and in theory succeeded, for the Declaration of Rights adopted declared:

That all men have a natural and unalienable right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences and understanding: And that no man ought or of right can be compelled to attend any religious worship, or erect or support any place of worship, or maintain any Ministry, contrary to, or against, his own free will and consent: Nor can any man, who acknowledges the being of a God, be justly deprived or abridged of any civil right as a citizen, on account of his religious sentiments or peculiar mode of religious worship: And that no authority can or ought to be vested in, or assumed by, any power whatever, that shall in any case interfere with, or in any manner controul, the right of conscience in the free exercise of religious worship.



FROM AN ENGRAVING BY TROTTER OF A PORTRAIT BY RUSSELL.

But when it came to reducing this theory to practice, Franklin could not bring the convention to make its liberality concrete, and it decreed that, however free its citizens might be in their belief, before they could serve as lawmakers they must swear: "I DO believe in one God, the Creator and Governor of the Universe, the rewarder of the good and punisher of the wicked. And I do acknowledge the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be given by Divine Inspiration." Concerning this, Franklin wrote to the Rev. Dr. Price:

I agreed with you in sentiments concerning the Old Testament, and thought the clause in our Constitution, which required the members of Assembly to declare their belief *that the whole of it was given by divine inspiration*, had better have been omitted; that I had opposed the clause, but being overpowered by numbers, and fearing more might in future times be grafted on it, I prevailed to have the additional clause "*that no further or more extended profession of faith should ever be exacted.*" I observed to you, too, that the evil of it was the less, as *no inhabitant*, nor any officer of government, except the members of Assembly, was obliged to make that declaration.

So much for that letter; to which I may now add that there are several things in the Old Testament impossible to be given by *divine inspiration*, such as the approbation ascribed to the angel of the Lord of that abominably wicked and detestable action of Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite. If the rest of the book were like that, I should rather suppose it given by inspiration from another quarter, and renounce the whole.

In leaving the Presbyterian and allying himself with the Episcopalian Church, it is not to be inferred that Franklin became in any sense of the word a sectarian, and this fact was so well recognized by his fellow-townsmen that, in a dispute over a vacancy in a board of trustees constituted of one from each sect, the mutual jealousy of the differing religions was finally ended by the nomination of Franklin, "with the observation that I was merely an honest man, and of no sect at all, which prevailed with them to chuse me." His actual attitude toward churches he described as follows:

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyterian; and tho' some of the dogmas of that persuasion, such as the *eternal decrees of God, election, reprobation, etc.*, appeared to me unintelligible, others doubtful, and I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect, Sunday being my studying day, I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity; that he made the world, and govern'd it by his Providence; that

the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished, and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. These I esteem'd the essentials of every religion; and, being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, tho' with different degrees of respect, as I found them more or less mix'd with other articles, which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, serv'd principally to divide us, and make us unfriendly to one another. This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects, induc'd me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion; and as our province increas'd in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contribution, my mite for such purpose, whatever might be the sect, was never refused.

So, too, writing of a particular sect, Franklin said: "I do not desire it to be diminished, nor would I endeavour to lessen it in any man. But I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it. I mean real good works, works of kindness, charity, mercy, and publick spirit; not holiday-keeping, sermon reading or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments,—despis'd even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty, the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful; but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself in being water'd and putting forth leaves, tho' it never produc'd any fruit."

As already indicated, Franklin was no sabbatarian, and during his early life set apart that day for study and writing. Later, when in France, he adopted the custom of the country and observed it as a *fête-day*, on which he entertained friends, went to the play or opera, played chess or cards, and made merry in other ways, to the no small scandalizing of the more puritanical Americans who saw or heard of the conduct of their commissioner and minister. He himself had no sympathy with the New England Sunday, and long before he went to France he had written to a Connecticut friend:

When I travelled in Flanders, I thought of your excessively strict observation of Sunday; and that a man could hardly travel on that day among you upon his lawful occasions without hazard of punishment; while, where I was, every one travelled, if he pleased, or diverted himself in any other way; and in the afternoon both high and low went to the play or the opera, where

ENGRAVED BY W. SHARP AFTER A PORTRAIT BY ROMNEY. FROM
A PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF E. G. KENNEDY.

there was plenty of singing, fiddling, and dancing. I looked around for God's judgments, but saw no signs of them. The cities were well built and full of inhabitants, the markets filled with plenty, the people well favored and well clothed, the fields well tilled, the cattle fat and strong, the fences, houses, and windows all in repair, and no Old Tenor [*i. e.*, paper money] anywhere in the country; which would almost make one suspect that the Deity is not so angry at that offence as a New England Justice.

As can readily be conceived, Franklin's non-attendance at church and his general disrespect for doctrinal religion were a sore trial to his Puritan family, and several of them argued and remonstrated with him

on the error of his ways. To his father and mother he replied:

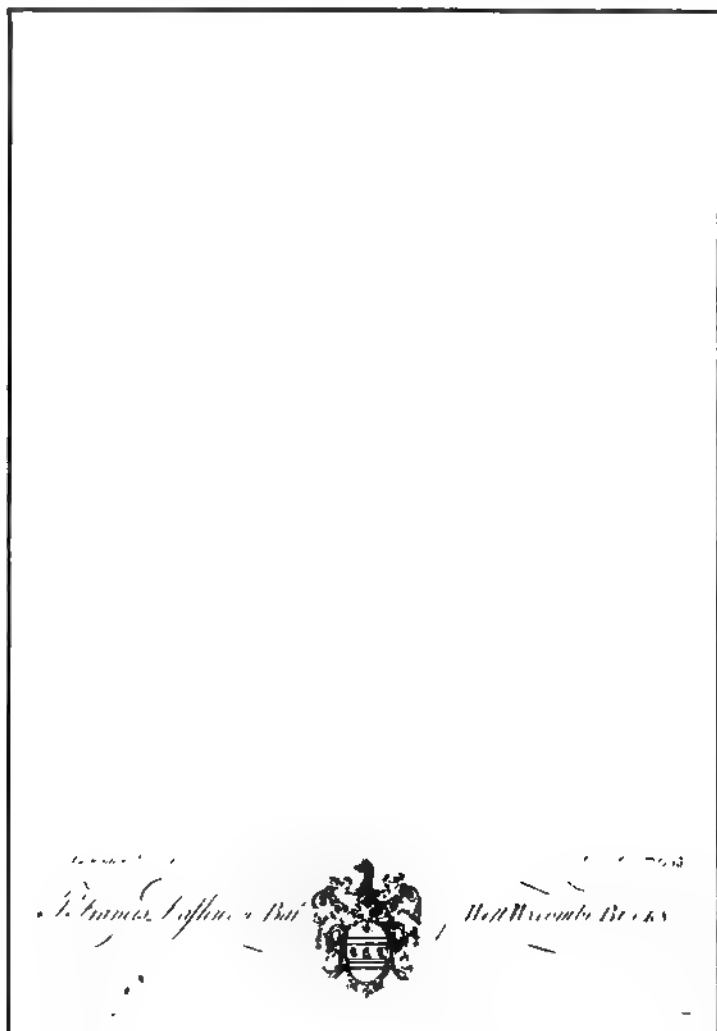
You both seem concerned lest I have imbibed some erroneous opinions. Doubtless I have my share; and when the natural weakness and imperfection of human understanding is considered, the unavoidable influence of education, custom, books, and company upon our ways of thinking, I imagine a man must have a good deal of vanity who believes, and a good deal of boldness who affirms, that all the doctrines he holds are true, and all he rejects are false. And perhaps the same may be justly said of every sect, church, and society of men, when they assume to themselves that infallibility which they deny to the Pope and councils.

I think opinions should be judged of by their

influences and effects; and if a man holds none that tend to make him less virtuous or more vicious, it may be concluded he holds none that are dangerous; which I hope is the case with me.

I am sorry you should have any uneasiness on my account; and if it were a thing possible for

My mother grieves that one of her sons is an Arian, another an Arminian. What an Arminian or an Arian is, I cannot say that I very well know. The truth is I make such distinctions very little my study. I think vital religion has always suffered when orthodoxy is more regarded than



LORD LE DESPENSER. FROM A PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

one to alter his opinions in order to please another, I know none whom I ought more willingly to oblige in that respect than yourselves. But since it is no more in a man's power to *think* than to *look* like another, methinks all that should be expected from me is to keep my mind open to conviction, to hear patiently and examine attentively whatever is offered me for that end; and, if after all I continue in the same errors, I believe your usual charity will induce you to rather pity and excuse, than blame me. In the meantime your care and concern for me is what I am very thankful for.

virtue; and the Scriptures assure me that at the last day we shall not be examined what we *thought*, but what we *did*; and our recommendation will not be that we said, *Lord! Lord!* but that we did good to our fellow creatures. See Matt. xxv.

In much the same vein he answered a chiding letter from his favorite sister. "There are some things in your New England doctrine and worship," he told her, "which I do not agree with; but I do not therefore condemn them, or desire to shake your belief or

practice of them. We may dislike things that are nevertheless right in themselves. I would only have you make me the same allowance, and have a better opinion both of morality and your brother. . . . When you judge of others, if you can perceive the fruit to be good, don't terrify yourself that the tree may be evil; but be assured it is not so, for you know who has said, 'Men do not gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.'"

All through life Franklin preached this religion of works, and not of doctrine. In one of his letters he imagines a man at the gates of heaven, and applying for entrance on the ground that he was a Presbyterian. "What is that?" demands St. Peter, and when he is told, says, "We don't have any here." So in succession the applicant mentions different religions, but each time is rebuffed with the information that there are none of that persuasion in heaven. Finally, the man sees his wife through the gate, and claims that if she is there, so he should be, for they were of the same religion on earth. "Oh," said St. Peter, "why did n't you say that you were a Christian, to begin with?" Another tale which Franklin wrote for a French abbé, though an apparent contradiction, in truth had the same moral:

An officer named Montresor, a worthy man, was very ill. The curate of his parish, thinking him likely to die, advised him to make his peace with God, that he might be received into Paradise. "I have not much uneasiness on the subject," said Montresor, "for I had a vision last night which has perfectly tranquillized my mind." "What vision have you had?" said the good priest. "I was," replied Montresor, "at the gate of Paradise, with a crowd of people who wished to enter, and St. Peter inquired of every one what religion he was of. One answered, 'I am a Roman Catholic.' 'Well,' said St. Peter, 'enter, and take your place there among the Catholics.' Another said he was of the Church of England. 'Well,' said the Saint, 'enter, and place yourself there among the Anglicans.' A third said he was a Quaker. 'Enter,' said St. Peter, 'and take your place among the Quakers.' At length my turn being come, he asked me of what religion I was. 'Alas!' said I, 'poor Jacques Montresor has none.' 'T is a pity,' said the Saint; 'I know not where to place you; but enter nevertheless, and place yourself where you can.'"

As this would indicate, Franklin had that rarest kind of tolerance which tolerates the opinions of others, and though he laughingly asserted that "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is your doxy," his whole life was one contradiction of the epigram, for

the faith or lack of faith of his circle of friends ranged from the most doctrinal of ministers to the most radical of free-thinkers. For such rigid Puritans as the Rev. Drs. Cooper and Mather of Boston, for the enthusiast Whitefield, for the Anglican Bishop of St. Asaph, and for the Abbés de La Roche and Morellet he showed as much affection and respect as he did for Hume, Lord Le Despenser, Thomas Paine, and others closer in accord with his own views. Nor was it ever a one-sided regard. No man in Pennsylvania exercised such influence over the Quakers. Massachusetts made him her agent in Great Britain, and he served her faithfully, even to the defending of her religious intolerance against English criticism. In France the papal nuncio consulted him frequently and followed his advice in the changes the Revolutionary War made possible or necessary in the Catholic Church in America. Absolutely unsectarian as he was, Franklin apparently was trusted by all sects, and he seems never to have refused a service that he could render any one of them. Some few special incidents are worth noting as throwing light on the attitude of the man.

In 1739 the Rev. George Whitefield, the itinerant, came to America, and "was at first permitted to preach in some of the churches; but the clergy taking a dislike to him soon refus'd him their pulpits, and he was oblig'd to preach in the fields. . . . It being found inconvenient to assemble in the open air, subject to its inclemencies, the building of a house to meet in was no sooner propos'd and persons appointed to receive contributions but sufficient sums were soon receiv'd to procure the ground and erect the building, which was one hundred feet long and seventy broad, about the size of Westminster Hall." Of this building Franklin was made a trustee, and undoubtedly he was largely responsible for the liberality which dedicated it to

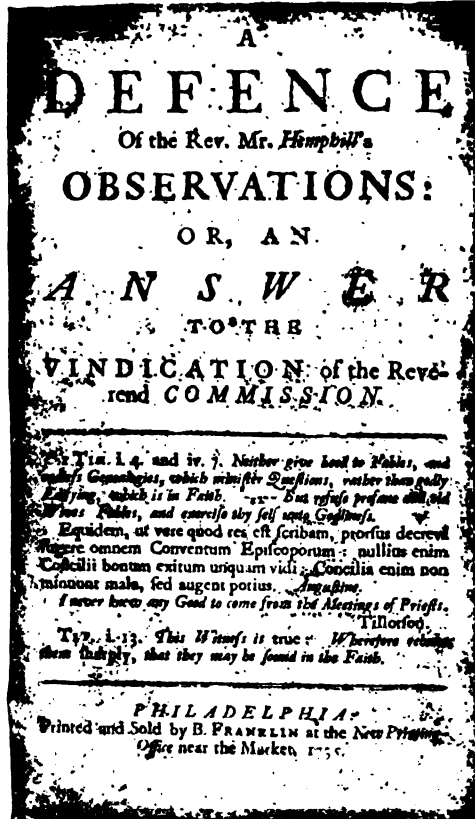
The use of any preacher of any religious persuasion who might desire to say something to the people of Philadelphia; the design . . . not being to accommodate any particular sect, but the inhabitants in general; so that even if the Mufti of Constantinople were to send a missionary to preach Mohammedanism to us, he would find a pulpit at his service.

Franklin relates that Whitefield "us'd, indeed, sometimes to pray for my conversion, but he never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were heard. Ours was a mere civil friendship, sincere on both sides,

and lasting to his death." He adds an incident which "will show something of the terms on which we stood." Having asked Whitefield to make his home with him while in Philadelphia, "he reply'd that if I made that kind offer for Christ's sake I should not miss of a reward. And I returned: 'Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for Christ's sake, but for your own sake.' One of our common acquaintance jocosely remark'd, that, knowing it to be the custom of the saints, when they received any favour, to shift the burden of the obligation from off their own shoulders, and place it in heaven, I had contriv'd to fix it on earth."

A would-be service on behalf of episcopacy had, if anything, even less religious feeling in it. In 1770 Lord Le Despenser, one of King George's privy councilors, was made joint Postmaster-General of Great Britain. Despite these public offices, he was best known to his own generation as "the Abbot" of the famous "Monks of Medmenham," a club the purposes and meetings of which, modeled upon those of the ancients, were at once the most libertine and the most impious known to modern times, no immorality or blasphemy being too gross for their orgies. The baron, apparently thinking his own reformation either impossible or too great a task, undertook the reformation of the Book of Common Prayer. As Postmaster-General for America, Franklin was thrown into close relations with his chief, and, becoming a friend as well, visited Lord Le Despenser at his country house. His host begged his aid in the revision of the Prayer-book, asking Franklin to take as his

The Catechism and the reading and singing Psalms. These I abridged by retaining of the Catechism only the two questions: *What is your duty to God? What is your duty to your neighbor?* with answers. The Psalms were much contracted by leaving out the repetitions (of which I found more than I could have imagined) and the imprecations, which appeared not to suit well the Christian doctrine of forgiveness of injuries and doing good to enemies. The book was printed for Wilkie, in St. Paul's Churchyard, but never much noticed. Some were given away, very few sold, and I suppose the bulk became waste paper.



TITLE-PAGE OF ONE OF FRANKLIN'S PAMPHLETS ON THE HEMPHILL CONTROVERSY. IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Anglican Church did not take kindly to an improvement from such a source; but in America, where the book was known as "Franklin's Prayer-book," it attracted attention, and when, after the separation, the Episcopal Church in this country set to work to frame a ritual, the clergymen who prepared the proposed Prayer-book studied this abridgment with care, and adopted certain ideas from it.

A traveling companion in Franklin's journey to Canada in 1776 was the Rev. John Carroll of Maryland, the Continental Congress having requested him to go with their commissioners, in the hope that, as a Roman Catholic

priest, he would exercise particular influence with the French Canadians. No such result was attained, but he and Franklin formed a warm friendship, which was made the more lasting by Carroll's attention when the exposure and fatigue of the trip broke down Franklin's health. The service in time was rewarded, for when Franklin was applied to by the papal nuncio at Paris to name the man best fitted to be the first Roman Catholic bishop of America, he named Carroll, who received the appointment.

With this same nuncio was partly transacted an affair which well illustrates not merely how little value Franklin placed upon forms and creeds, but how little he appreciated the value set upon them by others. Two young American clergymen wrote to him in 1784 that the Archbishop of Canterbury had refused to ordain them ministers of the Episcopal Church unless they would first take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain, and besought his assistance. Franklin then asked the nuncio if he would not ordain them, but was told "the thing is impossible unless the gentlemen become Catholics." Franklin therefore advised them, first, that they become Presbyterians, and next, if that did not suit them, that they ordain themselves; and, as usual, he ends his advice with an argument and a story to illustrate the absurdity of Americans looking to Great Britain for ordination:

If the British Islands were sunk in the sea (and the surface of this globe has suffered greater changes), you would probably take some such method as this; and, if they persist in denying you ordination, it is the same thing. A hundred years hence, when people are more enlightened, it will be wondered at that men in America, qualified by their learning and piety to pray for and instruct their neighbors, should not be permitted to do it till they had made a voyage of six thousand miles out and home, to ask leave of a cross old gentleman at Canterbury, who seems, by your account, to have as little regard for the souls of the people of Maryland as King William's Attorney-General, Seymour, had for those of Virginia. The Reverend Commissary Blair, who projected the college of that province, and was in England to solicit benefactions and a charter, relates that the queen, in the king's absence, having ordered Seymour to draw up the charter, which was to

be given, with two thousand pounds in money, he opposed the grant, saying that the nation was engaged in an expensive war, that the money was wanted for better purposes, and he did not see the least occasion for a college in Virginia. Blair represented to him that its intention was to educate and qualify young men to be ministers of the Gospel, much wanted there, and begged Mr. Attorney would consider that the people of Virginia had souls to be saved, as well as the people of England. "Souls!" said he, "damn your souls! Make tobacco!"

A friendship begun in London was that with Thomas Paine, and when the yet unknown man emigrated to America, he carried letters of recommendation from Franklin to various Philadelphians. Their relations, upon Franklin's return to America in 1775, were intimate enough to have the public believe for a time that "Common Sense" was really from Franklin's pen, and only pretendedly written by Paine; and though the crude style of the pamphlet should have prevented the rumor from gaining currency, Franklin was in a manner concerned, for he had read over the manuscript and had suggested changes in it. Ten years later Paine also submitted to

him the first draft of the "Age of Reason," and the advice Franklin gave him is worthy of full quotation:

I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. For, without the belief of a Providence that takes cognisance of, guards, and guides, and may favor particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear his displeasure, or to pray for his protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my

TITLE-PAGE OF LE DESPENSER'S AND FRANKLIN'S
ABRIDGMENT OF THE PRAYER-BOOK. FROM THE
COPY IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

opinion that, though your reasons are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject, and the consequence of printing this piece will be, a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind spits in his own face.

But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life, without the assistance afforded by religion; you having a clear perception of the advantage of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother.

I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification by the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a great deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be *if without it*?

Certainly Paine later had good reason to appreciate the shrewdness and good sense of this advice, for, as Poor Richard had long before declared, "Talking against religion is unchaining the Tyger; the Beast let loose may worry his Deliverer."

Franklin, however, drew a great distinction between a man who attacked the religion of others and a man who merely declared his own honest convictions. "Remember me affectionately to good Dr. Price and the honest heretic Dr. Priestley," he once requested of a correspondent, adding:

I do not call him *honest* by way of distinction, for I think all the heretics I have known have been virtuous men. They have the virtue of fortitude, or they would not venture to own their heresy; and they cannot afford to be deficient in any of the other virtues, as that would give advantage to their enemies; and they have not, like orthodox sinners, such a number of friends to

excuse or justify them. Do not, however, mistake me. It is not to my good friend's heresy that I impute his honesty. On the contrary, it is his honesty that has brought upon him the character of heretic.

Franklin's belief in the value of religion was illustrated in the Federal Convention of 1787. At a certain stage of the discussion, the differences of opinion which had developed were apparently irreconcilable and threatened to put an end to the gathering. He thereupon made his famous motion for prayers, and when it was voted down, he indorsed on the manuscript, in either surprise or indignation: "The Convention, except three or four Persons, thought Prayers unnecessary!!"

As already mentioned, Franklin as early as 1728 had composed his own prayer-book, and in his "scheme of employment for the twenty-four hours of a natural day" he began his day: "Rise, wash, and address *Powerful Goodness!*" Poor Richard, too, told his readers they ought to "Work as if you were to live 100 years, pray as if you were to die to-morrow." Less seriously, Franklin wrote, apropos of a New England clergyman's prayer against a French garrison: "Father Moody's prayers look tolerably modest. You have a fast and prayer day for that purpose; in which I compute five hundred thousand petitions were offered up to the same effect in New England, which, added to the petitions of every family morning and evening, multiplied by the number of days since January 25th, make forty-five millions of prayers; which, set against the prayers of a few priests in the garrison, to the Virgin Mary, give a vast balance in your favor." Some advice, too, that he gave the chaplain of his regiment, in his brief command on the frontier, and which he thought worthy to embody in his autobiography, is even more humorous:

We had for our chaplain a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty, who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted, they were promised, besides pay and provisions, a gill of rum a day, which was punctually serv'd out to them, half in the morning, and the other half in the evening; and I observ'd they were as punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr. Beatty: "It is, perhaps, below the dignity of your profession to act as steward of the rum, but if you were to deal it out and only just after prayers, you would have them all about you." He liked the tho't, undertook the office, and, with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction, and never were prayers

more generally and more punctually attended; so that I thought this method preferable to the punishment inflicted by some military laws for non-attendance on divine service.



self as conferring favours, but as paying debts. In my travels and since my settlement I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return, and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. These kindnesses from men I can therefore only return on their fellow-men; and I can only show my gratitude for those mercies from God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments tho' repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator.

You will see in this my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting (as you suppose) that I shall ever merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree and eternal in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such reward. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed, imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more such happiness in heaven. For my own part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who hitherto preserv'd and bless'd me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he

A PAGE FROM FRANKLIN'S MOTION FOR PRAYERS IN THE FEDERAL CONVENTION. IN THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON.

Franklin was able to joke thus because he himself placed works far above worship, and he made Poor Richard remark: "Serving God is doing good to Man, but praying is thought an easier serving, and therefore most generally chosen." Yet he did not think that the most altruistic life entitled one to immortality.

For my own part [he wrote], when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon my-

will never make me miserable, and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer shall tend to my benefit.

This conviction is constantly reiterated in his writings. When Whitefield expressed a hope for his "eternal" as well as his temporal happiness, Franklin wrote back: "I have myself no doubt, that I shall enjoy as much of both as is proper for me. That Being, who gave me existence, and through

almost three-score years has been continually showering his favors upon me, whose very chastisements have been blessings to me; can I doubt that he loves me? And if he loves me, can I doubt that he will go on to take care of me, not only here but hereafter? This to some may seem presumption; to me it appears the best grounded hope; hope of the future built on experience of the past." He even found in the evil of the world further reason for his faith:

I find in this life there are many troubles. But it appears to me also that there are many more pleasures. This is why I love to live. One must not blame Providence inconsiderately. Reflect on how many of our duties even she has made to be pleasures naturally; and has had the further kindness to give the name of sin to several so that we may enjoy them with more relish!

Franklin expressed this same opinion with some bitterness in a letter which touched upon the Revolutionary War, and the power by which a "single man [George III] in England who happens to love blood and to hate Americans" should have been permitted to destroy "near one hundred thousand human creatures." "I wonder at this, but I cannot therefore part with the comfortable belief of a Divine Providence; and the more I see the impossibility, from the number and extent of his crimes, of giving equivalent punishment to a wicked man in this life, the more I am convinced of a future state, in which all that here appears to be wrong shall be set right, all that is crooked made straight. In this faith let you and me, my dear friend, comfort ourselves; it is the only comfort, in the present dark scene of things, that is allowed us." But he was too much of a scientist to base his belief solely on such abstractions, and his chief argument has a touch of modernity that is very striking:

You see I have some reason to wish that, in a future state, I may not only be *as well as I was*, but a little better. And I hope it; for I, too, with your poet, *trust in God*. And when I observe that there is great frugality as well as wisdom in his works, since he has been evidently sparing both of labor and materials, for by the various inventions of propagation he has provided for the continual peopling his world with plants and animals, without being at the trouble of repeated new creations; and by the natural reduction of compound substances to their original elements, capable of being employed in new compositions, he has prevented the necessity of creating new matter; so that the earth, water, air, and perhaps fire, which, being compounded from wood, do, when the wood is dissolved, return, and again become air, earth,

fire, and water;—I say that when I see nothing annihilated, and not even a drop of water wasted, I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls, or believe that he will suffer the daily waste of millions of minds ready made that now exist, and put himself to the continual trouble of making new ones. Thus finding myself to exist in the world, I believe I shall, in some shape or other, always exist; and, with all the inconveniences human life is liable to, I shall not object to a new edition of mine; hoping, however, that the *errata* of the last may be corrected.

Thus convinced of unending life, Franklin, who in his early years had, through Poor Richard, so enforced the wickedness of squandering time, "for that's the stuff life is made of," became less saving of his hours. "I have indeed now and then," he says, late in life, of card-playing, "a little compunction in reflecting that I spend time so idly; but another reflection comes to relieve me, whispering: '*You know that the soul is immortal; why then should you be such a niggard of a little time, when you have a whole eternity before you?*'" So, being easily convinced, and, like other reasonable creatures, satisfied with a small reason, when it is in favor of doing what I have a mind to, I shuffle the cards again, and begin another game."

Not quite six weeks before his death, at the request of a friend, he wrote out what he had come to believe:

You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it, but I cannot take your curiosity amiss and shall endeavor in a few words to gratify it. Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the Creator of the Universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshipped. The most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. The soul of man is immortal and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them, as you do, in whatever sect I meet with them.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more

respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing the unbelievers in his government of the world with any peculiar mark of displeasure.

I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness.

This was written while Franklin was suffering almost constant physical torture, which he endured, so an eye-witness tells us, "with that calm fortitude which characterised him through life. No repining, no peevish expression, ever escaped him during a confinement of two years, in which, I believe, if every moment of ease could be added together, would not amount to two whole months. . . . Even when the intervals from pain were so short that his words were frequently interrupted, I have known him to hold a discourse in a sublime strain of piety. . . . It is natural for us to wish that an attention to some ceremonies had accompanied that religion of the heart which I am convinced Dr. Franklin always possessed; but let us who feel the benefit of them, continue to practise them, without thinking lightly of that piety, which could support pain without a murmur, and meet death without terror." In a letter of con-

dolence which Franklin wrote to a relative on the death of his brother, he said:

It is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their society?

We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb which cannot be restored we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains and possibilities of pains and diseases which it was liable to or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last for ever. His chair was ready first, and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are so soon to follow, and know where to find him? Adieu.

(To be continued.)



A WAR SONG OF TYROL.

FREELY ENGLISHED FROM JOHANN SENN
(1792 - 1838).

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL.

WILD eagle of the Tyrol,
Why are thy feathers red?"
"I've been to greet the morning
On Ortler's crimsoned head!"
"Gray eagle of the Tyrol,
'T is not the morning light
Drips from the soaring pinions
That wing thy airy flight.
"Proud eagle of the Tyrol,
Why are thy claws so red?"
"I've been where Etschland's maidens
The ruddy vintage tread."
"Gray eagle of the Tyrol,
Red runs our Tyrol wine;
But redder ran the vintage
That stained those claws of thine.
"Wild eagle of the Tyrol,
Why is thy beak so red?"
"Go ask the gorge of Stilfes,
Where lie the Saxon dead!"
"The grapes were ripe in August
Wherewith my beak is red;

VIA CRUCIS.¹

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

IX.

GILBERT lodged at the sign of the Lion, over against the tower of Nona, by the bridge of Sant' Angelo. The inn was as old as the times of Charlemagne, when it had been named in honor of Pope Leo, who had crowned him emperor. But the quarter was at that time in the hands of the great Jewish race of Pierleoni, whose first antipope, Anacletus, had not been dead many years, and who, though they still held the castle and many towers and fortresses in Rome, had not succeeded in imposing the antipope Victor upon the Roman people, against the will of Bernard of Clairvaux.

Rome lay along the river in those days, like wreckage and scum thrown up on the shore of a wintry sea. Some twenty thousand human beings were huddled together in smoky huts, most of which were built against the outer walls and towers of the nobles' strongholds—a miserable population, living squalidly in terrible times, starving while the nobles fought with one another, rising now and then like a vision of famine and sword to take back by force the right of life which force had almost taken from them. Gilbert wandered through the crooked, unpaved streets, in and out of gloomy courts and over desolate wastes and open places, the haunts of ravenous dogs and homeless cats that kept themselves alive on the choice pickings of the city's garbage. He went armed and followed by his men, as he saw that other gentlemen of his condition did, and when he knelt in a church to hear mass or to say a prayer, he was careful to kneel with his back to the wall or to a pillar, lest some light-handed worshiper should set a razor to his wallet-strings or his sword-belt.

At his inn, too, he lived in a state of armed defense against every one, including the host and the other guests; and the weekly settlement was a weekly battle between Dunstan, who paid his master's scores,

the little Tuscan interpreter, and Ser Clemente, the innkeeper, in which the Tuscan had the most uncomfortable position, finding himself placed buffer-like between the honest man and the thief, and exposed to equally hard hitting from both. Rome was poor and dirty, and a den of thieves, murderers, and all malefactors, dominated alternately by a family of half-converted Jews, who terrorized the city from strong points of vantage, and then on other days by the mob that followed Arnold of Brescia when he appeared in the city, and who would have torn down stone walls with their bare hands at his merest words, as they would have faced the barons' steel with naked breast. At such times men left their tasks—the shoemaker his last, the smith his anvil, the crooked tailor his bench—to follow the Northern monk to the Capitol, or to some church where he was to speak to them; and after the men came the women, and after the women the children, all drawn along by the mysterious attraction which they could neither understand nor resist. The tramping of many feet made a dull bass to the sound of many human voices, high and low, crying out lustily for "Arnold, a senate, and the Roman republic," and then taking up the song of the day, which was a ballad of liberty, in a long minor chant that broke into a jubilant major in the burden—the sort of song the Romans have always made in time of change, the kind of ballad that goes before the end of a kingdom, like a warning voice of fate.

On such days, when the mob went howling and singing after the idol, southward to the Capitol or even to the far Lateran, where Marcus Aurelius sat upon his bronze horse watching the ages go by, then Gilbert loved to wander in the opposite direction, across the castle bridge and under the haunted battlements of Sant' Angelo, where evil Theodora's ghost walked on autumn nights when the south wind blew, and through the

¹ Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

long wreck of the fair portico that had once led from the bridge to the basilica, till he came to the broad flight of steps leading to the walled garden court of old St. Peter's. There he loved to sit musing among the cypresses, wondering at the vast bronze pine-cone and the great brass peacocks which Symmachus had brought thither from the ruins of Agrippa's baths, wherein the terrible Crescenzi had fortified themselves during more than a hundred years. Sitting there alone, while Dunstan puzzled his scanty learning over deep-cut inscriptions of long ago, and Alric, the groom, threw his dagger at a mark on one of the cypress-trees, hundreds of times in succession, and rarely missing his aim, then, in the silence which he loved, he felt that the soul of Rome had taken hold of his soul, and that in Rome it was good to live for the sake of dreaming, and that dreaming itself was life. The past, with his mother's sins, his own sorrows, the friendship of the boy Henry, the love of Queen Eleanor, were all infinitely far removed and dim. The future, once the magic mirror in which he had seen displayed the glory of knightly deeds which he was to do, was taken up like a departing vision into the blue Roman sky. Only the present remained, the idle, thoughtful, half-narcotic present, with a mazy charm no man could explain, seeing that, so far as any bodily good was concerned, there was less comfort to be got from money, more fever to be taken for nothing, and a larger element of danger in every-day life in Rome than in any city Gilbert had traversed in his wanderings. Yet he lingered, and loved it rather for what it denied him than for what it gave him, for the thoughts it called up rather than for the sights it offered, for that in it which was unknown, and therefore dear to dwell upon, rather than for the sadness and the darkness and the evil that all men might see.

But through all he felt, and in all he saw, welding and joining the whole together, there was the still fervor of that something which he had at first known in Sheering Abbey—something to which every fiber of his nature responded, and which, indeed, was the mainspring of the world in that age. For devotion was then more needful than bread, and it profited a man more to fight against unbelievers for his soul's sake than to wear hollows in altar-steps with his knees, or to forget his own name and put off his own proper character and being, as a nameless unit in a great religious order.

At first the enormous disappointment of Rome had saddened and hurt him. He had fancied that where there was no head there could be no house, that where the leader was gone the army must scatter and be hewn in pieces. But as he stayed on, from week to week and from month to month, he learned to understand that the church had never been more alive, more growing, and more militant than at that very time when the true and rightful pontiffs were made outcasts one after the other, while their places, earthly and spiritual, were given to instruments of feud and party. For the church was the world, while Rome meant seven or eight thousand half-starved and turbulent ruffians, with their wives and children, eager always for change, because it seemed that no change could be for the worse.

But in the ancient basilica of St. Peter there was peace: there the white-haired priests solemnly officiated in the morning and at noon, and toward evening more than a hundred rich voices of boys and men sang the vesper psalms in the Gregorian tones: there slim youths in velvet and white swung silver censers before the high altar, and the incense floated in rich clouds upon the sunbeams that fell slanting to the ancient floor; there, as in many a minster and cloister of the world, the church was still herself, as she was, and is, and always will be; there words were spoken and solemn prayers intoned which had been familiar to the lips of the apostles, which are familiar to our lips and ears to-day, and of which we are sure that lips unborn will repeat them to centuries of generations. Gilbert, type of Christian layman in the days when the church was all one, knelt in the old cathedral, and chanted softly after the choir, and breathed the incense-laden air that seemed as natural to him as ever the hay-scented breeze of summer had been, and he was infinitely refreshed in soul and body. But then again, alone in his room at the Lion Inn, late in the night, when he had been poring over the beautifully written copy of Boethius given him by the Abbot of Sheering, he often opened wide the wooden shutters of his window and looked out at the castle and at the flowing river that eddied and gleamed in the moonlight. Then life rose before him in a mystery for him to solve by deeds, and he knew that he was not to dream out his years in the shadowy city, and the strong old instinct of his race bade him go forth and cut his fortune out of the world's flank alive.

Then his blood rose in his throat, and his hands hardened one upon the other, as he leaned over the stone sill and drew the night air sharply between his closed teeth; and he resolved then to leave Rome and to go on in search of strange lands and masterful deeds. On such nights, when the wind blew down the river in the spring, it brought to him all the hosts of fancy, spirit armies, ghost knights, and fairy maidens, and the forecast shadows of things to come. There was a tragic note also; for on his right, as he looked, there rose the dark tower of Nona, and from the highest turret he could clearly see in the moonlight how the long, rain-bleached rope hung down and swayed in the breeze, and the noose at the end of it softly knocked upon the tower wall; but more than once, when he had looked out in the morning, he had seen a corpse hanging there by the neck, stiff and grim.

When the spring day dawned and the birds sang at his window, and when, looking out, he felt the breath of the sweet South and saw that Rome smiled again, then his resolutions failed, and instead of bidding Dunstan pack his armor and his fine clothes for a journey, he made his men mount and ride with him to the far regions of the city. Often he loitered away the afternoon in the desolate regions of the Aventine, riding slowly from one lonely church to another, and sometimes spending an hour in conversation with a solitary priest who, by living much alone and among inscriptions and old carvings, had gathered a little more learning than was common among the unlettered Romans.

He met with no adventures; for though the highways in the country swarmed with robbers always on the watch for a merchant's train or for a rich traveler, yet within the city's limits, small as was the authority of the senate and of the sheriff, thieves dared not band together in numbers, and no two or three of them would have cared to come to blows with Gilbert and his men.

Nor did he make friends in Rome. His first intention had been to present himself to the principal baron in the city, as a traveler of good birth, and to request the advantages of friendship and protection; and so he would have done in any other European city. But he had soon learned that Rome was far behind the rest of the world in the social practices of chivalry, and that in placing himself under a Roman baron's protection he would, to all intents and purposes, be taking service instead of accepting

hospitality. Even so, he might have been willing to take such a position for the sake of adventure; yet he could by no means make up his mind to a choice between the half-Jewish Pierleoni and the rough-mannered Frangipani. To the red-handed Crescenzi he would not go; the Colonna of that time were established on the heights of Tusculum, and the Orsini, friends to the pope, had withdrawn to distant Galera, in the fever-haunted marsh northwest of Rome.

But here and there he made the acquaintance of a priest or a monk whose learned conversation harmonized with his thoughts and helped the grave illusion in which—perhaps out of sheer idleness—he loved to think himself back in the abbey in England. So he led a life unlike the lives around him, and many of the people in the quarter learned to know him by sight, and called him and his men "the English"; and as most of the people of Rome were very much occupied with their own affairs, chiefly evil, Gilbert was allowed to live as he pleased. But for the fact that even his well-filled purse must in the course of time be exhausted, he might have chosen to spend the remainder of his life in the Lion Inn, by the bridge, carelessly meditative and simply happy. But forces were at work to guide his life into other channels, and he had reckoned ill when he had fancied, being himself unmoved, that the love of such a woman as Queen Eleanor was a mere incident without consequence, forgotten like a flower of last year's blossoming.

Several times during the winter and in the spring that followed, the friar Arnold came to see him in his lodgings, and talked of the great things that were coming, of the redemption of man by the tearing down of all sovereign power, whether of pope or emperor or king or prince, to make way for the millennium of a universal republic. Then the man's burning eyes flashed like beacons, his long arms made sudden and wild gestures, his soft brown hair stood from his head as though lifted by a passing breeze, and his whole being was transfigured in the flash of his own eloquence. When he spoke to the Romans with that voice and with that look, they rose quickly to a tumult, as the sea under a Southern gale, and he could guide them, in their storming, to ends of destruction and terror. But there was no drop of Southern blood in Gilbert's veins, nor anything to which the passionate Italian's eloquence appealed. Instead of catching fire, he argued; instead of joining Arnold in his

attempt to turn the world into a republic, he was more and more persuaded of the excellence of all that he had left behind him in the North. He incarnated that aristocratic temper which has in all times, since Duke William crossed the water, leavened the strong mass of the Anglo-Saxon character, balancing its rude democratic strength with the keenness of a higher physical organization and the nobility of a more disinterested daring, and again and again rousing the English-speaking races to life and conquest, when they were deep-sunk in the sordid interests of trade and money-making. So when Arnold talked of laws and institutions which should again make Rome the mistress of the world, Gilbert answered him by talking of men who had the strength to take the world and be its masters and make it obey whatsoever laws they saw fit to impose. Between the two there was the everlasting difference between theory and action; and though it chanced that just then Arnold, the dreamer, was in the lead of change and revolution, while Gilbert, the fighter, was idling away weeks and months in a dream, yet the fact was the same, and in manly strength and inward simplicity of thought Gilbert Warde, the Norman, was far nearer to the man who made Rome imperial than was the eloquent Italian who built the mistress city of his thoughts out of ideas and theories, carved and hewn into shapes of beauty by the tremendous tools of his wit and his words. At the root of the great difference between the two there was the Norman's centralization of the world in himself, as being for himself, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Latin's power and readiness to forget himself in the imaginations of an ideal state.

"Men are talking of a second crusade," said Arnold, one day, when he and Gilbert had chanced to meet in the garden court of St. Peter's.

Gilbert was standing with his back against one of the cypress-trees, watching the fiery monk with thoughtful eyes.

"They talk of crusades," said Arnold, stopping to face the young man. "They talk of sending hundreds of thousands of Christian men to die every death under God's sun in Palestine—for what? To save men? To lift up a race? To plant good, that good may grow? They go for none of those things. The sign on their breasts is the cross; the word on their lips is Christ; the thought in their hearts is the thought of all your ruthless race—to take from others

and add to your own store; to take land, wealth, humanity, life, everything that can be taken from conquered man before he is left naked to die."

Gilbert did not smile, for he was wondering whether there were not some truth in the monk's accusation.

"Do you say this because Norman men hold half of your Italy?" he asked gravely. "Have they held it well or ill?"

"Ill," answered Arnold, fixing his eyes sharply on Gilbert's face. "But that is not the matter; some of them have helped me, too. There are good men and bad among Normans, as among Saracens."

"I thank you," said Gilbert, smiling now, in spite of himself.

"The devils also believe, and tremble," retorted Arnold, grimly quoting. "The taking of the South proves my words; it is not half my meaning. Men take the cross and give their lives for a name, a tradition, the sacred memories of a holy place. They will not give a week of their lives, a drop of their blood, for their fellow-men, nor for the beliefs that alone can save the world."

"And what are those beliefs?" asked Gilbert.

Arnold paused before he replied, and as he lifted his face it was full of light.

"Faith, hope, charity," he answered, and then, as his head drooped with a sudden look of hopelessness, he turned away with slow steps toward the great gate.

Gilbert did not change his position as he looked after him rather sadly. The man's perfect simplicity, his eagerness for the most lofty ideals, the spotless purity of his life, commanded Gilbert's most true admiration. Yet, to the Norman, Arnold of Brescia was but a dreamer, a visionary, and a madman. Gilbert could listen to him for a while, but then the terrible tension of the friar's thought and speech wearied him. Just now he was almost glad that his companion should depart so suddenly; but as he watched him he saw him stop, as if he had forgotten something, and then turn back, searching for some object in the bosom of his frock.

"I had forgotten what brought me here," said the friar, producing a small roll of parchment tied and bound together with thin leathern laces, and tied again with a string of scarlet silk to which was fastened a heavy leaden seal. "I have here a letter for you."

"A letter!" Gilbert showed a not unnatural surprise. He had never received a letter

in his life, and in those days persons of ordinary importance rarely sent or received messages except by word of mouth.

"I went to your lodging," replied the monk, handing Gilbert the parchment. "I guessed that I might find you here, where we have met before."

"I thank you," said Gilbert, turning the roll over in his hands as if hardly knowing what to do. "How came you by this?"

"Last night there came messengers from France," answered Arnold, "bringing letters for the senate and for me, and with them was this, which the messenger said had been delivered into his hand by the Queen of France, who had commanded him to find out the person to whom it was addressed, and had promised him a reward if he should succeed. I therefore told him that I would give it to you."

Gilbert was looking at the seal. The heavy disk of lead through which the silken strings had been drawn was as large as the bottom of a drinking-cup and was stamped with the device of Aquitaine; doubtless the very one used by Duke William, for it bore the figures of St. George and the dragon, which Eleanor was afterward to hand down to English kings to this day. Gilbert tried to pull the silk cords through the lead, but the blow that had struck the die had crushed and jammed them firmly.

"Cut it," suggested the friar, and his ascetic face relaxed in a smile.

Gilbert drew his dagger, which was a serviceable blade, half an ell long, as broad as a man's three fingers under the straight cross-hilt, and as sharp as a razor on both edges, for Dunstan was a master at whetting. Gilbert cut the string and then the laces, and slipped the seal into his wallet, unrolling the stiff sheet till he found a short writing, some six or eight lines, not covering half the page, and signed "Eleonora R."

But when he had found the screeled he saw that it was not to be read easily. Nevertheless, his eye lighted almost at once upon the name which of all others he should not have expected to find there—"Beatrix." There was no mistaking the letters, and presently he found them once again, and soon after that the sense was clear to him.

"If this reach you," it said in moderately fair Latin, "greeting. I would that you make haste and come again to our castle in Paris, both because you shall at all times be welcome, and more especially now, and quickly, because the noble maiden Beatrix de Curboil is now at this court among my ladies, and is

in great hope of seeing you, since she has left her father to be under my protection. Moreover, Bernard, the abbot, is preaching the cross in Chartres and other places, and is coming here before long, and to Vézelay. Beatrix greets you."

"Can you tell me where I can find the messenger who brought you this?" asked Gilbert, looking up when he had at last deciphered every word.

But Arnold was gone. The idea that an acquaintance whom he had been endeavoring to convert to republican doctrines should be in correspondence with one of those sovereigns against whom he so bitterly inveighed had finally disgusted him, and he had gone his way, if not in wrath, at least in displeasure. Seeing himself alone, Gilbert shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and began to walk up and down, reading the letter over and over. It was very short, but yet it contained so much information that he found some difficulty in adjusting his thoughts to what was an entirely new situation, and one which no amount of thinking could fully explain. He was far too simple to suppose that Eleanor had brought Beatrix to her court solely for the sake of luring him back to Paris. He therefore imagined the most complicated and absurd reasons for Queen Eleanor's letter. He told himself that he must have been mistaken from beginning to end; that the queen had never felt anything except friendship for him, but a friendship far deeper and more sincere than he had realized; and he was suddenly immensely grateful to her for her wish to build up happiness in his life. But then, again, she knew as well as he—or as well as he thought he knew—that the church would not easily consent to his union with Beatrix, and as he closed his eyes and recalled scenes of which the memories were still vivid and clear, the shadow that had chilled his heart in Paris rose again between him and Eleanor's face, and he distrusted her, and her kiss, and her letter, and her motives. Then, too, it seemed very strange to him that Beatrix should have left her father's house; for Arnold de Curboil had always loved her, and it did not occur to Gilbert that his own mother had made the girl's life intolerable. He was to learn that later, and when he knew it, he tasted the last and bitterest dregs of all. Nevertheless, he could not reasonably doubt the queen's word; he was positively certain that he should find Beatrix at the French court, and from the first he had not really hesitated about leaving at once. It seemed

to be the only possible course, though it was diametrically opposed to all the good resolutions which had of late flitted through his ineffectual dreams like summer moths.

On the next day but one, early in the morning, Gilbert and his men rode slowly down the desolate Via Lata, and under Aurelian's arch, and past the gloomy tomb of Augustus on the left, held by the Count of Tusculum, and out at last upon the rolling Campagna, northward, by the old Flaminian Way.

X.

JUNE was upon Italy, as a gossamer veil and a garland on the brow of a girl bride. The first sweet hay was drying in Tuscan valleys; the fig-leaves were spreading, and shadowing the watery fruit that begins to grow upon the crooked twigs before the leaves themselves, and which the people call "fig-blossoms," because the real figs come later; the fresh and silvery olive shoots had shed a snow-flurry of small white stars; the yellow holy thorn still blossomed in the rough places of the hills, and the blending of many wild flowers was like a maiden blush on the earth's soft bosom.

At early morning Gilbert rode along the crest of a low grassy hill that was still sheltered from the sun by the high mountains to eastward, and he drank in the cool and scented air as if it had been water of paradise, and he a man saved out of death to life by the draft. There was much peace in his heart, and a still security that he had not felt yet since he had seen his father lying dead before him. He knew not how it was, but he was suddenly sure that Beatrix loved him and had escaped to the court of France in the hope of finding him, and was waiting for him day by day. He was also sure that the church would not cut him off from her in the end, let the churchmen say what they would. Was not the Queen of France his friend? She would plead his case, and the pope would understand and take away the bar. He thought of these things, and he felt his hopes rising bright, like the steady sun.

He reached the end of the crest and drew rein before descending, and he looked down into the broad valley and the river winding in and out among trees, gleaming like silver out there in the sun beyond the narrowing shadow, where it was dark blue, and then, in places, as black as ink. The white road, broad and dusty, winding on to Florence, followed the changing river. Gilbert took his cap from his head and felt the coolness

of the morning on his forehead and the gentle breath of the early summer in his fair hair; and then, sitting there in the deep silence, bareheaded, it seemed to him that he was in the very holy place of God's cathedral.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding," he repeated softly and almost involuntarily.

"Now the God of peace be with you all. Amen," answered Dunstan.

But there was a tone in his voice that made Gilbert look at him, and he saw on the man's face a quiet smile, as if something amused him, while the black eyes were fixed on a sight far away. Dunstan was pointing to what he saw; so Gilbert looked, too, and he perceived a gleaming, very far off, that moved slowly on the white road beside the shining river.

"They are expecting a fight to-day," said Gilbert, "for they are in mail, and their mule-train is behind them."

"Shall we turn aside and ride up the mountain, to let them pass?" asked Dunstan, who could fight like a wildcat, but had also the cat's instinctive caution.

"It would be a pity not to see the fight," answered Gilbert, and he began to ride forward down the descent.

The track was worn down to the depth of a man's height by the hoofs of the beasts that had trodden it for ages; and in places it was very narrow, so that two laden mules could hardly pass each other. Young chestnut shoots of three or four years' growth sprang up in thick green masses from the top of the bank on each side, and now and then the branches of nut-trees almost joined their broad leaves across the way, making a deep shade that was cool and smelled of fresh mold and green things. A little way down the hill a spring of water trickled into a small pool hollowed out by travelers, and the water overflowed and made thick black mud of the earth churned up with last year's dead leaves.

Gilbert let his horse stop to drink, and his men waited in single file to take their turn.

"Psst!" The peculiar hiss which Italians make to attract attention came sharp and distinct from among the low growth of the chestnut shoots.

Gilbert turned his head quickly in the direction of the sound. A swarthy face appeared, framed in a close leathern cap on which small rings of rusty iron were sewed strongly but not very regularly. Then a long left arm, clad in the same sort of mail,

pushed the lower boughs aside and made a gesture in the direction whence Gilbert had come, which was meant to warn him back—a gesture of the flat hand, held across the breast with thumb hidden, just moving a little up and down.

"Why should I go back?" asked Gilbert, in his natural voice.

"Because yes," answered the dark man, in the common Italian idiom, and in a low tone. "Because we are waiting for the Florentines, certain of us of Pistoja, and we want no travelers in the way. And then—because, if you will not—"

The right arm suddenly appeared, and in the hand was a spear, and the act was to run Gilbert through, unmailed as he was, and just below his adversary. But as Gilbert laid his hand upon his sword, looking straight at the man's eye, he very suddenly saw a strange sight; for there was a long arrow sticking through the head, the point out on one side and the feathers on the other. For a moment the man still looked out at him with eyes open; then, standing as he was, his body slowly bent forward upon itself as if curling up, and with a crash of steel it rolled down the bank into the pool of water, where the lance snapped under it.

For little Alric, the Saxon groom, had quietly slipped to the ground and had strung his bow, suspecting trouble, and had laid an arrow to the string, waiting; and little Alric's aim was very sure; it was also the first time that he had shot a man, and he came of men who had been bowmen since Alfred's day, and before that, and had killed many, for generations, so that it was an instinct with them to slay with the bow.

"Well done, boy!" said Gilbert.

But his horse reared back, as the dead body fell splashing into the pool, and Alric quietly unstrung his bow again, and remounted to be ready. Then Gilbert would have ridden on, but Dunstan hindered him.

"This fellow was but a sentinel," he said. "A little farther on you will find these woods filled with armed men waiting to surprise the riders we saw from above. Surely, I will die with you, sir; but we need not die like rats in a corn-bin. Let us ride up a little way again, and then skirt the woods and take the road where it joins the river, down in the valley."

"And warn those men of Florence that they are riding into an ambush," added Gilbert, turning his horse.

So they rode up the hill; and scarcely were they out of sight of the spring when

a very old woman and a ragged little boy crept out of the bushes, with knives, and began to rob the dead man of his rusty mail and his poor clothes.

Gilbert reached the road a long stone's throw beyond the last chestnut shoots, and galloped forward to meet the advancing knights and men-at-arms. He drew rein suddenly, a dozen lengths before them, and threw up his open right hand. They were riding leisurely, but all in mail, some having surcoats with devices embroidered thereon, and most of them with their heads uncovered, their steel caps and hoods of mail hanging at their saddle-bows.

"Sirs," cried Gilbert, in a loud, clear voice, "you ride to an ambush! The chestnut woods are full of the men of Pistoja."

A knight who rode in front, and was the leader, came close to Gilbert. He was a man not young, with a dark, smooth face, as finely cut as the relief upon a shell, and his hair was short and iron-gray.

Gilbert told him what had happened in the woods, and the elderly knight listened quietly and thoughtfully, while examining Gilbert's face with half-unconscious keenness.

"If you please," said the young man, "I will lead you by the way I have ridden, and you may enter the bushes from above, and fight at better advantage."

But the Florentine smiled at such simple tactics. To feel the breeze, he held up his right hand, which issued from a slit in the wrist of his mail, so that the iron mitten hung down loose; and the wind was blowing toward the woods. He called to his squire.

"Take ten men, light torches, and set fire to those young trees."

The men got a cook's earthenware pot of coals, fed all day long with charcoal on the march, lest there should be no fire for the camp at night; and they lighted torches of pitched hemp rope, and presently there was a great smoke and a crackling of green branches. But the leader of the Florentines put on his steel cap and drew the mail hood down over his shoulders, while all the others who were bareheaded did the same.

"Sir," said the knight to Gilbert, "you should withdraw behind us, now that you have done us this great service. For presently there will be fighting here, and you are unmailed."

"The weather is over warm for an iron coat," answered Gilbert, with a laugh. "But if I shall not trespass upon the courtesies of

your country by thrusting my company upon you, I will ride at your left hand, that you may the more safely slay with your right."

"Sir," answered the other, "you are a very courteous man. Of what country may you be?"

"An Englishman, sir, and of Norman blood." He also told his name.

"Gino Buondelmonte, at your service," replied the knight, naming himself.

"Nay, sir," laughed Gilbert; "a knight cannot serve a simple squire."

"It is never shame for gentle-born to serve gentle-born," answered the other.

But now the smoke was driving the men of Pistoja out of the wood, and the hillside down which Gilbert had ridden was covered with men in mail, on horseback, and with footmen in leather and such poor armor as had been worn by the dead sentinel. Buondelmonte thrust his feet home in his wide stirrups, settled himself in the saddle, shortened his reins, and drew his sword, while watching all the time the movements of the enemy. Gilbert sat quietly watching them, too. As yet he had never ridden at a foe, though he had fought on foot, and he unconsciously smiled with pleasure at the prospect, trying to pick out the man likely to fall by his sword. In England, or in France, he would certainly have put on the good mail which was packed on the sumpter-mule's back; but here in the sweet Italian spring, in the morning breeze full of the scent of wild flowers and the humming of bees and the twittering of little birds, even fighting had a look of harmless play, and he felt as sure and secure in his cloth tunic as if it had been of woven steel.

The position of the Florentines was the better, for they had the broad homeward road behind them, in case of defeat; but the men of Pistoja, driven from the woods by the thick smoke and the burning of undergrowth, were obliged to scramble down a descent so steep that many of them were forced to dismount, and they then found themselves huddled together in a narrow strip of irregular meadow between the road and the foot of the stony hill. Buondelmonte saw his advantage. His sword shot up at arm's-length over his head, and his high, clear voice rang out in a single word of command.

In a moment the peace of nature was rent by the scream of war. Hoofs thundered, swords flashed, men yelled, and arrows shot through the great cloud of dust that rose suddenly as from an explosion. In the front of the charge the Italian and the Norman

rode side by side, the inscrutable black eyes and the calm olive features beside the Norman's terrible young figure, with its white, glowing face and fair hair streaming on the wind, and wide, deep eyes like blue steel, and the quivering nostrils of the man born for fight.

Short was the strife, and sharp, as the Florentines spread to right and left of their leader and pressed the foe back against the steep hill in the narrow meadow. Then Buondelmonte thrust out straight and sure, in the Italian fashion, and once the mortal wound was in the face, and once in the throat, and many times men felt it in their breasts through mail and gambeson and bone. But Gilbert's great strokes flashed like lightning from his pliant wrist, and behind the wrist was the Norman arm, and behind the arm the relentless pale face and the even lips, that just tightened upon each other as the death-blows went out, one by one, each to its place in a life. The Italian destroyed men skilfully and quickly, yet as if it were distasteful to him. The Norman slew like a bright destroying angel, breathing the swift and silent wrath of God upon mankind.

Blow upon blow with clash of steel, thrust after thrust as the darting of the serpents, till the dead lay in heaps, and the horses' hoofs churned blood and grass to a green-red foam, till the sword-arm waited high and then sank slowly, because there was none for it to strike, and the point rested among the close-sewn rings of mail on Buondelmonte's foot, and the thin streams of blood trickled down the dimmed blade.

"Sir," said Buondelmonte, courteously, "you are a marvelous fine swordsman, though you fence not in our manner, with the point. I am your debtor for the safety of my left side. Are you hurt, sir?"

"Not I!" laughed Gilbert, wiping his broad blade slowly on his horse's mane for lack of anything better.

Then Buondelmonte looked at him again and smiled.

"You have won yourself a fair crest," he laughed, as he gazed at Gilbert's cap.

"A crest?" Gilbert put up his hand, and uttered an exclamation as it struck against a sharp steel point.

A half-spent arrow had pierced the top of his red cloth cap and was sticking there, like a woman's long hair-pin. He thought that if it had struck two inches lower, with a little more force, he should have looked as the man in the woods did, whom Alric had

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HEARTY CAMERON.

“ ‘THE WORD ON THEIR LIPS IS CHRIST.’ ”

Vol. LVII.—68.

killed. He plucked the shaft from the stiff cloth with some difficulty, and, barely glancing at it, tossed it away. But little Alric, who had left the guide to take care of the mules and had followed the charge on foot, picked up the arrow, marked it with his knife, and put it carefully into his leathern quiver, which he filled with the arrows he picked up on the grass till it would hold no more. Dunstan, who had ridden in the press with the rest, was looking among the dead for a good sword to take, his own being broken.

"Florence owes you a debt, sir," said Buondelmonte, an hour later, when they were riding back from the pursuit. "But for your warning, many of us would be lying dead in that wood. I pray you, take from the spoil, such as it is, whatsoever you desire. And if it please you to stay with us, the archbishop shall make a knight of you, for you have won knighthood to-day."

But Gilbert shook his head, smiling gravely.

"Praised be God, I need nothing, sir," he answered. "I thank you for your courteous hospitality, but I cannot stay, seeing that I ride upon a lady's bidding. And as for a debt, sir, Florence has paid hers largely in giving me your acquaintance."

"My friendship, sir," replied Buondelmonte, not yielding in compliment to the knightly youth.

So they broke bread together and drank a draft, and parted. But Buondelmonte

gave Dunstan a small purse of gold, and a handful of silver to little Alric and the muleteer, and Gilbert rode away with his men, and all were well pleased.

Yet when he was alone in the evening, a sadness and a horror of what he had done came over him; for he had taken life that day as a man mows down grass, in swaths, and he could not tell why he had slain, for he knew not the men who fought on the two sides, nor their difference. He had charged because he saw men charging, he had struck for the love of strife, and had killed because it was his nature to kill. But now that the blood was shed, and the sun, which had risen on life, was going down on death, Gilbert Warde was sorry for what he had done, and his brave charge seemed only a senseless deed of slaughter, for which he should rather have done penance than received knighthood.

"I am no better than a wild beast," he said, when he had told Dunstan what he felt. "Go and find out a priest to pray for those I have killed to-day." And he covered his brow with his hand as he sat at the supper-table.

"I go," answered the young man. "Yet it is a pleasant sight to see the lion weeping for pity over the calf he has killed."

"The lion kills that he may eat, and himself live," answered Gilbert, "and the men who fought to-day fought for a cause. But I smote for the wanton love of smiting that is in all our blood, and I am ashamed. Bid the priest pray for me also."

(To be continued.)

SUNSETS.

BY IDA AHLBORN WEEKS.

I MARKED the sunsets all the summer through,
 And in their flames of glory bathed my soul,
 As bathes the flower itself at night in dew,
 At morn with fragrance sweeter to unroll.
 Responsive to the sunset's splendor, I,
 Who in that vision asked for nothing more,
 Dreamed not that gracious nature, standing by,
 A human gift reserved for me in store,
 That, when my soul was level to its height,
 She would reveal, and, smiling down on me,
 Entreat me to accept the greater boon,
 As one who, faithful to the dying light,
 Is worthy of the dawn eye cannot see,
 A light beyond the sun and stars and moon.

ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE.

THE WELLMAN POLAR EXPEDITION.

BY WALTER WELLMAN.

FRANZ-JOSEF-LAND, AUGUST 2, 1898.

DRAWN BY H. J. BURRO.

HARMSWORTH HOUSE, CAPE TEGETTHOFF.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK

HERE at Cape Tegetthoff, Franz-Josef-Land, latitude 80.06° N. and longitude 85° E. from Greenwich, the Wellman polar expedition has built—as these words are written, is living in—the most northerly inhabited house in the world. “Harmsworth House,” as our hut is called, stands just five hundred and ninety-four geographical miles from the pole. There are a number of other far Northern habitations, such as the Greely house at Lady Franklin Bay, Grinnell Land; Lieutenant Peary’s Anniversary Lodge in Greenland; the Pike house at Danes’ Island, the Nordenskjöld house at Mossel Bay, and the Wellman house at Walden Island, Spitzbergen. In Franz-Josef-Land are the Leigh Smith house at Bell Island and the Jackson house at Cape Flora. Of all these houses of

Kilfen brothers Bentzen Dr. Hofma Lieut. Baldwin.
 Harlan Bjørnsig W. Wellman.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

IN THE CABIN OF THE "FRITHJOF."

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. CHADDER.

refuge or habitation which the energy of man has pushed far within the polar zone, only two—those at Lady Franklin Bay and Walden Island, if, indeed, they are not now in ruins—are as near the pole as the modest little structure which we Americans have erected at what might be termed the southeast corner of the unknown region.

Every one of these rude structures has a history involved in the long, ever-continuing story of the fascination which arctic exploration has for man, and of the sacrifices and tragedies which attend its pursuit. From the Lady Franklin Bay house General Greely made his heroic but disastrous retreat to Cape Sabine, where official blundering at Washington and cowardice aboard relief-ships sacrificed two thirds of his party. From Anniversary Lodge Lieutenant Peary led his gallant party to indescribable suffering and eventual defeat upon the Greenland ice-cap. At Walden Island the Wellman expedition of 1894 built the house from the timbers of the crushed *Ragnvald Jarl*. At Cape Flora, Leigh Smith, a cultivated Englishman who has done much for arctic exploration, saw his ship go to pieces in the ice, and being unable to reach his house at Bell Island, only twelve miles away, was compelled to winter in a rude hut of stones and earth, the ruins of which still remain. There,

also, through the generosity of Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth of London, was established the splendid station at which Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen had their dramatic meeting with Mr. Jackson as they were retreating from their lair farther north. At the Pike house in Spitzbergen, Andrée and his two companions inflated their balloon in July, 1897, and sailed away northward on the most picturesque and sensational voyage of modern times.

When we came to Franz-Josef-Land in the good ship *Frithjof*, it was with a strong hope that Andrée and his comrades might be found here. If tidings of the aéronaut have been received from any other part of the world we are in ignorance thereof, and keen indeed was our disappointment when we failed to find him at Cape Flora. Andrée made his ascent July 11, and the last news of him was secured when a carrier-pigeon was shot near Walden Island, Spitzbergen, some days later. That pigeon had been despatched from the balloon July 13, and Andrée was then flying eastward along the eighty-second parallel of latitude, directly toward Franz-Josef-Land. Meteorologists explained that the balloon's failure to approach nearer the pole in the strong wind in which the ascent was made must be ascribed to the fact that it was caught in a cyclonic or rotary storm.

Aëronauts agreed that the air-ship could not remain aloft more than from eight to twelve days, and that the brave voyagers would be pretty sure to descend when they saw the black headlands of this region beneath them. Arctic men concurred in the opinion that, having once made a safe descent in or near this land, it would be a comparatively easy matter for the three men to make their way to Cape Flora, where they knew there was a house well stocked with provisions.

At three o'clock in the morning of July 28, we were steaming across the twelve miles of bay which separate Eira Harbor from Cape Flora. Our eagerness to reach this latter point and determine the fate of Andrée had led us to offer our skipper a goodly prize for beating all other ships, if there were others bent on the same errand. It led us now to urge him forward through the fog, which gathered thicker and thicker every moment, till it became so dense that it was impossible to see more than a ship's length ahead, and prompted the remark by Captain Kjeldsen, the veteran arctic navigator, that he could not understand why the walruses which we heard bellowing about us did not swim up in the fog to the skies. Every few moments, as we groped along, a white mass rose out of the gloom dead ahead, and we were compelled to run the propeller full speed astern

in order to avert collision with one of the massive, flat-topped bergs for which this region is noted—great marble tables rising twenty feet out of water, with an area as great as that of Madison Square. Prudence finally compelled us to lie to and go to bed with the Andrée problem unsolved, and its solution, as we believed, only two or three miles away.

A few hours later the fog lifted, and as I scrambled to the crow's-nest, eager with hope, the black mountain of Cape Flora, its high plateau occupied by a log house and several smaller structures, was before me, bathed in sunlight. In an instant my heart sank. There was the house, but its door was barred, its window-boards were up. There was the flagstaff, but the union jack at its top was furled and tightly lashed. When we had dug away the ice, and opened the door, and walked within the double doors of the Jackson house, damp and mold were rife upon furniture, books, walls, utensils, everything. It was like opening a grave.

In sadness we four Americans, who had come three thousand miles northward and nearly half-way around the globe, sat down to our breakfast. For a time no one spoke, and when silence was broken these were the words:

"Poor Andrée! poor, brave, dead Andrée!"

As yet no tragedy is directly connected with our own house. Only a few miles to the south, across Wilczek Island, is the spot where the Austria-Hungarian expedition ship *Tegetthoff* was abandoned fast in the ice nearly a quarter of a century ago, after drifting helplessly for more than a year, but luckily enough to enable her people to discover Franz-Josef-Land. There, too, we saw, as we passed in the *Frithjof*, a cairn which marks the spot where one of the crew of the *Tegetthoff* was buried in a cleft of rocks, in the dark arctic winter. Payer and the Austrians, are the first to these shores have had been, but they did not discover all that was to be discovered, as is with the fact that we have already discovered a number of new islands to the south, and made many corrections in the line as depicted thereon.

It is not so easy to reach almost unknown corner of the unexplored region. The *Frithjof*, with the Wellman expedition aboard, left Tromsø, Norway, July 26. The eight members of the party, besides the leader were: Evelyn B. Baldwin, meteorologist; Quirhof H. Columbia University, physicist and photographer; Dr. Edward Hofma of Grand Haven, Michigan, medical officer; and five hardy Norwegians—Paul Bjoervig, a noted ice-pilot; Bernt Bentzen, who was with Dr. Nansen in the *Fram*; Daniel Johansen, and the Ellefsen brothers, Emil and Olaf. Of the nine men all but three had had previous experience in the arctic. At Archangel, in the White Sea, were taken aboard eighty-three draft-dogs which had been brought overland from the interior of Siberia, across mountains, tundras, morasses, and swollen rivers, by the Russian Trontheim. July 11, the *Frithjof* met the ice in latitude 77.5° N., and finding no open way, returned to Vardö, Norway, for a new supply of coal. July 26, the ice was met again in latitude 79.3° N., and for ten days there was a battle royal between a staunch ship and her skilful skipper, who knows when to be bold and when to be careful, and the allied guardians of the North, ice and fog. Ice alone is a formidable foe enough, but if one can only see about him, the weak

points in the enemy's columns may be discerned and charged. Then the fog comes, like the thick smoke of a battle-field, and it hangs low and dripping and opaque and stubborn, and one cannot see anything at all; and at such times the ice may go its way rejoicing, with roars of thunder as the sea beats under its edges, and dancing and crashing and roaring in its joy at the invaders' rebuff.

But in the end everything comes—and works. At last when the fog has busied itself, the ice is caught off its feet, the skipper prepares, has a cool head and climbs to the crow's-nest, lashed to the top of eighty-five feet above here, glass in hand, the ice-fields spread beneath him, decides the plan of campaign, and gives order to start the engine.

From that moment he needs all his faculties. The nervous tension is like high the commander of a ship undergoes when the vessel is put into action. teaming up a narrow way in immense fields of

ice. But there are barriers in the way. Heavy pieces, screwed together by the force of billions of tons of arctic marble moving behind, with the winds as propelling power, lie athwart the lead. The uninitiated observer is sure no craft can be driven through such obstacles, and fears the *Frithjof* is to be dashed to pieces against the wall. He catches his breath and wonders if in the next moment he will not hear the rush of water into the doomed, disrupted hull.

"Steady!" shouts the captain, showing his frosty whiskers over the top of the crow's-nest.

"Steady!" repeats the mate on the bridge.

"Steady, sir!" echoes the man at the wheel.

The critical moment has arrived. Half a ship's length away is the barrier. Which is to win, oak or ice?

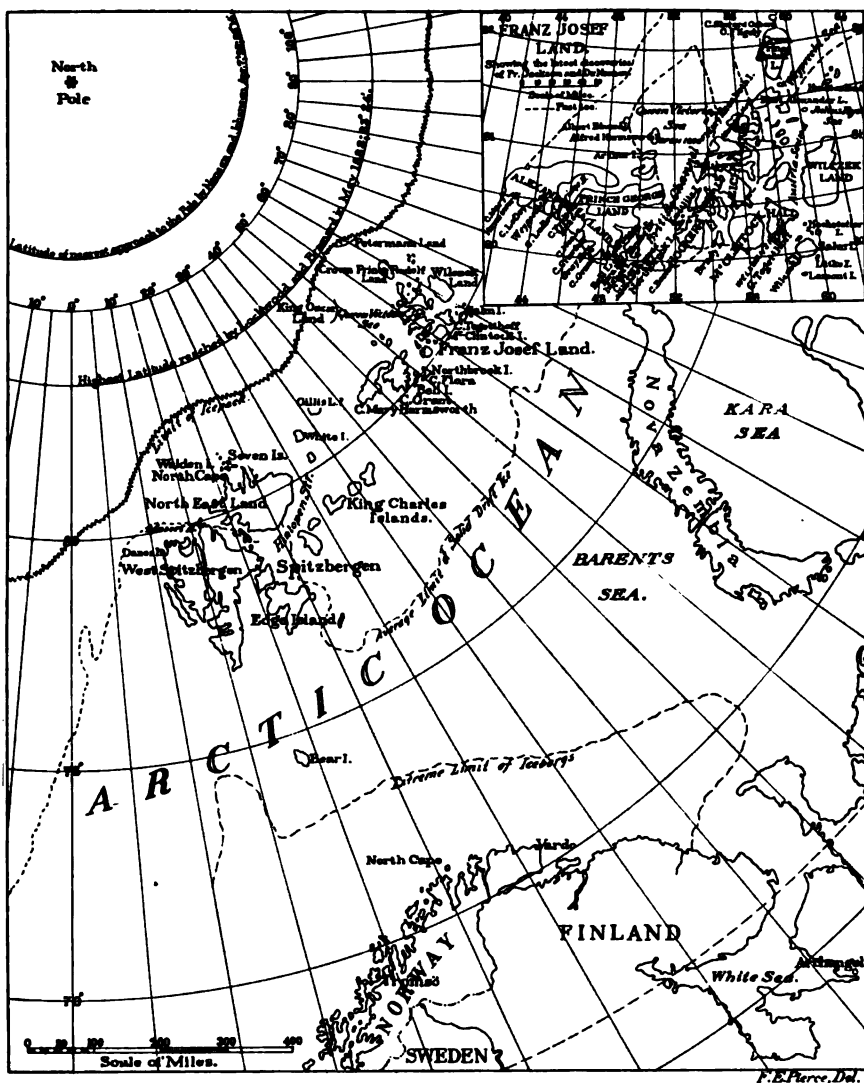
"Luff her! Luff her!" now comes roaring down from the masthead, in quick and sharp, but masterful, tones.

"Luff her!" cries the mate.

"Luff her, sir!" responds the helmsman.

DRAGON BY G. J. BURNE.

IN THE CROW'S-NEST.



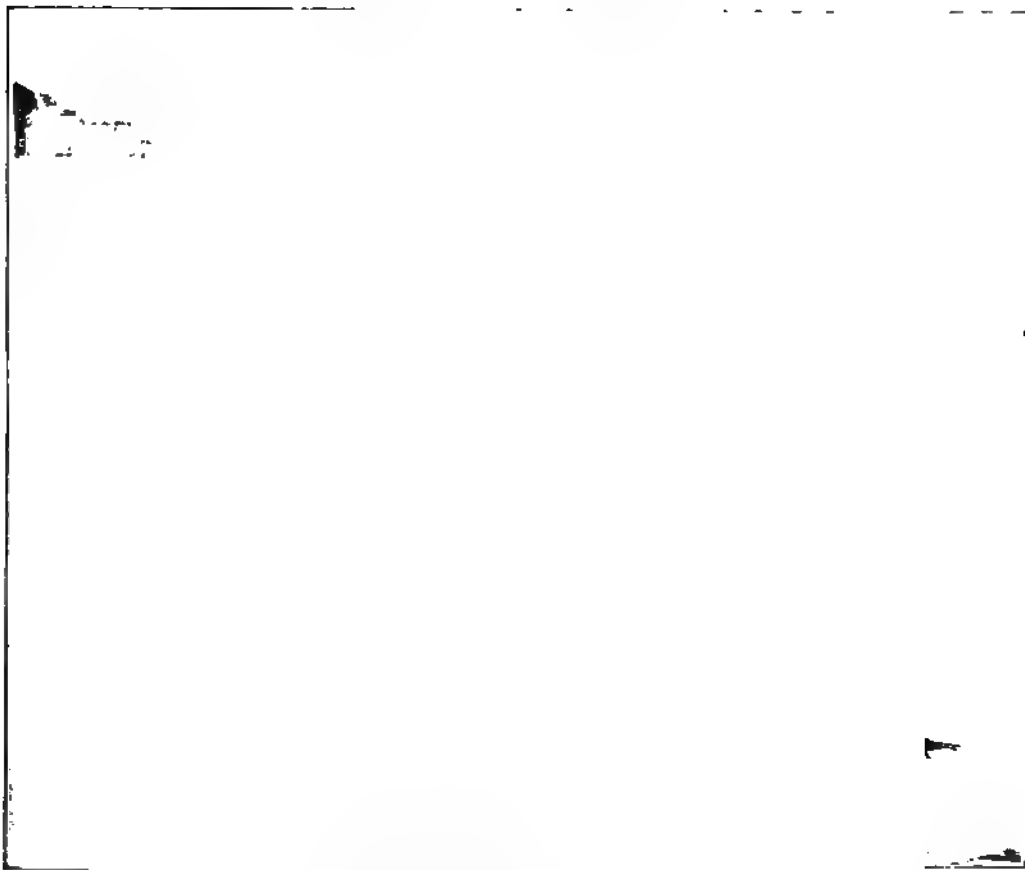
And before one can quite realize what has happened, the wheel has spun round three or four times, the big ship answers cheerily to the swing of her rudder, and the overhanging, iron-clad prow, supported by massive beams of oak, has entered the barrier at a natural point of cleavage, where force and frost had cemented two pieces together—has entered, not straight on, to squeeze the life out of the ship as she forces her way in, but at an angle just sharp enough to strike a blow at the weaker half of the obstacle—a blow which rends it and shoves it aside, under or over its nearest neighbor, with much crackling and hissing.

The calm, hardy man at his post up in the air perceives his advantage and is quick to improve upon it.

"Full speed ahead!" he shouts from his lofty perch.

"Full speed ahead!" echoes the mate on the bridge.

The engine bell is sounded, and the screw revolves at a much more rapid rate, viciously churning the water and sending the debris of battle, detached pieces of ice, flying astern as if they were in a mill-race. Fast as the screw revolves, the ship barely moves. Now she seems at a dead stop, as greater and greater weight of ice is brought within the radius of movement. It is a question which is to triumph, water frozen into ice or water heated into steam—nature on the one side, or man on the other. Tiny as the screw is, and small as is the ship in comparison with the masses which stand in her way, persis-



DRAWN BY W. J. BURNS.

GOING ASHORE TO WORK FOR A LIVING.

HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. HING.

tent speed is the lever which finally moves the mountain, and after a time the floes start sullenly, contesting the field inch by inch, but retreating still. In perhaps ten minutes the *Frithjof* gives a leap forward and glides out into ice-free water.

Again and again must this process be repeated. Often it is necessary to back out of a tight place, and then come full speed ahead with a shock which shakes the ship as if a torpedo had exploded under her bottom. She shivers and rolls, and as the ice-masses come biting and snarling, scratching and rumbling along the sides as if they would tear out the heart of oak, the expedition people, who lie in their bunks trying to sleep, are likely to remember that only a few planks separate them and all their plans and hopes from this savage foe who is gnashing his teeth at them. This business of ramming ice is not soothing to the nerves, but it is necessary if one is to get to Franz-Josef-Land.

It is a great game to play, and as one climbs to the crow's-nest and squeezes in

beside the captain, it is easy to understand with what zest the master makes his moves upon the chess-board of ice and water. Cold and wind and driving snow, and even danger, are forgotten in the excitement of the combat. The field of ice, with its thin threads of dark water, is spread out far and wide like a gigantic figured carpet. Straight down into the black, belching funnel the eye may look. The men on the bridge and deck present a strange, squat-like appearance. The dogs lying everywhere about are mere specks of black and white and yellow.

At the next engagement the fighting is fiercer than ever. The ship is surrounded by ice in violent motion, as if it were in a whirlpool.

"Is the propeller clear?" shouts the captain.

"Propeller clear, sir!" we faintly hear the response of the sailorman stationed aft to watch rudder and screw and report the first sign of danger to those vital parts of the ship.

"Propeller clear!" comes more distinctly from the mate on the bridge.

We go on for a space, and then the skipper's quickened senses detect something wrong.

"Bo's'n, how 's the prow?" he cries sharply.

"Ice under him, sir!" comes whistling up through the rigging.

"Full speed astern!" is the order now, and quickly obeyed, for it would never do to have the mass of ice that has caught under the prow pass along the keel and rise violently against the precious screw and rudder.

And so, with varying fortunes, often battling and more often playing the tedious game of waiting for fog to lift, we spent our ten days in the ice, and reached Cape Grant the 27th of July. Glorious glaciers sparkling in the midnight sun, a view of many fantastic icebergs, rare sport shooting polar bear and walrus, and a near approach to the scene of our labors were the rewards. Visiting in turn the Eira house and Cape Flora, and steaming far up the British Channel and eastward of Salm Island, where never was ship before, we finally come to Cape Tegetthoff.

Now that we are here, what is it we propose to do? We plan to conquer the north pole. The arctic fever is in our blood, and there is no cure for such patients but to put them on ice. Perhaps we shall be cured well

enough in the coming year, for in a few days we shall leave our house, snug and well stocked as it is, and turn our faces northward. Our plans lead us where there is no habitation and no materials of which to make one, save rocks and snow and the skins of walrus and polar bear. During the sixty days which are to pass before the coming of cold and darkness we hope to drag more than a hundred miles to the northward sufficient food and fuel to carry us through the long winter, with the aid of bear meat, while we hibernate, like bears, in a hole in the ground. In February, before the sun shall have returned, if all goes well, we shall set out upon a five-hundred-mile journey to the pole, with a five-hundred-mile journey back again to the winter lair, and a two-hundred-mile journey after that to reach the ship which is to come out for us next year. It is not an inviting program, especially when one remembers that everything that we are to eat and burn and wear, after leaving the land and taking to the frozen surface of the Arctic Ocean, must be dragged by main strength over a road rough and hazardous, in temperatures far below the comfort point.

There is only one way of ascertaining whether this difficult task can be performed, and that is by trying with all one's strength of body and will.

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

THE "FRITHJOF."

"BILLY MATISON 'S BEEN LYIN' 'BOUT FISH OFF AN' ON FOR NIGH SIXTY-SIX YEAR."

THE REFORMATION OF UNCLE BILLY.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERICK D. STEELE.

"LYIN' is lyin', be it about fish or money," remarked the deacon, dogmatically, "an' is forbid by Scriptor, an' he can't be saved an' freed from sin till he does stop lyin'. That's all there is to it. Billy Matison's got to give up fish-lyin', or he won't never git into the kingdom."

"Well, I reckon you 're right, deacon," said Ephraim; "but it ought to be some excuse for Billy that he don't harm no one by his lyin'. Seems to me a lie ain't rightly a lie unless it ketches somebody. Ef you lie about a hoss you 're tradin', I 'll admit that's wrong, 'cause you 'd do the other feller dirt; but Billy's lyin' don't fool nobody, an' it don't cost nobody nothin'. An' then you 'd ought to be easy on him, seein' how long he's been at it. Why, Billy Matison's been lyin' 'bout fish off an' on for nigh sixty-six year, an' reg'lar, summer an' winter, for the hull time, at that. Now I leave it to you, deacon; it ain't easy to break off short."

They were sitting in front of the grocery. All were gray-haired men nearing the end of their lives, and all were members of the First Church. So was Billy, but his one sin cast a doubt in the minds of his friends regarding his salvation. Billy did not worry in the least. His regular daily occupation was to fish from the bridge across the river, and there he would sit day after day, catching nothing, or at least very little. But in the evening, among his cronies before the grocery, he told marvelous tales of the fish he had almost landed, of the big bass he had caught; and when the fishing season ended,

and the rendezvous was the stove in the grocery, all these tales were retold, while it was observed that they had grown strangely during their period of desuetude.

Billy was such a genial, whole-souled liar about his fish that no one had ever had the heart to suggest the improbability of his tales; but a revival had taken place in the village, and under the fervid words of the evangelist the old men had been brought to a full realization of not only their own, but Billy's sins; and the deacon had resolved that Billy must be saved in spite of himself.

"No," admitted the deacon; "it ain't easy to break off short, but it's got to be done. Billy's got to be saved. We know his sin, ef he don't, an' knowin' a sin an' not doin' our best to stop it 'mounts to the same as ef it was our sin, an' I ain't goin' to everlastin' fire jest because Billy Matison lies about the fish he don't ketch."

"That sentiment does you proud, deacon," said Hiram, a weak-eyed old man with a thin white goatee; "you do yourself proud. That's lovin' your neighbor as yourself."

The deacon felt the delicate flattery, and puffed his pipe in silence a moment, lest he seem puffed up by the compliment.

"Billy Matison has got to be brung up short," he said, at length; "he's gittin' old, an' no tellin' when he will drop off. He's got to be cured now an' at once."

Ephraim had been thoughtfully pushing killikinick into his brier with his thumb. He struck a match on his trousers and puffed the tobacco into a glow.

The deacon opened his mouth again. "Billy Matison has—" he said.

"It 's a pity," said Ephraim, interrupting him, "we can't let him break off gradual. When you come to think how long Billy has told fish lies, it seems like the shock of quit-tin' right sudden might be too much for him—might make him sick, or kill him, mebby. Now, if he could sort o' taper off like,—say, ketch one less fish a day for a week, or drop off half an inch a day from the size,—it might let him down easy an' not try his constitution so bad."

"It *would* be easier on Billy," said Hiram.

The deacon thought deeply for a minute. "Jest so," he said; "mebby it might strain him to give up *all* his lyin' at one time, seein' he takes so much pride in it, an' mebby we ought to be a *leetle* easy on him. Ef Billy Matison was a young feller it would be best, but we can't risk his dyin' unsaved. No; we got to git him to give it up right now. Now is the app'inted time."

"Thasso," said Hiram. "We can't let on we think he 's *lyin'*, he 's so dum touchy. Ef we let on he was lyin', an' that we knew he was lyin', he 'd go off mad an' never come nigh us."

"An' then we would have a harder job, a big sight, to cure him," said the deacon.

"But I don't see how we can git at him airy other way," said Amos, "for ef we *don't* let on we know he 's lyin' we can't tell him not to lie no more."

"They 's jest one way to do it," said the deacon, "an' that 's the way it 's got to be did. We got to make him take back what he lies. Ef he lies an' says he caught a big one, we got to make him tell the truth, an' we got to do it gentle, an' not let on he 's lyin'. We got to—"

Here the conversation paused, for around the livery-stable corner came Billy Matison, his fishing-pole slung over his shoulder, his bait and lunch-basket slung on the pole, and his cane in his hand. As he approached the



"HIS REGULAR DAILY OCCUPATION."

"It 'll be mortal hard on Billy, come winter," said Amos. "I 'low Billy won't know how to spend the winter ef he can't lie some."

Hiram shook his head sadly.

"I doubt," he said, "ef Billy can live out the winter ef he don't lie. Fish-lyin' 's got to be all he does winters."

The deacon had been thinking again, and did not catch this remark.

"There 's one p'int we must be careful on," he said: "Billy 's almighty touchy, an' we must n't let on we think he 's lyin'. You know how touchy he is, Hiram."

group of old men, Billy did not appear a very energetic fisherman. His back was bent far forward, and his hand trembled as it held the pole. His cane was a necessity, and not an ornament. His wrinkled face was small, and appeared still smaller under the great home-made straw hat that rested on his long gray hair. He was an inoffensive, pale-eyed old man, and his toothless gums grasped a blackened clay pipe. Water stood in his eyes. Billy was seventy-eight, and "showed his age."

As he neared the group of old men, they arose. They were but little younger than Billy, and leaned on their canes for support.

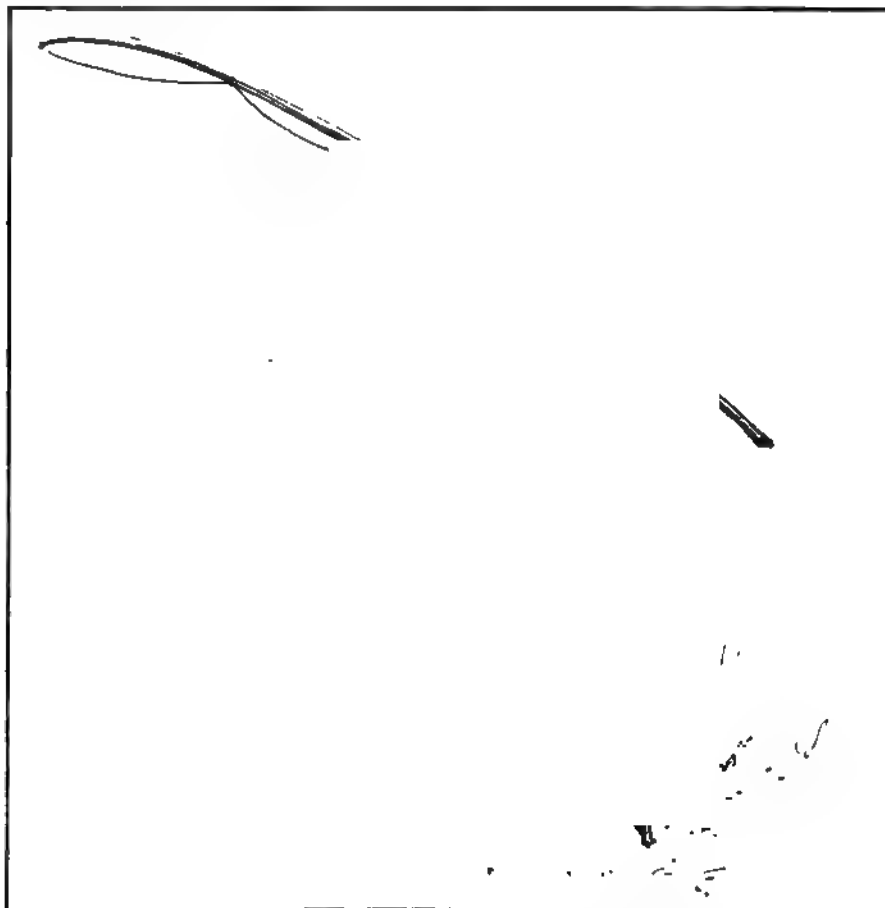
The straightest of them did not assume the perpendicular at once, but opened gradually from his stooping position, as if his joints had long had the rust of rheumatism.

Billy tottered up to them, unsuspecting of their plot for the safety of his soul. When he reached them, he tremblingly swung his

Billy turned slowly and gazed at the deacon. His lower jaw dropped weakly, as was its wont when he was surprised. Words failed him.

"Ain't we?" insisted the deacon.

Billy replaced his pipe between his lips, and said simply, "Yes."



"BILLY WAS SEVENTY-EIGHT, AND 'SHOWED HIS AGE.'"

pole and basket to the walk, and sank on the plank bench with a sigh of relief.

Then he took his pipe from his mouth, and holding it out in his shaking hand for emphasis, said in his wavering voice:

"Deacon, I ketched the biggest bass I ever see to-day. I 'll warrant it goes four pound."

Amos glanced at Hiram with pity in his eyes. Of all Billy's lies this was the greatest. But the deacon seated himself beside the fisherman, and putting one hand on Billy's shoulder, said:

"Billy, you an' me has knowed each other forty year, an' in all them years we been good friends, ain't we?"

"An' you recollect how I helped you when you was courtin' 'Manthy? You 'd never 'a got her but for me, Billy."

Billy's head shook a slow negative.

"An' how I lent you money to build a new house when yourn burned?"

Billy nodded. His eyes sought the faces of the group, but they were stern, and he could fathom nothing there.

"Billy," continued the deacon, "I 'm goin' to ask a favor of you. It ain't much. Won't you say that mebby that bass only weighs three pounds an' a half?"

"Well, mebby it does," Billy admitted.

"Well, won't you say three pounds?"

"That bass—" began Billy, but the deacon interrupted him:

"For old friendship's sake, Billy. It's a special favor."

A few more lines gathered in Billy's brow, but he nodded.

"Billy," said the deacon, "you remember the night I brought your boy Jim home when he got lost? Can't you make it two pounds for that?"

Billy gazed doggedly at the plank walk. It was a hard struggle, but he nodded.

"You remember Gettysburg, Billy, an' how I carried you two mile? Can't you make it one pound for Gettysburg?"

Billy got up. He was trembling with something besides age now. It was anger.

"Deacon, you mean I 'm lyin'—"

"No, Billy," said the deacon, soothingly; "I don't. Mebby me an' Hiram's got a bet up. Gettysburg, Billy! Make it a pound for me an' Gettysburg."

Billy leaned on his stick with both hands.

"It's—a—pound," he said.

"An' now, Billy," said the deacon, laying his hand on Billy's arm, while the old men gathered closer about him, "you remember when your Mary Ann went—when she—she left home, an' you—when she visited us until you wanted her back? For that, Billy, won't you make it no fish at all? Won't you say you did n't ketch no fish at all to-day, Billy?"

Billy straightened up, and two large drops rolled from his eyes down the gutters of his cheeks.

"Deacon," he said, "I would n't do it for no one but you, but for you an' Mary Ann I did n't ketch no fish to-day."

For only one moment the deacon stood triumphant. Then each of the old men grasped Billy's hand firmly, and trudged away, leaving Billy alone, wrapped up in his thoughts. The deacon and Hiram went away together, and the deacon said, "Hiram, it's begun." That was enough.

And Billy! Half stunned, he stood gazing after them. He knew it all. He knew these old friends of his thought him a liar, and that they were trying to save him. Perhaps he should not have yielded, but the deacon had certainly been his best friend, and—

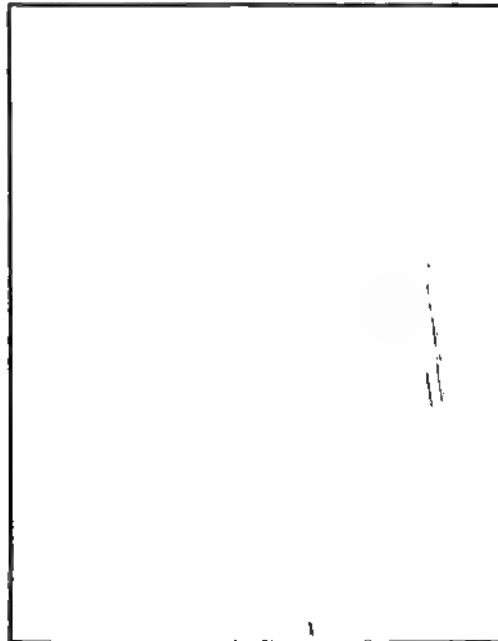
A known liar! A notorious liar!

He picked up his basket with a sigh and slipped it from the pole. Then he painfully mounted the two steps into the grocery.

"Billings," he said, as he placed the basket on the counter and raised the lid, "I ketched a big bass to-day; want you to weigh it."

Billings took the fish from the basket and dropped it into the tin scoop, where it fell with a slap. He pushed the weight along until the beam swayed evenly.

"Four pound, two ounces," he said.



THE CURING OF KATE NEGLEY.

BY LUCY S. FURMAN,

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town."



TOLD you once," said Mrs. Melissa Allgood, "about the time Kate Negley took that leading on the lodge line, and locked the doctor out of the house one night when he was meeting with the Masons, and hollered at him scornful-like, when he come home, to 'get in with his lodge-key'; and how the doctor smashed up her fine front door with an ax. Well, all the Station thought that might be the end of Kate's foolishness, and that maybe she would take her religion and sanctification comfortable after that, same as other folks. And everybody was glad Dr. Negley broke that door in, because it ain't good for Kate Negley or any other human to have their own way all the time.

"So Kate went along quiet and peaceable after that for two or three months, and never had no new leadings to tell about in meeting, and never did a thing to show she had heartfelt religion except to wear her hair straight down her back, according to Paul. And ma she said to me one day she believed Kate had come to the end of her line, and was going to act like sensible folks the rest of her days. But I told ma not to waste her breath in vain babblings; that I bet Kate Negley was just setting on a new nest, and for ma to wait for the hatching.

"I had n't hardly spoke the words before it come. The very next Sunday, when Brother Cheatham got through preaching and called for experiences and testimonies, Kate she rose and said she was mightily moved to rebuke a faithless and perverse generation, puffed up in its fleshly mind, loving unrighteousness, and abominable in wickedness. She said she had been wandering in the way of destruction like the rest, and putting her faith in lies, till the last few weeks, when light begun to dawn on her, and she commenced to search the Scriptures more. She said she was fully persuaded now, halleluia! and wanted all them that desired to be wholly sanctified to enter the strait and narrow path with her. She said the gospel she had to preach to them that

morning was the gospel of healing by prayer and faith, and not by medicines or doctors; that though she had lain among the pots, like the rest of them, yet now was her soul like the wings of a dove, and forever risen above all such works of the devil as ipecac and quinine and calomel; that only in the Great Physician did she place her trust; that as for earthly doctors, she could only say to them, in the words of Job: 'Ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value.' She said yea, verily, all they was good for was to 'beguile unstable souls, and bewitch the people with sorceries'; and not only that, but, like Jeremiah says, 'They help forward the affliction.' She said she never meant to say anything against doctors as *men*, but as *doctors* they was vessels of wrath, corrupters of souls, firebrands of the devil, and the liveliest stumble-stones in the path of righteousness. She said for them benighted folks that put their faith in physic to listen to Jeremiah's point-blank words, 'Thou hast *no* healing medicines,' and again, 'In vain shalt thou use many medicines; for thou shalt not be healed.' She said from lid to lid of the Bible there was n't a single case of anybody being cured of anything by either doctors or medicine; and that ought to be enough for the earnest Christian, without looking any farther. But, she said, knowing their hard-heartedness, she had studied every verse of the Scriptures before she got up to speak.

"She said when the disciples was sent out, they was told to preach the gospel, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, and cast out devils; and they did it. She said she 'd like to know how many that called themselves disciples nowadays so bigotty, and claimed the indwelling of holiness, ever even tried to do any of them things, except talk, let alone do them. She said it was because they was so poor-spirited they did n't have faith to lay hold of the promise, though there it was in plain words: 'Ask, and ye shall receive': 'According to your faith be it unto you': 'For I will restore health to thee, saith the Lord.' 'I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal.' She said, bless the Lord, her spirit-

ual eyes was open now, and the only medicines she would ever take was prayer and faith. She said James's prescription was good enough for her: 'Pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much'; and that she wanted every soul in the Station to get to the same point. But, she said, until they did, she wanted it known that there was one righteous soul in Sodom, that was going to start out on the war-path against the devil and all his doctors. She said *she* was going to lay hold of the promise of James: 'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' She said she wanted it published abroad that anybody that took sick was welcome to her services and prayers, without money and without price. She said for all her hearers to put on the breastplate of faith and the armor of righteousness, and enter in at the strait and narrow path that opened into her front door, and keep out of the broad way that led to the doctor's office. She said she had a big bottle of sweet-oil, and faith to remove mountains.

"Well, all the congregation was thunder-struck at the idea of Kate Negley setting up in opposition to her own husband, Dr. Negley being the only doctor at the Station. Ma said that anybody could have knocked her down with a feather; and I know it made me right weak in my knees, though of course I felt like Kate was doing right to follow her leadings, and thought she was mighty courageous. I never could have done it myself, especially if I'd had such a good husband as Kate. I have traveled about more than Kate, and know that hens' teeth ain't scarcer than good men; yea, like Solomon says, 'One among a thousand have I found.' But of course a woman never appreciates what she has, and Kate she always took all the doctor's kindness and spoiling like it was her birthright, and ding-donged at him all the time about his not having any religion or sanctification. Now, I reckon you've lived long enough to know that there are three kinds of sanctified: them that are sanctified and know it, humble-like—such as me; them that are sanctified and don't know or even suspicion it; and them that are sanctified and know it too well. And I have told ma many a time that Dr. Negley is one of the kind that is sanctified and don't know it, and that Kate might

pattern after the doctor in *some* ways, to her edification. Somehow I've always felt like ten or eleven children might have took some of the foolishness out of Kate; but, not having any, she was just on a high horse about something or other all the time.

"The evening after Kate did that talking in church, ma saw the doctor riding by, and she called him to the fence and asked him if he had heard about Kate's talk, and what he thought about it. And he said yea, Brother Jones and them had told him about it down at the post-office, and it had tickled him might'y; that he thought it was very funny. Ma told him she should think it would make him mad for Kate to get up and talk that'away about doctors and medicine. 'Mrs. Garry,' he says, 'women are women; and one of their charms is that nobody knows what they're going to do next. And if my wife,' he says, 'has a extry allowance of charm, I certainly ought to feel thankful for it.' He said if Kate wanted to quarrel with her bread and butter, and talk away his practice, he was n't going to raise any objections; that he needed to take a rest anyhow, having worked too hard all his life. He said, another thing, a woman that took as many notions as Kate could n't hold on to any one of them very long, but was bound to get cured of it before much harm was done.

"Ma she told me what he said, and that, in her opinion, Dr. Negley could give Job lessons in patience.

"Then we commenced to have times in the Station. The first thing Kate did was to get up one night after the doctor had gone to sleep, and go down-stairs and across the yard to his office, and hunt up his saddle-bags, and stamp on them, and smash every bottle in them, and then sling them over in pa's corn-field. Pa he found them out there in the morning after breakfast, and took them to the doctor's office; and he said the doctor did some tall swearing when he saw them. But I believe that was a slander of pa's, because I know the way the doctor acted afterward. At dinner-time he went up to the house mighty peaceful, and eat his dinner, and then he says to Kate, very cheerful and polite: 'I see that my saddle-bags have met with a little accident. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' he says, 'and I don't know but what it's a fine thing for my patients, some of them medicines being powerful stale. But it's mighty unfortunate for you, Kate,' he says, 'for I will be obliged to use up all your missionary money

for the next year and a half to replenish them saddle-bags, times being so hard,' he says.

"You know Kate always give more money to missions than any woman in the Station, — doctor just could n't deny her anything, — and she prided herself a heap on it, righteous pride, of course. She was just speechless with wrath at what he said, and she saw she 'd have to change her warfare and fall back on the outposts.

"So she started out and went to see the women in the Station, and prayed with them, and strengthened their faith, and tried to make them promise to send for her if anybody got sick, and not for the doctor, and worked on them till they got plumb unsettled in their minds. Some of them went to Brother Cheatham and asked him about it, and he said it was a question everybody must decide for themselves, but there certainly was Scripture for it, he could n't deny. It's a funny thing what poor hands some preachers are at practising. Brother Cheatham could n't get so much as a crook in his little finger but what Dr. Negley must come, double-quick, day and night. I've always felt like getting their doctoring for nothing was a big drawback to preachers' faith.

"Kate did n't only go about in the Station, but she would keep on the watch, and when the doctor got a call to the country, Kate would saddle her bay mare and follow after him, sometimes ten or fifteen miles. By the time she would get to the sick one's house, the doctor would be setting by the bed, feeling the patient's pulse, or some such; and Kate would sail across the room, with never so much as 'Howdy' to the doctor, and go down on her knees the other side of the bed, and dab a little sweet-oil on the sick person, and pray at the top of her voice, and exhort the patient to throw away the vile concoctions of the devil, and swing out on the promise of James. And the doctor would n't pay no more attention to her than she did to him, but would dose out the medicine and go on about his business, as pleasant as could be. After he was gone, Kate would smash up all the bottles in sight, if the folks was n't mighty careful; and then she would follow the doctor to the next place, never any more noticing him or speaking to him than if he was a fence-post. She said when the doctor was at home, he was her husband, though unregenerate, and she was going to treat him according to Scripture, and as polite as she

knew how; but when he was out dosing the sick, he was an angel of darkness, and not fit to be so much as looked at by the saved and sanctified.

"Mary Alice Welden was one of the first to take up with Kate's notions—I've always believed it was because Dick Welden scoffed at them. If Dick had been a quick man, he never would have done it, knowing well that the only way to get Mary Alice to do like he wanted her to was for him to come out strong on the opposite side. But it takes a hundred years to learn some men anything; and what did Dick do that Sunday but laugh at Kate's notions on healing. Ever since Mary Alice had shook the red rag at Satan by getting up and shouting in church one time when Dick had told her point-blank she should n't, she had enjoyed a heap of liberty, and Dick he had been diminished, like the Bible says. So when Dick laughed at Kate, Mary Alice fired right up and told Dick Welden that never another doctor or bottle of medicine should step over her door-sill, and that the next time any of her household got sick, prayer or nothing should cure them.

"So the next time her little Philury had spasms, Mary Alice sent over for Kate; and when Dick come home to dinner, he found all the doors locked, and looked in at a window, and there was Philury in fits on the bed, and Kate and Mary Alice praying loud and long on both sides. Dick was just crazy, and he run up the street for the doctor, and they come back and broke in the window, and there was Philury laying quiet and peaceful and breathing regular, and Kate and Mary Alice shouting and glorifying God for casting a devil out of Philury. That give Kate a big reputation, and stirred the Station to the dregs. And even the doctor said it was only by the grace of God that Philury pulled through under the circumstances.

"Sister Sally Barnes had been laying up for nearly a year with a misery in her back, and the doctor had give her physic, and she had took up all the patent medicines she could borrow or raise money to buy, but there she laid, and expected to lay the rest of her days. Kate went up there one day and expounded Bible to her and anointed her with that oil, and prayed over her for about two hours, and then told her to rise and cook dinner, that the Lord had healed her. And up Sister Sally got, and has been up ever since. Of course everybody was excited and talking about it. Ma asked Dr. Negley one day what he thought about 'it, and he said

it was a mighty fine thing for Sister Sally's family, and that Kate's medicine was certainly better for *some* folks than his.

"That healing give Kate a big name, and folks begun to send for her right and left. Some would send for her and the doctor both, thinking it just as well to be on the safe side and not neglect either faith or works. I reckon it did the sick good just to lay eyes on Kate, she was such a fine, healthy, rosy-cheeked woman, and never had had a day's sickness to pull her down.

"Then come along the time for Sister Nickins's shingles. For seven years old Sister Nickins, Tommy T.'s ma, had took down regular, every Washington's Birthday, at ten o'clock in the morning, with the shingles. Everybody thought a duck could as soon get along without water as Sister Nickins without her shingles; and she never dreamt of such a thing as not having them. They never got to the breaking-out stage with her but once, but she was scared to death every time for fear they would break out, and run all around her and meet, and of course that will kill anybody dead. So she used to make her will and give away her gray mule every year, beforehand.

"This time Kate sent Sister Nickins word not to make no will or give away the mule; that she was going to cast them shingles into the bottomless pit by prayer. So, at sun-up on the 22d, Kate went up to Sister Nickins's house, and set in to praying and anointing, and by ten o'clock she had Sister Nickins so full of grace and glory that the devil or the shingles could n't get within a mile of her, and she never felt a single pain. And of all the halleluiah times, that was one. You could hear the shouting all over town, and nearly all the Station went up there. I went myself, and saw Sister Nickins with my own eyes, up and about, and full of rejoicings, and not a shingle to her name. I thought it was wonderful. It seemed just like Bible times over again. And Sister Nickins was so lifted up over it that she mounted her gray mule after dinner and started out on a three months' visitation through the county, to spread the news abroad amongst her kin and friends.

"That was the winter I felt the inward call to preach, but never got no outward invitations. So, while I was having that trial of patience, I thought I might as well help Kate some, though I knew my call was to preach, and not to heal. And I would go around a good deal with Kate, though I

never was just as rampant as she was, or as Mary Alice Welden, and always allowed that doctors *might* have their uses.

"One day Kate come by for me to go up with her to pray over old Mis' Gerton's rheumatism. So up we went, and Kate told old Mis' Gerton what we come for, and Mis' Gerton said she never had no objections, that prayer certainly could n't do no harm, and oil was good for the joints. So I poured on the oil, and Kate did the praying. In about an hour Kate jumped up and told old Mis' Gerton to get up and walk, that the prayer of faith had healed her. 'No such a thing,' old Mis' Gerton says; 'them knees is worse than when you commenced.' Kate got red in the face, and said of course the grace was thrown away on them that would n't accept of it. Old Mis' Gerton said she could n't tell no lies; that she felt worse instead of better; that pain was pain, and rheumatism was rheumatism, as well they knew that had it. She said she never meant no disrespect, but that in her opinion prayer could n't hold a candle to Dr. Hayhurst's Wildcat Liniment as a pain-killer. Of course Kate was horror-struck, and she wiped the dust of old Mis' Gerton's house off of her feet when we went out.

"Then what should pa do about that time but take down with the yellow janders. You know, and everybody knows, that pa never did have a bit of religion. I would hate to say such a thing about an own relation, but pa being my stepfather, and the second one at that, I feel like he's kind of far-removed. Well, ma would have been a mighty religious woman if she had n't been unequally yoked together with unbelievers three times. That's enough to wear a woman's religion to a frazzle, goodness knows; and I have always made excuses for ma. So when pa got sick and told ma to send for the doctor, ma, being one of those women that is always trying to serve two masters, her husband and her religion, sent for the doctor and Kate both. And when I got there, a few minutes later, there set the doctor by pa's bed, and Kate and ma back in the kitchen, and every time Kate would start over the door-sill into pa's room, to pour the oil on him and pray over him, pa would set up in bed and shake his fist at her, and swear a blue streak, and tell her not to come another step. Ma and me we nearly went through the earth for shame at pa; and of course he never would have done it if his liver had been right, for I will say this for pa, he is a polite, mild-mannered man, and slow to wrath, when he has n't got the

janders. Then Kate would flop down on the kitchen floor and thank the Lord she was being persecuted for righteousness' sake. And a good many people dropped in, hearing the noise; and everybody was plumb scandalized at pa, and said he was a downright infidel, and all their sympathies was roused for Kate.

"After that she had a bigger business than ever, in spite of a set-back or two, like old Mis' Gerton's rheumatism, and Brother Gilly Jones's baby dying one night of the croup when him and Kate was praying over it and would n't send for the doctor. Kate said that it was the Lord's will, and the baby's appointed time to die; and Brother Gilly Jones, being sanctified, and having eight more children anyhow, he agreed with Kate, and said he felt perfectly resigned; though Sister Jones, poor thing, never has got reconciled to this day.

"Of course those things never fazed Kate, and she was just on the top notch all the time, and going day and night. And every Sunday there would be testimonies in church about healings, and faith begun to take hold on both sanctified and sinner, till it actually got to the point that folks' religion was doubted if they sent for the doctor. And when spring opened up, the doctor said his occupation was so near gone that he felt justified in going on that camp-hunt he had been wanting to take for fourteen years; so he made up a party of men—Masons and such—and went down on Green River for two weeks' hunting.

"Well, you ought to have seen Kate that morning the doctor left. He was n't out of sight before she turned loose a-shouting over the triumph of righteousness, and over having actually run the devil out of town; and she held a thanks-meeting up at her house that night, and we had a full-salvation time.

"Kate invited me to stay with her while the doctor was gone; so I shooed my chickens down to ma's, so 's I could have my mind free from worldly cares, and shut up my house, and went. We had a mighty joyful, edifying time for two days.

"The third night Kate woke me up sudden from a good sleep, about three o'clock in the morning. 'Melissy,' she says, 'get up and light the lamp. I don't know what on earth 's the matter with me,' she says; 'I feel awful, and have got all the aches there is inside of me.' 'For goodness' sake, Kate,' I says, rolling out of bed, 'I reckon you are getting the grippe.' She groaned. 'It's worse than the grippe, Melissy Allgood,' she says; 'I

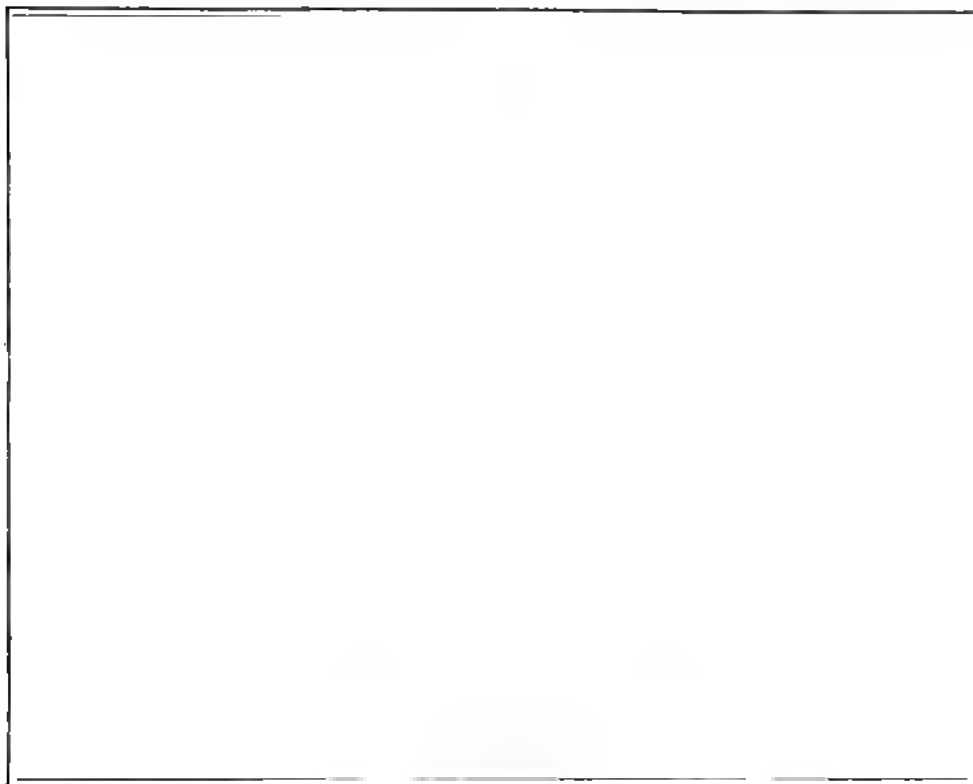
feel like I'm going to die.' I lit the lamp and brought it over by the bed. 'I do believe you have got some fever, Kate,' I says. 'I am eat up with it,' she says, 'and with aches, and have a terrible gone feeling all over. I tell you, Melissy, I'm an awful sick woman. Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?' 'Do?' I says, no little surprised. 'Why, *pray*, of course.' 'Well,' she says, kind of faint-like, 'you 'd better be about it.'

"I was a little outdone by her lukewarmness, but I got down on my knees and went to praying. Kate kept up a consid'able groaning. In about five minutes she says: 'Get up from there, Melissy Allgood, and do something for me. I'm a terrible sick woman,' she says. 'Gracious sakes alive, Kate,' I says, 'there ain't another thing I *can* do but anoint you with the oil.' I run and brought the sweet-oil. 'Take it away!' she says. 'The smell of it makes me sick! I won't have it!' I was completely dazed, and it seemed to me like the world was turning upside down. But what can you expect of a woman that don't know what the feeling of pain is, and never had a sick day since she was a young child and got through the catching age? I fell down on my knees and went to praying again, not knowing just what to do. Kate stopped me again. 'Melissy Allgood,' she says, 'are you going to let me lay here and *die*, and not stretch out even a finger to help me?' she says. 'Why, Kate,' I says, plumb petrified, 'you know I'm doing the very best that can be done.' I says: 'You must have patience and faith, and wait on the time of the Lord.' 'Oh!' she says, fairly crying, 'what on earth made the doctor go off and leave me? He might have known something would happen to me. He ought to have stayed here, where he belongs! *He* 'd know what to do for me if *he* was here,' she says. 'He would n't let his own dear wife lay here and die!'

"'Kate,' I says, 'you are wandering, the worst kind. I'm going after Mary Alice Welden.' So I slipped on my shoes and dress and run down the street to Mary Alice's, and we hurried back as fast as we could. I told Mary Alice that Kate was sick, and out of her mind to that extent she was calling for the doctor. Mary Alice said she certainly must be mighty bad off, and that we must pray with abounding faith, and be firm. When we got back, Kate was still a-groaning and crying. Mary Alice told her to cease her complainings and put her trust in One who was mighty to save. Then Mary Alice snatched up the bottle of sweet-oil that set

there on the table, and started at Kate with it. 'She won't have it on her,' I says; 'it ain't no use to try.' 'She's got to have it,' Mary Alice says, 'whether she wants it or not. It's a part of James's directions.' Kate begun to holler and throw out her arms when she saw the oil coming. 'Take it away,' she says; 'it makes me sick!' 'You hold her hands,' Mary Alice says, 'while I pour it on her.' So I set down and took a good

said, no such a thing; that she was a mighty sick woman, but she was in her right mind, and knew what she wanted, and that it was the doctor. She said the doctor was the only friend she had on earth. She said the doctor would n't stand by and see her die and never lift a hand, and she knew it. She said he would know of something to give her that would ease them aches and pains, and let her die in peace. But she said of course if



DRAWN BY C. H. BELVER.

"MARY ALICE AND ME WERE SMITTEN DUMB."

grip on Kate's hands, and Mary Alice poured the oil on her, and it went all over her face and head and the pillow, she kept threshing around so lively, and hollering till her mouth was full. Then Kate she cried and carried on, and said we were treating her shameful, and would be sorry for it when she was dead and gone. We never paid any attention to her, of course, but got down on both sides of the bed and went to praying as loud and earnest as we could, so as to drown the groaning. Then Kate said she did n't want to be prayed for nohow, that what she wanted was the doctor. Mary Alice told her she was plumb out of her senses, and did n't know what she was talking about. And Kate

the doctor was there she would n't need to die—that he would save her. She set up in bed. 'Melissy Allgood,' she says, 'run over and tell your pa to mount his horse and ride for the doctor,' she says, 'and never stop till he finds him!' 'Land of the living, Kate,' I says, 'you know the doctor is thirty mile and more away, and nobody knows where he's at by now.' 'Tell Mr. Garry I say not to stop till he finds him!' Kate says. 'And to keep life in me till he gets here,' she says, 'I want old Dr. Pegram, at Dixie, sent for immediate. He ought to get here in three hours' time. You tell Tommy T. Nickins to take my mare and go for him, quick!' she says. 'And Mary Alice Welden, you go down in

the cellar and bring me up one of those bottles of blackberry cordial, to keep up my strength till Dr. Pegram comes.'

"Mary Alice and me were smitten dumb right there where we was at, on our knees. 'Kate Negley,' I got the voice to say, 'are you sure them are your right-minded wishes, and not the devil speaking through you?' 'I tell you to do what I say, and hurry up!' Kate says. 'Do you reckon I want to die?'"

"Mary Alice rose and walked out with never a word; but if I ever saw complete disgust wrote on anybody's face, it was hers. I had to go down and get the blackberry cordial myself, and you ought to have seen Kate make away with it. Then I went out and started off Tommy T. and pa.

"Old Dr. Pegram was there inside of three hours, dosing out big pills for Kate to take every half-hour, and powders every fifteen minutes; and it looked like Kate could n't swallow them fast enough to suit her. Dr. Pegram told ma and me that Kate had a mild case of the grippe, and there was n't no earthly danger.

"When Dr. Negley and pa come poling in after midnight that night, wore out and muddy, you never saw as happy a woman in

your life as Kate. She laughed and she cried, and she hugged the doctor, and she kissed him, and she said there never was anybody like him, that he was her sweet angel from heaven, and the dearest darling on earth, and she knew she would n't have no chance to die, now he had come and would know just what to do for her. And I reckon the doctor was the worst-astonished man that ever was; but he was a heap too polite and kind to let on, and went on dosing out physic for her just as if there was n't anything out of the common. And never a word did he ever say to her, either, about having his camp-hunt broke up; and that's the reason I *know* he's sanctified, for, like I told ma, what sainted martyr could do better?

"Of course the Station was shaken to the foundations over Kate acting that way, and there was a big time of rejoicing amongst the scoffers. And Mary Alice Welden has n't spoke to Kate since, and says she never will. But I tell Mary Alice she ought to be ashamed of herself; that she's too ready in her judgments, and needs to make allowance for humans being humans, and for folks changing with circumstances."

ESCAPE.

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

I STOOD beside the body of one dead
 Who had in life been alien to all good;
 Had ever with the baser party stood,
 Was ever to the meaner practice wed.
 But now the form from which the soul had fled
 Was calm as sleep, and, on the marble face,
 Of gross or evil passion not one trace
 Remained. Then softly to myself I said:
 Much do we hear about the grievous wrong
 Done by the flesh to the indwelling soul;
 But here was one,—and many there may be
 Like him,—whose spiritual part was strong
 The subject flesh most basely to control.
 Now from that long enslavement it is free.

HENRY GEORGE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

the autumn of 1866 I was the editor of the "Times," a daily newspaper published in San Francisco. One day the foreman of the composing-room, after disposing of business concerning which he had come to my desk, somewhat hesitatingly told me that one of the compositors in his department had written several editorial articles, by way of experiment; and they were very good, so the foreman thought. But the young printer had destroyed his productions, after passing them around among his intimates in the office. Would the editor-in-chief like to look at one of the young man's writings? I said I should be glad to see one, and if he sent me anything worth printing it should be used and the writer should be paid for it.

A few hours later, a bundle of sheets of Manila paper was laid on my desk by Mr. Turrell, the foreman, who, with a smile, said that the young printer had happened to have ready an article which he was willing to submit to my judgment. I read the paper, at first with a preoccupied mind and in haste, and then with attentiveness and wonder. Considering the source from which it came, the article was to me remarkable. I recollect that it was written in a delicate, almost feminine hand, in lines very far apart, and making altogether a bulk which had at first misled me as to the actual length of the disquisition. The article was not long, and was entitled "The Strides of a Giant"; it was descriptive of the gradual extension of the Asiatic frontiers of Russia, the changes that had taken place in the relations of the European powers, and the apparent sympathetic approach of the United States and Russia toward each other.

In some doubt as to the originality of this

paper, sent to me by a young and unknown printer, I first looked through the American and foreign reviews on my table, then, satisfying myself that the article had not been "cribbed" from any of these publications, I changed the title to "The Two Giants," and printed it as the "leader" in the "Times" of November 30, 1866. Let me say that when I told my foreman that, surprised by the excellence of the English and the erudition exhibited in the article, I had some doubts concerning the originality of the young printer's work, he warmly replied that the young fellow was a thoroughly honest man and would no more borrow ideas than he would steal. Oh, no; my good friend Turrell would risk his reputation on the young compositor's honesty.

Lest it be supposed that I am trusting to my memory for these details of an incident which happened more than thirty years ago, I will explain that this story (with the editorial article in question) was written out by some one familiar with the facts and printed in a San Francisco paper, November 7, 1897, soon after the death of Henry George. From that reprint I take the following striking paragraphs:

These two nations [the United States and Russia], opposites in many things, have yet much in common. Though the government of one be representative of concentrated authority, and the other of the farthest advance of radical progress, they alike rest upon the affections of the great masses of their people.

The one has just celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of her national life. The other has yet a decade to pass before completing her first century. Yet each feels in her veins the pulses of youth, and sees beyond the greatness of her future. Broad as is the domain of each, no impassable barriers hedge them in; rapid as is their progress, it seems yet hardly commenced; wonderful as is

their greatness, it is but the promise of what shall be. They have each a work to do—each a destiny to accomplish. Each has within herself the elements of immense wealth and power, which are to be developed and evolved. Each is engaged in great material enterprises—each, too, in greater moral works which look to the elevation of men. Through the pathless forests and over the virgin lands of the West, or toward the ancient centers of the human race, each in her way bears the torch of Christian civilization. One moving toward the setting and the other toward the rising sun, spanning each a hemisphere, the Far West meets the Further East, and upon opposite shores of the Pacific their outposts look upon each other. Priest Benjamin, traversing in his dog-sledge the regions of eternal ice, bearing eastward on the verge of the arctic circle to the savages of the frozen land the cross raised on Calvary and the creed of Nicæa, passed on his way the Western pioneers who are laying the wire that is to marry the continents and girt the globe.

It may be noticed that all this time the name of the ambitious young type-setter had never been mentioned between the foreman and me; but after I had printed two or three of his articles, and it was time to give the author an office check for his pay, I asked, and was told that his name was Henry George. The foreman said that, if I were curious to see the young man, I would find him at a certain case, so many cases from the entrance to the composing-room. I looked with some interest, and was disappointed to find that my vigorous and well-informed contributor was a little man, so short that he had provided himself with a bit of plank on which he stood at a case too tall for him. He was apparently then about twenty-five years old, but in fact was ten years older, as he was born in 1831. His auburn hair was thin, and the youthfulness of his face was disputed by the partial baldness of his head; his blue eyes were lambent with animation and a certain look of mirthfulness.

Near acquaintance with Henry George confirmed me in my strong prepossession in his favor. He was bright, alert, good-humored, and full of fun; yet his talk showed that he was a thinker, that he thought independently of all writers, and that he had wide, serious, and original views of life. The man's manner, his simplicity, his diffidence and absolute sincerity, captivated me, and I liked him thoroughly and at once. He continued to contribute to the editorial page of the paper, sometimes with a fertility of production that dismayed me; and, after a few weeks, a vacancy having

suddenly happened in my editorial staff, I invited George to the place. He was given a comfortable salary, and from that time forth he set type no more.

The newspaper on which we were engaged was owned by a syndicate and was managed by a board of trustees. The chairman of this board had personal ambitions which did not harmonize with that political independence with which I conducted the paper. One night, early in 1868, after a somewhat violent altercation with the trustee who would be editor as well as publisher, I quit the editorial charge of the "Times," accompanied by my second in command, Mr. William Bausman. By this time, owing to favoring circumstances, George had risen to the third place on the staff, and so it happened that the young printer became editor-in-chief, by the sudden creation of two vacancies above him. But, in the nature of things, he could not long endure the meddlesomeness of the managing chairman of the board of trustees, and he soon threw up his engagement in disgust and with some words of righteous wrath. The paper lingered for a few months, and eventually died of an excess of lay management.

Just at that time, the San Francisco "Dramatic Chronicle," a small sheet that had been circulated gratuitously in the theaters of the city, emerged into a full-blown, lively, and entertaining daily paper, under the management of Charles and Michael H. De Young. This young and stalwart power in journalism speedily absorbed Henry George into its editorial staff, and his articles contributed not a little to the brightness and vigor of the newspaper. But, feeling hampered by the restrictions which the policy of the "Chronicle" laid upon the staff, George severed his connection with the paper after a few weeks of service. We had continued on friendly, even intimate, relations up to this time; but he very soon after this went to New York as a purveyor of telegraphic news for the "San Francisco Herald." This journal had been revived under the management of its former editor, Mr. John Nugent, after a long suspension. The "Herald" had cast in its fortunes with the party opposed to the Vigilance Committee of 1856, and in a single night was reduced to bankruptcy by the withdrawal of every one of its advertisements. George's connection with the revived paper was of short duration. The "Herald" lingered for a brief space and expired finally and forever. Mr. George returned to California from New

York in the summer of 1869, and, a few months later, accepted the editorship and a small interest in the "Reporter," a lively young newspaper in Sacramento. The "Reporter" supported Henry H. Haight, the Democratic candidate for governor that year, and opposed the policy of granting State subsidies to the Central Pacific Railroad Company, then a growing power in the land. The great railway corporation managed to secure control of the newspaper, and Mr. George was ousted from the editorial chair; the name of the paper was changed to the "Record," and it was thenceforth known as "the railroad organ."

George returned to San Francisco, in no wise dismayed by his Sacramento misadventures, and disposed to make merry over the plans of the railroad magnates to manage a newspaper. He wrote and published several pamphlets attacking civic and political abuses, and prodding with no gentle pen the monopolies that were beginning to be developed in the Pacific States. His radical ideas found an ample channel for their expression in December, 1870, when, with a few friendly associates, he started the "Post," a small daily newspaper in San Francisco.

In 1871 I left California for New York, where I was established in my calling, and where, in 1880, I again met Henry George, who had left California "for good and all," as he grimly expressed it. During the intervening years, after a manful struggle to maintain the "San Francisco Post," George had accepted the State office of inspector of gas-meters, which he held for four years. He had just published his now famous book "Progress and Poverty." When we met in New York, I chaffed George good-naturedly on the apparent inconsistency of his having accepted a State office which was commonly regarded as a sinecure, while he was preaching and teaching rigid reforms in public affairs. He warmly protested that the office of inspector of gas-meters was no sinecure; it imposed upon him a great deal of work; and I afterward learned from others that this was the real state of the case, although many people ignorantly believed, and perhaps still believe, that the office held by George was a good place for a lazy man. He confided to me at that time, however, that he could hire some of his work to be performed by others without entire loss of his official pay; and he had done that, he said, in order to get time to do some writing which he thought was important. In fact, while holding this office he had been slowly and with great painstaking

evolving his single-tax theory, as that was now set forth in his first and most famous book. He came to New York hopeful for a fuller recognition than had been given to him in California. The materialistic, intensely practical people of the Pacific States did not understand Henry George. They thought him harebrained, unpractical, and a dreamer. On his part, he was disgusted with the disdainful cynicism with which he and his theories had been treated in California. Up to the time of his leaving the Pacific States he had not given much publicity to his single-tax theory; but he had others in plenty. He was a contributor to the early numbers of the "Overland Monthly," then edited by Bret Harte. There was printed in that periodical (October, 1868) a strong and well-written article by George, entitled "What the Railroad Will Bring Us," in which the writer took a rosy view of the probable future of California, then about to be connected with the older States of the Union by the Central Pacific Railroad, which was rapidly approaching completion. He was moved to prophecy that San Francisco would be the second, if not the first, city of the republic. But at the same time he predicted a greater concentration of wealth, with a long train of popular misfortunes and disasters, arguing that the poor would be poorer and the rich richer.

"Progress and Poverty" at first slowly made its way to fame. But it was not very long before all men were thinking and talking about the revolutionary ideas of the book. Gradually the former printer and editor was widely quoted on both sides of the Atlantic as a philosopher and reformer of great originality and boldness. Of the wonderful spread of his novel ideas, the vast circulation of his book, and the great interest that attached to everything he wrote or said, it is not necessary for me to speak. Henry George became a famous man, and his name was made known throughout all civilized nations. Going abroad, in 1881, he was received with honor and acclaim, and even those who violently opposed his economic theories respected him for his sincerity, his simplicity of manner, and his obvious devotion to the truth as he thought it had been revealed to him.

On his return from Europe, and at intervals thereafter, I met Henry George in New York. We often talked together about the old times in San Francisco, and many a hearty laugh we had over our amusing adventures in the editorial conduct of the

"Times." Up to the last day of his life he retained his buoyancy of spirits, his unaffected simplicity of manner, his deference to the opinions of others, and his almost boyish candor of demeanor. Unspoiled by attentions and honors that might have turned the head of any other poor young printer, George preserved his native dignity and self-respect, without betraying any spark of elation that might have been kindled in his heart by his sudden leap to fame. In his later years, especially after his first appearance in the mayoralty contest of New York, I thought I detected a note of querulousness in his voice, as if he were discouraged by the slowness with which his new philosophy made its way among men. He was gratified at the sale of his books, but the practical acceptance of his doctrines was slower than he wished it might have been.

It is quite possible, even probable, that the slight tone of querulousness to which I have referred was really due to the insidious approach of disease, rather than to any discouragement at the popular apathy concerning his theories. It should be borne in mind that Henry George was a firm and deeply sincere believer in the proposition that humanity and the best of humanity's institutions could be safeguarded only by the general adoption of the views on economic questions which he had made peculiarly his own. With the feeling that life is short and that his own life might at any hour be ended, he threw himself into the thick of affairs, desperately determined to "do his level best" to mitigate the numberless ills that afflict human society, regardless of what the consequences might be to himself. In his two mayoralty campaigns he refused to spare himself; and especially in the campaign of 1897, when he must have known something of the danger into which his ardent temperament was leading him, he persisted in labors that were mighty enough to tax to the uttermost the physical energies of even the most stalwart of men. He had a sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of the principles which he represented; and considering the self-sacrificing attitude which he steadfastly maintained, it is not too much to say that Henry George was a martyr to those principles.

But it should be said here that the young printer who had been thus raised up to the

championship of ideas purely economic finally became something more than the champion of those ideas. The second campaign in the city of New York, under the influence of circumstances entirely beyond his control, broadened far away from his single-tax theories, and beyond any mere partizan platform. Eventually the fight became one for good government; it was a manful struggle against the "boss" system in politics, and against all forms of political corruption.

To those of us who knew the singular purity of Henry George's motives of life and action, it was not surprising that he should be found fighting with tremendous energy for honest government, for a system of politics that should be wholly disinterested and free from the immoral influences of combinations, rings, and "bosses." In course of time, the general public saw this, too; for it was apparent that this man represented something more than mere theories regarding the valuation and taxation of property. In the minds of the people he stood for things which are of good report in human society and government. So it came to pass that when he fell fighting like a gallant knight in the heated climax of a crusade, thousands of those who had no sympathy with his economic views lamented his untimely death with real grief. They felt that a powerful force for good had been removed from the ranks of living men.

In common with multitudes of others, my own last impression of the career of this remarkable man has been tinged with pathos deepened by the suddenness of his exit. There may have been something tragical in store for him in the ultimate failure of his hopes. We cannot tell. But there can be no question as to his devotion to the cause which he had made his own, none as to the heroic self-sacrifice with which he espoused the cause of the general good. What premonitions he may have had of the catastrophe that finally wrecked his life, we may not fully know. But it is certain that the persistence of his indomitable spirit brought him to his end. He died in November, 1897, just thirty-one years after I first descried him, composing-stick in hand, standing on the uplift of a strip of plank before the printer's case in San Francisco.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

Henry George

ALEXANDER'S CONQUEST OF ASIA MINOR.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: FOURTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, .
Professor of Greek in Cornell University.

TO say that Alexander had now the absolute confidence of the army would be too little; men trusted him, loved him, adored him. And no wonder. Men of any time would. He emerged from the battle-dust of Granicus a personality in which all was combined that inspires men's enthusiasm and commands their allegiance. In his twenty-second year, the flush and vigor of splendid youth upon him, no one called him a stripling; he wore the crown of successes that genius, and not luck, had won him, and that age might envy. His character was as frank and open as the sky; indirection of every sort he abhorred. He could plan, organize, think; to will and to do he was quick and strong; in business affairs he was definite and orderly: but he had a heart, was loyal to friends, loved much, and was much beloved. Generous to a fault, and unconscious of self, meanness and fear were unknown to him. His respect for woman and his moral cleanliness made him an exception to his times. Practical-minded as he was, he was swayed by ideals. He loved music and song, and the conversation and association of men; knew the charm of letters, and gave to the gods their due. Whatever his failings, these were his virtues.

Of the physical man Alexander, biographers and artists have left us a reasonably distinct picture. Lysippus portrayed him in bronze, the painter Apelles in color, the engraver Pyrgoteles on gems; but the portraits made by Lysippus, men said, were the most lifelike. Through copies and imitators the portrait type passed on to the after-world, and survives to-day in a few such works as the Alexander bust of the Louvre, the Alexander Rondanini of the Munich Glyptothek, the Alexander in the Pompeian mosaic representing the battle of Issus, but best of all, perhaps, upon the tetradrachm coinage of Lysimachus.

Alexander was of good stature and muscular, well-proportioned figure. He had the type of the old Northman Aryans,

blue eyes and golden hair, which survived latest in Greece with the old aristocratic families. His skin, as Plutarch particularly emphasizes, was clear and white, with ruddy hue on cheek and breast. A characteristic feature were the massy locks that rose up mane-like from above the center of his forehead, and, coupled with deep-set eyes and heavy brows, gave his face the leonine look to which Plutarch refers. The upward glance of the eyes, which had the soft, melting, or, as the Greeks called it, "moist" expression, that artists gave to the eyes of Venus and Bacchus, the strong, finely shaped, almost aquiline nose joined high to the forehead, the sensitive, passionate lips, the prominent chin—these complete the picture that pen and chisel have left. That he was beautiful to look upon all accounts agree.

All the portraits represent him as smooth-shaven, except the Pompeian mosaic, where a light growth on the cheeks perhaps serves to indicate youth, in accordance with Roman-Alexandrian usage. It is noticeable that the Capitoline bust commonly named Helios, but which at least has the Alexander type as a basis, and shows also an incipient beard, is a work of the second century. But, after all, the Pompeian mosaic may be a faithful copy of Helena's painting made directly after the Issus battle (333), and so be a proof that Alexander began the practice of shaving later than that, and at some time during the Asiatic campaigns. We know that the fashion of shaving the face clean took its rise in Greco-Roman civilization from imitation of Alexander. The Hellenistic kings always appear without beards, and in the third century barbers and shaving made their way into Rome. The Roman emperors down to Hadrian followed the style thus set by their archetype. Alexander had a habit, too, of carrying the head slightly inclined toward the left shoulder, and this, they say, all his generals and successors, consciously or unconsciously, imitated, and many would-be heroes after them.

HEAD OF THE ALEXANDER RONDANINI, IN THE GLYPTOTHEK AT MUNICH. FROM KOEPP'S
 "UEBER DAS BILDNIS ALEXANDERS DES GROSSEN."

The bust represents a youth from eighteen to twenty years of age, and may well be regarded as an authentic portrait of the Prince Alexander as he appeared at about the period of the battle of Chaeronea (336 B. C.). It has indeed been argued with considerable probability that we have in this statue a copy of the gold-ivory statue which Leochares, after the battle of Chaeronea, was commissioned to make for the Philippeion at Olympia, as part of a group in which Philip was the central figure.

The battle at the Granicus (May, 334 B. C.), insignificant as it seemed to be on the score of the relatively small Persian force (from thirty-five to forty thousand) engaged, had now become a fact of great significance. It was one of the three great battles fought by Alexander in open field for the conquest of the Persian empire. As its immediate result, the whole of Asia Minor north of the Taurus range,—that is, north of Pisidia and Cilicia,—was placed at the mercy of Alexander. No large Persian force and no competent Persian authority existed within that territory.

After appointing Calas, a young Macedonian who had commanded the Thessalian cavalry in the battle, governor of Phrygia, and sending Parmenion with troops to occupy Dascylium its capital, eighty miles to the east of the battle-field, he himself advanced into Lydia, toward its capital, Sardis. This city, from its central inland position, was an important point, as well as from its wealth, the strength of its citadel, and its command of the trade routes. Nine miles outside the city gates the Persian commandant, Mithrines, accompanied by the leading citizens, came to meet the conqueror and offer the surrender of the city.

On entering its gates, Alexander assured the citizens of their freedom, restored to them their ancient constitution and laws,

which Persian occupation had set aside, and, as an honor to the city, announced his determination to erect a temple of the Olympian Zeus upon its citadel. In this connection an incident is related characteristic of the ancient meteorology. While Alexander was debating concerning the proper location of the temple there suddenly appeared in the sky—an unusual thing in the dry, placid climate of June—a heavy mass of clouds attended by thunder and lightning. There came, however, with the clouds only a few drops of rain, but what fell, fell upon that part of the citadel rock where in ancient times the palace of the kings of Lydia had stood. This was accepted as an intimation of the divine will, and the temple was located on that spot.

The government of the province of Lydia was not left in the hands of a single man, as under the Persian régime, but the former functions of the satrap were distributed among three different officials—one who attended to the collection of tribute and imposts, one who commanded the garrison, and one who conducted the government and had the title and honors of governor. All three were made directly responsible to the throne. This model Alexander followed in organizing the government of other provinces as they fell into his hands. It was an in-

tant modification of the Persian system in the interest of solidifying and centralizing the imperial authority. The wisest thing about it all was that the organization of the army was thereby kept undivided.

Having so disposed of matters in Lydia, Alexander set out toward Ephesus, sixty-five

population of a quarter of a million, was the largest, wealthiest city of Asiatic Greece, Miletus being its only rival.

The Asiatic Greece of which Ephesus was the foremost representative inclined in general to the oligarchic form of city government and to a placid acceptance of the mild

HEAD OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, FROM A TETRADRACHM OF LYSIMACHUS.

Lysimachus, King of Thrace (323-281 B.C.), was one of the successors of Alexander. As usual, on these coins Alexander is represented with the Ammon horns, in his character as son of Jupiter Ammon and universal king. The coins of Lysimachus are of widely various artistic excellence, but they offer beyond a question the most accurate profile portraits of Alexander, and the one here presented, published in Imhoof-Blumer's "Porträtskizze," Taf. I, is one of the noblest products of the Greek mints.

miles to the southwest of Sardis, and so came again within the confines of Hellenism; for the true Hellas, as the habitat of the Greeks, was then, as it is to-day, not a tract of land, but the *Ægean* and its fringe of shores. The Asiatic Greeks were a third of all there were. In the most central position on the Asiatic shore, directly opposite Athens, stood Ephesus, at the head of a bay along the shores of which, within a radius of thirty miles, were ranged at least ten prosperous Greek cities. Chios flanked the northern entrance to the bay, Samos, twenty miles away, the southern. Accessible to the inland by the Cayster valley, Ephesus formed the natural meeting-place for the Carian, Phrygian, and Lydian population of the interior with the Greeks and others who plied the sea. Long before there were any Greeks in these lands it had been a busy mart, and now, like the cult and the sanctuary of its famous Diana, herself a Hellenized Asiatic, it had become the most cosmopolitan of all the communities wearing the Greek guise, and, with its

Persian away. The young hero who bore the lofty title of captain-general of the Greeks surely found some disappointments to face. The cities of European Greece looked on with indifference as he toiled, and awaited the opportunity of some reverse openly to oppose him. The Asiatic Greeks he came to rescue did not wish to be rescued. The war for the present was Greek against Greek.

On the fourth day from Sardis Alexander was at the gates of Ephesus. The news of his approach had developed a panic within the city. Indeed, since the battle of Granicus the city had been in continuous political turmoil. The Greek mercenaries who constituted, evidently in Persian interest, the garrison of the city, on the first news of the battle, in which the summary treatment accorded the Greek mercenaries must have particularly interested them, had seized two triremes and set off in flight. This was a serious blow to the oligarchic government which at that time, under Syrophax's leader-

DRAWN BY A. CARTAGNE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. MAUER.

THE CAPTURE OF MILETUS.

ship, was in control of the city. This government had sought to sustain itself by admitting into the city, after the battle of Granicus, the fugitive remnants of Memnon's army, an act which had been sorely resented by the popular party. The oligarchy was thus identified more closely than ever with the fortunes of Persia, and the retreat of the garrison, and Memnon's withdrawal to Halicarnassus, made it difficult for Syrophax and his associates to hold in check the rising tide of democratic revolt.

These internal conflicts apparently made all thought of resistance to Alexander impossible, for on his approach Ephesus was thrown open to receive him. He immediately identified himself with the democracy, re-

called the political exiles, broke up the oligarchy and established a government of the demos, and directed that the tribute heretofore paid to Persia should be transferred to the goddess Diana. The moment the populace was relieved of its fear of the "first families" through Alexander's recognition of the demos, riot broke loose. The mob undertook to pay off a long list of old scores. The men who had let Memnon into the city, and those who had pillaged the temple of Diana, and thrown down a statue of Philip standing within it, and others who had desecrated the grave of Heropythus, a former leader of the democracy—all these must now receive summary attention. First on the list came Syrophax, whom, together

ORIGIN BY HARRY FENN FROM C. T. NEWTON'S "DISCOVERIES AT HALICARNASSUS," ETC.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

VIEW OF BUDEUM, ANCIENT HALICARNASSUS.

The view is from a rock-out tomb. The site of the mausoleum (tomb of Mausolus) is indicated by the mound in the foreground surmounted by a flagstaff.

with his sons and his brother's sons, the mob had already dragged from the altars of the temple and stoned to death, when Alexander, to his great credit, interfered and reestablished order by military force.

Magnesia and Tralles, cities in the Mæander valley, twenty and forty miles to the southeast, now sent deputations to announce their submission. The coast cities to the north in Ionia and Æolis, by overthrowing the oligarchies, testified their sympathy with the cause of Alexander. It is probable

that Alcimachus, who was at this time sent out with a detachment of troops among the northern cities, aided in bringing these results to pass. The city of Smyrna, which since the days of the Lydian monarchy had lain in ruin or existed only in scattered hamlets, the king now ordered to be rebuilt. The Greek cities of the neighborhood, such as Teos and Clazomenæ, seem to have welcomed the Macedonians.

The first opposition came at Miletus, the next important maritime city to the south

of Ephesus. The commander of the Persian garrison, Hegesistratus, had at first written a letter to Alexander offering to surrender the city, but later, learning that the Persian fleet was in the neighborhood, he took courage and determined to make a defense. The fleet, however, through its dilatoriness, disappointed his hopes. Three days before it appeared, the Macedonian fleet of one hundred and sixty triremes had sailed into the harbor of Miletus, and anchored off the island Lade, which commanded to the west the principal portion of the harbor, and which Alexander immediately proceeded to occupy with a strong detachment of his army.

The trireme of those times was preëminently a great ramming- or bumping-machine. Naval tactics were principally addressed toward disabling the opposing ship by shattering its oars and dashing in its sides. The development of speed was therefore a chief consideration, and, as sails could not be depended upon and steam-power was unknown, oars and man-power were the only recourse. Of the two hundred men who constituted the normal complement of an Athenian trireme, one hundred and seventy were oarsmen, and only from ten to fifteen armed fighting men. The oarsmen were arranged in three tiers or banks, in such wise, for economy of space, that the corresponding oarsmen of the next lower bank sat a little lower and a little behind. The vessel itself was long, narrow, and of light draft. The normal length appears to have been from about one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet, the breadth from fifteen to eighteen feet, and that the draft could not have been much over three feet appears from the fact that cavalrymen have been known to participate in a sea-fight by riding out into the water among the ships. Xenophon, in the "Hellenica," refers to such an occurrence off the beach at Abydos. In long voyages the trireme could avail itself of a favoring wind by hoisting sails on its two masts, but these masts were lowered in clearing the ship for action. It appears that a speed of seven or eight miles an hour could be attained by the oars alone. The serious burden entailed by the maintenance of a fleet is apparent when it is seen that the three hundred triremes regularly constituting the Athenian fleet demanded the service of sixty thousand men, and the expenditure for rations and pay, to say nothing of the ships themselves and their outfit, from \$250,000 to \$350,000 per month. Imperial ambitions came too dear for most states. For a little state like Attica, with a popula-

tion of perhaps a third of a million, at least half of whom were slaves, it would have been impossible without the tribute from its dependencies.

The Persian fleet, four hundred strong, shortly appeared and anchored on the opposite side of the bay, off the promontory of Mycale, six or seven miles away. Parmenion was desirous of risking a battle. They had everything to win and nothing to lose, he said; for the Persians, as it was, had the supremacy at sea. Alexander was of different mind. The loss of a naval battle would annul the prestige they had achieved by their victories on land, and would encourage the anti-Macedonian elements in the Greek cities to attempt revolt. The chances in a sea-fight, furthermore, were all against them. They were greatly outnumbered, and the Phenicians and Cyprians were skilled watermen, while the Macedonians were relatively novices. He therefore wisely decided to keep his fleet on the defensive, and trust, as he had in the past, to his army for his conquests. The fact that the Macedonian fleet already held the harbor constituted in itself a great advantage, for as long as it kept within the close harbor the Persians could bring aid to the city only by attacking the Macedonians at a great disadvantage, and where their superiority of numbers would not count.

The readiness with which omens could be interpreted so as to harmonize with one's wishes and views is rather fitly illustrated by a competitive exercise in augury in which Alexander and Parmenion indulged on this occasion. An eagle had been seen sitting on the shore behind the Macedonian ships. Parmenion found in this a convincing indication of the gods that victory was with the ships. Alexander pointed to the fact that the eagle perched on the land, not on the ships, giving thereby the evident intimation that it was only through the victory of the troops on land that the fleet could have value. Alexander being the commander-in-chief, this was evidently the orthodox interpretation.

On his first arrival before the city, Alexander occupied the portion lying outside the walls, and established a close blockade of the inner city. Just as the decision had been reached to continue the siege without risking a naval encounter, there came to Alexander from the city one of its leading citizens, Glaucippus, bringing the proposal that he should raise the siege on condition that the Milesians should thereafter make their harbors and their walls free alike to

FACE OF ALEXANDER, FROM THE POMPEIAN MOSAIC REPRESENTING THE BATTLE OF ISSUS. FROM KOEFF'S "UEBER DAS BILDNIS ALEXANDERS DES GROSSEN."

Though the face is elongated as compared, for instance, with the coin portraits, the characteristic features of the "leonine" hair, the forehead, the full eye, and particularly the lips and chin are faithfully preserved.

him and to the Persians. Generous as Alexander was by nature, such good-lord, good-devil attitudes as this were always abhorrent to him. Peculiarly exasperating was this notably academic proposition in that it implied the possibility of a Greek community assuming in this life-and-death struggle between Greek and barbarian a neutral position. He therefore informed the eminent citizen that he had not come thither to accept what men chose to grant him, but to accomplish his own will, and bade him get back into the city with all speed, and warn his people to expect an attack at daybreak. They had broken their word with him, and might count on punishment.

The use of siege-engines and artillery, which took its rise in Greek lands with Dionysius the Elder of Syracuse (in power 405-367 B. C.), before whom sieges had been mere blockades, was taken up by Philip of Macedon in his siege of Perinthus (340) and Byzantium (339), and rapidly extended during the wars of Alexander, especially in connection with the siege of Halicarnassus, Tyre, and Gaza, coming to its fullest development at the end of the century under Demetrius, who received therefrom his surname *Poliorcetes*, "the Besieger." Among the engineers who accompanied Alexander as experts were

Diades and Charias, said to have been pupils of the Thessalian Polyides, who assisted Philip at Perinthus. Others were Posidonius and Crates.

The most important types of siege-engines were already in use in Alexander's time -- the battering-ram, the siege-tower, the borer, the movable shed for protecting the besiegers, known as the *chelone*, or tortoise, and also the various devices for undermining the walls. The battering-ram was an enormous beam, or composite of beams, provided with a ponderous metallic head or knob, which was either hung in a vertical frame and swung against the wall, or mounted on wheels and rolled against it. The dimensions of one of these ancient mechanisms, which has been described for us in detail, were as follows: length of the beam, one hundred and eighty feet; thickness of butt, two feet; diameter of each of the eight wheels on which it was mounted, six and a half feet; thickness of wheels, three feet; weight of the whole, over two thousand hundredweight. A hundred men were needed to operate it. While this was undoubtedly more massive than the ordinary ram (commonly from sixty to one hundred feet long), it is evident that an effective mechanism for opening a breach in a stone wall from ten to eighteen feet thick required solidity and weight.

The borer was an engine not unlike the ram, but with pointed head and mounted on rollers.

The siege-tower was a mighty structure, mounted on wheels or rollers, which could be advanced before the city walls and afford opportunity for the besiegers distributed through its various stories to face the defenders of the wall on equal or higher level, and to reach the battlements by bridges. These towers reached a height, according to necessity, of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, and contained from ten to twenty stories. The monster tower which Demetrius built in the siege of Rhodes had a breadth on the ground of seventy-two feet. The outside of the towers was usually protected against weapons and firebrands by a coating of hides or of sheet-iron.

Various devices for undermining the walls were employed, the commonest being to approach by underground passages, excavate the foundations, and support the wall by beams which afterward could be burned away.

Though the various forms of the catapult, or mechanism for hurling arrows, stones, and bullets, had not reached their full development in Alexander's time, it is certain that

he made use of the mechanical bow, or bow-gun, and he was probably also acquainted with the method of developing projectile power from the recoil of twisted ropes. Great arrows from four to six feet long, ponderous missiles, and fire-balls were in this way thrown to considerable distances, cases of from four to six hundred yards being cited.

The next morning after the visit of the embassy the assault upon the walls began. The battering-rams were set in action, and soon a great breach appeared, and a large portion of the wall tottered to its fall. As soon as Nicanor, the Macedonian admiral, saw the assault begun, he moved over from Lade, and sailing into the harbor and hugging the shore, moored his vessels close together in the narrowest part of the channel, with their prows facing the sea. They thus interposed an absolute barrier between the city and the Persian fleet. The naval superiority of the Persians was thus canceled out of the situation, and Miletus became, so far as that factor was concerned, an inland town.

Through the breach in the wall, the Macedonians pressed in. The citizens and mercenary garrison took to flight. Some swam out upon their wicker-framed leathern shields to an island off the city; some in skiffs tried in vain to evade the Macedonian ships; but most of them were cut down within the city. Those who escaped death during the attack were given their life and freedom. The three hundred mercenaries who had taken refuge on the island were just about to be surrounded, and were preparing to sell their lives as dearly as possible, when Alexander, shrinking from the useless butchery, offered them their lives if they would serve in his army, a condition which they readily accepted.

There now appeared the first practical illustration of Alexander's plan of isolating the Persian fleet by robbing it of its harbors. The fleet lay yet off Mycale, but every day pushed out into the bay, hoping to tempt the Macedonians to an engagement. Their anchorage was inconvenient for them, as they were obliged to go at least ten miles to the east, to the mouth of the Mæander, for their water-supply. To make their position still more uncomfortable, Alexander sent Philotas around the shore toward Mycale with a force of cavalry and three regiments of infantry. This made it impossible for the Persian sailors to land at all, and they found themselves cut off entirely from supplies of food and water, and as good as "besieged in their ships." They were therefore obliged

to sail over to Samos, twenty-five or thirty miles away, and reprovision the fleet. Again they returned to Miletus and renewed their former tactics, sailing up to the very entrance of the harbor, in hope of luring the Macedonians out.

Finally five of their ships ventured into the harbor between the island of Lade and the shore, thinking to surprise the Macedonian seamen, who were believed to be absent on shore collecting fuel and provisions. Many of them were absent, but enough were there quickly to man ten triremes and put out into the harbor. On seeing this, the reconnoitering squadron put about and fled; but a Carian ship from Iassus, being slower than the rest, was captured, men and all. This slight loss seems to have completed the discouragement of the Persians, and the whole fleet shortly sailed away.

Alexander now decided to disband his fleet. His policy of conducting, handicapped as he was on the sea, exclusively a land campaign had been thus far brilliantly vindicated. As he moved to the south along the coast, his fleet, had it followed him, would have gone farther and farther from its base and entered waters where the Phenicians were at home. The summer was now coming to its close, and the fleet would soon at best be obliged to seek winter quarters. The cost of maintenance was also a serious item for his slender exchequer. One hundred and sixty triremes implied a force of over thirty thousand men to man them, and this matched or nearly matched the numbers of his army, without giving hope of accomplishing any results at all comparable with those of which the army had demonstrated itself capable. The money required for the pay of the men, reckoning this at two or three obols per day and double pay for officers, must have amounted to from sixty to ninety thousand dollars per month, and, if provisions could not be obtained without purchase, to as much more.

Alexander's conquests had not as yet effected any vast increase of his permanent revenues. The cities of Asia Minor had not been subjected to extraordinary tribute; many had been freed altogether. His decision was made, therefore, on the basis of reasons that can be appreciated. However, the decision was probably a mistake,—for it soon proved itself necessary to reorganize a fleet,—yet not a fatal mistake. It was an undue application of logic. But the most weirdly solemn thing about it all was

—and it must have been humiliating to the enthusiasms of the young leader who fought in the name of the Greeks—that the Greek states offered no aid with their fleets, but left him to confess his helplessness on the seas.

The autumn was now beginning, but there remained one more stronghold on the coast, Halicarnassus, the old capital of the Carian kings, at the extreme southeastern tip of Asia Minor. Here the forces of the opposition had assembled for a desperate stand. The Greek Memnon, ablest leader among the Persians, had recently been appointed, by the Shah, commander-in-chief of all his forces in Asia Minor, both by sea and by land, as well as governor of the country, and he was now in command within the city. With him were collected the relics of the Persian army.

As Alexander advanced, the cities of Caria hastened to submit to him. Ada, the widow of Idrieus, a former king of Caria, who had been robbed of the throne, to which Carian law gave her the right, by her brother Pixodarus, came to meet him and offer her support. The present king, Othontopates, a Persian by birth, had within the preceding year succeeded to the throne of his father-in-law, Pixodarus. The kings of Caria, as important and almost independent tributaries of the Persian empire, had for the preceding half-century developed great power and wealth, and had made their chief city a mart and stronghold of prominence. Mausolus, who had died two decades before, and who had been succeeded by his queen, Artemisia, had become at one time an important factor in Greek international politics, and was chief instigator of the Social War (357–355), which more than anything else had wrecked the Athenian empire.

The city was fortified on three sides by massive walls protected by a moat forty-five feet wide and twenty-two feet deep. On the fourth side it faced the sea. It contained three strong fortresses or citadels, the acropolis, or citadel proper, the fortress Salmacis, at the southwest, directly on the sea, and the king's castle, on a small island at the entrance to the harbor.

Alexander halted and encamped half a mile outside the city, and prepared for a systematic siege. On the first day of the siege a sortie from the city was easily repulsed. A midnight attack upon Myndus, a town some miles west of the city, impulsively attempted by Alexander a few days later, signally failed. Then he set about the siege of the city proper with vigor. He first filled

up the moat, in order to furnish a foundation for the movable towers from which the walls and their defenders were to be attacked, as well as for the heavy machinery used in battering the walls. Repeated sallies were made by the enemy, with the design of setting fire to the towers and engines, and after one of these there was found among their dead the body of Neoptolemus, the Lyncestian prince who, two years before, had fled from Macedonia on account of his supposed connection with the murder of King Philip.

The siege was continued day after day with varying fortunes, but gradually the force of the rams made itself felt. Two great towers and the wall between them had fallen; a third tower was tottering. Behind the breach the Persians had hastily built a crescent-shaped wall of brick, joining the two broken ends together. The Macedonians advanced their engines over the debris of the first wall, to make assault on the new inner wall. Alexander was superintending the work in person.

Suddenly there was a movement from within. Masses of men came pouring out through the breach, and off at one side, where no one was expecting it, by the gate called the Triple Gate, another rushing mass of soldiery appeared. Those who issued forth at the breach came stumbling on over the ruins, pelted by great stones and by javelins from the high wooden towers of the besiegers, at the base of which they now stood. The fight was hand to hand, in the midst of ruins and falling walls. Men were continually pushing their way out of the city, but the breach was too small for the struggling mass to pass. The first-comers were cut down. The sally turned to flight, but the breach was clogged with men, and those who were already outside were caught as in a trap. Those who had issued out at the Triple Gate, met by a strong force under Ptolemy, were soon put to rout. The narrow bridge over the moat proved too slight for their weight. Hundreds were piled into the moat, to be trampled to death or slain by the Macedonians with javelins and stones from above. In the panic the gates were shut to, and hundreds more were left at the mercy of the besiegers.

The loss of the defenders had been terrible. One onset now through the breach, and the city would have been captured; but out of the din of the last struggle issued the trumpet sound recalling the Macedonian troops and ending the battle. Alexander

was still unwilling to give the city, a Greek city of noble traditions, over to the fate of capture. The regrets of Thebes were still upon him. He hoped still that better counsels would prevail and that the city would offer its surrender. Within the city that night a council of war was held. The situation was seen to be hopeless. For Memnon the thought of capitulation was impossible. It was decided to withdraw to the fortress, set fire to the city, and leave it to its fate. In the second watch a temporary wooden tower by the wall was set on fire, also the storehouses and arsenals and the houses near the wall. The fire spread rapidly through the city. Alexander, apprised of the state of things by fugitives from the city, hastened to enter the walls and check the further spread of the flames. Those who were setting fires were slain, but orders were issued to spare all the inhabitants who kept within their houses.

When day broke he saw the strongholds to which the troops had retreated, and, determining not to spend time in the difficult and relatively useless task of besieging these, he made immediate preparations to withdraw. That night he buried the dead, and after despatching the siege apparatus to Tralles, razing the city to the ground, and distributing the populations in hamlets, marched away into Phrygia. Three thousand infantry and two hundred cavalry were left to guard the place and retain hold on the country of which Queen Ada was now appointed viceroy.

It was now late autumn (334). The campaign had reached a natural conclusion, and completed, almost as if by deliberate plan, a definite result. It had cleared along the entire western side of Asia Minor a strip of coast from twenty to fifty miles deep. This was Asiatic Hellas. Thus far Alexander had scarcely been outside the domain of the Greek tongue.

The winter of 334 was now approaching, and such campaigns as Alexander projected for the winter made no demand for large bodies of troops; he therefore dismissed on furlough many of his soldiers, designating for this favor the young men who had been recently married, and whose honeymoons had suffered eclipse through the march into Asia. Under the command of Ptolemy, son of Seleucus, one of the *agéma*, or royal body-guard, and of the two generals Cœnus, son of Polemocrates, and Meleager, son of Neoptolemus, themselves also benedicts of short standing, he sent them back into Macedonia, giving the generals instructions to enlist new

troops and rejoin him at Gordium, in Phrygia, with the opening of spring. "By this act more than by any other," Arrian tells us, "he made himself very popular among the Macedonians." In any case, it served his purpose well in spreading the knowledge of his victories widely and surely throughout his kingdom, and quickening at once the national loyalty and the desire for participation in his enterprises.

He also sent Cleander into the Peloponnesus, the great mart of mercenaries, with orders to enlist troops there. We hear of Cleander, thirteen or fourteen months later, as joining him at Sidon with four thousand mercenaries fresh from the Peloponnesus, and if that was the fulfilment of this commission, he certainly had done his work at leisure.

Alexander now divided his army, sending what appears to have been at least one half, comprising all the Thessalian cavalry (originally from twelve to fifteen hundred), and the rest of the Greek auxiliaries, and one squadron of the companions, with Parmenion, into winter quarters in Phrygia. He himself was to advance by way of Sardis, leaving there the baggage-trains.

Accompanied by the rest of his army, he now marched to the eastward along the Lycian and Pamphylian coast. His surpassing energy did not permit him to lose the use of the first winter month, while still something might be accomplished in securing the coast-line and further isolating the Persian fleet. Once he had traversed the coast as far as the eastern limits of Pamphylia, where the Taurus comes down to the sea to effect the western boundary of Cilicia, he had made the mountain-range his eastern boundary clean across Asia Minor, and had completed a definite task.

The Lycians were a people, as we know with tolerable certainty, akin to their neighbors, the Carians and the Lydians, probably also to the Pisidians and the Cilicians. They represented the original population of Asia Minor, that is, the population which antedated the incursions of the Phrygians and the Bithynians, who were Aryans and closely related to the Thracians. By virtue of their isolated position the Lycians had held more firmly to their original folk-character and language. The language, recorded by means of an alphabet borrowed from the early Greek type and enriched by some supplementary signs, has long been a puzzle for philologists, but is now recognized as certainly non-Aryan. The people are known in

the Iliad as the population of the Xanthus valley. The name by which they originally called themselves was Tremili. In later times they had been gradually yielding to Greek influence in art and civilization, and in the harbor towns Greek manners and the Greek tongue were standard.

The Pamphylians, on the other hand, if judged by their language, were of Greek origin. This language, as betrayed through a few imperfect inscriptions, appears as a peculiar and strongly divergent dialect of the Greek. The basis of the folk-stock was probably the same autochthonous people as that represented in the Lycians, but at a very early date it was absorbed, together with its language, into the mass of the Greek immigrants.

The frontier fortress of Lycia, Hyparna, which was garrisoned by a body of Greek mercenaries, Alexander easily took at the first assault. After this he met with no further opposition. Moving along the coast through a populous district, he received in turn the submission of Telmissus, Pinara, Xanthus, Patara, and about thirty other lesser cities. Then turning up the valley of the Xanthus, toward the north, he entered, though it was now the depth of winter, the mountainous country called Milyas. Here he received deputations from most of the Lycian cities, offering submission, and found it sufficient, in the case of most, merely to send officers who should assume formal possession; but Phaselis, a considerable city fifty miles to the east, the deputies of which presented him a golden crown of honor, he visited, and made the opportunity of the first rest he had taken since leaving Macedonia in the spring. Here he took occasion, after his own way, to pay respect to the memory of the rhetorician Theodectes, a son of the city, and pupil of his own teacher Aristotle. Plutarch narrates it in this wise: "While he was here, too, he saw a statue of Theodectes, recently deceased, standing in the town square, and one day after dinner, when merry with wine, he went out and danced about it, decking it with garlands in mass, thus honoring not ungracefully, in the form of sport, the pleasant association he had had with the man on the score of Aristotle and philosophy."

It was also while here that he obtained word from Parmenion of a plot against his life undertaken by the Lyncestian prince Alexander, the son of Aëropus. This young man, who had once been suspected of complicity with his two brothers, Heromenes and

Arrhabæus, in the assassination of Philip, had at the time so effectually demonstrated his loyalty to Alexander that he had been entirely acquitted and afterward honored with positions of responsibility. He had now, since Calas was made governor of Helle-spontine Phrygia, been promoted to the command of the Thessalian cavalry, at present connected with Parmenion's army. The evidence of the plot was the following: Darius had received a communication from the young cavalry commander indicating a possible inclination to treachery. He thereupon sent one of his courtiers, Sisines, to communicate, if possible, with the young man, and offer him a prize of one thousand talents and the throne of Macedonia if he would make way with King Alexander. Sisines, and with him his secret, fell into Parmenion's hands. A council, immediately called, advised the king to have the young prince arrested at once. Loath as Alexander was to believe the treachery, the evidence was such, and the danger so great, that the decision was confirmed.

So great was the peril regarded to be that the order was not even committed to writing. A trustworthy officer, dressed as a peasant of the country, made his way incognito three hundred miles to Parmenion's camp, and conveyed the order by word of mouth. The prince was immediately seized and put under guard. Four years later we find him still a prisoner with the army in Afghanistan. Lack of proof of his guilt, or deference toward his father-in-law, Antipater, had spared him thus far; but the excitement attending the discovery of Philotas's plot called his case again to attention, and a jury of officers before whom he was given a hearing, less merciful than the king, deemed his stammering defense a confession of guilt, and ran him through with their spears.

After a long rest, interrupted only by an excursion to help break up a nest of Pisidian robbers in the mountains, who had been a perpetual thorn in the sides of the Phaselites, Alexander set out for Perge, in Pamphylia. The western boundary of this district is Mount Climax, which at the shore pushes itself out as a rugged headland into the very waters of the sea. Only at times when the strong north wind was blowing was it possible to make one's way around at its foot. Otherwise a steep path by a long circuit constituted the only means of communication between the two districts.

Alexander sent his army over the mountain, but determined himself, with his body-

guard, to face the elements and force his way along the shore. It was winter-time, and the sea was rough, but he pushed his way through, sometimes up to his eyes in water, and always at great peril. The news of his successful passage set great stories afoot. The account we have given is that of Strabo, and probably the correct one. Alexander's own report of it, as quoted by Plutarch from one of his letters, says no more than that he "made his way through." But other stories made him go through dry-shod. Plutarch says that many historians speak of it as if it were no less than a miracle that the sea should retire to afford him passage. Even the sober Arrian tells that the wind changed from south to north, "not without divine interposition, as indeed both he and his men explained it." The rhetoric of Callisthenes, the would-be biographer of the king, takes fire over the incident, and reports how the sea bowed low and did him homage. Even Menander's allusion shows that the matter was sufficiently subject of common talk to be used as illustration in the comedy: "But see how Alexander-like is this: if I want anybody, lo! there he stands, as if by magic; if I need to pass through the sea at any place, lo! presto change, it is open to my feet." The different forms of the story have, at any rate, their interest as betraying the beginnings of the Alexander romance.

In Perge Alexander again joined his army. From this point he went only about forty miles farther to the east, far enough to reach and occupy Aspendus and Side, and then, as the winter was now coming to an end, returned to Perge, and started northward toward Phrygia. Syllium, a garrisoned fortress near Perge, he was obliged to leave undisturbed, as it showed no sign of yielding, and he was by the nature of his expedition not equipped for a siege. His way took him through the narrow mountain defiles of Pisidia, up on to the great central Phrygian plateau, which lies from thirty to thirty-five hundred feet above the sea-level. The Pisidians were a people of independence, fond of war, and much occupied with feuds among themselves. Alexander had no ambition, especially at this time, to accomplish in detail a conquest of all these petty tribes and towns, but all he wished for was passage through the country. Even this the Pisidians seemed inclined to deny him.

The first opposition was met with shortly after he had left the great amphitheatrical terraced plain nearly in the center of which

Perge stands. He chose the western exit from the plain, the highway leading to the modern Istanöz. Why this particular route was chosen does not appear, as a somewhat directer road to his goal, which was the pass behind Sagalassus, would have been found at the northwestern exit. It is not unlikely that the western route offered a better road. Arrian says only, "His way led him past the city of Termessus."

The Termessians now were a troublesome people. Arrian takes pains to say they were "barbarians," which means that they clung to the native language and customs and had not been assimilated into the Hellenism, or rather Hellenism, of the plain. Their city was located near a pass which easily controlled the road. Count von Lanckoronski, in his "*Städte Pamphyliens und Pisidiens*," confirms Arrian's description of the city's unusually strong position, and says of it: "It holds the most unique and the grandest position of any city in Pisidia which we visited." Alexander stormed the pass, taking advantage of a temporary withdrawal from a position of the full force guarding it, and encamped before the city. While here, a deputation came from Selge, a rival and hostile city well to the east, and claimed the friendship of the king on the score of their common enemy. A treaty made with these people proved satisfactory then, and in later years as well, for they became faithful allies.

Termessus was now left undisturbed, and the march continued over the mountain-ridge, and then up a long valley toward the mountain-slopes forming the southern frontier of Phrygia and commanded by Sagalassus, the modern Aghlasun. "This was also a large city, inhabited likewise by Pisidians; and warlike though all the Pisidians are, the men of this city are deemed the most warlike of all," says Arrian. After a sharp action in front of the city, the Sagalassans were driven in and the city was taken by storm. After capturing several mountain strongholds and accepting the capitulation of others, Alexander passed over the watershed into Phrygia, not crossing the high range (eight thousand feet) to the north, which way, if passable for an army, would have taken him directly to Baris (Isbarta), but turning to the west and entering the landlocked basin of Lake Askania. This lake (the modern Lake Buldur), twenty miles long and five wide, and situated three thousand feet above the sea-level, has bitter, brackish waters, but they scarcely yield, as Arrian asserts, salt by natural crystallization.

In point here are the observations of Professor Ramsay:¹ "That excellent traveler and observer, Hamilton (vol. i, p. 494), observes about Buldur Lake that it is impossible that this can be the Lake Askania mentioned by Arrian. His argument is that the lake is not 'so strongly impregnated with salt as to enable the inhabitants to collect it from the shores after the waters had dried up.' But I myself have seen the shores, as they dried up, covered with a whitish incrustation, and the inhabitants scraping it together into great heaps and carrying it off. I thought the substance was salt, and when I inquired I was told that it was saltpeter. Either Arrian's account is founded on the report of an eye-witness in Alexander's army, who had made the same mistake as I at first did, and did not inquire so minutely into the facts, or Arrian has erroneously applied to Askania the description of the neighboring lake Anava, whose salt was used by the inhabitants."

Passing around the eastern end of this lake, the army traversed thirty miles of level land, then with a rise of from eight hundred to one thousand feet passed over another mountain saddle, and arrived on the fifth day from Sagalassus near the large and prosperous city of Celænæ, at the very sources of the Mæander River. Here, sixty-eight years before, the young Cyrus had reviewed his troops when just starting out upon his march toward Babylon. The citadel of Celænæ, built by Xerxes on his return from the unfortunate expedition into Greece, was now occupied by a force of one thousand Carians and one hundred Greek mercenaries, who had been left there in the lurch by the fleeing satrap Atizyes. Nothing short of a prolonged and systematic siege could have captured the citadel, and for this, in his anxiety, now that the spring (333) was already opening, to meet his troops at their rendezvous in the north, Alexander had no mind. He therefore was fain to avail himself of the businesslike proposition of the garrison that if expected aid did not reach them within a certain time they would surrender. Leaving fifteen hundred soldiers to fulfil his part of the contract, after a delay of ten days, he marched without further incident directly to Gordium, where he had directed Parmenion to meet him. Antigonus, who was destined in the later division of the empire to become king of all Asia Minor, he appointed governor of Phrygia, promoting Balacer, the son of Amyntas, to

Antigonus's former position as commander of the Greek allies.

Gordium (Gordeion), probably called in later times Eudoxias, was situated at the site of the modern Yürme. The importance of its location was determined by its position on the Sangarius River, but more particularly by its position on the ancient road leading from Sardis to Susa, which, in its developed character as a Persian "royal road," we have previously described. It was also readily accessible from Byzantium. On arriving, Alexander found Parmenion awaiting him, and the men who had been allowed the winter's furlough in Macedonia also joined him, bringing with them a freshly recruited force of 3000 Macedonian infantry, 300 Macedonian horsemen, 200 Thessalian horsemen, and 150 Eleans.

It was here, too, that the king cut the Gordian knot. The incident is not without its value as interpreting the character of the man and explaining his prestige. Soon after arriving, Alexander expressed his desire to go up into the citadel, not only to visit the palace of Gordius and his son Midas, but also quite as much to see the wagon of Gordius and its famous yoke-cord, about which he had heard so much talk in the country round. And this is the story of the wagon, essentially as Arrian tells it:

Among the ancient Phrygians there was a poor farmer named Gordius. He tilled a small plot of ground, and had two yoke of oxen. One of these he used in plowing, the other to draw the wagon. Once, while he was plowing, an eagle settled upon the yoke and stayed there till he unyoked the oxen. Seeking an interpretation of the omen, he drove in his wagon to the village of the Telmissians, all of whom, men and women alike, were gifted with the mantic power. Arriving there, a maiden he met at the fountain bade him go sacrifice to Zeus, in particular, upon the spot where the mystery occurred. This he did, and afterward married the maiden. A son, Midas, was born to them. Years after, the Phrygians, being in civil discord, consulted an oracle, and were told their trouble would end when a wagon should bring them a king. Just then Midas arrived, driving with his father and mother in the wagon, and stopped near the assembly. The people thereupon made Midas their king, and he, putting an end to their discord, dedicated his father's wagon, yoke and all, to Zeus, as a thank-offering for the sending of the eagle. Then the saying went forth concerning the wagon that whosoever

¹ "Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia," p. 299.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON.

ALEXANDER CUTTING THE GORDIAN KNOT.

VOL. LVII.—73.

should loosen the cord which, wound around the yoke-pin, bound the yoke to the pole, was destined to gain the empire of all Asia. The cord was made of cornel-bark and was so tied that neither end could be seen. As Alexander, after looking at the knot, could find no way to loosen it, "and yet was loath to leave it unloosed, lest even this should start some disturbance among the masses, he, as some say, smote the knot with his sword and cut it asunder, and called that loosing it; but, as Aristobulus tells it, he drew out the pin of the pole, which was a peg driven right through the pole, serving to hold the knot together, and then drew the yoke off the pole. Exactly how Alexander managed it with this knot, I cannot with confidence affirm, but, at any rate, they left the wagon, both he and his associates, as if the oracle about the loosing of the knot had been fulfilled."

While Alexander had been making his way northward from Pamphylia in the early spring, the Persians, under Memnon, had been preparing a new and vigorous movement. Their plan was reasonably conceived, and contemplated nothing less than cutting Alexander entirely off from his connection with Europe and isolating him and his army in Asia Minor. A chief factor in this plan was the acknowledged predominance of the Persians on the sea. The Macedonian fleet, indeed, had been entirely disbanded. The crafty Memnon was well aware of the partizan divisions existing in the Greek cities, and also of the wide-spread, though now slumbering, aversion to the Macedonian hegemony throughout all Greece. If he could detach from Alexander the allegiance of some of the cities of the Asiatic coast, particularly of the islands, which were more at his mercy, and then, in the glamour of success, appear off the Greek shores with his powerful fleet, he might, under the leadership of Sparta, which had persistently held aloof from all participation in Alexander's doings, call out the entire force of anti-Macedonianism to revolt.

Leaving his post at Halicarnassus, Memnon advanced first with his fleet and a considerable army of mercenaries to Chios, a hundred miles to the north. Here the leaders of the oligarchic party, playing the part of traitors, betrayed the city and the island into his hands. The government of the oligarchy was then restored. It is significant how, throughout all the Greek cities in Asia Minor and on its coast, the party lines between the oligarchic and the democratic

tendencies had been made to conform to those dividing the Persian sympathizers from the Macedonian. The old party lines were the real and permanent facts. The new situation, which, one might have supposed, would, at least for a time, beget new interests and obscure the old lines, was merely utilized by the old, rooted partizan feeling to gain partizan success. The practical politician of all times is wedded to his party beyond the power of issues or principles to dislodge him.

In the cities of European Greece the oligarchic factions or those with oligarchic tendencies had, in general, constituted the pro-Macedonian party, while the democratic party had been the chief means of resisting Philip's advance. That the exact opposite came to be the case among the Greek cities of Asia was due to the circumstances there existing. The Persians had uniformly favored the interests of the oligarchies. When a city came under their control, they generally placed its government in the hands of the few. When Alexander appeared in the country it was the democracy which hailed him as a deliverer, and hence it was the democratic leaders who became his partizans. Macedonian interests were therefore safer in the hands of the demos, and consequently this form of government was incidentally favored by Alexander. His enthusiasm for democracy was purely a matter of business interest, somewhat as certain trusts in the United States are Republican in one State and Democratic in another.

From Chios Memnon proceeded to Lesbos, where all the cities except Mitylene surrendered to him. This, the leading city of the island, relying upon its Macedonian garrison, dared to refuse submission. A vigorous siege was begun. The city was completely shut off from the land side by a double stockade extending from sea to sea, and invested by five military stations. On the side toward the sea the fleet maintained an absolute blockade, intercepting all the trading-vessels that sought to make the port. The city was thus reduced to severe straits. The news of Memnon's success spread rapidly through Greece. Embassies came from some of the Cyclades Islands, proposing alliance. The cities of Eubœa were in consternation because of a report that they were to be taken in hand next. Persian money had found its way again into Greece, and there were many already who expected overturnings in the cities. The Spartans were believed to be ready to welcome the Persians.

Just at this crisis the Persian cause met with a serious disaster through the death of Memnon, which occurred during the siege of Mitylene. The operations were continued in Lesbos, after his death, by Pharnabazus, his nephew, to whom, in dying, he had committed the supreme command, pending the Shah's further orders. Pharnabazus was assisted by Autophradates, probably in the capacity of admiral of the fleet. The siege of Mitylene was finally brought to a successful conclusion. It capitulated on the conditions that it should restore the banished to citizenship, destroy the slabs upon which its treaty with Alexander was recorded, and be confirmed in the status which it formerly possessed as a dependent of the empire under the treaty of Antalcidas (387). This latter condition the Persians, after gaining the city, disregarded, for they established Diogenes as tyrant, placed a garrison in the citadel, and laid the community under tribute.

After accomplishing this, Pharnabazus, taking with him the Greek mercenaries, who had been of great service in effecting the reduction of Mitylene, sailed for the Lycian coast, probably with the purpose of recovering the districts which Alexander had traversed the preceding winter. Autophradates remained with the most of the fleet in the neighboring islands. Meantime the Shah, having heard of Memnon's death, had found himself forced to assume active measures in meeting Alexander's aggressions in Asia. Memnon's plan was evidently regarded as having died with its author. A messenger from the Shah met Pharnabazus in Lycia, announcing to him his appointment as Memnon's successor, and directing him to send his mercenaries to join the main army now being formed in Persia. This decision, robbing the western expedition of its support in land forces, ended once for all the prospect of any large success on the line originally planned by Memnon. Nevertheless, Pharnabazus, on his return to the fleet, proceeded as if the plan were intact. He sent Datames with ten ships to reconnoiter among the Cyclades, and himself, in company with

Autophradates, sailed with a hundred ships to Tenedos, about thirty miles north of Lesbos, and forced it to yield on terms similar to those of Lesbos. Tenedos was only a dozen miles from the entrance to the Hellespont. The aim of the Persians was evidently directed at this.

Even before matters reached this pass, Alexander had come to regret his impulsive action in disbanding his fleet five months before. Memnon's activity had given him great solicitude, and while still at Gordium—for it was after leaving there that he heard of Memnon's death—he had commissioned Hegelochus and Amphoterus to go to the Hellespont and collect a provisional fleet, even by pressing trading-vessels into service, if necessary, a proceeding which, as a breach of the treaty guaranteeing free passage of the Hellespont, called forth later a protest from Athens, and nearly occasioned a rupture. Antipater, also, the regent in Macedonia, had received moneys from Alexander for a like purpose, and had sent Proteas to collect ships in Eubœa and the Peloponnesus to use as a protection for the Greek coast.

This Proteas, hearing now of the ten Persian triremes under Datames as moored off Siphnus, set out by night from Chalcis with fifteen ships, in hope of surprising them. Arrian says he was "at the island of Cynthus at dawn." As it was a run of ninety miles, this implies a speed of at least eight miles an hour, not an impossibility with a favoring wind, such as Proteas would likely have taken advantage of for a sudden descent. Spending the day there, in the following night he sailed over to Siphnus, thirty-five miles farther, and just before dawn fell upon the Persian ships, capturing eight of them. The Persian fleet continued to operate in the neighborhood of Chios, ravaging the Ionian coast, but no further movement against Greece was made until autumn.

When Alexander heard of Memnon's death, as he did shortly after leaving Gordium, all his solicitude seems to have been at an end, and sharply turning his back on Europe and its affairs, he pushed out into his larger world.

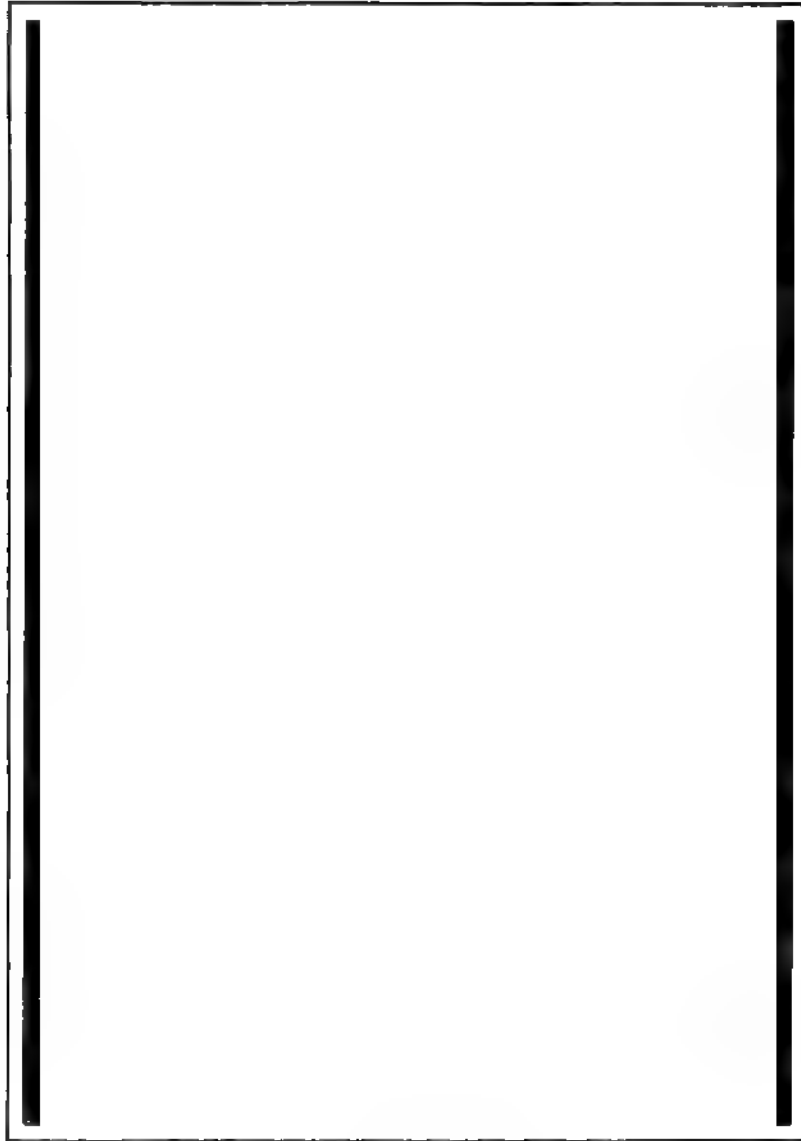
(To be continued.)



GOLD STATERS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, THE HEAD BEING THAT OF ATHENS. THE ORIGINAL IS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE PAINTER DE MONVEL.

BY MARIE L. VAN VORST.



DE MONVEL AT WORK.

CHILDREN are everywhere a part of the indoor and outdoor world; they are on the door-steps, on the thresholds, at the windows. They come from school, they dance, they sing, they play, they laugh, they weep. They are good, naughty, stupid, delightful. They have their codes, their manners, as class and as individual unit. It requires more than a shibboleth to penetrate their charmed ring. The big people, staring through windows which the world has stupidly transformed into a kind of ground glass, see these little people scarcely at all. Occasionally, however, comes some one who has remained always a child at heart. Through a more transparent medium than the rest, he

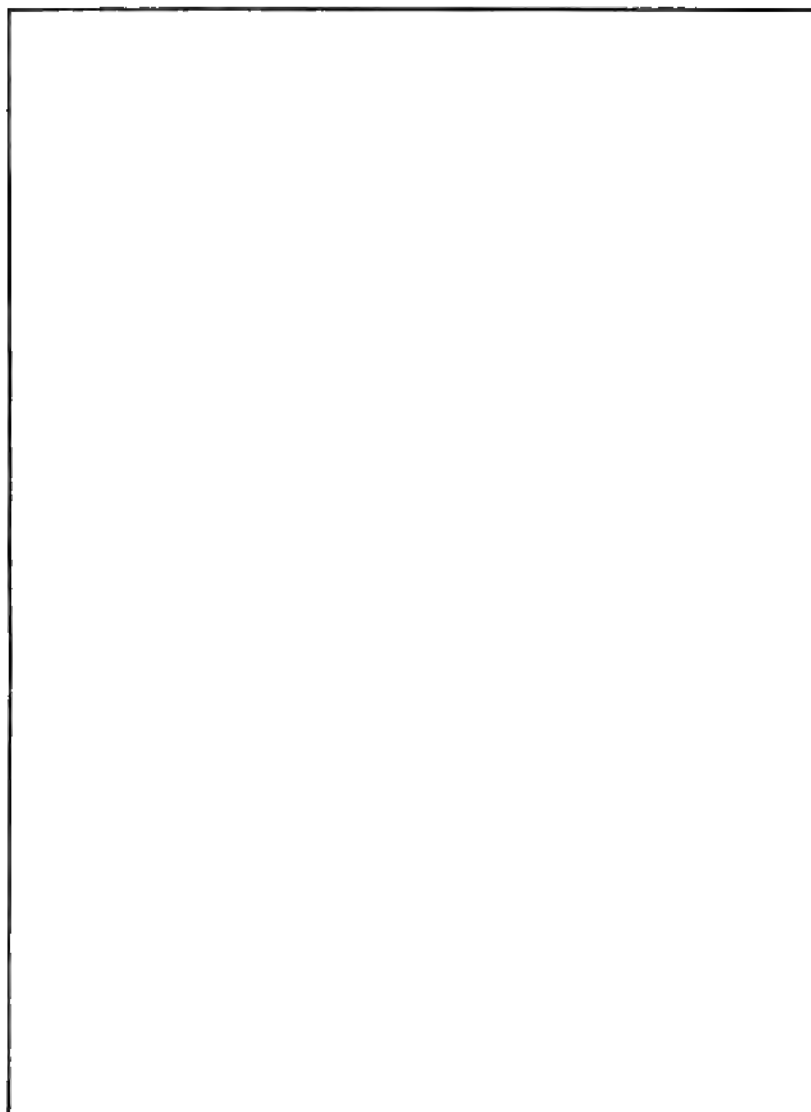


ST. NICHOLAS. FROM AN ETCHING BY MULLER AFTER A PAINTING BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

looks out at the laughing throng. Among certain poets and painters who turn from the window and tell the world what they see is Boutet de Monvel. To him the children wave and nod, smile and beckon. They tell him their games; best of all, he remembers his own. "My memory," he says, "is extraordinary; from 'way back in my littlest childhood, from time to time, come vivid pictures.

I have always keenly observed my surroundings, and I never forget."

One finds M. de Monvel in a peaceful studio in the Latin Quarter, in the Rue Val-de-Grâce, near the Panthéon, not far from the Luxembourg Gardens. This is distinctly a working quarter; in the narrow streets there is little rumble of traffic; busy, commercial Paris is far away. One leaves the



DRAWN BY BOUTEY DE MONVEL.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON.

PORTRAIT OF MME. P.

thoroughfare, and through a narrow alley a small courtyard is reached, where, on the left, opens a shining oak door, revealing a flight of polished winding stairs. A bell at the foot of the stairway announces the visitor's coming. Two flights up a door clicks, and M. de Monvel comes courteously forward to greet his guests on the landing. In his atelier, surrounded by his canvases, he is a gracious and genial host, free from artistic pose and affectation, combining with the simplicity and eagerness of a child the serious dignity of the worker, the man of distinct talent, who is absorbed in giving to the world the expressions of his original conceptions. His sense of humor is delightful. He has an amusing habit of half closing his eyes and looking from under his heavy eyebrows, and seems with this narrow, concentrated vision to see straight to the subtlest point of things.

Pacing up and down the room in his well-made English clothes, followed by his sleek Irish setter, or sitting easily back in a luxurious arm-chair, the dog at his feet, he might be a gentleman of leisure, with no thought of a picture other than to buy it. But Paris, that vast workshop, holds no more painstaking, earnest worker than Boutet de Monvel.

He began early in life with serious determination, and he works to-day with an ardor no less fervent than that of his youth, when he knew hardship, and, like the majority of those who finally succeed, was as familiar with discouragement as with hope. "No, no," he said almost irritably; "the painting of children is not my serious work; my dreams, my ambitions, were far different. I wished to do large canvases and decorations, but necessity forced me into another field."

In order to gain one's daily bread, one must give to the public what it demands. De Monvel was a husband and a father, and that he might supply the needs of his family he put aside for the time his larger ambition.

"I went," he says, "from publisher to publisher in search of orders for illustration—in vain. I was thoroughly discouraged and disheartened, when at last a publisher gave me a child's history of France to illustrate; then came some work on a French edition of 'St. Nicholas.' I had never before painted children, but I did then."

As soon as he began to draw and paint children (which he did with an originality of scheme, a beauty of color, that make the little pictures works of art), a world of memories came to his aid. His resources

appeared to be inexhaustible. His clever schemes, his skilful execution, his variety of subjects, fill one with wonder at his intimate relation with child life. He explains it in a measure, very charmingly: "I had a houseful of little brothers and sisters. I was the eldest of them all, and they made a great impression upon me. I used to watch them at their games and plays, their funny little figures flying about; they were always with me; and, for the most part, my own little people, as I remember them in our home in Orléans, exist again to-day, in countless poses, as my picture-children. Of course I observe them constantly in the Bois and on the avenues, these little children of Paris, but I like to think that it is that influence from the past that has inspired a great deal of my pictured child life."

After his début appeared his delightful books, "*Chansons et rondes*" (1883), "*Chansons de France*" (1884), "*Nos enfants*" (1886), "*La civilité puérile*" (1887), "*Fables de La Fontaine*" (1888), "*Xavière*" (1890), "*Jeanne d'Arc*" (1897), until all that his publishers and his public asked of him was that he should draw children, children indefinitely. Thus was he forced into a field of art in which he has no rival. In "*Chansons et rondes*" and "*Chansons de France*," he has illustrated the old songs and dances, some of which correspond to our nursery rhymes, and some of which are folk-songs; for example, "*Sur le pont d'Avignon*" and "*Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre*."

The children all through these books are distinctively French, of course. They belong only to the land of green-boled, slender trees, red-roofed villages, broad white roads, and gay boulevards. Their drolleries, their trickeries, their humor, are national; they are infectious and delightful. But in "*Nos enfants*" there is a lovely spirit of childhood which is universal, and the book is a poem from beginning to end. The text is that of Anatole France, who gives, in a few words, the summer-day life of a little peasant child, besides several other pastels of child life.

De Monvel's illustrations are full of atmosphere and an exquisite feeling for the out-of-door world. The fine effects of light and shade, the tone and composition of these pictures, place them far beyond any others of their class, and proclaim them the work of a consummate artist. Boutet de Monvel spoke to the children of France as they had never been spoken to before. Bending over the bewitching pictures, they exclaimed, "Ah, *he* understands!" And the fathers

and mothers, looking from the little ones who read and enjoyed to the pages over which they bent, saw at once that here was a painter with a new and rare faculty for comprehending childhood. They sought Boutet de Monvel to paint their sons and daughters, till he became, one might say, "painter in ordinary" to the children. Of the many little children of Paris whom he has painted may be mentioned the following portraits: the daughter of Édouard de Rothschild, the son of Mme. Diaz Albertini, the little boy of the Countess of Harcourt, the daughter of the Comtesse de Marsay, the daughter of the Comtesse de Breteuil, the son of the painter Bésnard, and Mme. Réjane's little daughter, the last being particularly worthy of mention.

His illustrations of Ferdinand Fabre's "Xavière" placed Boutet de Monvel in the first rank of illustrators. In the pictures which he made for this touching romance he showed a deep knowledge of human nature in general, breadth, and a complete mastery of his subject. They are full of pathos, very realistic, and tender. In studying these, as well as becoming familiar with his portraits of children, and, above all, when we consider his decorations, we get the proper conception of the man and painter, devotedly, conscientiously working for the highest things in art. Interesting as is the sphere we have been considering, it is not his most serious work; nor does his armful of books for children fully represent his art.

Boutet de Monvel was born in 1850. He studied in Paris under De Rudder and Cabanel in the Julien School, and with Carolus Duran. For the development of his peculiar talent, however, he found no school. Its genre was unknown; indeed, he scarcely knew it then himself; but his ardent studies, instead of leading him to adopt the more academic form of expression, became his tools; his strongly individual talent declared itself, and demanded expression in its own peculiar form; and finally he broke completely away from the schools and followed his bent.

In his illustrations for "Jeanne d'Arc" De Monvel has struck his highest note. This work is the result of pure inspiration. It is spiritual and beautiful, and must invariably call forth, in response, the best feelings, and through his interest in this subject the painter will eventually attain his most important success.¹

¹ In an appreciative article on Boutet de Monvel, by Will H. Low, in *THE CENTURY* for June, 1894, De Monvel's technic has been fully and completely criticized.

"The idea came to me like a flash—like an inspiration," he said when questioned. "My publishers asked me for another book for children; I had nothing in mind. One day, as I was crossing the Tuileries Gardens, I came suddenly upon the little statue by Frémiet, at the entrance of the Rue des Pyramides, and when I looked up at Jeanne d'Arc, I had my subject! Strange, is n't it, that no one had ever thought of making a book of this kind before?" "Jeanne d'Arc" is a children's book, so called; it is as well a book for all lovers of art. Interesting as are the drawing and composition, the color of the illustrations is their great charm. "It is not color really," said M. de Monvel, touching caressingly the delicate yellow robes of the priests, and indicating a slender tree; "it is the suggestion, the impression of color. The pictures do not come out as soft in tone as are the water-colors themselves. It is always a disappointment; much of the finesse of outline is lost." Indeed, beside the originals the reproductions, good as they are, seem almost crude. The book is dramatic. M. de Monvel has a gift for depicting crowds. The grouping, the live, spirited attitudes, the masses that fairly surge and sway, shout and acclaim, wave their banners and flash their spears—all this is the arrangement of a skilful stage-setter, who may well have inherited his love and understanding of artistic scenic detail from his talented ancestors, whose names are famous in the history of the French stage.

On a hillside overlooking the village of Domremy (the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc) has lately been built a memorial church, a basilica in honor of the Maid of Orléans. A quaint idea of the architect has been to encircle the base of the gray-stone tower with a golden crown. Boutet de Monvel was given the decoration of the nave and the walls of the church, and it is with these mural paintings that he is at present engaged.

There will be six canvases in all. He has taken his subjects from the book itself, enlarging and adding to the composition. The subjects will be as follows: "The Visions," "Chinon," "The Attack upon an English Prison under the Walls of Orléans," "The Battle of Patay," "The Coronation at Rheims," and "The Death of Jeanne d'Arc." Only one of the series is advanced, "The Presentation of Jeanne d'Arc to the King (Chinon)." The center and foreground are directly chosen from the book. Jeanne d'Arc, the somberest, simplest figure in the

decoration, kneels before the king. To the left are grouped the ladies of the court, tall, slender women, in gowns sewed with jewels, curiously embroidered, and of varied and extraordinary design. They wear cornucopia hats; from the points float thin veils of transparent white and the palest hues. It is difficult to imagine more exquisite color than that which Boutet de Monvel has used in the painting of these dresses—living green, pale amethyst, and the most delicate tones of yellow and blue. To the right are the lords and courtiers, in robes rich and somber in tone; two of the figures are portraits of the painter's sons.

The decoration is bold in drawing, vivid in color, dignified and important. M. de Monvel says: "I wish it to be, as one enters the church, as though one looked at an open missal, and the brilliant glowing decorations will surely have the desired effect." It will take Boutet de Monvel five years to complete this work, and it will undoubtedly give him a first place in the rank of decorators. All through Boutet de Monvel's life these threads of thought have been running, and he has woven them at last into a glowing and beautiful web. Scenes in the life of the Maid of Orléans have been painting themselves in his imagination for years, and the atmosphere of his native city, rich and thrilling with legend, full of the worship of Jeanne d'Arc, has colored his schemes and compositions for pictures and decorations all his life. He has never been fully aware of this,—“I looked up,” he said, “at the spirited little statue at the head of the Rue des Pyramides, and I had my first true inspiration,”—and today Boutet de Monvel is absorbed in the enlargement of this spiritual, beautiful subject.

The words with which he prefaces the book of “Jeanne d'Arc” are stirring and full of the patriotism of the Frenchman who has himself fought for France: “Open this book with reverence, my dear children, in honor of the humble peasant girl who is the patroness of France, who is her country's saint, as well as its martyr. Her history will teach you that in order to conquer you must have faith in the victory. Remember this in the day when your country shall have need of all your courage.”

Boutet de Monvel is eminently an idealist, with a fancy as brilliant as the wing of a butterfly. He says: “A photograph gives you a truthful representation of the object as the world sees it, but the painter gives you what he alone sees. It is that difference of vision, that unique conception, which is his talent. The use of the model I believe to be a mistake. I never use one myself. How can a hired subject feel or remotely express my idea? Let a manikin support the drapery, if necessary, but the movement, the expression, must go from my mind direct to the canvas without interruption.” It is this which makes Boutet de Monvel's work always imaginative, if sometimes fantastic. His pictures are visible fairy-tales, in which the child, the poet, the painter, each may find a world which is his own, and which is truly instinct with delight and charm.

When this article appears M. de Monvel will be in America. Much of his work—the originals of the “Jeanne d'Arc,” a collection of water-colors, and numerous portraits—will be exhibited in American cities, and Americans will have the opportunity to appreciate pictures too little known in this country.

A FAREWELL.

BY HARRIET MONROE.

GOOD-BY: nay, do not grieve that it is over—
 The perfect hour;
 That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover,
 Flits from the flower.

Grieve not; it is the law. Love will be flying—
 Yea, love and all.
 Glad was the living; blessed be the dying!
 Let the leaves fall.

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

JOHN OPIE (1761-1807). SEE FRONTISPIECE.

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

IN Sir Joshua's day fashionable London was subject to all sorts of crazes. Some new comet shot across the sky each week. The "beautiful Misses Gunning," who were so successfully married, were not more of a furor than the beautiful Misses Jefferies and Blandy, who were so successfully hanged. Parsees and Brahmans came from the East, and Cherokees from the West, to say nothing of celebrities from the Continent, all to have their little day at Almack's with poets, painters, opera-singers, and other people suddenly become famous. Of course all the English provinces sent prodigies of wit or beauty to the metropolis, and even far-off Cornwall sent a boy painter. John Opie was his name. He was called "The Cornish Wonder," and he lasted for more than nine days.

Opie was born at St. Agnes, near Truro, and was the son of a carpenter. He preferred picture-making to carpentry, and was soon painting country folk at half a guinea a head. Dr. Wolcott ("Peter Pindar") discovered him at fifteen, and helped him with both money and advice. In 1779 Opie and Wolcott went to Falmouth to improve their joint prospects, and the year after they went up to London. It was agreed that they should share fortune alike, Opie to work with his brush and Wolcott to point out his wonderfulness with pen and tongue; but after a year, to quote Wolcott, "my pupil told me I could return to the country, as he could now do for himself." In the meantime Wolcott had pushed the Wonder into notice. Reynolds had commended his work and declared it like Caravaggio and Velasquez in one; he had been introduced at court and given commissions by the king, and a mob of fashionables had gone daft over his heads of beggars. The rage was violent while it lasted. Its subsidence was violent, too, but it did not leave Opie totally neglected. Some friends stood by him, he was a faithful worker, and he went on painting portraits with unabated energy. All his life he was a student, and in the end he became a painter of force and

considerable invention. He was elected a Royal Academician, and in 1805 he was the Academy's professor of painting, delivering several rather remarkable discourses after the Reynolds initiative. He was married twice, the second Mrs. Opie being the novelist over whose productions our grandmothers shed some intermittent tears in the years past.

Opie seems to have been self-taught, and no one knows how he took his bent toward broad masses of light and shade and rather coarse handling. It is easy to say that he was influenced by Rembrandt and Caravaggio, but there is no record that he knew anything about either of these painters. Indeed, it is more reasonable to assume that his hand was rather coarse by nature, and that he painted in broad masses because he had neither the delicacy nor the skill to paint otherwise. He never at any time approximated a worker in *cloisonné*. His line was heavy, with little grace about it, his contours were square-turned, his light was wanting in subtlety, and his surfaces were rough and "painty." Yet perhaps these very defects made up his redeeming feature—strength. The simplicity of the means gave the feeling of rugged power. Its resemblance to the strength of Velasquez, however, was entirely superficial. Opie was only a tyro with the brush where Velasquez was a passed master. His art gathered force from his artlessness, and some of his boldest effects were the result of his untutored simplicity.

Opie's success, however, is not to be belittled. He did no more with the historical canvas than his contemporaries, but among the five hundred portraits that he painted there are some of remarkable vigor. The portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft (wife of William Godwin and mother of the second Mrs. Shelley), which Mr. Cole has engraved, is one of the best known of his works, and is a striking study in character. The reverie in which the subject seems steeped is well given, though the workmanship is not more delicate than Opie's rather coarse average.

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC."

PART III. IMPRISONMENT IN MORRO CASTLE.

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, U. S. N.

GENEROUS RECEPTION ON THE "MERCEDES."

WHEN we were all on board and had laid aside our arms and accoutrements, the launch headed around and stood for the *Reina Mercedes*, and I directed the men, who were shivering, to get down near the furnace, to which no objection was raised. Not a word was spoken till we reached the *Mercedes*. However great may have been their curiosity and interest, the officers, after their first kind words of greeting, forbore to ask questions or make remarks. When we came alongside, the senior officer asked if I would be good enough to go on board with my men. So courteous was his manner, we might have been guests coming to breakfast. The officer of the deck and the executive officer met us at the head of the gangway. I bowed salute, and inspected the men for their condition. Those who were still shivering were sent forward at once for stimulants and friction. Kelly's lip showed a wide gash that had become clogged with coal-dust. Murphy had a wound in his right hip, twelve or fourteen inches in length and perhaps a quarter or a half of an inch in depth, which he had received in the blast when he fired torpedo No. 1; and though the wound certainly must have been very painful, he had not uttered a groan or made any reference to it during all the time that had elapsed. It was only after our arrival on the *Mercedes* that we learned of it. The men were all more or less scratched and bruised from colliding with objects in the vortex whirl, but there was no injury of consequence, the life-preservers having formed excellent buffers. The executive officer followed the inspection, and gave directions for the care of the men. Kelly and Murphy went to the surgeon, and all were given facilities for washing and were supplied with dry clothing.

We found the crew of the *Mercedes* scrubbing down decks and clearing up after the engagement. Everybody seemed to be on deck, and the men, singly and in groups, stared at us with wild-eyed astonishment. Our uncon-

ventional uniforms had suffered in adjustment, and they must have thought us an odd-looking group of man-of-war's-men.

The men having gone forward, the executive officer invited me to his state-room, had a bath prepared for me and clothing of his own set out, and invited me to come into the ward-room, when ready, and join him at breakfast. The oil and fine coal that had come to the surface had had full chance to permeate, and made heavy bath-work, while the executive officer's civilian clothing, made for a different build, was of questionable fit. But the difficulties due to excess of girth secured the return of my sword-belt when it had been dried out. Special full dress, however, could not have brought out a whit more courteous and cordial treatment.

A SURPRISE FOR THE SPANISH OFFICERS.

AFTER a hearty hand-shake of congratulation and repeated kind words, the executive officer, with thoughtful reference to our exposure, ordered stimulants. I told him, however, that I was in good shape, none the worse off, and that the breakfast coffee, I was sure, would be sufficient. He gave me his card: "Emilio J. de Acosta y Eyermann, Capitán de Fragata," adding in pencil: "2° Comandante del Cruc° *Reina Mercedes*," and I told him my name and rank. While eating, we fell into frank and general conversation, all the officers except one having finished breakfast. Captain Acosta gallantly opened the conversation by saying that there was no reason why officers engaged in honorable warfare, though opposing to their utmost in battle, might not be the best of friends. He went on to describe how he himself had directed the fire of two heavy guns against the entering vessel, though a large part of his crew were absent manning guns that had been put ashore, and how he had finally sunk her by two Whitehead torpedoes from his bow tubes, remarking that the mines fired at us seemed to have missed, going astern. He added that, of course, it was an un-

equal fight; that, in fact, it seemed to him that we should have known from the natural formation of the entrance that it would be impossible for a vessel to force her way through. He then asked what battery we had. I had just referred to being on duty on the *New York*, and understood him to refer to her, and in reply enumerated her battery, men-

a collier, and had no guns at all; that we had sunk her ourselves, and would have sunk her athwart near Estrella if the steering-gear had not been shot away and nearly all our own torpedoes disabled; adding that, though one of their mines had struck us, it was doubtful if it had assisted our sinking to any extent, and that we had felt no shock

Draft

Spanish Ship Reina Mercedes
Santiago de Cuba.
June 3rd 1875.

Sir:—

I have the honor to report that the
Merrimac ^{sunk} is in the channel, ~~not where~~
~~planned but the best that could be done.~~

No loss, only bruises. We are prisoners
of war, and are being well cared for.

Very respectfully,

Commanding Chief Richmond Pearson Hobson,
~~U.S. Navy~~ ~~U.S. Navy~~ ~~U.S. Navy~~ ~~U.S. Navy~~ ~~U.S. Navy~~
Post. Naval Comdr., U.S.N.
~~U.S. Navy~~
off Santiago de Cuba.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST DRAFT OF THE DESPATCH TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

tioning that he would find it in any of the naval annuals. This seemed to agree with what he had concluded was the battery, and he then asked how many men we had lost. I told him we had lost none. He asked where, then, were all the crew, and all those that were below in the engine- and boiler-rooms and magazines. I saw that he had been referring all the time to the vessel that came in, and told him that she was the *Merrimac*,

from the automobile torpedoes fired by the *Mercedes*.

He seemed utterly incredulous. The same experience was met with in the case of the other Spanish officers. The explosions of their own projectiles must have been taken for the firing of guns on board the *Merrimac*. Some went so far as to locate two heavy turrets with two guns each, one forward and one aft, and a battery of rapid-fire guns amidships.

Apparently the facts were accepted only after information from the outside, derived either from the *New York* by the boat which subsequently took out a flag of truce, or from the United States via Madrid. When we had finished breakfast, the commanding officer, who had come to the gangway when we first came on board, came into the ward-room. I was introduced, and he gave me his card: "Rafael Micon, Capitán de Navio," below which he had written: "Admiral valiente capitán y le dona gran suerte." I told him my name and rank, and he expressed surprise, as had Captain Acosta, that a constructor should be engaged in military duty at the seat of war. It was difficult to explain to him that our constructors are recruited differently from those abroad, having the same military training as line officers. We fell into general conversation, in which he philosophized on the question of the war, pointing out that the Cubans were ungrateful and, in general, a bad lot; that Cuba itself was really an encumbrance upon Spain; that it was recognized, in fact, that Cuba was lost, and Spain fought only for tradition and honor. This seems to have been the general view of the officers with whom I conversed afterward. These observations were made in a delicate way, without involving the attitude of the United States; but I made no reply to them.

HOW THE NEWS OF THE CREW'S SAFETY CAME TO BE SENT TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

WHEN Captain Micon left, I asked for writing-materials: for I had concluded to try to communicate with Admiral Sampson, with a view to getting information sent out that would allay the anxiety of our families; since it was evident that, from their observation of the magnitude of the fire directed upon the *Merrimac*, our friends on the fleet would give us all up for lost. The information was directed to Admiral Sampson, and the Spanish commander-in-chief was requested to send it out under flag of truce. The two communications read as follows:

To Admiral Sampson:

SPANISH SHIP "REINA MERCEDES,"
SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 3, 1898.

SIR: I have the honor to report that the *Merrimac* is sunk in the channel. No loss, only bruises. We are prisoners of war, being well cared for.

Very respectfully,

R. P. HOBSON,
Assistant Naval Constructor, U. S. N.

Commander-in-Chief U. S. Naval Forces,
Off Santiago de Cuba.

To Admiral Cervera:

SPANISH SHIP "REINA MERCEDES."

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 3, 1898.

SIR: I have the honor to request that the inclosed communication be sent under flag of truce to the commander-in-chief of the United States forces off Santiago de Cuba.

Very respectfully,

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON,
Assistant Naval Constructor,
United States Navy.

To Commander-in-Chief Spanish Forces,
Santiago de Cuba.

The report to Admiral Sampson was first drafted to read: "I have the honor to report that the *Merrimac* is sunk in the channel—not where planned, but the best that could be done. No loss," etc.; but I thought that the additional clause would be more likely to prevent the delivery of the communication. The request, in fact, was a singular one to make, even of a generous enemy; but our reception and treatment had been exceedingly kind, and it was evident that, unless informed at once, the squadron would report us lost. When the letters were turned in, Captain Acosta placed his state-room at my service, showed me photographs of his family, and told me to make myself at home, insisting that I must be tired, and should lie down in his bunk while he went out to attend to duties. Evidently we were to be treated kindly as prisoners of war, and would have some chance of being exchanged,—if no chance of escape should occur beforehand,—and should then have further opportunity for action.

REFLECTIONS ON THE RESULT OF THE MANEUVER.

LEFT alone, my first thought was naturally of home. Then my mind began to go over the situation—the condition of the defenses, and the effect of the sinking of the *Merrimac*. Probably the Spanish fleet could get by her, one at a time; but it would be a delicate and difficult operation for a large ship, especially at night. They could not stop or anchor, or make any formation at the enlargement of the channel, or utilize the two bights extending to the right and left. Ah, they were talking about this very subject in the ward-room! An officer had evidently come on board, and the conversation had become animated, so that words and even whole sentences could be heard: "But he says positively that the channel is blocked"; and, as far as I could gather, the statement

appeared to be quoted from an army engineer sent to investigate. My heart leaped. Could it be, after all, that the channel was completely blocked? But sober thought again reasoned: "No. They may think so for a while—may continue to be in doubt. The difficulties and disadvantages imposed may cause hesitation and delay, and may permit of further preparation on our part; but when it becomes necessary, pilots can surely take their fleet out by daylight, one at a time." Again and again I reviewed the situation; but each time the inevitable conclusion came back that the blocking was incomplete. Hard and bitter was the thought, beyond the comfort of philosophy in its assurance that the human factor of the problem was complete, and that the element of incompleteness was beyond human control.

REMOVAL TO THE MORRO.

THESE thoughts had continued perhaps an hour, when Captain Acosta came in to say that an officer from General Linares had come down from the Morro, and that the prisoners were ordered to be taken to the castle. The captain said that he was very much distressed—that they had hoped to entertain us on the *Mercedes*, and he feared we might not fare so well.

We went into the cabin, and I was introduced to the officer. A formal conversation was kept up for a short while, when another officer was announced, and I was introduced to Captain Bustamante, chief-of-staff of Admiral Cervera. I said that I had had the pleasure of meeting Captain Bustamante "in the launch this morning." To which the captain made a pleasant reply, and then stated that it was his duty to inform me that Lieutenant-General Linares, commanding the department, had taken the prisoners from the hands of the navy and had ordered them to be transferred to the Morro, and that the launch was waiting to take us. We found my men already at the gangway. In going out, it was discovered that no hat had been provided for me, and the nearest officer, the navigator, charged back to get one, which was a straw hat of the American type. I had the pleasure of entertaining this officer afterward on the *New York*, two days after the surrender. My men all had on dry clothing,—Spanish sailor uniforms,—their wounds had been dressed, and a good breakfast had been served to them. There was something touching in the good-bys at the gangway, the Spanish officers expressing re-

peated regrets that we should be taken away to the Morro. When I was thanking them for the kind treatment received on board, Charette stepped out, and requested me, for the men, to express their thanks and appreciation. The Spanish officers and sailors seemed surprised to see such thoughtful courtesy in the seamen; in fact, the admirable conduct and bearing of the men throughout the term of imprisonment was a continued source of surprise to the Spaniards, officers speaking to me from time to time about these remarkable men. I assured them that the men were simply types of the American seaman.

Captain Acosta shook hands, and said he would come up to see me in the Morro and bring some reading matter, and begged that I would call upon him in case he could be of service. These kind purposes were not destined to be fulfilled, for, alas! I was not to see the gallant captain again.

A guard followed us into the launch, and we stood across the entrance, passing only a short distance from the *Merrimac*. Looking at her, the conclusion was inevitable that the channel was not completely blocked, and I felt again the sting of bitter disappointment. We rounded Estrella Point, stood into the cove, and, landing at the small wharf, climbed the steep height approaching Morro from the rear. We climbed slowly, Captain Bustamante stopping to catch breath, and gained a height from which stretched out the entrance and Socapa, Estrella, Churruca, Punta Gorda, Smith Cay, and the opening of the bay beyond, where lay the vessels that meant so much. We pushed on, and there, close at hand, had a full view of Morro from the north—the walls all black from the weather of ages, a very type of the medieval castle that had so interested me when I was in Europe, telling so much dark history, and hiding so much more. Why were we going in there? Were we not to be treated as prisoners of war?

COURTESIES FROM ADMIRAL CERVERA.

ON top, a short distance off the path, stood an officer in frock-coat and white trousers, looking at us as we came up. The captain confirmed my impression that it was Admiral Cervera, and my identification of him as the officer who had assisted me into the launch in the morning; and the young officer who had been with him in the launch proved to be his son. The admiral must have dressed hurriedly in the morning, for in the launch I had not noticed any insignia of his

rank. As we passed, I saluted, with the captain, and the admiral returned the salute.

We crossed the bridge over the moat, passed the portcullis, and entered a vaulted passage, where an officer and guard were waiting. Captain Bustamante spoke to the officer, apparently the adjutant,—a thick-set man, low, heavy, with long black beard and raven eyes, apparently the man for the place. The men were conducted on through, and the jailer, with a ring of massive keys, led me to the left under an arched entrance into the guard-room. There were two chairs and a table. The jailer made a motion to a chair, and we sat down. He was a remarkable man,—probably six feet two, all bone and muscle, aquiline features, a face with a hard, set expression, that seemed never to have been disturbed by the passing of an emotion,—the man to carry out orders to the letter, whatever their nature. We sat on in silence for a few minutes, when Admiral Cervera entered, and we rose, and the jailer withdrew without a word. The admiral advanced with outstretched hand and with an inquiry as to my welfare, the greeting of a charming gentleman and gallant officer. I felt at home with him at once. We sat down, and he went on to say that he had received my note inclosing the report to the commander-in-chief of the American forces, and that he had been particularly desirous to deliver it; but being a communication with the enemy, it was necessary to refer the matter to General Linares, who, as a lieutenant-general, was his senior, and that General Linares had refused to let the report be delivered. However, a flag of truce would be taken out, and the American admiral would be informed of our escape and safety. The conversation, carried on in French, then became more or less general, only a reference being made to the *Merri-mac*, the admiral inquiring as to her size, but carefully avoiding embarrassing questions. He spoke of American officers whom he had met, and inquired particularly about Admiral Luce, whom he had seen in Spain in connection with the Columbian celebration. I referred to the report that he had had service in the United States, mentioning that I had understood he had been on duty in Washington as naval attaché to the Spanish legation. He replied that this was a mistake, that the attaché belonged to another family. During my two years' cruise as midshipman I had visited a number of ports in Spain; and later, while on duty in Paris, on a mission to the French shipyards, I had taken occasion, en route from Bordeaux to Toulon,

to cross the Pyrenees into Spain. He knew all the places I had visited, and conversation continued in the pleasantest vein for probably ten minutes. The admiral left with the salutations and the courteous manner that would have marked a visit to a friendly admiral on his flagship. "Ah," I thought, "this admiral commanding the Spanish naval forces has taken the pains to put on the uniform for official visits, and has come at the very earliest moment to visit a young lieutenant of the enemy in prison! Surely chivalry is not yet dead."

IN THE CELL OF THE MORRO.

As the admiral left, the jailer reentered, and led the way out of the room through the passageway to the rear, down a flight of steps, across a sort of court, then up another flight of stairs stopping before the door of the highest cell, which occupied the top of the southwest angle of the castle, a sentry having followed us. The door faces to the southward and eastward, from a commanding position, and while the jailer was adjusting the heavy key and throwing back the bolts, I gazed out over the sea. There lay our vessels,—I recognized them all,—slowly moving back and forth in two columns. What a sight!—the power of a great nation concentrating with determined purpose; history calling; the eternal rule of justice appealing; the God of war impelling. A heavy blow was about to fall for liberty and the sacred cause of human right. It was a great sociological phenomenon, and the individual was not to be counted—was, indeed, happy in being lost.

The jailer threw open the door, and as we entered the barren and filthy cell, flies and insects started up. Then I perceived the word "Muerte" written on the wall. The last prisoner must have died there, and evidently the cell had not been cleaned since. The jailer withdrew, leaving the sentry at the door. An attendant brought in a box with four upright strips nailed at the corners for a table; but it would not stand, so he leaned it against the wall, and left. The sentry closed the door, locking and bolting it. This, then, was my cell, and that was its furniture. I walked up and down on the broken brick-and-mortar floor, and wondered where my men could be.

CAPTAIN BUSTAMANTE'S KINDNESS.

AFTER a while the door opened, and Captain Bustamante entered. He must have been

shocked at the situation, for his first word was an apology. He said that he was distressed, that such a condition of things would not be allowed to continue, and that I must regard it as only temporary. I assured him that I should ask for no indulgence, but that he must perceive that the sanitary condition was utterly intolerable; that I must ask that the cell be cleaned and the door left open for light and ventilation; that my men be given clean cells; and that we be allowed means for keeping our cells and persons clean, as otherwise infection would be inevitable, with every probability of blood-poisoning through the wounds and scratches. He replied that he personally would look to the matter at once. He had come, he continued, to ask if there was anything he might do for me in connection with the flag of truce which he was about to take out to the fleet. I asked, if it would not be inconsistent with his duty, that, simply as a matter of personal satisfaction to me, he would mention to Admiral Sampson that the *Merrimac's* steering-gear had been shot away. He replied that he feared he should not be allowed to speak about the subject at all. I asked him then if he would be kind enough to make inquiry about a young colleague of mine who had come after the *Merrimac* in a steam-launch. I had been very anxious about Powell. I knew, of course, that he would not think of coming within the fire of the guns on the slope of Socapa, but as the picket-boat was not far from the position where he was to lie, I feared lest the launch, which carried only rifles, might have fallen in with her. He said he could already reassure me on the subject, as no word had come in that the launch had been injured. I asked Captain Bustamante if he would be

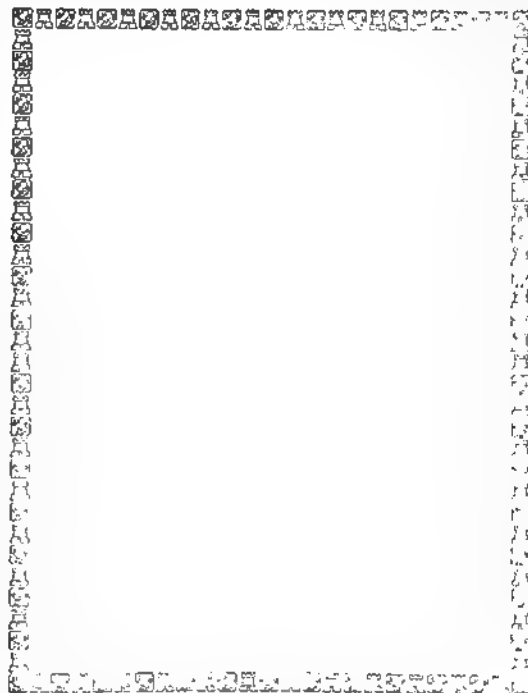
kind enough to have the surgeon directed to give careful and constant attention to the wounded men, and to allow one of the crew, Charette or Montague, to come in to receive instructions as to details in taking care of their health in confinement.

"EVERY MAN WOULD DO IT AGAIN
TO-NIGHT, SIR."

SOON after the captain left, directions for the door to be left open during the daytime were issued by the authorities, and in a few minutes Charette was sent in. He had his usual cheerful look, unperturbed by the sight of the men's wretched cell and by the uncertainties of our confinement. He referred to the heavy situation we had passed through, and said, "Every man would do it again to-night, sir." Indeed, throughout the whole term of imprisonment the men showed the most remarkable spirit of cheerfulness. They never had the support of kind words and courteous visits, as I did; yet never once did they exhibit signs of anxiety or fear. The Spanish soldiers at first taunted them

as they would Cuban prisoners; called them desperados; accused them of fighting for money—making signs of dealing out coin; and passed their fingers across their throats and shook their heads, to indicate the fate that awaited the crew. My men only smiled at such taunts, and they actually laughed at the gruesome mockings. It seems that the impression was more or less general, at first, that the men were not Americans, but a hired gang of desperados.

Several days later one of the officers spoke in a similar strain, whereupon I asked him what he meant. He replied: "For instance, two of your men are deserters from the



DRAWN BY FRANCIS GAY, FROM A SPANISH PRINT

BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

CAPTAIN DON EMILIO J. DE ACOSTA. KILLED IN THE
BOMBARDMENT OF JUNE 6.

Spanish army, and that man Charette is a Catalanian from the northeastern part of Spain; one of your men is a Swede; another is a German." I told him he was never more mistaken in his life—that the men were all

COMFORTS FROM THE BRITISH CONSUL.

CHARETTE had not been gone long when, to my surprise, men began bringing in furniture, —a table, a wash-stand, a pitcher, a basin,



DRAWN BY GEORGE KAHN

THE AMERICAN PRISONERS LEAVING THE "REINA MERCEDES." CHARETTE REQUESTING LIEUTENANT HOBSON TO RETURN THE THANKS OF THE CREW FOR KIND TREATMENT.

American citizens, regularly enlisted and serving in the American navy, and that, so far from its being necessary to get desperate men for the work, virtually the whole fleet had volunteered for it, and had pleaded to be allowed to go. This it seemed impossible for him to understand.

a cot with a good double blanket, and several chairs (one of them a rocker),—while at the same time a hammock and a blanket were taken to each man. This proved to be the first of a long series of thoughtful kindnesses from Frederick W. Ramaden, Esq., British consul at Santiago—kindnesses that contrib-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

MORRO CASTLE, FROM THE SOCAPA SIDE.

The wreck of the *Merrimac*, sunk June 3, is seen on the left with Estrella Point beyond, Estrella Cove settling in between the Point and the Morro. The *Reina Mercedes*, seen on the right, was sunk July 4, the day after the sortie of the Spanish fleet.

uted in the most essential manner to the health and comfort of the American prisoners. His thoughtfulness had been so prompt that these articles had come down all the way from Santiago city before we had been an hour in the Morro. After the arrival of the furniture, the situation, with my door open, looking out over the sea, was actually cheerful.

ASTONISHING REPORT OF CASUALTIES IN THE "MERRIMAC" AFFAIR.

It was not long before the governor of the Morro came, making me a most cordial visit. He was followed by the colonel commanding the artillery. This officer, after kind salutations, referred to the heavy fire we had withstood so long, and to the gallantry of our fire in return. When I informed him that we had no guns on board, he was utterly incredulous, and seemed to conclude that I was deceiving him, for he replied: "But I know you must have fired, for I was struck myself on the foot, though I was standing away up above." I replied that it must have been a fragment resulting from their own fire; at which the colonel became serious, as though a new and unwelcome thought was passing through his mind. He too had taken us for an armored

vessel forcing our way through, and what he said about our fire puzzled me. The next time Charette came in, he told me that wounded men were being operated on in the room just above the men's cell, and that the blood was running down the wall, and had run down the clues of his hammock, so that he had had to change its position. When I had a chance to speak to him and to the others afterward, they said that both a Spanish sergeant and a Spanish private had told them that the blood came from the men we had wounded—that we had killed fourteen and wounded thirty-seven!

In a visit to the Morro after the surrender, I was very much puzzled to find fresh gashes and imprints of various sizes in the rear walls, as though it had been attacked from the in-shore side, while we had attacked only from the sea. Every indication seems to point to the conclusion that the Spaniards firing at the *Merrimac* had struck their own men across the channel. This was the more to be expected from the horizontal fire. Morro, though elevated, was in the line of fire from the *Reina Mercedes*, whose projectiles, exploding on the *Merrimac*, doubtless showered the banks and the rear of Morro beyond. No

wonder, then, that they took us for an armored man-of-war.

WHY THE MANŒUVRE FAILED.

MY mind turned again to the *Merrimac*, and I realized with repeated pangs that she did not completely block the channel. The ground-tackle had exhibited extraordinary qualities of resistance, and with the slightest help of the helm to start the turning, it was evident that the vessel would have swung to her position athwart with mathematical precision. But at the last moment the steering-gear was destined to be shot away. The entire speed of the vessel had been absorbed by the elastic qualities of the anchor gear. Even then, if the stern anchor had been retarded only a few seconds longer, its chain would have held the vessel secure. Alas! it had been dropped a moment too soon, and, as was learned later, not by the man stationed there, but by the explosion of one of the enemy's projectiles. Again, only two torpedoes out of the whole number had gone off, and these were the least effective of all; in fact, that part of the ship affected by torpedo No. 5 had already been flooded by the sea connections. This disabling of torpedoes had been due to the necessity of using batteries for

their discharge instead of an electric machine. It was extraordinary that the mine had helped us but little, if at all. It seemed, by a hard fate, to have flooded the region that had already been twice flooded, by sea connections and by torpedo No. 5. Again, how extraordinary, after resting eight or ten minutes grounded on *Estrella*, to be wrenched off by the tide! One would indeed expect a vessel so grounded to resist strongly the efforts of her own engines and of tugs. Then, when she began to straighten out in the channel, and I saw her, if we had only had the war-heads we should have gone down like a shot. It seemed strange that the admiral had twice refused to let me take them, though he had allowed everything else that I had asked for. Then, again, if the vessel had hung on only a few minutes longer, till the accelerated sinking due to the submergence of the cargo ports had set in, we scarcely should have been wrenched off before going down. But no; it seemed that we had to be wrenched off just soon enough to allow the vessel to drift down and straighten completely out. As I reviewed the experience, a flood of bitterness swept over me. These remarkable adverse coincidences could never happen again. As I saw the tug with a flag of truce going out to the

Smith Cay
(Island).

Punta Gorda.

Boque Point

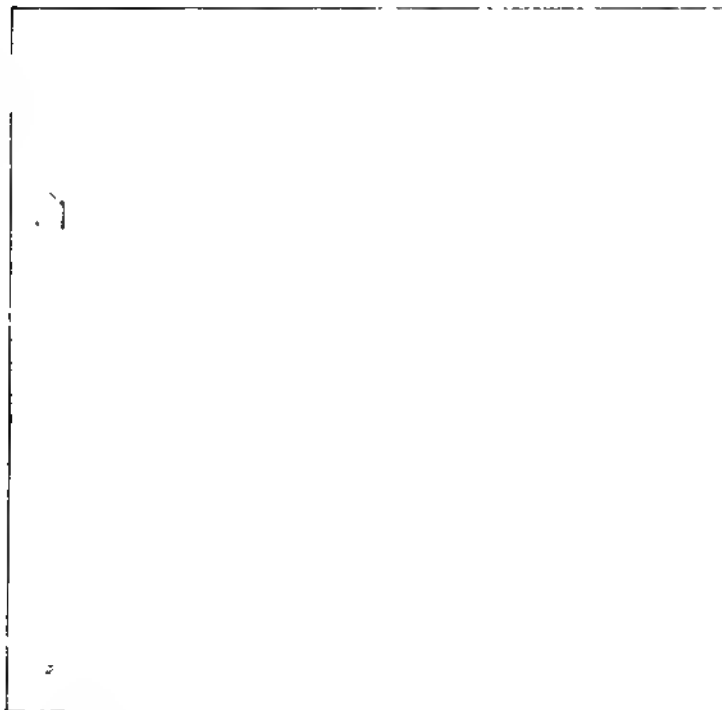
Estrella Point.

DRAWN BY HARRY FEUN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT W. BUTLER DUNCAN.

HALY-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

SANTIAGO CHANNEL FROM THE TOP OF MORRO CASTLE.

Except for the wreck of the *Reina Mercedes*, this is the view seen by Lieutenant Hobson from his cell during the bombardment. The Spanish vessels were approximately in the positions indicated on the map in the December number (p. 271).



DRAWN BY GEORGE WISMAN.

MOUNTING TO THE MORRO.

fleet I thought if I could only be exchanged quickly, or escape, the admiral would let me take in the other collier, with the same plans and arrangements, and the same crew. Another time I would guarantee complete blocking.

A FANCY OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

WHILE I was thinking over the circumstances of our capture it struck me as singular that Admiral Cervera should have had a squad of riflemen in the steam-launch, since his reconnaissance involved only a poor old catamaran and the top of the funnel and the masts of a sunken vessel. Then it occurred to me that his precaution was a wise one, for otherwise we might have done a neat stroke of work. My men included a machinist, a fireman, and two cockswains, and the others were all determined fellows. Our loaded revolvers with waterproof cartridges were hidden under our life-preservers. How easy it would have been, under ordinary conditions, after getting on board the launch and untying the strings of our life-preservers, on a signal from me to throw them off, draw revolvers and cover all the men on board, and quietly take possession! I could have covered the three officers sitting together aft; my men could have taken sta-

tions, and we should have had force enough to continue to cover the crew of the launch, or they could easily have been shoved over. We could then have proceeded out of the harbor to the *New York* in the Spanish admiral's launch, with himself and his staff as trophies of the adventure. The admiral's launch would not have been fired on by the guns at the entrance, and even if the destroyer close by had taken alarm, she could not have hoisted anchor until we should have been well away, and she could not have chased us outside without having been met by the fire of our fleet. This maneuver would doubtless have suggested itself at the time, if it had not been for the formidable squad of riflemen.

OUR RATIONS.

A SOLDIER coming in at this time with a pan of frijoles, or beans, my thoughts came back to my surroundings. The frijoles were followed by a pan of rice and bread. I had the table placed in front of the door, so that I might watch the ships while I was eating. Appetite was keen, and my first meal in prison was very much relished. The regular ration consisted of frijoles, rice, and bread, and, except the bread, continued to be served in full quantity till the end of our captivity.

As a rule, a piece of sausage came with the frijoles. The cooking did not vary, both staples being invariably boiled without seasoning, and exactly the same food was served at every meal, until the system somewhat rebelled and after a while called strongly for variety; yet on the whole the food was nourishing. After the transfer to Santiago a ration of beef was added, and it was clear that the authorities were giving me the same food that was issued to the Spanish officers.

My men received the same ration of frijoles, rice, and bread with a reduced ration of beef, while no beef at all was included in

tal comparisons with our own, and endeavoring to foresee the probable action and results when the two should be found facing each other, as I knew they would before many weeks. It was clear at a glance that they were from the peasant classes. Many of them were very young, and they averaged perhaps four or five inches less in height and perhaps twenty-five pounds less in weight than our men. They did not look to be in good health, having bad complexions, and many of them were coughing. It was clear that we heavily outclassed them physically. The most striking feature, however, was the com-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. G. MAGILL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.
OUTER PORTCULLIS, MORRO CASTLE. THE "MERRIMAC" PRISONERS ENTERED
ACROSS THIS BRIDGE FROM THE LEFT.

the ration of the Spanish soldier. Flour soon became scarce, and corn and a mixture of corn and rice were substituted. It was evident, however, that the Spaniards depended on bread more than we did, and felt more keenly its scarcity; so it can be said broadly that during the imprisonment the prisoners fared as well as their captors, if not better.

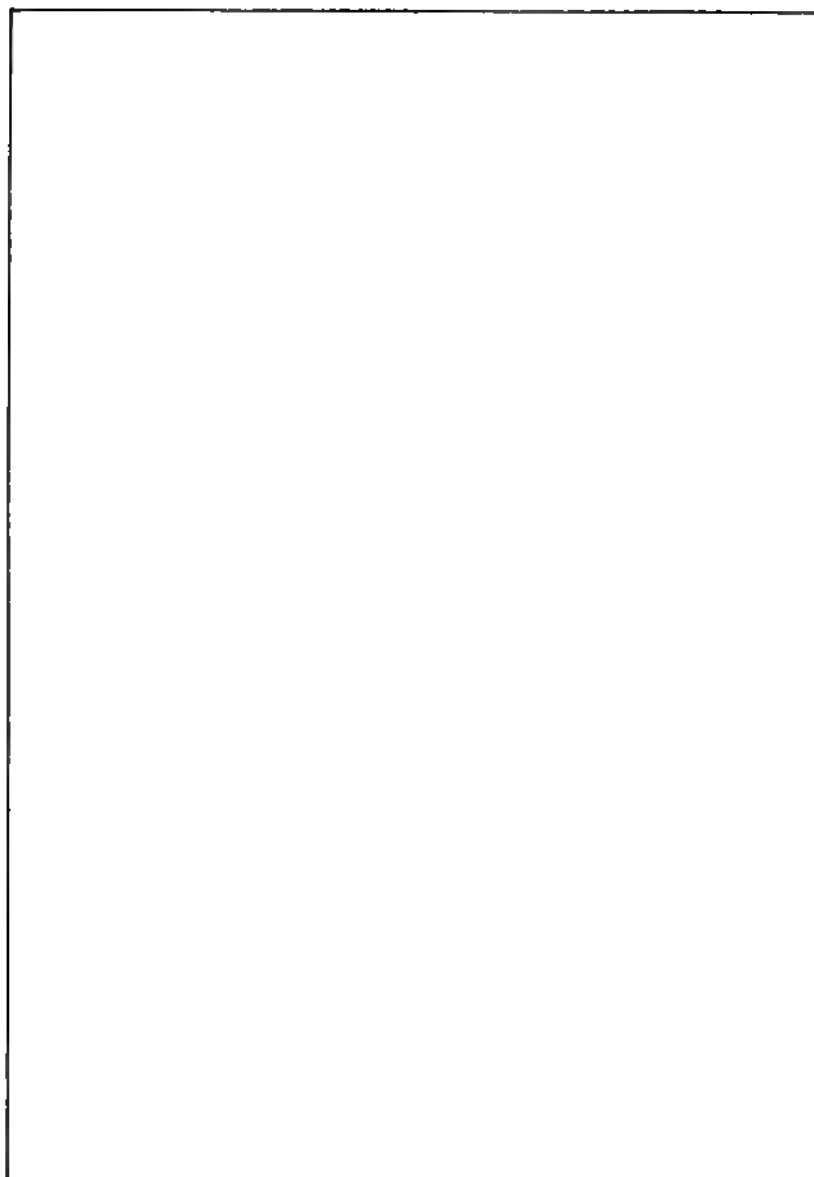
SPANISH AND AMERICAN SOLDIERS COMPARED.

WHILE I ate, the soldiers of the garrison lined up on the opposite side of the small court to receive their food, each one carrying his pan. One can imagine the interest with which I examined the Spanish soldiers, making men-

pletely passive expression of the face. They made little effort at conversation, and seldom smiled. For some time they had probably been working very hard on the emplacements for batteries, and there seemed no surplus energy for any other activity. The eye was usually dull, having a steady, stoical look, in some cases pathetic. In temperament they were clearly just the opposite of our own troops, who, recruited from a higher class, had the alert, animated look of aggressive men.

MORE COURTESIES.

As luncheon was being completed, an orderly appeared with a tray bearing cigars, cigarettes, and a bottle of cognac, which he pre-



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

ADMIRAL CERVERA VISITING LIEUTENANT HOBSON IN THE GUARD-ROOM AT MORRO CASTLE.

sented with the compliments of the governor of the Morro, delivering at the same time a note in French, with cautiously couched words of kindness to this effect:

SIR: The commandant of the fortress, and the officers of the engineers and of the artillery, have the honor to salute you, and to offer to do anything in their power to ameliorate your situation. We therefore beg you to make known to us your wishes.

Accept, sir, the compliments of our highest esteem.

ANTONIO ROS,
The Governor.

There could not have been a more thoughtful token of kindness, hospitality, and good wishes, though, as it happened, I was not accustomed to using any of the articles offered.

Having nothing to write with, I had to send my compliments and thanks by verbal message. When the orderly was gone, I sent the soldiers who were waiting on me to the crew with the cigars and cigarettes, keeping a few, however, together with the cognac; and these, singular as it appears, were used to offer the hospitality of the cell to the officers that called later. I was deeply touched by the calls which I continued to receive from offi-

LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S CELL IN MORRO CASTLE.

The mark of a shell fired during the bombardment is seen to the right of the door-sill.

cers during the afternoon and the following days. My visitors were of all grades, and many came from a distance. Officers, nearly all my seniors in age and rank, would beg, as they put it in warm and dignified words, to be allowed to shake my hand. There can be no question that the Spanish character is deeply sensible to a genuine sentiment. The history of warfare probably contains no instance of chivalry on the part of captors greater than that of those who fired on the *Merrimac*, and I knew that harshness of treatment could have had its origin only in official considerations.

A RECONNAISSANCE FROM THE CELL WINDOW.

THE afternoon passed quickly. In the intervals between visits I would walk up and down, or sit in the doorway and look out over the sea at our fleet, which, with its stately movements, presented constantly changing positions in constantly changing effects of light. I also noticed the vultures that sailed about close at hand, turning their uncanny heads as if investigating, and the graceful boatswain birds with long, marlin-

spike body and keenly tapered bow wings. At five, dinner or supper was served, with the same food, the soldiers lining up as for luncheon. The sun sank; the vessels stood to their night positions; the sentry closed the door, shoved the bolt, and turned the key. A shaft of light still came in through the small barred window high up in the wall on the west side, the only opening besides the door. I walked up and down in the darkness till the lampman came in with a lamp. I turned it low, screening it, and continued walking till about nine, when I moved the cot beneath the window, as if preparing to sleep, and lay down. When I was sure the sentry would believe me asleep, I stepped on the cot, and drew myself up to investigate the window. What a sight greeted me! The view was down a sheer height of perhaps two hundred and fifty feet upon the entrance, and stretching out to the westward and north-westward under the full moon lay a tragic panorama, weird in the stillness, with the mountains in the distance, and Socapa just across, showing the glint of guns in its batteries on top and on the slopes. There lay the picket-boat again, just outside the entrance. Farther



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN

HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOLE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. G. BARKER

VIEW INSIDE MORRO CASTLE, FROM THE STAIRS MOUNTING TO LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S CELL.

The cell of the crew is shown opposite the sentry-box and directly under the barred window to the left, which is in the room used as an operating-room for the Spanish wounded. The sloping roof is on the kitchen where the Spanish soldiers reported for rations.

in, the bow of the *Reina Mercedes* stood out clear behind Socapa; and beyond her, in the bight to the left near Smith Cay, lay a destroyer, seemingly looking at the sunken ships, the *Maria Teresa* and the *Almirante Oquendo*, and those of the *Colón* beyond Punta Gorda showed that they too would bear upon a vessel passing into the inner harbor. Ex-

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DRAWN BY H. F. SPRAGUE.

STEAM-LAUNCH OF THE "NEW YORK" BRINGING SPANISH OFFICERS TO THE FLAGSHIP WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE, AND NEWS OF THE SAFETY OF THE "MERRIMAC" PRISONERS. THE VESSEL BEYOND THE LAUNCH IS THE "VIKEN." THE SPANISH TUG IS SEEN TO THE EXTREME RIGHT.

Merrimac just ahead. So, then, they had a destroyer on each side of the channel, up the bight to the left as well as to the right! Beyond Smith Cay lay the black and sullen hull of the *Vizcaya*, with her broadside to the opening channel. The masts of her two sister ships, the *Maria Teresa* and the *Almirante Oquendo*, and those of the *Colón* beyond Punta Gorda showed that they too would bear upon a vessel passing into the inner harbor. Excepting the battery to the eastward of Morro, the panorama included all the defenses of the channel. How remarkably this entrance lends itself to defense, and how cleverly the Spaniards had availed themselves of its natural advantages! Since luncheon I had

been thinking about the defenses and their bearing upon the prosecution of the war. I had heard Admiral Sampson and Captain Chadwick refer to the selection of a point for landing troops, and wondered if it were intended to try to take the city and attack the ships from the land. The more I thought

It then became clear to me that the ships should be captured or destroyed and the city taken by our vessels, the army's best function being simply to cut off escape inland and to occupy the place after surrender. Steadily this conclusion engendered a profound conviction that if the enemy should not come out we

DRAWN BY GEORGE HARRIS.

LIEUTENANT HOBSON LOOKING OUT OF THE CELL WINDOW DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

on the subject, the more futile such an attempt seemed. How could the city be occupied under the guns of the enemy's ships? How could land artillery of sufficient caliber to outclass the armor of the Spanish vessels ever be placed in position under the fire of their guns? How could such artillery even be landed and transported under existing conditions? The conclusion grew stronger and stronger that land operations against the ships and the army of occupation would probably cost thousands of lives and still be futile.

should go in. I determined to make every possible endeavor to get back to the fleet with my knowledge of all the defenses. Escape from the cell was impossible. I should have to await further developments. My mind turned again upon the *Merrimac*. How fortunate, it seemed to me now, that she did not go down athwart the channel! Our entrance for the rest of the war would have been impossible. She could not be better situated. The enemy would hesitate a long time before trying to pass, thus allowing



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. G. INGALL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FELIX LEVIN.

MORRO CASTLE FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

Lieutenant Hobson's cell was directly under the flag on the left.
The flag on the extreme right is at the eastern battery.

time for our whole fleet to arrive. Their ships could not form in the enlargement of the channel, or even across it, but would have to pass single file, and would be at great risk if they tried to pass at night. Heaven had not frowned upon our efforts, after all. The series of coincidences that had kept us from going down athwart were only the steady guidance of a kindly fate. I went to sleep with a thankful mind.

A MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

I SLEPT soundly, having had no sleep for about sixty-three hours, and only about six hours during the previous eighty-seven. As deep as the sleep was, however, it was interrupted during the night, as I became aware of efforts being made to pry me off the cot, as it were, and I suddenly recognized that a huge insect was using its body for a wedge or crowbar. I recognized in the dark a species of big spider that I had seen in the afternoon—something of a cross between a spider and a crab, with a round, black body and a multitude of red legs. Naturally I took measures to get rid of such a bedfellow, but I knew that the tribe was too hopelessly

numerous for extermination. Old Morro seems to be their breeding-ground; I have not found them elsewhere, and I believe they are not poisonous.

I was still asleep when the soldier came in to bring breakfast—coffee and bread. I asked him if there was anything else. He answered, "No, señor," in a half-injured tone of surprise, as if to say, "What do you expect? Who ever heard of anybody having anything else?"

A QUESTION OF HUMANITY.

EARLY in the forenoon Captain Bustamante came. He said that he had taken out the flag of truce with information that we were well, and had brought back a box for me, and the men's bags, and twenty-five dollars in gold,—all from the *New York*,—with a memorandum from Flag-Lieutenant Staunton, with whom he had communicated. He then said there was a matter which he hoped I would pardon him for referring to: he trusted I would not consider him impertinent in asking about the torpedoes on the *Merrimac*, to which I had referred while on the *Reina Mercedes*, since it was a question of humanity. He wished to

know about them for the guidance of divers, whose destruction could not affect the issue of the war. I had decided that it would be best to give out no further information about the *Merrimac*, in order to keep the Spaniards guessing, and to have them keep clear of the vessel and hesitate to take measures to blow her out of the channel. I thereupon told the captain that it would distress me to think that harmless divers should suffer, and as a matter of humanity I would tell him that there *were* torpedoes on the vessel, but as to their location or arrangement, or any other features, he must excuse me from giving information. He was most courteous, and apologized for having ventured the question, reiterating that he asked only for humanity's sake and because I had voluntarily made reference to the subject on the *Mercedes*.

Referring to the matter of our having been put in the Morro by order of General Linares, he said he had seen the general, and during the conversation the general said he would not visit me, because he feared that if he came he should not be able to bring himself to do his official duty. I wondered what he meant by his official duty. I have never been able to clear this matter up with any satisfaction. Mr. Ramsden told me, during his first visit (without any reference to the matter on my part), that the general had said the same thing to him. The general kept his

word: although he sent a courteous message of greeting by Mr. Ramsden at this visit, he never called, and only sent his chief of staff on the day before our exchange. I do not know whether he changed his interpretation of his official duty.

SUPPLIES FROM THE FLEET.

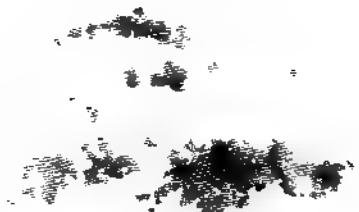
BEFORE the captain left, the box and bags came. The box was one of my galvanized-iron carling boxes; the bags were the regular bags of the men from the *New York* and the *Iowa*, with special bags made up from the stores of the *New York* for the others, all carefully prepared and marked. Charette and Montague were sent for, and came and examined the bags; and we made a list of the articles needed and not kept in the bags, such as pipes, tooth-brushes, etc. The captain took the list, and the articles came by the next courier from Santiago, being paid for upon delivery. I asked the captain if it could not be arranged to allow my men to wash their clothes, and to allow one of them to come in to see me every day to make known their needs and give account of the wounded men. Both concessions were granted by the governor of the Morro.

Charette and Montague were still with me when the captain left. The sight of the bags seemed to make them as happy as children, and while getting the bags together they

DRAWN BY H. F. SPRAGUE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. G. MAGILL.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY E. VARLEY.

THE "REINA MERCEDES," SUNK JULY 4, AND MORRO CASTLE FROM THE WEST.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. S. MARSH.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

PUNTA GORDA, LOOKING UP THE CHANNEL, SHOWING EARTHWORKE ON THE CLIFF.

talked about the marvelous escape in coming in, and spoke in a touching way of having been "brought through." One can scarcely imagine the exquisite joy the box and bags brought us, coming direct from our friends and comrades, who, though within sight, seemed impassably separated. It was like receiving a cablegram from a dear one across the sea—some message which, in spite of the vast gulf of separation, still holds, as it were, the warmth and breath of kindness and affection. When the men were gone I opened my box, and found its contents most carefully and thoughtfully prepared. The books, plans, and articles which I had left in it had been taken out, and in their stead were a service-dress uniform, a white uniform and extra trousers, and other apparel, with a shaving outfit and other toilet articles complete. It was touching to see that where my own things could not be found my messmates had sent theirs. One of them who sat near me at table had recently passed a birthday, and his wife had sent him as a present a fine new outfit of carefully chosen underwear, the very thing for the climate. He had taken me into his state-

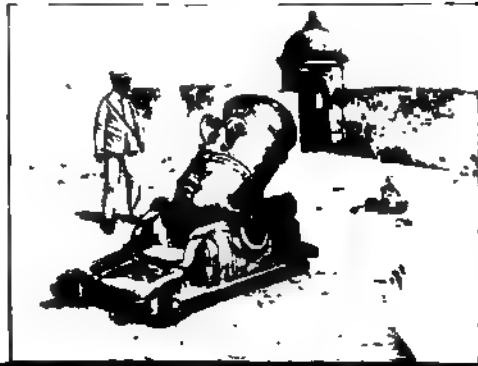
room and had shown the articles to me with pride and enthusiasm, and I saw how much he prized them as coming from her. There they were in my box!

I shifted into uniform at once—blue blouse and white trousers; and this uniform I wore throughout. I returned the clothing of Captain Acosta, with a message of compliments and thanks, the messenger bringing back from him a kindly note of acknowledgment, together with the garments I had left behind. The men's borrowed articles were similarly returned and their discarded ones brought back, from which they vainly tried to wash out the coal-dust and oil.

AN OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

THE forenoon of Saturday (June 4) passed without incident. The surgeon came after making his rounds, and reported the men's wounds as healing rapidly. About two o'clock in the afternoon, while I was seated in the rocker just inside the door, gazing out over the fleet, an official with a stern look appeared, and, as I made a movement to

rise, with an expression of hauteur waved his hand and said I need not rise. I rose, however, and offered him a chair, which he declined. He was followed by another august-looking official, whose mouth seemed hermetically sealed, and who carried paper, pen, and ink, and he in turn by a third, who addressed me in English. "That official," said he, pointing to the first—"that official is the *jefe de instruccion*—the judge of instruction"; and he paused as if to see the effect of the announcement. "This is the *secretario*, and I am



his chair, set it alongside the table, and arranged his paper and ink without a word; and the judge and the interpreter finally taking chairs, we all sat down, and I waited for them to take the initiative. The judge spoke to the interpreter, who, turning to me, said that the judge had come to examine me, and gave me fair warning to make my answers full and accurate. I said that I did not doubt that the proceeding was entirely regular, but that I should be indebted if, before the questions began, he would be kind enough to explain to me under whose orders

the official interpreter." "I am sure I am happy to meet you, gentlemen. Will you not be kind enough to take seats?" I replied, placing chairs to the front. The secretary took

they came and what was the object and nature of the questions. He answered that they came under the orders of the commander of the port, and would question me as to the vessel

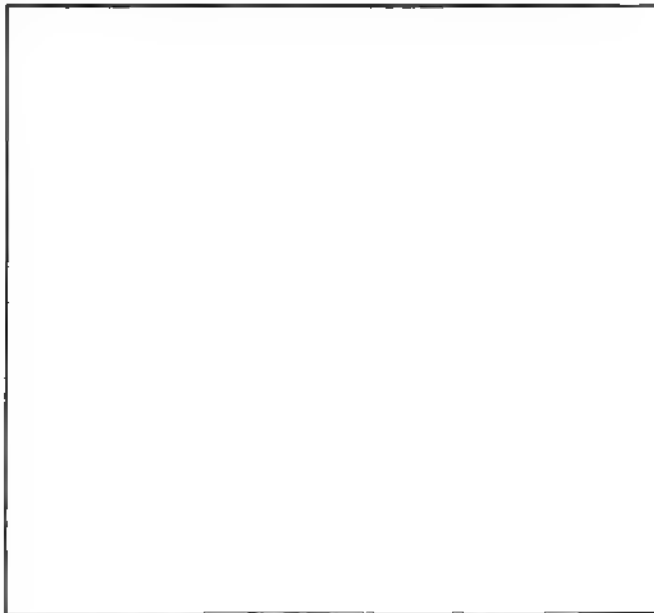
DRIFT BY HARRY FERR, FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE SURRENDER. HALF-TONE PLATE
ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

MORTARS ON TOP OF MORRO, AND BATTERY TO THE EASTWARD OF
THE CASTLE, INCLUDING OLD GUNS (1748-84).

that had come in on Friday morning. I asked who the commander of the port was, and from whom he received his authority. He replied that the commander of the port was the officer charged with all the affairs of the harbor, and that he received his authority from the captain-general, the captain-general receiving his authority from the government at Madrid. I asked them if Admiral Cervera, who had captured me, and the British consul, who was charged with the business of my government, knew of the proceeding. The judge, who had shown signs of irritation, then burst out at me direct. He did not know whether Admiral Cervera and the British consul knew of the matter, and he did not care; he did not intend to have his authority questioned; he came to ask questions, not to be questioned; he had never seen such a prisoner—and he rose to his feet in wrath. I rose at the same time, and faced him, and told him he should have intelligence enough to know, and those who sent him should have intelligence enough to know, that the men who brought the *Merrimac* in could not be intimidated or coerced into answering unauthorized or impertinent questions. He said he would return and report that I refused to answer his questions. I replied that he did not seem to recognize that he had asked no questions. The defiance seemed to cool him off, and I suggested that he ask his questions, and I would tell him in each case whether I declined to answer or not; that I was sure it would only give me pleasure to answer those that were proper. He came over and sat near the secretary, and began, the secretary copying the questions word for word, the interpreter translating word for word: "What is your name?" "What is your rank and occupation?" "How old are you?" "Where were you born?" "Where have you lived?" "Are you single or married?" etc. I answered each question in turn, the interpreter translating my answers word for word, while the secretary wrote them down. When the identification questions were over, the next question was as follows: "What was the object of the vessel coming into the harbor on

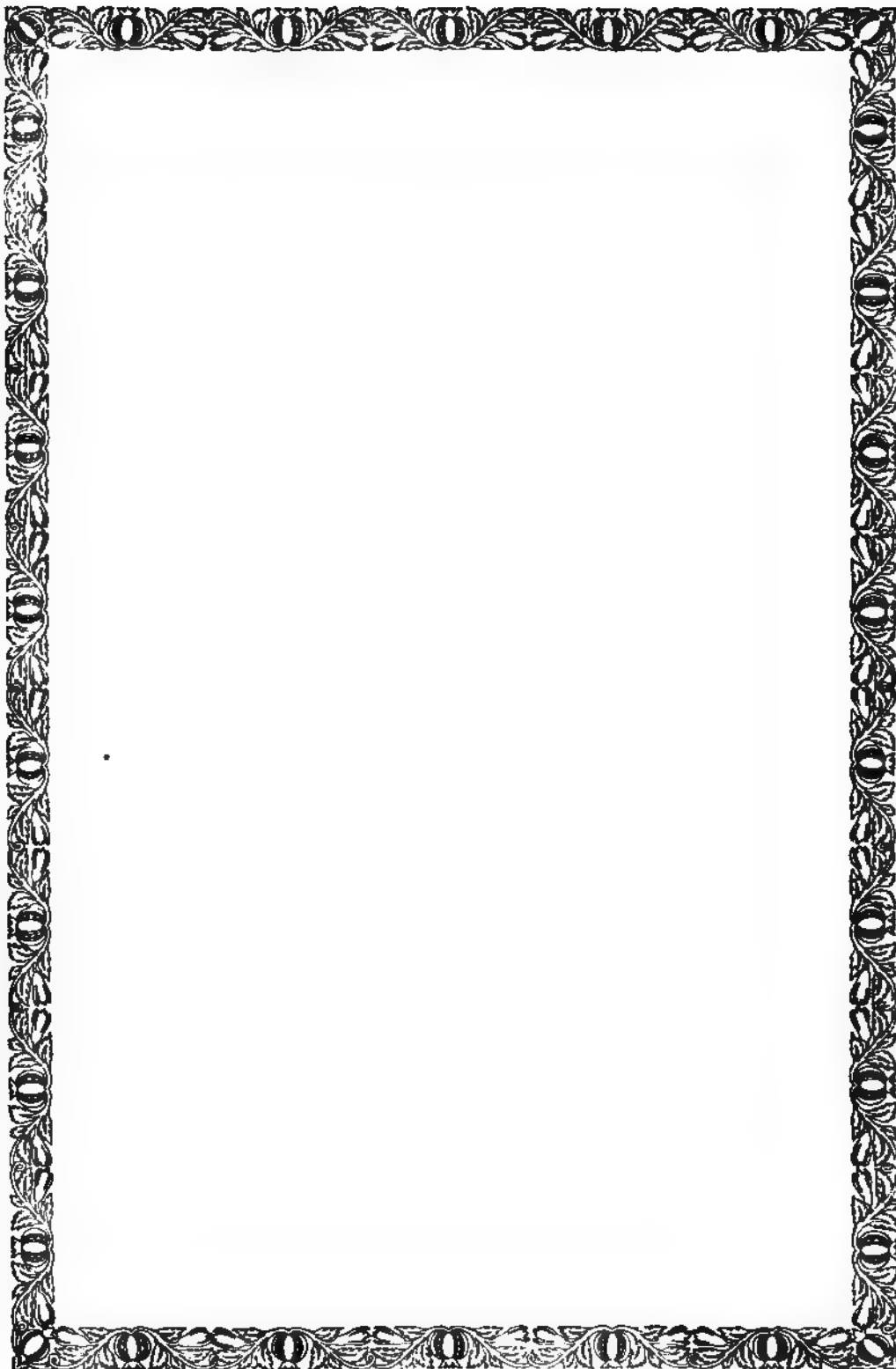
Friday morning, the 3d of June, and under whose authority were you acting?" I answered that the vessel came in under the authority of the commander-in-chief of the United States forces off Santiago de Cuba, and then asked for paper and pencil, and drafted the following additional answer: "Without in the slightest manner questioning the authority and the regularity of this interrogation, I must respectfully decline to answer in any way the first part of the question given until I have been informed by Admiral Cervera, by whose forces I was captured, and also by the English consul, who has been named to transact the business of the United States in the city of Santiago de Cuba, that they have been informed of this interrogation and of the nature of the question itself"; and then I added the request that my men also be not subjected to questioning till after the receipt of such information. I superintended the translation into Spanish as the secretary took it down from the interpreter. While withholding the information, the answer would make it difficult for the judge to make out a case of defiance of any legitimate authority.

The judge, in the meanwhile, had entirely changed his attitude. He ceased asking questions, and began a pleasant conversation, saying that he lived under the same roof as the British consul, who was a capital fellow. He rose, and we walked up and



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. G. MACALL.

BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT NEAR THE MORRO.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH OWNED BY THE REV. FATHER JOSEPH A. RAUTZ

CONTRAALMIRANTE PASCUAL CERVERA Y TOPETE.

down, conversing. He said that he put aside his official capacity, and asked if I had any objection to telling him personally if the vessel had come in without a pilot. I answered that it had. The difficulties of navigation seemed to strike him most. He had not seen the firing. "Will you not shake hands, as man to man?" he asked; and I gave him a hearty clasp. "I too am a naval officer," he added, "and have been detailed to this duty."

When the secretary was through writing, he also unbent, and the interpreter joined in, and on leaving the three were full of kind words.¹

The interrogation was never taken up again, though General Linares seemed to have been displeased with the result of it, for the next day he caused Admiral Cervera and the British consul each to write me an official letter, informing me that he was in supreme command at Santiago, and that he had the complete direction of the matter of the prisoners.

The judge did not go to the men's cell, but various persons asked them questions, Charette, who speaks French, being called up as spokesman. In one case a major, with imperious air and stern voice of command, asked what was the object of our coming in. Charette drew himself up, and said in a firm voice: "In the American navy it is not the custom for a seaman to know, or to ask to know, the object of his superior officer." The major was so much impressed that he stopped asking questions and offered Charette a cigar.

THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE.

THE day passed without further incident, excepting visits of courtesy from officers, as on the previous day. Having occasion to cross the courtyard, I took new observation as to the chances of escape; but it was as hopeless as in the cell, for a sentry accompanied me and the guards occupied the entrance, while on all the other sides the walls went down to great depths. When I would pass near my men's cell, they would look out at me through the barred window. As I went by, the soldiers sitting near would rise and salute with as much respect as for their own officers, if not more; they had probably been impressed by the visits paid to me. With the strict watch kept, it was evident

that there could be but little, if any, hope of escape, and that getting back to the fleet would have to depend principally upon exchange with prisoners taken at Manila or on some prize vessel.

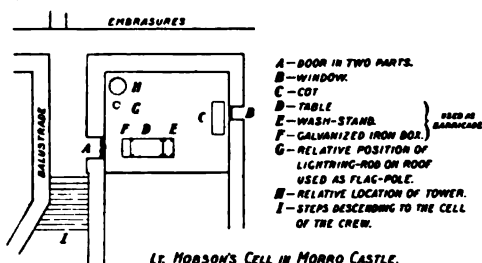
Sunday (June 5) passed like Saturday. In the afternoon I saw a white flag go out, as I had seen the first one go out on Friday, and later an officer came to say that General Linares had sent a flag of truce to inform the American admiral that the prisoners had been removed to Santiago city. It struck me at the time as rather strange that this notice should be sent while we still remained in the Morro.²

UNDER FIRE FROM THE AMERICAN FLEET.

MONDAY morning, June 6, came in overcast. Early coffee had been served, and I was sitting back from the door with thoughts sombered, probably by the weather, when, with a whizz and a crash, came the sharp crack of an exploding shell, followed by the vibrating peal of the eight-inch gun from which it was fired. Another whizz and crash and crack and peal, another and another, and then came the king of projectiles, a thirteen-inch, the air screeching and crackling as if vitrified.

I knew at once that a general bombardment had begun, and hastily examined the cell as to its protective features. The brick and mortar of the walls and the debris of the roof were more to be feared than the projectiles and their actual fragments.

At the first shot the sentry, as if he had been previously instructed, quickly closed the door, bolted and locked it, and ran away. I concluded that the splinters from the door would be preferable to the brick and mortar from the wall. It took only a few moments to determine the best measures to take. I pulled the table and the wash-stand in front



LT. HOBSON'S CELL IN MORRO CASTLE.

¹ The judge proved to be Lieutenant José Müller, and the secretary, Lieutenant Dario Laguna.

² The matter of this flag of truce has not been cleared up. After our exchange Admiral Sampson said he did not know of its coming out, or of the receipt

of such a notice from General Linares. But I could not have been mistaken. The judge had left in my cell a piece of paper and a pencil, and I noted the fact of the flag and of the message, these entries appearing with other prison incidents entered on the paper day by day.

of the door, end on, and stood the galvanized-iron box up on its side against the front end of the table, a little back from the door, to catch any splinters from it; then I crawled through the legs of the table, and lay face down, with my head just behind the box in the direction of the firing. The table and wash-stand together were long enough to cover my head, body, and part of my legs from falling debris, and the box screened the door. The principal danger lay from blows of brick and mortar which might be hurled obliquely by entering projectiles, and from the whole cell or wall beneath being blown out by a thirteen-inch projectile and falling and crumbling down the precipice.

My men, I knew, were less exposed, being farther back and down. The situation was simple, and nothing remained to be done but to await developments.

I knew what good marksmen our gunners were, and did not doubt that they would make quick work of the exposed parts of the Morro. The thought was scarcely formulated when a shock came that made the great mass tremble to its foundation. A heavy projectile had struck the wall facing the sea, and, penetrating, had exploded. While the pile still vibrated, a sea swell swept into the caverns below, and sent up a great, hollow, hungry roar.

A flood of bitter thoughts passed over me: "This, then, is the Spanish idea of honorable warfare—to place us here, and make our own men the executioners!" Then I began to study the phenomena with intense interest, locating by sound the vessels and the targets at which they were firing. It soon became evident that the batteries to the eastward and westward of the entrance were the principal targets, and that they returned the fire, though there appeared to be another target farther to the eastward. From time to time Morro itself would receive a shell; but it was not a principal target, and I concluded finally that Morro, which did not answer the fire, would not be attacked till after the batteries were silenced, and therefore decided that I would be justified in getting out from under the table to examine the phenomena from the window—to return as soon as Morro should become a target; so I came out, placed the cot into position, drew myself up, and looked out.

What sublimity of sight and sound! Our projectiles seemed like animated creatures in a wild chase, seething and screaming with rage, tearing to fragments everything they could touch in their mad flight, and keeping up a cloud of dust and gas about

the battery. The thirteen-inch projectile seemed to have a dignity all its own, as though aware of its mighty power. Exploding, it would raise a great yellow cloud of earth and debris, sending forked shafts of gas out and up for a hundred feet, while for many seconds afterward the fragments would continue to drop about Morro and in the water of the entrance. The first panoramic glance showed that the enemy was not replying, while it showed that the *Reina Mercedes* was on fire.

But I had scarcely begun the study of particulars when a projectile whizzed overhead, and another struck Morro with full force. "They have begun on Morro," I thought, and jumped down and crawled under the table. The fire seemed to slacken for a moment; then the enemy opened, and again the fire set in strong against the Socapa sea battery, and I came out, and climbed to the window once more, in time to see the crews of the enemy's guns leave them and run to a pit in the rear. Then I watched for the next lull. Sure enough, up they came again, and fired away. Then our guns reopened in full force, and again the crews retreated to the pit.

This occurred over and over; and then I realized, even more than in the bombardment of San Juan, that ships cannot destroy shore batteries without coming into machine-gun range. It is necessary actually to strike the gun itself in order to put it out of action. I saw some of our shells literally bury guns with dirt and yet do virtually no injury. Our marksmanship was excellent,—splendid line shots, that tore up the shrubs and earth along the whole front of the battery,—but I did not see a single gun disabled, and every time we would slacken, the Spaniards would come up and fire away. I understood how they could thus make the vaunted "last shot."

While absorbed in watching the Socapa southwest battery, a projectile struck the roof just over my head, exploded, and carried a pile of brick and mortar along, dropping it into the water. Once more I took to the table, only to come forth again after a few moments' reassurance, stopping this time to look through the small barred window of the door. The ships, however, were too close in to be seen, and there were only two men in the courtyard, down by the door of the cell of my men. I climbed up again, and became absorbed in the firing. I saw one projectile explode on the bow of the *Reina Mercedes*, which was already on fire. I wondered at the time if Captain Acosta were there, as he had told me it was his special

station. Another struck far over across Smith Cay, just in front of the *Vizcaya*. Another struck just in front of the *Merrimac's* foremast, close by a boat at the middle of a boom made up of spars and chains, which the enemy had constructed from Smith Cay to Churruca Point as an obstruction.¹ Several, one of them a thirteen-inch, hit Churruca Point, which was apparently mistaken by our gunner for Punta Gorda. Many continued to pass over my cell, and I wondered if our ships were trying high-angle fire over Morro into the harbor beyond. Finally one struck apparently in the cell next beyond mine on the same level, and for the third time I took to my barricade. This was the last time, however, for I felt that it was important to make full observation of the enemy's defenses, as it would probably be the only chance by daylight, and that I would be justified in remaining at the window until it was clearly demonstrated that the fleet had turned full on Morro.

While looking this time, I saw men come out from beyond Socapa, near the *Reina Mercedes*, and run along the path near the water to the batteries on the slopes. These were so effectually concealed that only when the men came out was I able to locate the pieces. Probably these were reserved for vessels that might attempt to run in, and it was because they did not wish our vessels to find their locations that they did not fire out of the entrance—even those that could. There must have been a false alarm of a vessel starting in, for the men came running along the path. Then one of our vessels must have discovered them, for soon there was a burst of shrapnel, sweeping the shoreline, and before many minutes the men ran back more rapidly than they came out.

INVENTING A PLAN OF ATTACK.

THE bombardment continued thus for about three hours, and afforded me ample time to impress on my memory the exact location of all the guns and an exact picture of the surrounding topography; and instinctively I began to evolve plans for taking the western side of the entrance, landing in the direction of Cabañas, advancing and placing artillery on the ridge beyond Socapa, opening upon the sea battery from the flank and rear, and making a night assault on all the positions of Socapa, coming down from above on those

of the slopes, extending the operation to boarding the *Reina Mercedes* from the starboard side, from which the guns had been removed, and destroying her if she could not be held under the fire of the enemy from Punta Gorda and the fleet. I believed that the battery to the eastward of Morro could be similarly taken from the rear. The work would have to be done quickly to avoid the difficulties of troops being massed to cut off the advance, and, in the case of the Morro side, troops could be sent down rapidly from Santiago city. On each side the guns would probably have to be destroyed and then abandoned. The main operation, the entrance of the fleet, might start at daybreak, and I set to work on the details of its entrance and of the tactics necessary to destroy the enemy's fleet most effectually.

Finally the firing ceased. I came down quietly, after closing my eyes several times to be sure that I could picture the scene with accuracy. I pulled the cot back, put the table and wash-stand and box in place, put on a clean pair of trousers, and was sitting unconcernedly rocking when the sentry returned and opened the door.

AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

SOON I saw the soldiers coming in, begrimed and fagged out, showing that the garrison had manned the eastern battery. Sponges and rammers were brought in, and I noticed that they were all for muzzle-loading guns. In vain I looked to see any gear from a breech-loader. The two guns nearest the Morro on the Socapa were breech-loaders, which appeared to be about six-inch, carrying the regular ship form of shield; and I concluded that they had been taken from the starboard side of the *Mercedes*. The guns on the slope of Socapa were so well concealed that it was difficult to determine just what guns they were. One, high up, had its barrel extending beyond a mask of brush, and seemed to be a four-inch. The main point with these guns, however, was their position, and after the continued observation I believed I could lead an assaulting party to them even on a dark night.

The kitchen, being on an exposed side, had been abandoned during the bombardment, and luncheon was late. Well satisfied with the morning's experience, I had a ravenous appetite, and thought the rice and frijoles excellent. I found, in course of time, that an appetite was the most difficult feature connected with the full appreciation of this ration. As the attendant brought the pans up,

¹ This boom was just above the sunken *Merrimac*, and was composed of two lines of spars and chains—the spars end on and breaking joint. I had first noticed it from the catamaran soon after daybreak.

he stooped and picked up something from the threshold. "What is this?" he asked. It was a piece of shell that had struck the door and fallen. I put it in my box, and asked him if my men were all right. He said they were, but that five men had been wounded in the Morro.¹

It appeared to me as rather singular that the Morro should not have been taken up as a principal target. Perhaps the other work had been enough for one time, and the Morro was reserved for another. Thinking over the matter during luncheon, I determined to make a protest against our retention in the Morro, and, with the pencil and part of the paper left by the judge, wrote an official letter to General Linares, protesting against such abuse, particularly when he had informed the American admiral that we had been removed; and I sent a similar letter to the British consul, adding that personally the experience of the forenoon had been interesting and valuable.

The afternoon passed. Toward sunset a shot was fired from the eastern battery, and the garrison rushed out. But it was a false

alarm. The sea in the caverns, which had all along made weird rumblings, seemed now to resemble particularly the shock of a heavy projectile, and again and again, until I went to sleep, there would be the startling sensation of reopening the bombardment, which each time would require the reassurance of my reason that it was only the sea.

About ten or eleven o'clock my door was thrown open, and an officer appeared in boots and spurs, covered with mud, showing under the dim light carried by an orderly.

"I have come," he said, "from General Linares, who has directed that the prisoners be transferred to Santiago, to start at daylight to-morrow."

"Very well," I replied; "have my men informed, and we shall be ready."

"The general wishes you to understand, however," the officer continued, "that this action is not due to your protest of this afternoon."

I did not reply, but smiled to myself as the officer left.

¹ I learned afterward that two of these men died. As to the firing on the Morro, I was informed by the admiral, after exchange, that he had directed the Morro to be spared, believing that the prisoners were there. Apparently the gunners simply could not resist such a target. My men told me afterward that, as soon as the bombardment began, the Spaniards hoisted a big Span-

ish flag on the lightning-rod over my cell, which my men could see from their cell. The regular flagpole is on the other side of the fort, and so far as I could learn a flag had not been hoisted on the lightning-rod before and was not afterward. Evidently the shots that kept passing over my head were efforts to bring down the flag, and it was probably one of these that killed the men.

(To be continued.)

HOW OTHER COUNTRIES DO IT.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUGGESTIVE RESULTS OF AN INQUIRY BY THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES INTO THE CONSULAR SYSTEM OF OTHER NATIONS.

BY GEORGE McANENY,
Secretary of the Civil-Service Reform League.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S LETTER.



IN the latter part of the year 1897 a circular letter was addressed by the Secretary of State, Mr. Sherman, to the ambassadors and ministers of the United States, calling for detailed accounts of the consular establishments of the countries to which they were accredited. The subjects for report were set forth with some elaborateness, being principally the manner of organization of the service, in each case, the methods of appointment and of advancement in grade, the amount and character of sala-

ries, allowances, and fees, the regulation of tenure, and the practice as to retirements.

The functions of consuls of other nations, governed, as they are, by the terms and usages of international law and custom, are substantially similar to those of our own. It was the purpose of these inquiries, obviously, to ascertain, through careful examination of the results of experience elsewhere, how the performance of such functions may best be provided for, and the interests of commerce and of the state best served.

The defects in our own system are very nearly, if not quite, as pronounced as they have ever been, while the need for radical improvement, it may be said with reason,

has at no time been so great. Whatever may be the issue of questions arising from the war; it is certain that our responsibilities and our influence abroad are to be increased, and that the measure of our success must depend very largely on the fitness and on the special training of the men to whom we intrust the management of delicate foreign relations, whether they serve in the diplomatic or in the consular capacity. Coincidentally, there has appeared a remarkable tendency toward expansion in our export trade, and the importance of placing the promotion of that trade in the hands of competent agents is appealing with new force to the merchants and manufacturers of the country.

Consuls are the commercial and business representatives of the nation abroad—little more. Their duties are numerous and complex, but, beyond all else, they are expected to assist in the direction and exploitation of trade, through the collection and report of information concerning local business conditions, and through whatever other means they may find practicable. They have to do with the political branches of the foreign service only in the sense that, where long training and experience have developed special aptitude, they may be transferred to the diplomatic service, and thus introduced to the broader career. The instances of such transfers in our own service are so rare that, except in the case of a few posts where the consul serves also as diplomatic agent or representative, as at Cairo, our consuls may be said to have positively no functions that are political. To change the whole personnel of the corps whenever there is a change in the political character of the government at Washington must be considered a proceeding no more sensible than would be the removal of the manager of every commercial house in the city of New York on the election of a Tammany or an anti-Tammany mayor. At the present time our practice in this respect must be regarded not only as an absurdity, but as a serious injury to our developing interests, the correction of which cannot with safety be long deferred.

It appears, therefore, that the venture of the State Department has been timed with singular opportuneness. If earnest measures of reform are now undertaken either by the executive or by Congress, the data contained in the responses to Mr. Sherman's circular will be found to be useful in the highest degree. The reports received have not as yet been made public, nor have they been transmitted to Congress. The writer has been en-

abled to examine them through the courtesy of the department. A brief analysis and review of their salient features may prove helpful to that discussion of the subject that seems bound shortly to come.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE EUROPEAN SYSTEM.

It is well understood that the development of the commerce of Great Britain has been due in great measure to the excellence of her consular service, and to the trained skill of the individual officers composing it. The ascendancy of British trade in the far East has been attributed by competent authorities to this single agency. Within the past several years there has been a marked growth in the trade of Belgium, due to like influences. Austria commands a disproportionate share of the trade of the East, because of her peculiarly efficient methods in training consuls for Oriental service; while the extension of the commerce of Germany—more recently, but perhaps more rapidly, than in the case of other nations—is ascribed, in part, to similar means.

While, however, prominence is given to the commercial functions of the Old-World consuls, account should be taken of the infinite variety of minor duties with which they, in common with our own consular representatives, are charged, and for the performance of which they must also be qualified. These include, for instance, the inspection of the business of shipping, to insure conformity with tariff regulations, the investigation of wrecks and salvage of property, the settlement of disputes involving questions of navigation and of maritime law, the protection of the interests of their fellow-citizens resident abroad, the certification of papers of the most diverse description, and the observation of military and naval movements in time of war. In semicivilized lands they have also judicial functions, presiding in the consular courts, and exercising extraordinary powers. The consul serves, in fine, as the agent and correspondent of the home country in all matters except those that belong to diplomacy. The prestige of the country, as well as the interests of its citizens, is intrusted in many ways to his care.

It is the theory of European governments that, in order to maintain an establishment worthy of such a place in the administrative structure, the officers composing it should be selected and trained as carefully as the officers of the army or navy. To that end it is their plan to select for the consular service young men whose qualifications have

been revealed by the severest tests, to offer to these the incentive of an honorable and fairly paid career, and to exact strict and faithful attention to the duties and opportunities of their positions as the one indispensable condition of retention and advancement. Favor or discrimination based on the political opinions or affiliations of the individual officers, either before or after appointment, is virtually unknown.

The candidate for appointment is required either to pass a strict technical examination, usually competitive, or to produce a degree from certain prescribed universities or schools as an evidence of ability; or, more frequently, to qualify in both these respects. Those who are accepted are usually assigned to probationary duty in the Foreign Office or at a consulate, or are subjected to practical tests of some other character, before the permanent appointment is made. Neither appointment nor promotion, when made through commission, is to a particular post, but to the grade; transfers within the grade follow in the discretion of the governing department. Suspension and dismissal are known as measures of discipline only, and the superannuated officer, when his service has been faithful and honorable, is usually retired on pension.

The schedules of compensation and the nature of allowances and fees are, of course, factors of the first importance in the modern consular organization. It is sufficient, however, for the purposes of the present paper, to note that in the normal European service the salaries paid are adequate to permit the consul to maintain a proper position in the community to which he is sent. Allowances generally cover his traveling expenses to and from the point of destination, and, in part, the expenses of his family. Customs differ in these matters, but, as a rule, the needs of the officer are well provided for, in transit and at his post, and the dignity of his government is rarely permitted to suffer by reason of his poor equipment or necessarily frugal style of living. Salaried officers, as a rule, are permitted to retain only unofficial fees, designated as such by regulation. Little opportunity is allowed for abuse in this respect.

THE UNITED STATES BEHIND.

THE system I have outlined is common to every nation of Europe except, possibly, Turkey. Outside of Europe it is established in Brazil and Argentina, and, among the independent states of Asia, in Japan. It is lacking in the minor South American re-

publics, in Persia and China, in Morocco, Mexico, and the United States.

In each European organization, as in our own, there is the division into salaried and unsalaried classes, and into grades of consul-general, consul, vice or deputy consul, and commercial or consular agents. The salaried officers (*consules missi*) are usually subjects of the government by which they are commissioned, and are not permitted to engage in private business. The unsalaried (*consules electi*), who are compensated wholly by fees or by allowances, are relieved from these restrictions, and are very frequently local merchants. The latter class, as well as agents, are selected generally by the superior consul in the district, who is responsible for their acts, and who virtually controls their tenure. It is the permanent class only—those in the “consular career”—that this article need consider. Though there is undoubtedly room for reform in other particulars, it is the question of correct methods of organization in the corresponding branch of our own service that calls for first solution.

THOROUGHNESS OF THE BRITISH SERVICE.

THE regulations governing admission to the British service are substantially those framed by the Earl of Clarendon in 1855. The amendments of 1877 and 1895 were not of a material nature. The ordinary means of entrance is either by direct appointment to the office of consul, or by assignment to a vice-consulate with the opportunity for promotion. Officers entering as full consuls are required first to pass an examination of the most rigid order before the Civil-Service Commission. It is to the searching character of that examination, as much as to any other one thing, that the excellence of the British service is due.

The candidate is required to satisfy the commission (1) that he has a knowledge of the English language sufficiently correct to permit of clear expression; (2) that he can write and speak French correctly and fluently; (3) that he has a sufficient knowledge of the current language of the post at which he is to reside to enable him to communicate directly with the authorities and natives of the place (a knowledge of German is accepted for the ports of northern Europe, of Spanish or Portuguese for those of Spain, Portugal, Morocco, and South and Central America, and of Italian for those of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea); (4) that he is familiar with the principles of British mercantile and commercial law relating to shipping, negotiable instruments, bills of

exchange and promissory notes, contracts for the carriage of goods, contracts of marine insurance, bottomry and respondentia; and (5) that he has such a knowledge of arithmetic, and practice in tabulation, as the peculiar duties of the office demand. Although it is not required in terms, as in the service of most Continental governments, that the candidate shall possess a degree, the examination in these subjects is so exhaustive that no one who has not taken a preparatory course in law and economics can hope to qualify. Those who are accepted are obliged, after their first nomination to a post, to spend three months at the Foreign Office, in order to acquaint themselves with the forms of business there. The assignment to consular duty is ordinarily to the lowest grade.

The examination for the British service is not competitive, though the character of the tests employed makes it virtually such. The candidate aims at a set standard of proficiency, and his whole preparatory experience, at college or elsewhere, may be said to be a competition with others whose aim is the same. In the examination for the grade of vice-consul the tests are less severe, but more diverse. The vice-consul serves for two years on probation.

A third means of entrance to the consular branch is by appointment, after competitive examination, to the position of student interpreter, either for the Levant or the Orient. It is the object of the Foreign Office to place in Eastern consulates men who not only are masters of the local language, but who are equally conversant with the English tongue, and devoted instinctively to the interests of the government at home. Open examinations are held periodically, at the Foreign Office, to secure young men whom the government will educate for this career. Those who pass successfully are entered at designated institutions of learning for a special course of two years in Oriental languages. A salary of two hundred pounds annually is paid, to cover the cost of living and tuition; but the student gives a bond of five hundred pounds to the government to cover the loss that would be involved should he leave the service, or be dismissed for misconduct, within five years. On graduation he is appointed at once to active service. If stationed in the Levant, he cannot advance to the grade of vice-consul or consul until he has passed a further examination in the civil, criminal, and commercial law of Turkey, and in the history, language, and mode of public administration of the

country in which he has resided. The higher posts in the Eastern branches of the service are filled almost exclusively by the promotion of officers of this class.

The head of the consular service is the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; but, as in this country the consular reports are largely for the information and guidance of the Treasury Department, so in England there is an active though indirect connection with the Board of Trade.

The discipline of the British service is never relaxed, and it is effective, moreover, from the day that the consul reaches his post. The plan of inspection is comprehensive and strict. Each officer is expected not only to familiarize himself with the consular regulations and the instructions of the Board of Trade, but with those acts of Parliament that bear on the consular functions or on relevant matters, and with the laws and commercial usages of the country in which he resides. His skill in mastering these subjects, and the results of the practical application of his knowledge, in his official acts and relations, and in his reports to his government, are carefully noted. On these considerations, coupled with length of service, his advancement depends. The encouragement to zealous endeavor is constant. There is never a fear of unmerited displacement, and there is, finally, the prospect of a moderate pension as a reward for faithful service, which is a feature of the military, naval, and foreign service alike in nearly every European state.

The results secured by the British system, in both character and efficiency, are too well known to need review.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

THE organization of the service of Austria-Hungary is in many respects unique. Nominally, appointments are made by the Emperor, on nomination by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In fact, the system of selection is automatic, the candidates coming, without exception, from a series of competitive examinations.

The first examination is for the position of consular attaché, and consists of papers in general law and political economy. Those who are accepted serve a year of apprenticeship in the offices of one of the departments, where full opportunity is afforded for the study of the functions and relations of the several branches. A second examination follows, the subjects of which are somewhat similar to those prescribed for the British

service, with the added requirement that the papers are to be written in the French, German, and Italian languages, according to assignment. The candidate passing this test is next assigned to a court of civil and criminal procedure, to serve for a year in a clerical capacity, following which he is required to spend a final half-year attached to one of the principal chambers of commerce or boards of trade within the empire. In the latter position he is expected to become acquainted with the manufactures and material resources of the district, and with the general methods of business at home. He is required to attend all meetings and special inquiries of the chamber or board, and to keep a journal not only of their proceedings, but of his personal inspection of factories, mines, warehouses, and transportation facilities, and of his observations concerning the direction of trade and the opportunities for the development of new markets at home and abroad. His journal and reports are transmitted regularly to the commission in the Foreign Office that is charged with supervision of attachés, and the selection of his post abroad depends upon the special fitness he has shown. Once assigned to active service, his career is the usual career of the European consul, and his opportunities for creditable and valuable work are unlimited.

Candidates for the Eastern service are educated at the Oriental Academy at Vienna, an institution founded by the Empress Maria Theresa, in 1754. The courses here are open on equal terms to every Austrian or Hungarian youth who seeks admission. The tuition fees are light, and there are many scholarships. The curriculum includes the usual branches of law, commerce, and civil administration, with the addition of the Oriental languages and Turkish history and government. Graduates are admitted to the final examinations for appointment as consuls without the preliminary apprenticeship, but they are not exempted from the half-year with a board of trade.

ITALY.

THE service of Italy is organized on a basis similar in many respects to that of Austria. There are in the consular career two classes of consuls-general, two of consuls, and three of vice-consuls. Beneath the lowest of these is a class of volunteer consular clerks (*ap-plicati volontari*), who are appointed after a competitive examination, and who serve without pay until their first promotion. There is no means of entrance save by this volun-

tary probationary service, but the positions are esteemed as posts of honor and are much coveted. Examinations are held once in each year; they are widely advertised, and the examining board, composed invariably of distinguished administrators, is appointed by public decree. Applicants must hold a degree of law or a certain rank conferred by a military academy. The examination is as comprehensive as that in Great Britain, and is conducted, as in Austria, in the French, German, and Italian languages. The successful candidates, when detailed abroad, are allowed a small sum annually for expenses, but they must prove by documentary evidence that they have sufficient means to provide for their ordinary support until such time as a promotion to a vice-consulship may be expected.

Attachés for the diplomatic service are selected through the same examination, and are appointed in virtually the same manner. A certain number of the successful competitors, electing either career, are sent by the government to the School of Oriental Languages at Constantinople, to be trained in the special requirements of the Eastern service. The diplomatic and consular services in Italy, it may be added, are closely connected in practice as well as in theory.

GERMANY.

THE present consular service of Germany had its origin in an imperial decree of 1871. There has been little change in the system since. Both the professional officers (*Berufsconsul*) and those of the merchant class (*Wahlconsul*) are appointed by the Emperor, on nomination by the Foreign Office, and all commissions (*Patente*) are signed by him. The candidate for the career must, however, either have passed the first examination in law, as required by the statutes of the federal state in which he dwells, and also have been employed for three years in the civil service or at the bar, and for two years in a subordinate position in the consular service; or he must pass a rigorous special examination prescribed for the purpose. In Germany, as in every other country where military service is compulsory, the candidate must have served in the army for the prescribed term before entering any examination.

FRANCE.

THE present French service was established in 1836. It has always been singularly efficient, but since the reforms effected by M. de Freycinet, in 1880, has produced its best results. The first appointment is to the

grade of attaché, for which there is a competitive examination. The candidate must possess a diploma as bachelor of arts, science, or law, or must have graduated at L'École des Chartes, the Superior Normal School, L'École Polytechnique, the School of Mines, L'École des Ponts et Chaussées, the School of Arts and Manufactures, the School of Forestry, or at either the military or naval schools, or he must hold a commission as an officer in the army or navy. The examination is elaborate, and includes the writing of a thesis. From among the successful ones the Foreign Office selects both diplomatic attachés and consular pupils. The latter are required to pass one year in the Home Office and one year attached to a prominent chamber of commerce or board of trade, as in Austria. After a third probationary year abroad, another examination must be passed, including among its subjects the customs legislation of France and of other countries. The appointment that follows is to the post of vice-consul (*consul suppléant*), after which, at the termination of at least three years in each successive grade, promotions follow in the normal manner.

THE REFORM IN BELGIUM.

THE excellent system of Belgium is of comparatively recent establishment. "As in the United States," writes Minister Storer, "the absence of fixed rules for appointment and promotion had finally shaken the confidence of the commercial world in the fitness of the agencies appointed to protect its interests abroad." This consideration induced the Department of Foreign Affairs, three years ago, to consult the leading Belgian commercial body, the Conseil Supérieur de l'Industrie et du Commerce, as to more practicable methods of reform. A complete scheme of reorganization was reported by this council, approved by the department, and placed in effect by a royal decree of September, 1896. All appointments are required to be after competitive examination. Candidates must possess a certificate of proficiency in commercial and consular duties from the Institute of Commerce at Antwerp, where special courses have been arranged, and a degree in law or science from any one of a number of prescribed colleges and schools. A knowledge of French, English, and German is noted as "indispensable." The appointment is to the grade of vice-consul, from which promotion is allowed after a service of six years. The excellent results following the gradual reform of the Belgian service have

attracted attention the world over. Voyages of commercial exploration have been undertaken under the direction of the bureau. A museum has since been founded, similar to certain institutions of the sort established by private enterprise in the United States, for the exhibition of samples of the products of each trading country, and of the varieties of home products most readily salable in such countries. The men who enter the service and who aid in this work are trained for the promotion of trade, and their success has already been the subject of an enthusiastic report to the Chamber of Deputies from its central committee.

THE NETHERLANDS, SWEDEN, RUSSIA, SWITZERLAND, TURKEY.

THE service of the Netherlands is similar, in its essentials, to that of Belgium, competitive examinations being conducted once in two years by a royal commission. The tests are of the usual character, and the apprenticeship preliminary to absolute appointment is not lacking. In Sweden the names of candidates are submitted for approval to the local elective boards of merchants, at principal seaport towns. In Russia the university degree or military rank generally takes the place of an examination, but original appointments are to the lowest grades, and advancement is for merit. In Switzerland, where the merit system is as firmly established as in any part of Europe, none but the specially fit are considered, and the Departments of Foreign Affairs and of Railroads and Commerce are consulted in the selection. Both Spain and Portugal have the open competitive system. The colonial service of Spain has been notoriously inefficient, but it is a tradition that her diplomatic and consular organization has, in the main, been spared the corrupting touch of spoils politics, and kept well in line with the foreign establishments of other governments.

It seems, in fact, to have become generally recognized that it will not do to trust the commercial affairs of a great nation in any measure to officers who cannot hold their own in the general competition. A failure on the part of any European government properly to safeguard these interests would be followed by indignant public protest. Turkey seems to be the one exception to the common practice of careful administration. Candidates for appointment as full consuls in the Turkish service must possess licentiate or bachelor degrees from the Imperial Civil School. For supernumeraries

below the grade of consul there is even a competitive examination, the candidates for which must present a degree from the Imperial College of Galata-Serai. But in none of the other features of the service is there any semblance of the merit plan; promotions and removals are made usually for the reasons that govern such changes in the United States.

JAPAN, BRAZIL, ETC.

JAPAN, the newest of civilizations, and Brazil, the newest of republics, have each an admirable system, based on the competitive plan, and resembling closely the European standard.

Among nations having no permanent trained force there are varying practices, down to that of Persia, where appointments are sold to the highest bidder, and where, in lieu of salary, the consul is permitted to extort from his compatriots whatever amounts in fees they can be induced to give up. Among the South American republics there are cases, here and there, where an excellent officer is appointed from business life; but these cases are exceptional. Minister Loomis pays a warm tribute to the efficiency of the Venezuelan consul-general at New York, but, in his general reference to his subject, adds that, "owing to the manifest defects of the system, Venezuela, like the United States, has employed in her consular service at all times a few men who enter it solely for purposes of gain, and who add nothing to its utility or good repute."

THE UNITED STATES.

THE defects in the consular system of the United States have figured as a matter of public discussion for many years. They have been set forth in the messages of the Presidents, reviewed in a multitude of congressional and departmental reports, treated in magazine articles and standard works on administration, and deplored in the formal resolutions of every commercial body of consequence in the country. The result, to the present time, is virtually nothing. The system stands uncorrected.

The story is a familiar one, and need not be rehearsed at any length. It is pertinent to note, however, that the consular service of the United States is still "in politics"; that appointments are made virtually without regard for technical training and without the requirement of either a knowledge of languages or the possession of a degree or diploma of any sort; that advancement or retention depends generally on political or per-

sonal favor; and that with each change of the party in power, or about as often as the new consul, through training, becomes fairly useful, there comes the inevitable "clean sweep," and the appointment of a new set of hastily selected and usually green men.

Candidates are nominated, as a rule, by local political committees or by members of Congress. They are selected most frequently from among those who have been useful to the "party" in the business of "practical politics." The appointment by the President and confirmation by the Senate are, in most cases, perfunctory—a mere ratification of the actual nomination. The non-competitive, or "pass," examination prescribed in some cases is, as I shall explain, perfunctory also.

After confirmation the appointee is supposed to spend a month at Washington in preparation for his duties; in fact he rarely passes more than two or three days at the State Department, beyond the time employed in securing his credentials and other necessary papers. The salary paid during that month is justified in a sense by the fact that the government does not provide for the expense a consul meets in traveling to his post; otherwise it would be, in a measure, a gratuity. Once actually introduced to the service, the new officer finds that there is virtually no opportunity for advancement as a reward for faithful work. The grades are meaningless. Salaries are not proportioned to the importance of posts; they are notoriously inadequate, and are fixed or changed through the influence of individual congressmen as often as on the recommendation of the Secretary of State. There is no probability of retention beyond four years, and little inducement for that careful attention to duty that is expected of a man in a career. Such a system, in its very nature, is incapable of well-developed efficiency. It is as far removed from that of Great Britain or of Austria, in the one direction, as it is from that of Persia in the other.

There are, of course, in the American consular service, officers who are deficient in neither ability nor patriotism. A new man, now and then, enters upon his work with such energy that he manages to master its details and to be of real service before he is dismissed. A few others, who happen to be of particular value in emergencies, or whose posts are unhealthful, and for that reason little sought, are permitted to serve beyond the usual period, and thus to gain a fair measure of training. But whatever there is of good in the system is there in

spite of it, not because of it. To get the best service from a force that is poorly put together in the beginning, and that is torn apart every four years to be reorganized in the same unsatisfactory manner, is beyond possibility.

There have been few attempts at reform, and none, certainly, that has been successful. In 1864 provision was made by act of Congress for a corps of thirteen consular clerks, to be appointed after competitive examination and trained for permanent service. This was to be the beginning of a clerical force, such as that of the British Foreign Office, from which promotions to consulships might be made. But some of these clerks have grown to be old men, serving for thirty years without a change of status. One who accepted promotion was removed at the next succeeding change of administration; the nomination of another was rejected by the Senate. None is willing now to give up the security of his clerical post; this has been the end of the experiment.

In September, 1895, at the instance of Secretary Olney, an executive order was put in force prescribing non-competitive examinations for consulships having salaries between twenty-five hundred and one thousand dollars annually. Experience had shown, in various branches of our civil service, including the consular service itself, that such a plan, when unaccompanied by permanence of tenure and by the exclusion of political influences, must prove ineffective. Mr. Olney's rules, too, have failed of their purpose. Under their terms, a number of subjects of examination were prescribed, corresponding in some respects to those employed in examinations abroad, but lacking in many important particulars. The most claimed for them was that they marked "a step in the right direction." For a while this claim seemed to be justified. During the year 1896, of thirteen candidates subjected to the prescribed tests, eight passed and five were rejected. One whose fitness was shown to be exceptional was given a more important post than that for which he applied. The qualifications of all of the successful ones seemed to be of a higher order.

When, however, the periodical reorganization began, in 1897, the examination was somewhat modified. The list of subjects set was further reduced. A candidate now is rarely required to answer more than twelve

or fifteen questions, all told, and these relate principally to the definitions of the duties of consuls, contained in the printed "Consular Regulations." A copy of this volume is furnished in advance, and the process of preparation is, consequently, a very simple one.

From March 3, 1897, to the corresponding date in 1898, one hundred and twelve candidates for appointment were examined at the State Department, and though several were given lower posts than those they sought, there was only one who failed. It will be seen that, as a measure of reform, the plan in question cannot be taken seriously.

The "clean sweep" certainly proceeds with as little interruption as in the past. During the first year of his second administration Mr. Cleveland appointed a greater number of new consuls than had Mr. Harrison; and Mr. McKinley, during the corresponding period, has appointed more than did Mr. Cleveland.

Since March 3, 1897, and up to November 1, 1898, the changes in the grades of one thousand dollars' salary and above numbered 238, in a total of 272; with 21, in a total of 48, in the grade below.

It should be borne in mind that the evils in our system are of long standing, that they have passed into custom, and that the responsibility for their existence cannot be laid at the door of one political party more fairly than at that of the other. It is apparent, however, that, as a consequence of the added importance that has been given to the question by the recent turn in national affairs, responsibility must be charged directly, in future, to whatever party in power shall fail to act.

The choice of measures will be, at any time, a simple matter. The President, fortunately, can put into operation such reforms as he may choose, through his own independent action. Congress may aid him with legislation, but in the absence of such legislation his constitutional prerogative is sufficient. His action would not necessarily be binding upon his successor, but there can be no doubt that a proper system, once instituted, would be supported so strongly by public opinion that its continuance would be assured. Certain it is that the party or the administration which shall first place the consular establishment of the United States on a footing with those of other great nations of the world will give to our commerce an inestimable advantage and win distinction.

THE CAPTURE OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

BY WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. V.,

Commander of the Expedition.

At the time I assumed command of the forces assembling at Tampa, Florida, I had almost completed my thirty-seventh year of service in the army. At twenty-six I had gone to the Potomac as first lieutenant in the Seventh Michigan Infantry.¹ That was in June, 1861. A year later I was wounded in the battle of Fair Oaks,² and after I recovered was commissioned a major of the Nineteenth Michigan, raised under the new call for three hundred thousand men, and assigned to the West. Early in 1863, during the reconnaissance toward Spring Hill, I was captured by Van Dorn,³ and held in Libby Prison till May 5, 1863. I was then exchanged and promoted, commanding my regiment for a time as lieutenant-colonel. In April, 1864, I was made colonel of the Seventeenth United States Colored Infantry. My regiment was with Thomas at the battle of Nashville, Tennessee,⁴ in December, and took part in the pursuit of Hood's defeated army into the northern part of Alabama. It was mustered out of service February 15, 1865, at Nashville. After the increase of the regular army, in July, 1866, I was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-first Infantry, and sent to the Rio Grande, serving in Texas

until 1879. I had command of the troops along the Mexican border during the troubles of 1877 and 1878, and made some acquaintance with the Spanish character and language. I was appointed colonel of the First Infantry in March, 1879, and served thereafter in the West until the army was concentrated in the East on the prospect of trouble with Spain.

When I took command at Tampa on May 2, 1898, I relieved General Wade, who was my junior in the regular army; but upon our appointment as major-generals eight days later, under the law which says that where officers have the same grade and date of commission the one who has served longest as a commissioned officer shall rank, he became senior to me and resumed the command. In the Civil War he had joined the volunteers two months earlier than myself. However, as it had been decided that I should lead the first expedition to Cuba, General Wade was transferred to the camp at Chickamauga, and on May 20 I was again in charge. Five days later my command was designated as the Fifth Army-Corps.

My selection for command had been made on the recommendation of the major-general commanding the army. In a conversation with General Miles he explained to me that

¹ General Shafter was asked by the editor to outline his army experience as an introduction to his narrative of the Santiago campaign. It is proper to state that the following foot-notes, derived from the "Official Records" of the Civil War, have been added without his suggestion or knowledge.

These extracts are of interest as indicating the ground of his transference from the volunteers to a grade nearly as high in the regular service.—EDITOR.

² General Dana said in his report of that battle: "Lieutenant Shafter, Seventh Michigan Volunteers, in charge of the pioneers, who was slightly wounded, but kept the field, furnished beautiful exhibitions of gallant conduct and intelligent activity."—EDITOR.

³ The battle of Thompson's Station, March 5, 1863. Fourteen hundred men were captured by an overwhelming force under Van Dorn and Forrest. Colonel Utley of the Twenty-second Wisconsin, a part of whose command retreated, said in his report: "It gives me pleasure to say that the officers and men of the Nineteenth Michigan behaved gallantly. I saw them repulse several charges where the enemy outnumbered them three to

one. All this time the Eighty-fifth and Thirty-third Indiana had been engaged in an almost hand-to-hand fight with a greatly superior force. . . . There never was a time after the battery and cavalry had deserted us that we could have broken from the hills without being cut to pieces, neither could those that escaped have done so if it had not been for the obstinate resistance of those they deserted." General Baird reported: "The bravery of the little band, surrounded and captured, was so conspicuous as to elicit the applause of the enemy himself, and we are informed that Colonels Coburn [in command] and Gilbert and Major Shafter of the Nineteenth Michigan were permitted on this account to retain their horses and side-arms." In the Nineteenth Michigan, about five hundred strong, twenty men were killed and eighty-three wounded.—EDITOR.

⁴ In this battle Colonel Shafter's regiment, for the first time under fire, lost sixteen killed and sixty-eight wounded. Colonel Morgan, the brigade commander, reported: "Colonel Shafter, Seventeenth [United States Colored Infantry], acquitted himself well, in cool and brave, and a good disciplinarian."—EDITOR.

when he and the Secretary of War were in consultation with the President he pointed to my name as his choice of a leader for the contemplated movement. This was to be a reconnaissance in force to the southern coast of Cuba, in Santa Clara province, where I was to put myself in communication with General Gomez, supply him with arms and ammunition, and ascertain the number of his men and their positions, it being supposed that the insurgents could not show their actual strength until they had real support. There was a great lack of information about Gomez's forces, and our first effort was intended to develop the amount of dependence to be placed on Cuban coöperation. As we were to get off as soon as possible, I began preparations on taking command, and on May 4 asked that Generals Lawton and Kent be assigned to me, and directed that the transports be prepared for the reception of troops and animals. But that particular expedition was abandoned upon receipt of the news that Cervera had left the Cape Verde Islands, for all the ships of our navy would be required to look after the Spanish fleet, and none would be left to convoy us.

Meantime troops and material were arriving constantly; the volunteers were being drilled; and, on my order, facilities were created on the merchant transports for the greater convenience and comfort of the men. Even on May 21 some of the regiments were without arms or uniforms. Target-practice was ordered, it having been found that three hundred in the Seventy-first New York had never fired a gun. An attempt was made to place artillery on the transports for protection against attack, but the plan was futile. On May 24, in urging the requirements of the force, I expressed the belief that the first battle would probably be the decisive one.

On May 30 we were called upon to act promptly, it having been telegraphed from the headquarters of the army: "Admiral Schley reports that two cruisers and two torpedo-boats have been seen in the harbor of Santiago. Go with your force to capture garrison at Santiago, and assist in capturing harbor and fleet." This despatch, which, among other directions, said, "Limit the animals to the least number required for artillery and transportation, as it is expected that you will go but a short distance inland," was signed by General Miles, who left that evening for Tampa. During the loading and embarkation he and I were in daily consultation, our offices being under the same roof.

We were undertaking an offensive military expedition, by sea, against a foreign enemy—something that no officer in our army had ever had any experience with. Our facilities were limited, and our depot greatly congested, because the business exceeded by far the usual demands on the railroad. It was not a question of procuring everything that a theorist might say such an expedition ought to have. The emergency was there. I took what was at hand that could be got into the ships that were furnished me, selecting the material according to our prospective needs and the relative necessities. On June 3 I reported to the adjutant-general the non-arrival of the medical stores, and said: "In my opinion, the expedition should not sail without them." We did not go without them, but we were being urged to make all possible haste, which we were doing, and the next day I telegraphed in regard to the causes of delay in loading. The officers having the work in hand were not at fault. They were experts and did their work well. In shipping the artillery to Tampa, the parts had been so loaded that by a confusion of cars there was much trouble in assembling the parts; this, however, was done, and the artillery was run down to the port, where it was again taken apart and properly stowed on ship-board. It is not true that any of the artillery arrived in a confused state at Daiquiri.

There was not room for all the troops we wished to carry; therefore the transportation and animals had to be limited to the lowest point of necessity. General Wheeler's cavalry division was put on board without horses. They were trained troops, drilled to fight on foot, and much more effective than the volunteer troops I would otherwise have taken. Our main supplies were to be carried by pack-trains. I had never seen a good road in a Spanish country, and Santiago did not disappoint my expectations. Only a limited amount of artillery was taken, because I knew that the Spaniards in Cuba did not rely on that arm; and, in fact, their entire defenses at the city were armed with seventeen old-fashioned muzzle-loading bronze guns, eight short breech-loaders, two rapid-fire Krupp guns, and, I believe, two machine-guns landed with the detachment from Cervera's fleet. In my present opinion, we could have done without half the artillery we carried. The wagons were as few as possible, but they occupied so much room that when it came to ambulances it was a question which should be left behind. I decided to take seven ambulances with the first fleet,

and to rely in part upon wagons to carry the sick and wounded. I knew that on muddy roads wagons could be made as comfortable for the wounded as ambulances, and that the wagons would do double service, carrying supplies to the front and the disabled to the rear. As a matter of fact, ten additional ambulances were shipped with the troops that sailed two days after our departure, and they arrived on June 26, so that we began the serious attack with seventeen ambulances, enough according to our expectations; but we did have more wounded than was anticipated. In the embarkation I had ordered that all the litters should be carried by the troops as they boarded the transports.

On the evening of June 7 I was ordered to sail without delay, but with not less than ten thousand men. For lack of transportation, General Snyder's division had to be left behind. General Bates's two regiments of regulars and one squadron of cavalry with their horses had arrived on transports from Mobile, and formed part of the expedition. The orders to sail were given on the 8th. I was on my way to embark on the *Segurança*, my headquarters ship, when I received a despatch directing the expedition to await further orders. A tug was despatched to recall some of the transports which were nearly out to sea. It was reported by the navy that Spanish cruisers had been seen in the Nicholas Channel. While it is supposed that the rumor arose from some of our vessels mistaking one another at night, I never doubted the wisdom of the halt, and would rather be at Tampa now than to have sailed with rash indifference to a reported danger. We waited a week, utilizing the time to shift some of the troops, perfect our equipment, and take on more forage and rations. It is not true that the ships were dangerously overcrowded, though of course there was some discomfort, or that the delay impaired the health of the men. In turn they were put ashore for exercise, and were given every facility for bathing, and most of the transports were kept tied to the wharves.

The actual sailing took place on June 14, with 815 officers, 16,072 enlisted men, about 1000 mules, and a similar number of horses. Captain Taylor of the battle-ship *Indiana*, in command of the convoy, had entire control of the sea management of the fleet, and each

transport carried a naval cadet as signal-officer, as the cadets were well instructed. The decision as to what the transport fleet should do rested with me. To provide for the anticipated difficulties in landing the expedition, two barges and three tugs were taken, which were ample. One of the tugs, the *Uncle Sam*, I believe never left Tampa Bay, though why I have never learned; another tug, the *Bessie*, suffered a breakdown in her machinery and remained at Key West; and one of the barges, in tow, broke away in the night. Owing to these accidents, we arrived off Santiago with only one barge and one steam-lighter, the *Laura*, and were seriously embarrassed thereby.

Otherwise, everything went well on the voyage. A number of Cubans were with the fleet. On my ship was Dr. Castillo, a former surgeon in the navy, who was born and brought up near Santiago, on the very ground we were to operate on, and as a boy knew it well; there was also a civil engineer by profession, who had been reared in the city of Santiago; but neither of these men had been there for some years. The latter had done surveying over the ground and was practically familiar with it. They did not know the coast very well. I was frequently in consultation with them, and was constantly studying the situation. These men were familiar with all the conditions, topographical and climatic. I had a pamphlet giving a history of the English expedition against Havana, made at the same season of the year, in 1761; I knew that the same climatic conditions were to be found about Santiago that existed in Havana; and I had no doubt that very soon we should be confronted with all the diseases incidental to that climate, and my experience verified it absolutely. The English had the same difficulties to contend with in rains, diseases, etc. Of the expedition which besieged Havana from June 6 to August 12, 1762, it is recorded that "the loss of the English army and navy exceeded 1790 in men and officers. The greater part of them died of sickness which raged both on shore and aboard ship." The losses sustained from the same causes¹ by the colonial troops, which formed part of the expedition, were also very heavy.

The description given in the "Journal of carried away two thirds of our fine army. Twenty thousand men were dead or dying in the hospitals. The new regiments lost half their number within twenty-four hours after landing. The crews of the vessels were also cut off, leaving the remnant of these brave men no means of escape."—W. R. S.

¹ The French expedition sent to Santo Domingo in 1801 was still more disastrous. Napoleon himself, in speaking of it, says: "I armed thirty ships and sixteen frigates, which carried successively about twenty-five thousand men to Santo Domingo. . . . In the meantime yellow fever broke out among our troops, and in three weeks

the Siege of Havana" corresponds very closely to the way in which the men of my own army were stricken down, though our losses were very much less, as may be seen by the following comparison: The English army numbered 14,000 men, our army 20,000. From the date of our arrival in Cuba, June 20, to August 24, at which time the last of the Fifth Corps left Santiago, 13 officers, 296 men, and 9 civilian employees died of disease; 24 officers and 226 men were killed, 83 officers and 1214 men were wounded, only 13 deaths resulting from wounds received in action.

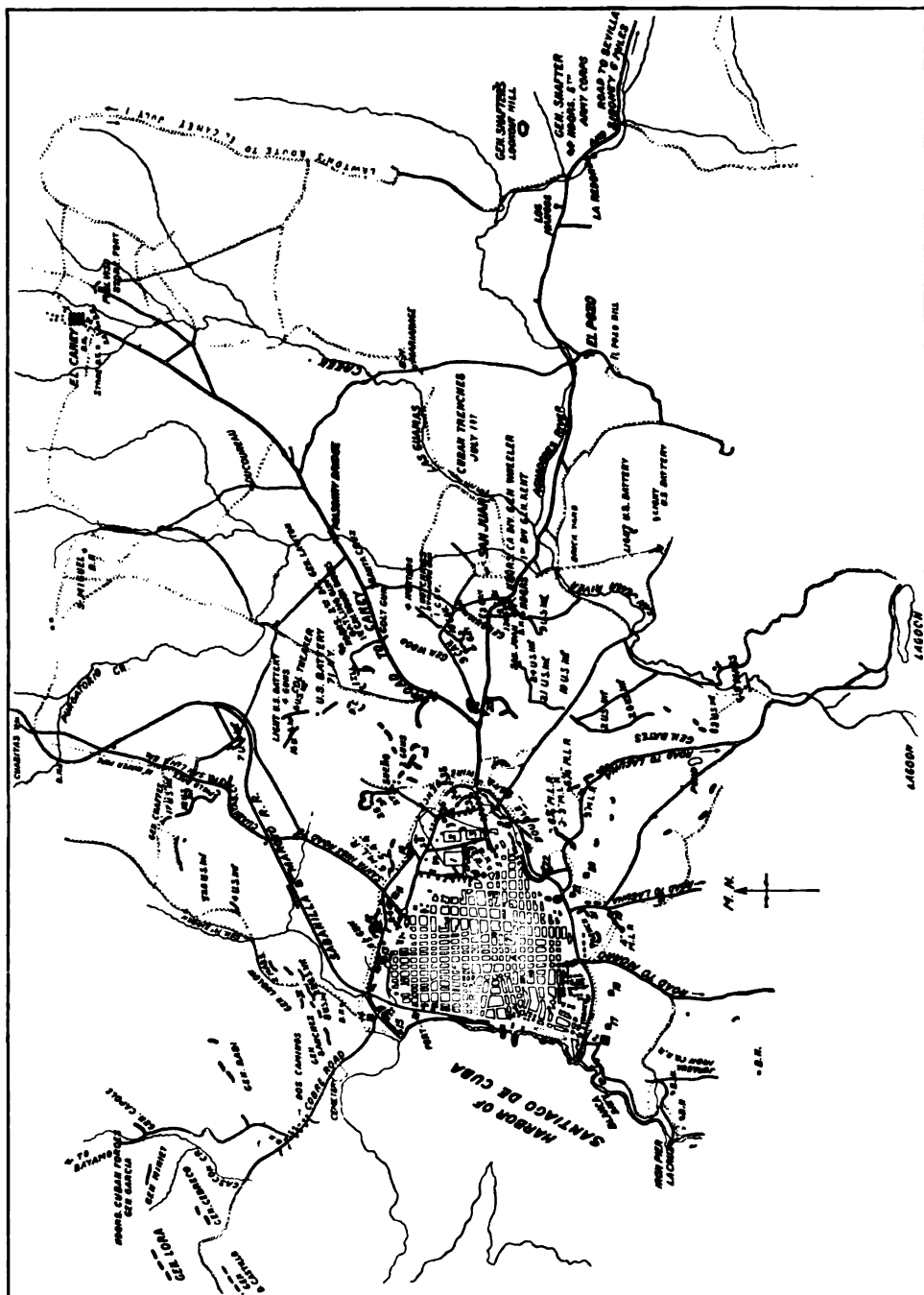
We made quick work of it. The English were much longer and suffered proportionately. I estimated that the troops would have immunity for two or three weeks, and to be successful with my force it was to be a dash or nothing. I carried with me on the *Segurança* the foreign military attachés, together with a few of the newspaper correspondents, who in all numbered about a hundred. Lieutenant Miley of my staff had general charge of them. Personally, I came very little in contact with the correspondents. It is my opinion that newspaper men should not be allowed to accompany an army, but they all came with credentials from the Secretary of War, and I gave them passage. I recognize that, with a people like ours, it may be better to risk the injury their news even under censorship may do than cause the dissatisfaction their exclusion would give rise to at home. So far as my observation extended, most of them were disposed to do what was right; they used a wise discretion and obeyed the regulations. Two or three of them at the outset in Cuba were willing to instruct me in my military duties, but were not encouraged, and since then, with military intuition, have made more ado over my alleged shortcomings than the army did over its work.

Proceeding without incident, we rounded the northeast coast of Cuba and arrived off Santiago about noon of June 20. Admiral Sampson met us, came on board my ship, and said that he was glad I was there. We arranged for the afternoon a visit to General Garcia at Aserraderos, west of Santiago. The admiral and I went in my ship, and off Aserraderos transferred to the *Gloucester*. Near the landing-place the admiral took me ashore in his boat. We each rode a mule up a trail for a mile and a half into the hills, where on a thickly grown height we found General Rabi's camp. The Cuban troops, such as they had, were turned out and lined up on each side. They were in rags and half

naked, but were well armed, and looked intensely interested over our coming. Their camp was a weird sight, composed of huts that could be put up in an hour and vacated in a minute. It resembled an Indian cantonment in disorder. I saw no pickets, but supposed there were such, for there was evidence of discipline.

General Rabi received us, and sent in haste for General Garcia, who was back in the hills. He came in half an hour and greeted us warmly. He declared that he was profoundly grateful for the action of the United States in sending us there, and that he placed himself and his men at my disposal. He appeared to be considerably affected in telling how happy he was that we had arrived, and that he looked forward to the speedy delivery of his country. I explained that I had no authority to enter into any arrangements with the Cuban forces, other than to avail myself of their assistance when they chose to give it. I told General Garcia that I could assume no authority over him, and that he would be under me only so far as he chose to yield to my orders. He simply assented, and said that he was ready to do anything and everything in his power. I told him, however, that while he cooperated with me I would furnish him ammunition and rations, but that was all. I was favorably impressed by Garcia's earnestness and honesty of purpose. He was intensely interested, as well he might be, for he saw that the military as well as the naval power of the United States had come to assist in the deliverance of his people. All that Garcia said in that interview as to his troops and the disposition of the Spaniards proved to be accurate, and all his promises were kept to the extent of his ability.

As I was there to get information and advice on which to base my plans, we gathered in General Rabi's hut and talked for about an hour, from three to four o'clock in the afternoon, or thereabouts. I asked that a guard be placed to keep out intruders, and in the midst of the conversation had to ask Lieutenant Miley to remove a person who had edged in, and who proved to be a correspondent. Garcia advised me to land to the eastward of Santiago, on account of the natural conformation of the ground. I could see for myself that eastward there were towns with some facilities for landing from ships, while westward there was nothing of the kind—a bold coast thickly wooded and covered with a dense undergrowth. We had only a rough, inaccurate



A, Plaza: cathedral on the south side; governor's palace and municipal building on the north side.

1, Military hospital.
2, Reina Mercedes barracks.
3, Conch barracks.
4, Old cemetery.
5, Plaza de Marte.
6, Santa Ana Church.
7, Artillery or Dolores barracks.

8, Civil hospital.
9, Fort La Pedrera.
10, Fort St. Ines.
11, Fort Cuabitas.
12, Fort San Antonio.
13, Bull-ring.
14, Fort Yara-yo.
15, Slaughter-house.
16, Gas.
17, Fort Gasometer.
18, Fort Horno.
19, Fort Centro Benetico.
20, Fort Las Calladas.
21, Fort Beneficencia.
22, Fort Santa Ursula.
23, Fort Canovar.
24, Trenches.
25, 6½-inch muzzle-loading rifle.

26, 6-inch m.-l. r.
27, Two 3½-inch m.-l. r.
28, Trench.
29, 6-inch breech-loading howitzer.

30, Two 3½-inch m.-l. r.
31, 6-inch m.-l. r.
32, 6-inch m.-l. r. and two 3-inch m.-l. r.
33, Two guns.
34, " "
35, " "
36, " "

MAP OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF TROOPS IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE SIEGE.

pencil-sketch of the ground and roads east of Santiago, and I questioned Garcia fully as to the roads and streams, and the character of the country. Our conversation related wholly to military questions. Immediately upon the conclusion of the conversation, I dictated to Lieutenant Miley a memorandum, given below, embodying my decision as to place of landing and attack. A copy of this was taken by Lieutenant Staunton of Admiral Sampson's staff, and the part to be taken by the Cubans was fully explained to Generals Garcia, Rabi, and Castillo. The information as to numbers was inaccurate, but it was given as the opinion of the Cuban officers, who had the best opportunities for knowing. Admiral Sampson listened to all the conversation and heard the memorandum read, but had no suggestions to make that I recall.

NOTES ON CONFERENCE BETWEEN GENERAL SHAFTER AND GENERAL GARCIA.

ABOUT 12,000 Spanish soldiers at Santiago and vicinity. Spaniards can concentrate at any moment about 4000 on the west. Proposal made of a feint of 3000 or 4000 men at some point west of Santiago de Cuba, and then land expedition at Daiquiri and march on Santiago. Plan proposed for General Castillo to have about 1000 men at Daiquiri, while navy bombards, and will capture escaping Spaniards. General Shafter then proposed a plan, that on the morning of the 22d he would have the navy bombard Daiquiri, Aguadores, Siboney, and Cabañas, as a feint, and land whole expedition at Daiquiri. About 5000 Spaniards between city and Daiquiri. General Garcia says Daiquiri is the best base, and General Shafter accepts it. The following numbers of Spaniards were then given by General Castillo: force at Daiquiri, near wharf, 300 men; at Siboney, 600 men; Aguadores, 150 men; Jutici, 150 men; Sardinero, 100 men. It was then decided that General Castillo will take on board the transports 500 men from Aserraderos, to be landed at Tajababo and joined to his command now there and 500 strong; with this 1000 men he will be at Daiquiri and assist at landing on the morning of the 22d. General Rabi will, on 22d, make a demonstration at Cabañas (to the west) with 500 men, while navy shells. It was then decided by General Garcia to bring his men, about 3000 or 4000 strong, from his camp near Palma to Aserraderos, and be ready to embark on the transports the morning of the 24th, and then be taken to Daiquiri, to join General Shafter. To-morrow (the 21st) navy will make transfer of 500 men to Tajababo, under General Castillo; 500 men under General Rabi will make demonstration on Cabañas on the morning of the 22d.

The above plan, made at Garcia's headquarters, was put into action as arranged, except that Castillo's thousand Cubans were

two hours late in coming up behind the Spaniards at Daiquiri. We had no refreshment at General Rabi's headquarters except an excellent cup of coffee. Garcia said they were straitened for food, and I sent two thousand rations ashore immediately upon my return to the *Segurança* that night. Though they had a few beef-cattle, their main dependence was wild fruits and palm sprouts; they were virtually "grazing." General Garcia was very friendly in the leave-taking. We walked to the foot of the hill, mounted our mules, and rode to the beach. Rabi had his troops all out lining the road and presenting arms. There was a sequel to the incident of the eavesdropping correspondent. Later he approached Lieutenant Miley with an urgent request for an interview with me, claiming that if only he could lay before me information which he possessed I would change the plan I had formed for a better one. Lieutenant Miley asked, "How do you know anything about General Shafter's plan?" to which there was no response, whereupon Lieutenant Miley added that no interview could be had.

During the 21st, five hundred of Rabi's Cubans were carried by the navy east to Tajababo to join Castillo's five hundred, and the fleet got in position to make the landing the following morning. Some of my transports with General Kent's division went west to threaten a landing at Cabañas. Early on June 22d I wrote to Admiral Sampson:

I shall commence landing this morning. It is my intention to proceed from Daiquiri to Santiago as rapidly as I can and take some of my land transportation. The animals are in absolute need of some rest, and for that reason I may not get very far to-day. I request you keep in touch during the advance, and be prepared to receive any message I may wish to transmit from along the bluffs or any of the small towns, and to render any assistance necessary.

Soon after coming on board the *Segurança*, some of the naval officers suggested that, in their opinion, the first thing to do was to drive the Spanish troops from the Morro and Socapa batteries, thus enabling the navy to remove the mines in the harbor; but after my interview with General Garcia, and having seen the character of the shore on my way down to Aserraderos, I regarded this as entirely out of the question. My plan as announced at the close of the interview and in the above letter makes it clear that I regarded Santiago, and not Morro, as my true objective, the latter necessarily falling with the former. There could have been no

misunderstanding as to my purpose. My instructions enjoined upon me, in the first part, to "capture garrison at Santiago," and the military situation would of itself have compelled that effort. It was reasonable to suppose that the Spaniards in the district, if given time, would concentrate to oppose me. In a dash for the city I had the advantage over most of the Spanish detachments. Nearly three thousand from Manzanillo got in on July 2, but thereafter I was between the envired garrison and the thirteen thousand at Holguin and San Luis; troops from the former place are said to have started for Santiago, but were discouraged by a Cuban attack. But on other grounds the idea of moving first against the Morro was not to be considered. It was protected by a rugged piece of country, devoid of water, densely covered with a poisonous undergrowth, and so impenetrable that the railroad running obliquely from Aguadores toward Santiago, and a trail, would have been the only means of making a circuitous approach. Two regiments were as many troops as could be utilized there in aggressive operations. In the operations against Santiago, General Duffield, with his troops at Siboney, was directed to guard against any movement from Aguadores on our base. On June 30 he was ordered to make a feint at Aguadores, to detain the Spanish troops in the vicinity. This movement was well executed. By capturing the garrison of the city, everything to be desired would follow, as in fact it did. When the fall of the city appeared imminent, Cervera's fleet was ordered to sea and was destroyed by Sampson's fleet. If he had stayed he would have had to surrender his ships or blow them up, surrendering his men. It is nonsense to say he could have kept us from occupying the city. He might have wasted his ammunition in pounding the town where his own people would have been, in case we had captured it by assault, but the ground was such that we could easily have protected ourselves and taken position to clear his decks with musketry fire, and even bring artillery to bear. He tried to help the defense, in the only practicable way, by having a thousand of his men ashore during the battle of July 1 and 2. He could not have kept me from completing the investment of the town, and then his doom would have been sealed, as Blanco well knew when he ordered him to leave, in the belief that the town must fall.

On account of the sending of the transports with a part of Kent's division to Cabañas, and the activity of the navy at different

points, the Spaniards could not anticipate the real place of landing. On the second day ashore, the 23d, I telegraphed to Washington: "The assistance of the navy has been of the greatest benefit and enthusiastically given. Without them, I could not have landed in ten days, and perhaps not at all, as I believe I should have lost so many boats in the surf." This last referred to the fact that Admiral Sampson gave us the use of his small boats, manned by sailors, and his launches. Unfortunately, two men were drowned in the landing. They were thrown into the water at the Daiquiri pier, and were carried down by the weight of their ammunition-belts. This little pier, forty feet square, was of great use to us, but could be approached only by the barge and small boats, as the water was shallow, and not at all when the water was rough. It was put into condition to answer our purposes for the first emergency. Very soon a pier was extemporized at Siboney, which shortened the supply-route by eight or ten miles.

I had determined to land at both Siboney and Daiquiri, but as I had been led to believe that there was a considerable force at Siboney, and that Daiquiri, being farther away, naturally would have a lesser force, I thought I would disembark Lawton's and Wheeler's divisions at the latter place first and move them to the rear of Siboney, thus forcing any Spanish troops at Siboney to leave. We approached the shore, the warships leading and keeping up a well-directed fire on the town, the hills, and up the valley, wherever anything could be seen, or wherever troops might be concealed. That there were troops there in some numbers is not to be disputed, from the fact that immediately upon our approaching the town flames burst out, beginning at the row of houses nearest the water, and extending toward the interior. The transports were brought in as close as possible, from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half of the shore, and were concentrated as near the point of landing as safety to the ships would permit. The boats from each of the ships were lowered; the small boats that had been lent from the admiral's fleet were put in strings of five or six, with a steam-launch in front of them, and the men immediately filled them and were all ready to start for the shore upon the cessation of firing. When the signal was given, everybody started with eagerness, and in a very short time a large number of troops were landed and on the way toward the interior. From the deck of my ship I saw the first American flag go up on a blockhouse

overlooking the bay. It was a little flag, where obtained or by whom raised I do not know. We had a few flags that I had secured in Tampa for raising in the towns, but we did not have them at the front until the day after Santiago fell. I borrowed a small flag from General Wheeler's headquarters to raise over the city. The navy thought it strange we did not at once raise a flag on the Morro, but we had none to raise until two days later. We were not carrying extra baggage. When we had occasion for the flags, we sent for them.

The first day of landing was beautiful. In the morning the sea was calm, but there was some surf. I went ashore early, and was ashore every day to see that everything was going rapidly and systematically, while still having my headquarters on the *Segurança*. I knew the necessity for getting rations on land, especially as captains who had sailed on that coast told me that we were liable any day to have tornadoes. If a storm should arise without plenty of supplies ashore, great suffering would follow, and if the storm lasted long enough, disaster would ensue, as there were no supplies to be had in the country. For that reason I remained behind at first to attend to what I regarded as the only serious problem of the campaign, and it was not until I had on shore three days' supplies more than the daily needs that I considered my command safe. During that time I had no anxiety for the troops. Division commanders were required to make strong encampments and to guard well against surprise, and I twice rode out to the advance camps to inform myself by personal observation as to the situation. The landing of the two divisions of Wheeler and Lawton was completed on the second day, the 23d, when we began to unload the animals, all of them being landed at Daiquiri, as well as the greater part of the forage. The side-hatches were opened, and the animals were pushed out on a platform and into the sea. Men accustomed to handle mules know that they will always follow the bell-mare, usually a gray mare. Our men adopted the trick of walking up and down the beach, ringing a bell. The mules responded to the sound, and when a number were herded on the beach the mules could see them, and others getting out of the water, and headed for shore. Many were towed by boats until they were near the shore, and then were turned loose. The horses were taken off in the same manner, but with more difficulty, for they would not respond to the bell. The two thousand

mules and horses were landed in about two days, with the loss of only twenty animals, a success which I regarded as wonderful, considering that there was a heavy surf on the second day.

From my experience in scouting, I knew something of the danger of putting animals in the water. Once, in Texas, when I had occasion to cross the Rio Grande into Mexico, I took the horses of four troops and rushed them down into the water, where the current immediately carried them against a bluff on the Texas side. The horses began at once to swim round in a circle, which is called "milling." There were three hundred horses in the water, swimming as close as they could get, and trying to get back to our side of the river. They would rise, throw their fore feet against the perpendicular cliffs, falling back into the water, and then join again in the milling. We had previously crossed two or three horses to a sand-spit on the Mexican side. Finally some of the herd, discovering them, started across, and the other shore was gained without the loss of an animal. But I was greatly concerned at the time, for, not long before, General Gibbon, in moving the Second Cavalry across a stream in Wyoming or Dakota, had drowned two companies of horses, and I thought I had lost my whole outfit when I saw them swimming in a current so strong that they could not get back.

The unloading of the wagons began immediately after the animals and three or four ambulances had been taken off. As soon as a load of wagons came ashore they were set up, teams hooked on, loaded, and started for the front. The transports were loaded and unloaded with great care and good judgment by Colonel Humphrey, one of the ablest quartermasters, who thoroughly knew his business and was indefatigable in his work, assisted by Captain James McKay, a ship-captain of great experience. We had valuable assistance in the disembarkation from Captain C. F. Goodrich of the navy. A few vessels were sent back to the United States before they were unloaded, because they could make the trip and return with troops before the rations and forage they contained were needed. They were in effect floating warehouses utilized as troop-ships. A ship with fresh beef on board steamed back to New York, carried troops to Porto Rico, and returned to New York, still with a lot of beef on board which was in perfect condition. No stores were spoiled by reason of sending ships back. Ships having perishable stores were unloaded first, and we had more of that class

of stores than could be handled during the absence of the ships that were sent away. The unloading of the subsistence stores was in charge of Colonel Weston, who gave it his constant and personal attention, and who had the lighter *Laura* at his disposal, with orders that it should not be taken for any other purpose whatever. There was transportation enough to take stores away as fast as they could be unloaded, but it was ten days before we got three days' rations ahead at the front. One pack-train was assigned to each of the three divisions, one was reserved for the carrying of ammunition, leaving one for emergencies. As soon as the wagons were all on shore and a little surplus had been brought up, a portion of the wagons and about half the pack-trains (three additional trains having arrived) were kept at headquarters under Captain Plummer of my staff, to be used whenever they were needed, the other wagons being assigned *pro rata* to the divisions. In the latter days of the siege I was feeding 20,000 of our soldiers, 5000 Cuban soldiers, and 15,000 to 18,000 refugees, issuing about 40,000 rations daily.

Respecting the medical department of the army, a commanding officer never supervises a requisition for medical stores at military posts or anywhere else. That is purely professional. The medical officer makes all requisitions, and forwards them direct to the medical department or to the surgeon-general at Washington, a general in command in the field furnishing the means of transporting the medical supplies. At the disembarkation, I supposed that each regimental surgeon would take his medicine-chest in the boat with him; a few did, but the majority left them behind, and there was considerable trouble to get them ashore and to their owners. I directed that the first three wagons set up should be devoted to carrying these medicine-chests of the regiments to the front. The chief surgeon reported to me that at no time did he have as full a supply of medicines as he required, and on four separate occasions he reported that the medicines were virtually exhausted. On one of these occasions he recommended that the medical stores be taken from the Spanish military hospital. This I declined to permit, and I directed him to take from the drug-stores in Santiago such medicines as he could use. In moving the wounded and sick to the rear immediately after the battle I could have used more transportation, especially if there had been another road, but the disabled reached the rear

as fast as they could be cared for at the general hospital. Captain Plummer went every morning to the hospital to supply such transportation as was needed. I had a thousand men at work the greater part of the time on the road from Siboney to the front, and to prevent the road from becoming blockaded an order had to be issued, with a guard put on to enforce it, that wagons should not leave the front after nine o'clock in the morning, and at Siboney wagons should not be permitted to leave for the return trip until after eleven o'clock in the morning. The wagons leaving the front before nine would reach Siboney before the start was made from there; this was necessary, as it was impossible in many places for wagons to pass each other.

My orders for the landing of the expedition provided that the men and material needed to take possession of the country should be put ashore before the non-combatants. This did not please the enterprising correspondents, who had to obey the order to "remain aboard ship until the landing be accomplished, and until notified they can land." A writer who considered that his prominence entitled him to a special set of military regulations came to me and asked that he and two or three of his colleagues be excepted from the orders. I told him that all of the correspondents would be treated alike. He objected, stating that he and his friends did not belong in the general class; that their work was of a higher order and entitled them to the favor of being put ashore separately and in advance of the others who were on the *Olivette*. I replied that all the correspondents would be treated alike. While this interview did not disarrange the plan of march on Santiago, it was apparent later that such a trifling incident might have a marked effect on the course of military history.

After the army already landed was well advanced, that part of Kent's division which had remained aboard off Cabañas, as a feint, was landed at Siboney, but not until Young's brigade of the cavalry division had had its brush with the Spaniards at Las Guasimas on June 24. I had intended that Lawton should keep ahead, but in going into camp on the previous evening some of the cavalry had moved on in the search for suitable ground. They were in the lead, therefore, when the march was resumed, and in attacking the well-placed Spanish column of observation did so with a knowledge of its position and after proper dispositions had

been made. There was no ambush as reported. The engagement, though unimportant, had an inspiring effect on the army, showing as it did that the Spanish troops could not stand against us. It proved to the men that they could whip the Spaniards if they could get at them. When I received, on June 25, General Wheeler's report of this fight and of his subsequent advance beyond Sevilla, I at once wrote: "Keep your front thoroughly picketed, and also your right flank, and well in advance, but do not try any forward movement until further orders. From where you are now, or approximately there, I wish to advance in force, and will not move until the troops are well in hand. I will see you to-day there." Again I wrote him on the 26th: "I had expected to join you to-day, but there have been so many things that needed special attention that I could not do so. I mean to come to-morrow. Do not advance, but have the country to the right and left of the road carefully reconnoitered. I especially desire to know if there is a short cut to the right of Caney, as I believe it will be a good plan to put a division in there and assault the town on that road."

The same day I sent this message to Admiral Sampson:

I shall, if I can, put a large force in Caney, and one perhaps still farther west, near the pipe-line conveying water to the city, the ground in that vicinity being less brushy than that between the bay and the San Juan River, making my main attack from the northeast and east. If I can get the enemy in my front and the city at my back, I can very soon make them surrender or drive them toward the Morro. You will hear my guns, of course, and can tell about where the action is taking place. I will be obliged if you can prevent any reinforcements crossing the railroad at Aguadores, but without destroying the bridge, as I may need it. I wish to express to you again the many obligations the army is under for your assistance. I have not, as yet, as much forage or rations ashore as I would like to have, but cannot delay for them any longer.

On the 27th reinforcements were beginning to arrive, and I wrote General Wheeler: "I will not feel justified in advancing until I get them on shore. The government seems to be very solicitous about us, and it is possible they have information we know nothing about." I urged him again to learn if there was "any means of moving a division off to your right, bringing it at El Caney, a good point, from which I do not believe we will be expected." On June 28 I telegraphed the Secretary of War:

I have not yet unloaded the siege-guns, but will do so as soon as I can. I do not intend to take them to the front until we are stopped or need them. It is going to be a very difficult undertaking to get them up, and if attempted now would block the road. I have four light batteries at the front, and they are heavy enough to overcome anything the Spaniards have. If we have to besiege the town I will get the guns up. The advance picket is now within two and one half miles of Santiago. Officers making reconnaissances were within one and one half miles to-day and met with no opposition.

On June 30 we were ready to strike, and the last preparations were made. Our advance was strongly posted at El Pozo, where the road ran near and parallel to the Seco River, which supplied us with water. My headquarters were established a little way back near a creek, and not far from the junction of the trail which led north to El Caney. This made the position a convenient one during the battle, and as it could not be bettered at any time I remained there until the surrender. When we pitched our tents we were about a mile from the pickets, with the greater part of the army behind us. Between our position and San Juan there was a dense forest coursed by the river and by a branch running from El Caney. Colonel Derby of the engineers and his officers had been making a topographical study of the ground in our front. The result of their work was brought to me every night, and it amounted to a careful reconnaissance of the forest before the battle. Consequently we knew that the ground to be operated on was as difficult as could well be, since movement was hardly possible except by the road to San Juan and the trail to El Caney. The Spaniards had not tried to keep our scouts out of the forest, and from the start we had found no signs of an aggressive defense.

In the afternoon of the 30th the division commanders were summoned to headquarters, the cavalry division, owing to General Wheeler's illness, being represented by General Sumner, commanding in Wheeler's absence. I explained my plan to be to put a brigade on the road between Santiago and El Caney, to keep the Spaniards at the latter place from retreating on the city, and then with the rest of Lawton's division and the divisions of Wheeler and Kent and Bates's brigade to attack the Spanish position in front of Santiago. Both Lawton and Chaffee were of the opinion that they could dispose of the Spaniards at El Caney in two hours' time; therefore I modified my plan, assigning Law-

ton's whole division for the attack of El Caney, and directed Bates's independent brigade to his support, that there should be no lack of force, and directed them, after taking El Caney, to march by the road southwest directly on Santiago until they came up to the right of Sumner, who would be deployed between the San Juan and El Caney roads, with Kent completing the line to the left of the former road. They were experienced officers, who only needed to know the general plan, which was simple, and as Kent and Sumner both had to go forward by the single main road it seemed possible, if all went well, to suit the action of the latter to Lawton's progress; but, as events turned out, they were sent forward independently of him.

Lawton's division marched during the night by the trail toward El Caney, accompanied by Capron's battery and Bates's brigade. His fire was heard at about six o'clock, and when the two hours were up I began to feel anxious. From a hill half a mile north of my headquarters I had a good view with my glass of the Spanish position at San Juan, and could see the progress made by Lawton as indicated by the smoke. After another hour it was clear to me that Lawton had more work cut out for him than he had counted on, and I decided to send the main column forward, as they were already under fire. They understood that they were to assail the Spanish blockhouses and trenches as soon as they could get into position, for there was no longer any intention of waiting until Lawton should come up on the right.

The field-telegraph had been extended to El Pozo, where Colonel McClernand, my adjutant-general, was stationed; Lieutenant Miley was with the advancing column; Major Noble was with me, employed in communicating with Lawton, to whom he made two trips during the day; Captain Plummer and Lieutenant Brooke had charge of the matter of getting ammunition and rations forward, and my other staff-officers attended to various duties. At ten o'clock Miley sent this message by courier:

Since writing last note have gone forward one quarter of a mile, about, and overtaken Colonel Sumner. Colonel Carroll's brigade is ahead, and Colonel Wood's brigade has its head with General Sumner. General Sumner has halted Colonel Wood and ordered Colonel Carroll to move to the front and attempt to turn to the right at the river. Where I am writing the earthworks are visible at one thousand yards, and it is feared that the fire of rapid-fire guns will be directed down this road. It is suggested that the light batteries at El Pozo at once open fire upon these

works with shell, and keep up the fire until the troops come into danger from our fire. Captain Howze has just returned, and says he has been about five hundred yards beyond the San Juan River. Colonel Carroll's whole brigade is across the river, he reports, and ready to turn to the right. General Kent is waiting with the head of his column one half mile to rear. Everybody is cool and determined. The two light batteries should be kept back to avoid confusion in the rear if a reverse is suffered.

McClernand, who first received the message, added, "Fire by battery ordered," meaning Grimes, who was at El Pozo, and forwarded it to me. The following message from McClernand to Miley indicates the situation at about half-past ten as seen from El Pozo: "Your message saying you are at crossing of San Juan received and sent to General Shafter. The rear of the infantry column is now here. I have told General Shafter we are complying with his order for Kent and Sumner to fight all their men if they can do so to advantage. From present firing I think Lawton is at it hard. Don't let him fight it out alone." Shortly afterward he added: "The troops should press on in front. The men standing along the road are being hit by bullets." There were sharpshooters in trees, undoubtedly, to prevent our advance. I do not think that there were any sharpshooters in the rear of our lines. The Mausers have a range of more than two miles, and it was dropping bullets which gave this impression. Later I received this despatch from Miley: "While we seem to have a good deal of ammunition yet, a quantity must be pushed forward to the San Juan River at once. The heights must be taken at all hazards. A retreat now would mean a disastrous defeat."

From my position on the hill I could see every movement of the advancing column, the troops going into position, and men crawling back and forth in the grass. As the fight progressed I was impressed with the fact that we were meeting with a very stubborn resistance at El Caney, and I began to fear that I had made a mistake in making two fights in one day, and sent Major Noble with orders to Lawton to hasten with his troops along the Caney road, placing himself on the right of Wheeler. When the order reached him, the troops were in the act of making the final charge; nothing could stop them, and when that charge was over, the fight at El Caney was won. It was then near evening. Lawton advanced immediately down the Santiago road, and after crossing the San Juan River was attacked. It was

dark, and he could not know what he had run into, so he halted and sent word of the situation to me and asked what he should do. I knew the necessity of having him on the line at Wheeler's right in the morning, and sent a courier to him with orders to retrace his steps to El Pozo. During the halt his troops got a little rest, but after midnight they retraced the road taken the previous night, passing my headquarters, and moved to the front on the El Pozo road, and were placed on Wheeler's right. This movement was completed about noon on the 2d. Bates's brigade had been sent back earlier in the evening and had taken position on Kent's extreme left. When we consider that their rest on the night of June 30 had been destroyed by the preparations to go to El Caney, and the march, that they had been engaged in battle all day, and then had marched eleven miles in the dark over rough, muddy ground, the fatigue of it can well be imagined. It was a most remarkable and arduous performance. The untiring qualities of Lawton's men were illustrated by an incident told by a correspondent, who, as they were coming in, observed a corporal of the Twenty-fifth Colored Regiment carrying one of the pets of the company, a little dog, in his arms. He said, "Corporal, did n't you march all night before last?" "Yes, sah." "Did n't you fight all day yesterday at El Caney?" "Deed, I did." "Did n't you march all last night?" "Yes, sah." "Then why are you carrying that dog?" "Why, boss, the dog 's tired."

We had met with such a stout resistance that I expected a fierce struggle on the morning of the 2d. The chief problem was to get Lawton on the line, and to intrench the position we had gained.

Shortly after two o'clock of the afternoon of July 1 I received this message from McClermand: "If you have a troop of cavalry or a company of infantry to spare, they can do good work out here stopping stragglers. This does not imply any reverse at the front, but the firing was probably hotter than some like." Soon after, I received a cheering message from Miley, dated 2:05 P.M.: "Undoubtedly we have the heights. The artillery must be pushed forward at once and strongly intrenched by night. I believe the road is clear, unless Bates is in the road. The Gatling guns and the Hotchkiss guns have gone forward, likewise dynamite-guns. I believe they are on the hill now. Ammunition must be brought forward, and food for the men. We will strongly intrench on the hill to-night. Every-

body in good spirits, determined and cool. General Wheeler is with me, and I have read this to him. Send forward intrenching-tools at once." Toward four o'clock came this, dated 3:20 P.M.

Our men are probably one mile from the river, pushing the enemy, and will certainly have taken everything on the hill. Captain Best's battery is now on the hill, and second battery must be rushed forward with all possible despatch. A train of 45-caliber ammunition has just passed, and caliber 30 ammunition must be pushed forward with energy. Also get food forward, and fresh troops, if any can be spared from General Bates's brigade. Our men are going to be too tired to dig much to-night. So far as I can learn our losses are not great.

When this passed through McClermand's hands, he ordered forward Grimes's battery, which had been held near him. I went to El Pozo, and McClermand advised Miley as follows:

The general was just here. By his order I sent directions to Kent and Wheeler to intrench at night-time and hold position. General has ordered Lawton to press the enemy; I hear him driving them, I think, near Ducrot House. He says he will send on ammunition and rations. I will send, by the general's directions, another battery.

I ordered Colonel Derby to gather up the intrenching-tools and attend to the distribution of them. He got them to San Juan Hill about midnight, and the men worked in relays until morning. There was plenty of ammunition still, but more was got to the front. Rations were scarce, for the men had generally taken off their haversacks in going into action, but pack-trains and wagon-trains of food were sent to the front during the night. During the evening of July 1 I sent the following despatch to Colonel McClermand:

I wish the four batteries put in position to-night where they can open on the town at about four o'clock in the morning and simply knock down those buildings in front of them. Ammunition, rations, and intrenching-tools, all that we have, I send up. Lawton has captured Caney and will join before daylight on the extreme right, bringing a battery with him. We ought to knock that part of the town to pieces in a short time. Communicate this to both division commanders.

Some of the guns opened in the morning, but as there was insufficient cover for them they were withdrawn and placed at El Pozo. Every available man was put on the line. It was plain that the Spanish position at the apex of the city, nearest us, was very strong, and that an assault would result in great loss of life. A fierce fusillade was kept up

intermittently, and the strain from the heat, fatigue of battle, and loss of sleep was tremendous.

Garcia had been sent with his whole force round the city to the northwest to intercept the Spanish reinforcements. On July 2 he advised me of his position by courier, and I replied at once:

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your note of this date. General Lawton could not get through last night without returning by the road he went to El Caney. He is now in the right of the line near Santiago, and his right must be near you. General Pando is expected with five thousand men. He must be stopped, and you must do it. I believe the troops in the city will surrender very soon.

Learning during the day that, in the opinion of some of the officers, our position in case Pando's forces should arrive might be endangered, I sent for the division commanders to meet me at El Pozo. Wheeler, Lawton, Kent, and Bates came at about eight and remained an hour. I told them they were called to give their opinion of the situation in their front; that it was possible we might have to fall back; that if such a movement was made it would devolve upon me to take the whole responsibility; that I wanted their opinions to assist me in forming my decision. Beginning with the junior officer, each gave his opinion, and they did not all think alike. I expressed no opinion, but told them we would remain where we were for the present. I then mounted my horse and rode away. They hastened to the front, for as we were breaking up fierce firing was heard on Lawton's lines. It was the attack called the night sortie, but it did not amount to much, though there was wild firing in the dark.

Early the next morning, July 3, I sent a despatch to the Secretary of War which expressed my great anxiety. We were maintaining a thin line of investment about six miles long, the tension was great, Garcia had reported the Spanish reinforcements from Manzanillo near at hand, and if they should join in sufficient force, and also the garrisons at Holguin and San Luis, numbering thirteen thousand men, the position of our army would be critical. In addition to this, the situation was made more serious by the fact that storms at sea might arise at any time, preventing the landing of stores, and the rains might make the road to the front impassable. I felt it my duty to forewarn the department that such a move was possible, so I said, in part:

We have the town well invested on the north and east, but with a very thin line. Upon approaching it we find it of such a character, and the defenses so strong, it will be impossible to carry it by storm with my present force, and I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles and taking up a new position on the high ground between the San Juan River and Siboney, so as to get our supplies to a large extent by use of the railroad, which we can use, having engine and cars at Siboney. Our losses up to date will aggregate a thousand, but lists have not yet been made. But little sickness outside of exhaustion from intense heat and exertions of the battle of day before yesterday.

Even then I was preparing to push the siege, and at half-past eight in the morning sent this demand to the Spanish commander: "I have the honor to inform you, unless you surrender, I shall be obliged to shell Santiago de Cuba. Please instruct the citizens of all foreign countries, and all women and children, that they should leave the city before 10 A. M. to-morrow." This was sent to General Wheeler for transmission by flag of truce, and he was asked to inform the other commanders of its contents. Before the morning was over, Cervera had gone to his destruction, and I knew the Spaniards regarded the situation as desperate. This knowledge immediately changed the situation. It came to me first from Lawton's lines and under date of 1:45 P. M. I advised Colonel McClernand: "Lieutenant Allen, Second Cavalry, from our extreme right, where he overlooked the bay, states that Admiral Cervera's fleet steamed out this morning and engaged our fleet. The French consul, who came into our lines yesterday, informed General Garcia that Admiral Cervera said yesterday that it was better to die fighting than to sink his ships. Rush this information all around our lines at the front."

In the afternoon I asked Colonel McClernand to "send to the front and bring me news of flag of truce. I judge from the perfect quiet that matters are under discussion. I believe that they will surrender now that the fleet has gone and that Pando cannot reach them." General Toral's reply was not received until 6:30 P. M. In it he said: "It is my duty to say to you that this city will not surrender, and that I will inform the foreign consuls and inhabitants of the contents of your message." The next day, July 4, I received word from Garcia that about four thousand Spaniards from Manzanillo, under Escario, had passed into Santiago on the evening of July 3, by an unused road. They came in on the Cobre road, and Garcia

had failed to stop them. I decided to place no further dependence on him, and to complete the investment with troops I could control, for we were expecting a much larger body of Spaniards from Holguin. My reinforcements had been arriving since the 2d, and Lawton and Ludlow extended north until we touched the waters of the bay.

My extreme left (Bates's left) was in the air, so to speak, about a mile from the eastern shore of the bay, but did not command the road to Morro. I considered the right of the line of so much greater importance that I did not intend to weaken it by extending my left to the bay. Nothing would have pleased me so much as to have had the whole Spanish army march toward the Morro. I knew they had only a small force at Aguadores, and I took measures that it should not be forced from its position. With a greater army I might have invested the town, held everybody there by fear of an immediate attack, and detached a force to assail the Morro and open the way for the fleet; but with the force at my disposal the point of danger was on my extreme right.

At 8:45 P. M. of the day that Cervera went out, I telegraphed the adjutant-general in Washington:

Your telegram inquiring about my health just received. I am still very much exhausted. I have eaten a little this afternoon, for the first time in four days. The good news has inspired everybody. When the news of the disaster to the Spanish fleet reached the front, which was during a period of truce, a regimental band, that had managed to keep their instruments on the line, played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "There 'll be a hot time in the old town to-night," men cheering from one end of the line to the other. Officers and men, without even shelter-tents, have been soaked for five days in the afternoon rains, but all are happy.

When we embarked I considered myself in excellent health for a man of my age, sixty-three. I had never been on the sick-list for any length of time. On June 30 I was on my horse nearly all day, looking at the country and preparing for the battle next day. It was very hot, and I came near suffering a sunstroke. I was nauseated and very dizzy at first. During the battle of July 1 I felt very ill, though I kept on my horse most of the day; July 2 I transacted the business of headquarters, though for a time I found it necessary to lie down. As for four days I was unable to take food, I began to fear a serious illness. I never had any idea of giving up, and in reply to an inquiry of the Secretary of War, I telegraphed:

I am not at present so much ill as exhausted from the intense strain that has been on me for the last two months. I am also suffering from an attack of gout, which prevents me from moving about. I have, however, the whole business in my hand, and am managing it through able staff-officers. When I do have to give up, I will, of course, follow your order, but I hope to be better soon.

But I feared that my illness was going to increase, and if it had, I should have had to give up and cast about as to my successor. Wheeler, the next in rank, had been very ill up to the morning of July 1, and on the night of the 2d we regarded him as a sick man; but he was improving, and we hoped he would get along, as he did. All the general officers were ailing more or less.

Physical strain and discomfort attend on every military campaign. The man who can carry lightly his responsibility for the lives of thousands of men is not fit to command. It is not an easy thing to say "Go ahead" when you know that human life is going to be sacrificed. Then there is always the uncertainty. You have to stake all on what you determine to do. The man on the opposing side is also doing something, and you never know what the result is going to be until it has demonstrated itself; and, until it has, there is intense anxiety. In addition to the responsibility for human life, and the risk to reputation, which by comparison is nothing, if you are making a mistake it may prove fatal to the cause for which you are fighting. As a matter of fact, men of an easy sense of responsibility never get to high command.

At the request of the foreign consuls and in the interest of the women and children, I gave notice that the threatened bombardment would not take place until noon of July 5. On that day I telegraphed to Washington that I should not open fire until I got Lieutenant Hobson and his men out of the city, and should not then if the taking of the place required an assault, as I considered that starving the enemy out was better.

Having a number of Spanish prisoners, I determined to effect the exchange of Hobson, if possible. On the 6th General Toral assented to my proposition, and Lieutenant Miley was sent to effect it. The commissioner appointed by the Spanish commander was Major Yrlés. The meeting took place under the broad ceiba-tree where the surrender afterward was made. About an hour was consumed in arranging the details. Three Spanish officers were taken out blindfolded. To Lieutenant Miley's surprise, the Spanish commissioner

selected an officer who had been wounded in the arm at the battle of San Juan, an acquaintance of his. We had intended to parole him if he had not been taken, and Lieutenant Miley had a paper in his pocket for that purpose. Seven Spanish soldiers were exchanged for the seven American sailors. Lieutenant Hobson was then brought within our lines, where he was enthusiastically cheered by the army.

I had learned from the English consul that Hobson was confined in one of the large buildings nearest us. It was in plain sight, and from it floated the red cross. It was under rifle fire, and as it was a building full of windows I was afraid he might be in danger; gun fire would not have been directed toward it, but shots will go astray, especially rifle-shots. The fleet, which was bombarding eight miles away, would be likely to hit it. I was very glad to get Hobson and his men out of the way. The fact that they were released by the army has never been acknowledged by officers of the navy, who simply speak of the return of Mr. Hobson to his duty.

On the same day, June 6, Captain Chadwick came to see me to arrange about joint operations, in obedience to a telegram from the President. I accepted the proposition of Admiral Sampson that he should bombard the town from the sea, because he was not willing to come into the harbor, which after Cervera went out I thought was perfectly feasible.

Small parties of men, women, and children had been coming out of Santiago continually from the time we reached Sevilla. In the main they kept on to Siboney. I did not think it right to fire on a city filled with women and children, if it could be avoided. I also knew that two thirds of the people in the city were our friends. In giving those people the opportunity to come out, I was aware that I was saddling my supply department with a great burden, for I knew the refugees could not bring out much food. I also knew that I relieved General Toral of the necessity of feeding them; but that did not weigh particularly with me so far as General Toral was concerned, as I knew the Spaniards were down to nothing but rice. The condition of the refugees was pitiable. While they were coming out, the truce, which was in the nature of a cessation of firing, did not prevent preparations on both sides.

During the advance and the fighting it was impossible to give my attention to the correspondents. They were free to go where

they liked, and some of them were wounded. After the great stress was over, I received a despatch from Washington calling my attention to the fact that a newspaper was reporting us in great need,—the men suffering for food and clothing,—and the situation desperate. The correspondent whose request to be put on shore before his fellows had been refused by me was mentioned as the author of the statements. I met him in the road, told him what had been telegraphed to me, and asked for his authority. He said that some of it he had seen, and the rest he had heard from others. I told him the statements were not true, and also advised Washington to that effect. I did not see his panicky despatch of July 3 until after he had been taken on General Miles's ship, bound for Porto Rico. If we had been fighting a stronger power it might have done us a great deal of harm, and if I had known the character of the despatch when I met him in the road, I should have placed him under arrest and ordered him out of Cuba, as an ordinary measure of protection to the army.

When I reminded General Toral on the 6th that the situation had changed so as to be still more in our favor, he asked for time to consult with Madrid. To facilitate that end, I allowed the cable-operators to return from El Caney, and also the British consul, who was useful in the negotiations. As a result, on July 8 General Toral offered to march away if he might do so with his arms and be unmolested as far as Holguin. I favored the acceptance of this proposition, and said so in my telegram to Washington. I took that position without consulting with any one. Later in the day I met some of my division commanders, and they all felt as I did. General Wheeler advised it strongly, and wrote out his views at his own suggestion. The retirement of General Toral would leave us in possession of all the intended fruits of the campaign, would save us the care of his army, and would obviate the great loss of life to follow from sickness and a possible assault. None of us felt that we were losing much, and the chance of getting the army away in good health, so that it might be useful elsewhere, was a strong incentive. All knew that sickness was upon us, and we still believed that Havana would be the scene of the last campaign of the war. But the Secretary of War said "No," possibly because the authorities possessed information of a tendency at Madrid to sue for peace. In my reply to General Toral I had prepared

him for an adverse decision. This finished the first stage of the negotiations.

The truce was ended at 4 P. M. on the 10th, the Spaniards getting in the first shots, but their cannon were silenced before dark. Every few minutes the fleet dropped a shell into the city, firing from off Aguadores. This fire was continued on the 11th, and about noon the last gun of the campaign was fired. Early in the morning of this day I received the following telegram:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 11, 1898.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHAFER: Should Spanish surrender unconditionally and desire to return to Spain, the United States government will ship them there direct at its own expense.

R. A. ALGER,
Secretary of War.

I again summoned General Toral to surrender, telling him I was authorized to say that my government would transport his entire command to Spain, and this offer, as he informed me, he at once communicated to Madrid. Our troops were now fast succumbing to rains, exposure, and exhaustion, and a speedy termination of the siege was longed for, but the negotiations were too promising to warrant the losses of an assault.

At the time I told General Toral of the offer of the government to transport his command back to Spain at our expense, he asked me if the offer included his entire command, consisting of the Fourth Army-Corps, which included about twelve thousand more troops in the towns of the province. At first I thought the proposition was made only to gain time, that the interior garrisons were all coming down upon us, and that he was waiting for them. But in talking privately with Mr. Mason, acting English consul, I was assured that there was no double-dealing in the matter, and that they were in earnest about surrendering. I was then convinced, from the fact that General Toral said he was authorized by Captain-General Blanco to do this, that Spain had determined to quit. I turned to Lieutenant Miley, and said: "This settles it, and closes the war." Otherwise, why should they relieve us of the care of eleven thousand five hundred prisoners in Santiago, and give us twelve thousand more that could march toward Havana, or, at any rate, could keep out of our way? In my despatch to the President I said in the concluding paragraph: "In my opinion this closes the war with Spain." They thought in Washington that I was over-sanguine, and this part of the despatch was not given to the public until

three or four days later, when the French minister called to inquire upon what terms peace could be had.

On the 12th I informed General Toral that General Miles, the commander-in-chief of the United States army, had arrived at my camp and asked for a personal interview. He consented, and it took place between the lines about noon of the 13th. General Miles, and Miley, Derby, and McKittrick of my staff, and Colonel Maus were with me. I conducted the negotiations with General Toral during the first part of the interview. Later, General Miles spoke with him in confirmation of what I had said as to our reinforcements and our strength, and in answer to some of General Toral's objections that his duty and his honor made it imperative that he should prolong the contest. I did not then, and do not now, regard it as any part of the official interview. At no time during his stay did General Miles give any orders as to the dispositions or arrangements I had made in reference to the siege. He asked me what I thought of sending some troops to Cabañas, west of the harbor entrance. I said I did not think it a proper place for an attack, and added that I had no troops that could be spared from the trenches for the purpose. He then replied that he would send General Henry, with troops that had come with him and that were on board transports, to land and make an attack toward the Socapa battery. General Henry steamed to Cabañas, but the troops were not landed.

During the interview with General Toral General Miles called me aside to say that they were talking to gain time, and that I had better break off and make an assault. I replied: "General, let's wait awhile and see. We can make the assault any time; but when we do, negotiations will stop, and I believe they are going to surrender." He said: "Well, then you had better break off to-morrow morning at daylight." I replied: "General, we might as well break off now as to-morrow at daylight." Mr. Mason, who was there as interpreter, had said to me that they ought to receive a reply from the Spanish government during that night, and it would be impossible to get a flag of truce out by daylight to inform us of its contents. I said to Mr. Mason: "Tell General Toral that he may have until twelve o'clock to-morrow to make an official answer." We then returned to our lines.

Next morning at nine o'clock a flag of truce came out notifying us of the surrender. Immediately after that, an interview was

arranged with General Toral, at which General Miles was present, and arrangements were made for commissioners to draw the terms of capitulation, to meet at two o'clock that afternoon. I rode back to General Wheeler's camp, and designated Wheeler, Lawton, and Miley as our commissioners. They met at two o'clock of the 14th and had three sessions, the last session lasting until about one o'clock that night. Work was resumed at nine o'clock next morning, and continued without interruption until about 2:30 P. M. of the 15th, when the preliminaries of the capitulation were signed.

Our commissioners went out with the idea that the surrender had been unconditional; but within half an hour they discovered that the Spanish commissioners were only empowered to draw up preliminaries, which were not to be binding until the approval of Spain had been received. On account of the trouble experienced in communicating with Madrid, they did not expect a reply inside of two or three days. Then we thought it a plan to gain time; but on talking with Mr. Mason, who was acting as one of the Spanish commissioners, we were led to believe they were acting in good faith and that the time demanded was reasonable. If they should surrender without the approbation of the home government, the officers feared that the army would not be permitted to land on the shores of Spain. Indeed, it has been reported that General Toral was mobbed when he arrived home, and was obliged to return on board his ship and go to another port.

Early on the 16th a letter came from General Toral saying that Madrid had approved the capitulation and that his commissioners were ready to make the preliminaries final. I replied that our commissioners would be ready at twelve, but General Toral answered at once that his commissioners would not be ready before two, at which time the commissioners met. By five o'clock the surrender was signed. General Toral was present on the afternoon of the 16th during the whole of the time that the commissioners sat. I appeared at four o'clock, and from that time until about six he and I were engaged in arranging the details for the formal surrender of the 17th. The meetings of the commissioners were held about midway between the American and Spanish lines, under the ceiba-tree where all the conferences had taken place. The commissioners sat on the ground and wrote with pencils, using a board resting on a camp-stool for a table. Two copies of the agreement were drawn

up, in English and Spanish, on separate sheets. The English copy was first signed by the American commissioners and afterward by the Spanish; the Spanish copy first by the Spanish commissioners and then by the American. The Spanish commissioners took the Spanish copy and the American commissioners the English. In addition there were two unsigned copies, the American commissioners taking the Spanish copy and the Spanish the English copy. The Spanish commissioners were Colonel Escario, Colonel Fontan, and Mr. Mason.

Earlier in the day I asked Admiral Sampson by message to send a representative to the formal surrender the next day, and about noon I personally invited General Garcia to be present. I never had an opportunity of asking Garcia about a letter received a few days later, purporting to come from him, in which dissatisfaction was expressed that he had not been invited to witness the ceremony. As I knew that it was not so, and that he knew it, I have always doubted the authenticity of the letter. The invitation was given in the presence of half a dozen members of my staff; it applied only to General Garcia and his staff, as did my invitation to my own generals. In reply, he asked me if he had been correctly informed that I was going to continue the Spanish civil officials in power. I told him that I so intended for the present. He then drew himself up and rather dramatically said he was sorry he could not go with me, but he could not go where Spain ruled. I replied: "Very well; I am sorry you feel that way about it, but for the present I know of no better men than those now in office."

As witnesses of the ceremony of surrender, I took the general officers with their staffs, and a guard of one hundred men. General Toral brought out with him his general officers and staffs and a body of troops of the same number. General Ludlow had given me the sword and spurs taken from the body of General Vara del Rey, who had been killed in the defense of El Caney, and requested me to give them to General Toral. During the interview prior to the declaration of surrender, I handed General Toral the sword, informing him of the circumstances and the request from the officer who had secured it that it be taken back by General del Rey's companions to his home in Spain, and given to his family. The presentation of these articles was entirely unexpected by General Toral, and as I spoke in English it was not until the translation was completed that he

fully realized what I was doing. He then showed a great deal of feeling; in fact, he could hardly speak, as his emotions nearly overpowered him. He received the sword and spurs and handed them to one of his staff, all of whom were equally surprised and gratified.

General Toral then made the formal declaration of the surrender. He placed himself in front of the hundred men that he had been permitted to bring out to represent the Spanish army, with his officers near him. Our detachment was drawn up in lines fronting them. Advancing to the front of the center of his troops, he drew his sword and presented arms, and said: "I surrender the Spanish troops under my command, and this place." I was about twenty feet in front of and facing him, and, causing my command to present arms, replied that I accepted his surrender in behalf of the government of the United States.

This completed the ceremony of the surrender so far as the troops were concerned.

I did not meet General Linares, who had been severely wounded, but I had many interviews with General Toral after the surrender. I found him fair and honest, always disposed to do what was right, and not inclined to make any demands that were unreasonable. At all times he exercised the greatest care for and control over his men.

We rode into the city after the surrender, and at noon the American flag was raised on the governor's palace by Captain William H. McKittrick and Lieutenant John D. Miley of my staff, and Lieutenant Joseph Wheeler, Jr., of General Wheeler's staff. One hundred mounted men from the Second Cavalry, commanded by Captain Brett, and from the Ninth Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ewers, were drawn up on the plaza in front of the palace. The generals and their staffs were grouped directly in front of the flag-staff, and precisely at twelve o'clock the flag was hoisted. All the officers uncovered, arms were presented, and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." This completed the ceremony of taking possession.

From this time on our troops had only to guard the prisoners and make themselves as comfortable as possible. The transports came at once into the harbor, and the unloading of all stores, tentage, etc., was pushed with all possible despatch. The sickness among the troops was increasing every day, a large number of the cases being reported to me as yellow fever. Very many of the men were also being taken down by malarial fevers,

the greatest number in one day, as I now recall, being about eight hundred and fifty.

Early in August I received a communication from the War Department suggesting, on the advice of the surgeon-general, that the troops should remain at Santiago until the danger of yellow fever was past. I was told that the dangerous months were August, September, and October. I did not believe it wise to send the men to the hills, as there was no place where the elevation was above the yellow-fever line, and the difficulty of feeding the men would be great—in fact, almost impossible, as everything would have to be carried on pack-mules. The place where they were then encamped, about the city, had less rainfall than any other part of the province, and I regarded it then, and do now, as the best location to encamp troops. I thought the matter over and determined upon a telegram to the Secretary of War, telling him that in my opinion it would be very unwise and would probably result in the death of thousands of men if they were required to stay in Cuba. At the time we all knew it was absolutely necessary for them to stay until after the departure of the Spanish prisoners. I wished to see how far I was sustained in my opinion as to the situation by the general officers of the command, and sent for them. When they assembled I read the opinion of the surgeon-general and asked for their views of the situation. Each expressed his views as to staying there and *stamping out the disease in Cuba*, or removing to the United States. One officer was decided in his opinion that it was my duty not only not to wait for orders, but immediately to take such ships as were in the harbor, load them with troops, and start them for the United States. I told him we would not leave until we had orders, if we left our bones there. But every officer at the meeting felt as I did, that the only salvation for the survivors of that army was to leave Cuba as soon as possible. I then said: "I am glad to see that you all coincide with my views." I bade them good afternoon, and as they were about to go General Bates asked: "General, would you not like to have us embody our views in a letter to you?" I replied: "It is a good idea, and I shall be glad to have you do so." He answered: "We will go out and prepare a letter." They went into the front room, and after a while came back with a letter which received the signatures of all the general officers, the paper that has been called the "round-robin." I understood later that General Wood drafted

the letter. Their views coincided so strikingly with my own that I forwarded the letter with my message to the adjutant-general. While they were preparing the letter—and there was no particular secrecy about it—some newspaper men obtained a copy, or were permitted to see it, and it was telegraphed the next morning, or possibly that night, to the public press. I regretted this very much, as it occasioned throughout the whole land a great deal of unnecessary alarm, and, I have no doubt, was very embarrassing to the government. Colonel Roosevelt was at the conference, and asked me if I had any objection to his telegraphing his own views to the authorities. I replied that if he chose to send anything over his own signature and on his own responsibility, he might do so.

The disposition of the surrendered troops toward our soldiers was remarkable for its friendliness. As a nation we had not been thrown much in contact with Spaniards, and I was astonished, the moment the surrender was made, to see the cordial relations that were immediately established between the troops on both sides. The behavior of the Spaniards was exemplary; they were delighted with the prospect of going back to Spain, and just before their departure I received a letter purporting to be from a soldier of the Spanish infantry, in which he expressed the kindly feelings of eleven thousand Spanish soldiers, their warmest gratitude, and their appreciation of the kindness that had been shown them by our army.

In closing this article, I must refer to the spirit that animated the entire army under my command, from the time they gathered together at Tampa until their return home and dispersion at Montauk Point. They constantly showed a disposition to do all in their power to carry out the wishes of the commander and to promote the interests of the government. This sentiment pervaded officers and men alike. The good will shown toward me and toward one another in that campaign is remarkable in military annals.

From the organization of the Fifth Corps until its dispersion at Montauk, not a single officer was brought to trial for any offense. There was not the slightest friction or ill feeling among the general officers, or, so far as I know, among other officers; and I do not think a single man was court-martialed. I also wish to call attention to the fact that in the history of this nation this was the first time that an army composed almost entirely of the regulars has fought a campaign. Heretofore in all campaigns the volunteers, who of course are the bulwark of our nation, have many times outnumbered the regulars. In the War of the Rebellion the latter cut no figure at all except as to the officers. In the Fifth Army-Corps I had virtually the whole of the regular army of the United States. That was brought about by the fact that when I left Tampa the volunteer troops were just beginning to arrive, and I had but three regiments of volunteers, the Seventy-first New York, the Second Massachusetts, and the "Rough Riders," the latter a regiment which had been raised, as the regular regiments are, by enlistments from Maine to Washington Territory, and the members of which were nearly all inured to the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, and were in every respect perfect soldiers except that they were not drilled and disciplined as an organization.

Santiago has been called a soldiers' campaign. There is a great deal of truth in that, but the implication that any important movement or action was taken without orders or forethought is untrue. When the final attack was made on July 1, individual officers and men, and in fact most of the officers and men, distinguished themselves by gallant and intelligent performance of duty. They were intelligent American soldiers; each one was thinking of what he was doing, and not depending for all his thinking on the officers over him. In that respect the soldiers of the American army are superior to those of any other army in the world.

THE ORATOR.

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

I SAW him stand upon the Judgment-Day
 Who in his life all human wrath had braved,
 The appealing angel in his voice, and say:
 "If but one soul be lost, how is man saved?"

TOPICS OF THE TIME

An Achievement and a Hope.

THE lack of sanitary precaution which characterized the late war in our home camps as well as in the campaigns of Santiago and Porto Rico, and the extraordinary suffering thus brought about, will long remain a surprise and remorse to us as a people. But there is another side to this dark picture which the country has a right to remember with peculiar satisfaction, and that is the heroic efforts put forth, when the situation was once thoroughly realized.

This has just been brought forcibly to mind by a privately printed pamphlet containing the report of "Auxiliary No. 3, for the Maintenance of Trained Nurses, to the American National Red Cross Relief Committee." Other agencies did noble service, but it is of the work of Auxiliary No. 3 that we speak now.

Those who watched the work from the outside will remember that at the beginning there were doubts and difficulties not only as to the relation of the Auxiliary to the regular military authorities, but also as to the extent to which woman's nursing could be utilized in the emergency. Certain qualities of statesmanship were required on the part of the leaders of the Auxiliary to bring about cordial coöperation, and to open up those opportunities for usefulness which were only too well known to exist.

The story of the accomplishment of the Auxiliary is tersely given by Mrs. Winthrop Cowdin in this pamphlet. It is a record of enthusiastic and efficient service on the part of the women and men at home, and of the nurses in the hospitals, that can hardly be read without emotion. But there is a phase of the record that needs to be brought into especial prominence; it is the standing now given to the employment in army hospitals of trained women nurses. This is a permanent achievement in the interest of humanity.

To take an example, that of Chickamauga. There, by the consent of the authorities, a great experiment was made. The proposition, says the report, "of organizing a large field-hospital with women nurses was at first generally looked upon as impracticable. It was urged that it had never been done, that women could not endure the hardships of field life, and that they would be an embarrassment in the camps, and so it was altogether as an experiment that the nurses were allowed to begin their work at the Sternberg Hospital."

The success of the experiment, and the change wrought thereby in "the attitude of the surgeons toward the idea of women nurses in the field," are shown in a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Hoff, surgeon-in-chief at the camp, to the agent of the Red Cross:

"I desire to express my sense of obligation to you and the society you represent for the generous offer made on the 2d of August to supply Sternberg Hospital with trained nurses and meet all their natural wants, which offer, with the approval of the surgeon-general of the army, I accepted on the 3d instant.

"A very short time after this you established a nursing service in this field-hospital which I venture to say is not surpassed in any hospital, and is equaled in few—a service which already has brought to our sick soldiers untold comfort, and is aiding materially in their restoration to health and strength. Certainly no nobler undertaking could be inaugurated and carried out by the women of our country, and none deserving of greater appreciation."

Major Giffen, the surgeon in charge of the hospital, wrote as follows:

"The Red Cross Society for the Maintenance of Trained Nurses can truly say, 'Veni, vidi, vici,' for without their helping hand I would have been unable to have stayed the dread disease that has been raging in our camp. Their helping hand came in the hour of need, and the history of the future shall record each and every member of the Red Cross Society as the guardian angels of the Sternberg Hospital. My experience of years of hospital work has enabled me to judge of the abilities of nurses, and I am proud to say that this corps of nurses under the excellent supervision of Miss Maxwell has never before been equaled."

The sentiment with which Mrs. Cowdin closes her report will find an echo in every heart that looks for the advancement of mankind by other paths than those of wholesale carnage. "It is," she says, "a cause for devout thankfulness that we have been able in a small degree to mitigate the horrors of war; it would be an added reason for gratitude if the women of America had thereby created another influence in restraint of war itself."

A Little Epic of Kindness.

MATTHEW ARNOLD's saying that conduct is three fourths of life might well have had as a supplement that kindness is three fourths of conduct. With the emphasis which modern publicity gives to the evil side of things it is easy to forget that friendship and affection are the mainspring, the very breath, of social life. It is, indeed, this background of brightness which makes the sinister actions of mankind strike us so forcibly. It is doubtless as true of the tenements as of the most palatial homes that the benevolent forces of every day outweigh the malevolent as two to one. As goodness is centripetal and cohesive, while evil is

centrifugal and disintegrating, the very holding together of society argues the predominance of conservative influences. The cynic, when he is not an out-and-out *poseur*, has to shut his eyes tight or confine himself to a narrow circle of experience to escape taking notice of the supremacy of kindness as a human motive.

One cannot but be struck with this fact in reading the chronicle of the *Merrimac* incident as related by Mr. Hobson in the three papers which we have now placed before the public; and the impression will be deepened by the not less interesting paper which is to conclude the narrative. The whole story forms a little epic of kindness. Barring the hours of attack, from the moment when the work of fitting out the collier was begun to the return of the party through the American lines, Mr. Hobson was the recipient of a hardly interrupted succession of friendly acts. During the preparation for the perilous adventure (which nobody in the fleet expected would have a single survivor) the kindness of his comrades was remarkable, while the reception after the return to the lines was something to stir the most tepid blood. And who can forget how, meantime, the whole country hung breathless upon every word of news concerning those eight brave men? Again, the relations of the crew and the commander were a model of thoughtful devotion to each other. Most surprising of all were the many courtesies received from the enemy. Beginning with Admiral Cervera, whose noble character has already become one of our national treasures, what could have been more touching than the conduct of the officers of the Spanish navy? Even General Linares, to whom at first the exigencies of military discipline seemed to dictate a harsher policy, softened into a kindlier attitude. The quarters of Mr. Hobson in Santiago de Cuba cannot be described as a cell, while the rations of both officer and men were better than those of the enemy. Beyond these, the courtesies which he received from General Toral and others make a proud record, happily rivaled by the treatment of the Spanish prisoners who fell into our hands. There remains another high light in the picture: the considerate and unceasing devotion to the *Merrimac* party by the British consul, Frederick W. Ramsden, the good Samaritan of Santiago, who literally gave his life to the work of humanity among the refugees. The American people should not rest until some appropriate memorial of his sacrifice has been erected by Congress in the city where he was beloved and honored.

Altogether it is impossible to put down this narrative without a higher estimate of human nature. Mr. Hobson speaks with unaffected disappointment of the failure of the maneuver, but there is no breath of failure upon the conduct of either commander or crew, and beyond their bearing in the event itself, it may well be a source of pride to this gallant and modest officer that the adventure was the occasion of showing anew that paradox of war, the love of enemies, the touch of

nature that makes the whole world kin. One thinks how little it would require to turn this great moral force into noble channels, and is persuaded, in Mrs. Wilcox's trenchant phrase, that

just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

Froebel and Dickens.

IN the blitheness of spirit of the happy child, in his openness to the influences of the outer world, Froebel rightly set the genesis of education. As it is through the child's own activity that he gains the mastery over self, and so by degrees the mastery of the physical facts of his small world, Froebel made self-guidance the corner-stone of his educational system, and play the medium through which the child gains confidence in his own powers. But as even in play two sides of a child's character may be shown, one wholly arbitrary and selfish, the other feeding on helpfulness and grace, Froebel sought to formulate a system of education that would develop character and repress selfishness by the self-conquest of the child working through his own activity.

It was to this system of self-guidance under the influence of an almost perfect freedom that Dickens looked for a mitigation of the repression of every childish tendency that characterized the English school system—a repression that showed itself not only in the cheap schools of Yorkshire that Dickens pictured in *Dotheboys Hall*, but in English schools of all grades. To bend a child to an iron rule, to form him in an unyielding mold that recognized no individuality or gracious influence, that was the English ideal, as it was the ideal of the educator almost the whole world over.

A perusal of the article by Inspector Hughes of Toronto, in the present number of *THE CENTURY*, will bring light to many of us who, reading Dickens without serious purpose, have carelessly concluded that he was a destructive critic and benefited English education merely by overthrowing what was unbearably pernicious in its system. He was far more. The first of well-known Englishmen to see the value of Froebel's work, his books are rich in definite conceptions of modern principles of teaching. In every portrayal of the deadening influences at work in the educational methods of his own time there are suggestions that ring true to the present hour. At the bottom of all his work for children lay his loving sympathy. That was the secret of his insight, that he knew and recognized the mother spirit as the most important element in dealing with them. Viewed in this light, as the work of a constructive critic of education, many scenes in his novels which have seemed sentimental, and meaningless blots upon the artistic value of his work, show a purpose beyond the mere desire to please or move the idle reader—show a perfected conception of educational methods that we have not passed beyond in nearly fifty years.

OPEN LETTERS

The United States Army Ration in the Tropics.

A SUGGESTION FROM EXPERIENCE.

THE number of killed during the few brief weeks of actual hostilities in the late war was, according to the report of the Secretary of War, 284, and wounded 1573—a figure not greatly in excess of the number killed and wounded in the first battle of the Civil War. On the other hand, the hospital records show appalling lists of sickness and death, the mortality from disease alone reaching 2626, or about ninety per cent. of all the deaths. As an illustration may be cited the experiences of the First Regiment United States Volunteer Engineers, of which it was my privilege to be the Major-Surgeon. In this regiment none were killed, and it escaped with less sickness by half than many of those of the regular and volunteer army who saw service in the West Indies. It was recruited from the Atlantic States, and was composed almost exclusively of engineers, tradesmen, and mechanics—strong, sturdy fellows selected from nearly six thousand applicants. An encampment of seven weeks at Camp Townsend, Peekskill, New York, where the regiment was mobilized and mustered, made it possible to eliminate, and return to civil life, every man who, after having been accepted, showed the slightest tendency toward physical weakness, whether that weakness was induced by the change in the manner of living or arose from defects that did not appear in the rigid physical examination to which recruits were subjected.

We embarked from New York, August 6, 1898, with 47 officers and 1097 men, a total of 1144, and arrived at Porto Rico on August 16, with every man in fine physical condition. On November 17 we reëmbarked from Ponce, Porto Rico, and reached New York on November 24, bringing with us 47 officers and 857 men, a total of 904. Of this number 102 were convalescents or in the ship's hospital, while a large proportion of the remainder were greatly reduced in weight and power of resistance. Of the other 240 who had gone with us to Porto Rico, 12 were dead, 61 were left behind in the hospitals of the island, and 167 had been returned to the United States as convalescents or as honorably discharged from the service. During the three months we were in Porto Rico, from August 16 to November 16, more than half the regiment had at some time been under hospital treatment—a condition entirely unexpected, for the most stringent precautionary measures had been adopted to guard against disease. Camp sites were chosen with special regard to their sanitation, the highest and best-drained localities having been selected, except during the first week, when we were temporarily encamped

at the Playa at Ponce, while engaged in unloading our equipment and impedimenta. The sinks were placed at remote distances from the camp, were deep, were disinfected three times daily, and were darkened by being inclosed with planks. Water for drinking purposes was procured from the purest available sources, and was boiled and filtered before being used. A thorough and rigid inspection of food and cooking-utensils was constantly enforced, and camp discipline so excellently maintained that there was little drunkenness among the men. Personal cleanliness was also required, bathing twice a week being obligatory, and there were no forced marches or undue exposure to the sun, engineering work and drills being suspended during the hottest portion of the day.

We had medical supplies in abundance, and my assistants were able, efficient, and conscientious in the performance of their duty. Yet hundreds of cases of serious forms of gastro-intestinal catarrh and fevers rapidly developed. With very few exceptions, the entire force suffered from some form of intestinal catarrh within a week after our arrival in Porto Rico, due either to a change in drinking-water, slight colds resulting from sleeping on the wet ground, or eating fruits to which the men were unaccustomed. Too proud to go at once to the surgeon, or believing the disorder one to be expected upon entering a tropical country, and that it would speedily right itself as he became accustomed to his new surroundings, the soldier often suffered a week or ten days in silence. But the disorder did not right itself, and under the circumstances *could* not, for the diet, which should have been rice or milk, or some other non-irritating food, proved a continual excitant to the disease. It consisted principally of fatty bacon, salt beef, canned tomatoes frequently in a state of fermentation, due to the intense tropical heat, and hardtack—the ordinary regular army travel ration. The result was an aggravation of the disease and a loss of weight to the soldier of from ten to fifteen pounds, or a total loss to the regiment during the first fortnight of fully ten thousand pounds, or five tons. This loss represented a great latent power, a reserve force which stood between the soldier and disease, which, when removed, left his system open to the invasion of malarial and typhoid fever and gastro-intestinal derangements of serious moment. His power of throwing off disease was gone, and germs found in him a fruitful culture-ground.

In such circumstances it was not surprising that the hospital was soon overcrowded, and the precautions taken had little or no effect in warding off disease. The most distressing feature was that the conditions were unavoidable. The government

had made no provision for furnishing the army with other than the regular United States army ration, and this was not only unsuitable, but was helping an unwholesome climate to make serious inroads upon the health of the command. For a temperate or Northern latitude it was a ration eminently satisfactory, its nitrogenous and heat-producing elements being in better proportion to the whole; but for Porto Rico and Cuba, where the temperature ranges between 80° and 95° F., it was totally unfit. No better evidence of this can be had than in the hospital records, wherein is shown that the best results in treatment were obtained, not by the use of drugs, but by placing patients almost exclusively on a milk diet. In a hospital near our camp where I was frequently called in consultation, there were one hundred and thirty cases of sickness, all of which were put on a diet of pure milk. In every case but two, and these were hopeless on admission, there was rapid recovery, a fact which demonstrates that if the army had been provided with a ration in which the carbohydrates were given a greater and the nitrogenous elements a smaller part there would have been far less recorded sickness and mortality. I am firmly convinced that had the American army been properly prepared for tropical service by being fed on a judicious diet prior to the invasion of Cuba and Porto Rico, and during its stay in the tropics, the amount of sickness and mortality would have been enormously lessened.

Congress should give most careful consideration to the ration of the troops to be stationed in the tropics. As at present constituted the meat component of the ration too greatly predominates over the cereals and the saccharine element, and if a proper substitution were made no serious objection would be raised by the American soldier, for in the tropics the appetite craves but little meat—indeed, there is a positive aversion to it.

A recent order of the Surgeon-General has happily allowed the sick in field and regimental hospitals sixty cents a day as commutation for rations, the same privilege as that enjoyed by division and general hospitals. But this allowance should be still further extended so as to include, at the discretion of the surgeon in charge, those men reported as "sick in quarters." These men are frequently in as great need of a change in ration as those actually in the hospital, and in many instances it would save them from eventually becoming hospital patients.

Having been detailed to look after a large convalescent camp in which there were many of the sick from the Nineteenth United States Infantry, the Second and Third Wisconsin Volunteers, the Sixth Illinois, the Sixth Massachusetts, and the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, the opportunity for observation was extensive. I unhesitatingly assert that had the ration, which was a large factor in the production of disease, been promptly changed when its evil effects were first observed, transport after transport would not have been sent home loaded with emaciated, broken-down soldiers; there would have been compara-

tively little sickness, and hospitals would have played a minor part in the tragedy of the war. The hue and cry raised all over the country that medical supplies were insufficient was based upon false rumor. We had abundance—far more, indeed, than we could use. It was not drugs that the soldiers needed, but proper prophylactic treatment,—diet, well-regulated diet,—and that could not be obtained during the months of August and September except through private sources and the Red Cross and relief societies. The milk that was so essential for our hospital patients during these two months was furnished by charitable individuals, while the food supplied by the Red Cross Society proved a veritable godsend, without which sickness and mortality would have attained even greater proportions.

While a large percentage of the sickness was due to the ration, it was still further augmented by troops sleeping upon the ground, an act which even the natives consider almost suicidal, and which the Spanish military authorities abandoned centuries ago. While appreciating the risk he was incurring, the American soldier had no alternative, and if later he became a patient it was through no fault of his. This could have been averted by putting the soldier in barracks or in roofed and floored houses. Many large warehouses and lumber-sheds were available which could have been seized and converted into barracks, and, if necessity had required, dwelling-houses might have been taken for the same purpose, as was done by the German army during the Franco-Prussian war.

The spreading of typhoid-fever germs through the agency of the myriads of flies that infested the camps was another element of danger, but it was one that could have been largely controlled. The darkening of the sinks by proper boxing is a remedy so simple and effective that it should be made compulsory in all regimental camps. The uniform of the troops also demands modification. But these matters are all of minor importance as compared with the change of ration and the proper quartering of the troops. The *raison d'être* of this article is not mere criticism of the past, but that our garrison troops may profit from our experience and escape needless suffering.

LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN,
Major-Surgeon First Regt. U. S. V. Eng.

December 20, 1898.

Cuba and Armenia.

LITTLE in our history prepared either observers or sharers in our national development for the outburst of national feeling which ended in the Spanish war. Much in our past diplomacy justly made men predict that such interference in the field of another sovereignty by the United States could never come. Now that the war is over, we are all aware how alien to the general trend and scope of our previous political thinking were the duties we have just assumed and are still discharging. Our origin, the organization of our Union,—“an indissoluble union of indestructible

States," whose internal rights are jealously protected, and to whose "coercion" we only came under dire need thirty-seven years ago,—and our own long and constant protest, backed by arms if need be, against any European interference in the affairs of any American sovereignty, had all worked to school us to an habitual regard for inherent sovereign rights, to a conviction that each people must in its own way and by its own efforts remedy its own wrongs,—

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow,—

and lastly to an habitual disavowal of international obligations or duties, except as derived from national interests. After the flash of enthusiasm for humanity in the Declaration of Independence, from the Constitution on, no government could have been managed more strictly on business principles. Even emancipation we conducted, not because it was a righteous necessity for human beings to be free, but because it was a practical, political, and military necessity for us to free them.

Yet after a century of this habit of international thought and this strictly legal view of sovereignty as final in its powers and local in its responsibilities, we drew the sword for Cuba, when Europe stood with sheathed sword before worse and more brutal deeds in Armenia. We were under no treaty obligations; Europe was (Articles 61, 62, Treaty of Berlin). We acted; Europe did not. Never was the training of national conscience and will more clearly due to the spectacle of a moral consideration publicly disregarded and rendered visible and convincing by this public disregard. From the Congress of Vienna on (to select a date convenient, but not necessarily excluding much before) organized Europe has claimed the unquestioned right to challenge the acts, to redistribute the territory, and to redress the internal wrongs of the sovereignties of which the "concert of Europe" is composed. When the Congress of Berlin deprived Russia of the fruits of fair fight, it went as far as such a body could go. For us, this doctrine of international responsibility was strange. The method of its action by direct interference with the internal affairs of a sovereign state, and, if necessary, by depriving it of territorial sovereignty when its legal rule grew to be a moral wrong, a crime against humanity, was equally strange, and in all our previous history had never been explicitly exercised.

For three years, from August, 1895, when the first Armenian massacre took place in Sasun, foreign despatches in American newspapers were a vast object-lesson in the moral responsibility of civilized nations for neighboring wrongs they could right. The reports and letters of American missionaries brought the wrongs of Armenia and the responsibility of Europe home to American churches. The moral sense of the nation was slowly but steadily informed and educated. The public mind, by daily discussion and example, grew familiar with the conception of international in-

terference and its moral application. Our hearts burned within us as we saw Christian Europe turning back from a clear duty for selfish reasons and a sense of the risks that might come from war, as if history knew any risk greater than unredressed injustice and duty disregarded.

This national training by every agency known to modern life went on for months, while the Cuban insurrection ran a course closely similar, though briefer, to the previous rebellion (1868-78). Then we looked on and felt no sense of moral responsibility. But the blood shed in Armenia was not spilled in vain. Heaven somewhere harvests all such precious seed, and on some threshing-floor the flail of divine justice falls, and in some land, distant it may be, the mills of the gods grind their grist of retribution for kindred oppression. The general decision grew and deepened that this land would have no unavenged Armenia at its doors and would not share the blood-guiltiness of Europe, which knew its duty to humanity and did it not. No comparison was more frequent through the months which preceded action. None was more often cited in debate and in editorial. To those who see things as they are, nothing was plainer than the great surge of moral feeling which, succeeding the calm statements of Senator Proctor's speech, tore the nation from the diplomatic moorings of a century, and launched it on a new voyage, with a new conception of national duty, discharged in the war.

Nor was this felt alone by the American branch of the English-speaking race. Sympathy in any just war the two sister lands will always have for each other; but no one could follow the utterance of English sympathy last spring without seeing that the elder land, trammelled in its own duty and balked in its own moral impulses by European relations and the weight of an empire which is one vast hostage to fortune, saw with a tender joy that the duties undone in Armenia were discharged in Cuba by a younger member of the same great family, more favored in opportunity and sharing a common conception of moral responsibility in all national acts and relations.

This training, as unconscious as it was complete, has brought us to the public recognition of a new national duty and obligation, to wit:—that the American lands to the south of us shall never by our will be left in any inhuman oppression and wrong we can right. We have fought a war to vindicate our duty. We have before us as a more difficult and no less important part of the same duty to see to it that our action and administration in peace shall be worthy of the righteous impulse of the Spanish war.

Talcott Williams.

Concerning Corn and the Trans-Mississippi Farmer.

WITH regard to the planting of forty acres of corn in a day, as mentioned in my article in the *OCTOBER CENTURY*, it is not absolutely impossible, as my critics assert. I have referred the question

to the highest authority, namely, the veteran Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson, and he assures me that he can "find a man and a team capable of putting in forty acres of corn between daylight and dark."

As respects the other statement, namely, that in the cultivation of corn one man might, as a possibility, cover sixty acres in a day, my statement as it stands *was* misleading, because it had real reference to the exceptional achievements of an exceptional machine—the large four-row cultivators, that are *not* in common use. Mr. Wilson again assures me that, under conditions not at all difficult to find in the regions about which I was writing, it is entirely possible, with one of these four-row cultivators, going through a field for the third time, to cover sixty acres in a long day.

The general impression that I meant to convey

was that the use of machinery has been the vital factor in trans-Mississippi farming, and that machines for planting and cultivating corn, as well as for raising wheat and other standard crops, enable one man to till a surprisingly large acreage. My argument is in no way benefited by making that acreage any larger than it actually is on the average, and I was laboring under no temptation whatever to exaggerate. The ability of the ordinary Western farmer to use machinery distinguishes him from farmers of all other countries; and nobody can understand American progress who fails to perceive the essential importance of that fact. My remarks were intended to give emphasis to this wonderful mechanical capacity,—the chief American endowment, as I believe,—and not to describe Western farming in a technical way.

Albert Shaw.



Bunk-Shanty Songs and Tales.

THE bunk-shanty of a lumbermen's camp in the great pine forests of Wisconsin is hardly a fertile field for poetic suggestion; and yet, with supper over, and the healthy, big-muscled, good-natured lumbermen gathered about the fire of pine logs, stretched on the long deacon-seat or lounging in the bunks, given over to rest and comfort, "and not workin' at nothin' else," breathing the pungent odor of the burning resin, telling stories and singing boisterous songs, there is presented a side of human nature and a view of human experience not seen in another community, and which may perhaps be worthy of versified record. For the benefit of the unsophisticated, it may be well to add that the "skidway" is a sort of heavy bench or platform from which the logs are loaded upon the sleighs, and that "skidding" by the "skidder" is the process of placing the logs upon this platform. The "deacon-seat" is a bench of split logs, rather higher than an ordinary chair, extending along each side of the bunk-shanty, just in front of the beds; and the "wonegon-box" is a large chest containing the supplies of clothing, etc., which "the company" keeps at each camp to sell to the workmen. "Laregans" are snow-boots.

THE BOSS SAWYER DISCUSSES POLITICAL ECONOMY WITH A PLATONIC SWAMPER.

AFTER eating, every night,
He'd climb on the wonagon,
And stick his laregans out on
The deacon-seat, and strike a light,
And say: "Now, I'll be Soekertees,
And you be Glaucon,—er you please
Be Adimantus, I don't care,—
And we'll swamp out the underbrush

And estimate the stumpage where
We're to build a blamed good sight
Better gover'ment, I swear,
Than this one is." And then he'd rush
Through the dead'nings, piling down
Windfall arguments aroun'
Theories of a nation which,
Coming through a second birth,
Run along without a hitch;
And everybody owned the earth,
With no one poor, and no one rich;
And everybody went and eat
At a public cook-house, set
Up there by the gover'ment;
And no one ever paid a cent,
And not a snitch of work to do,
Only just to loaf aroun',
And take a day to go to town
When our public duds was due.

Somewhere there I'd up and say
I was minded of the way
I took out my paytent-right
On a wheel constructed so,
Once it started, had to go—
Wa'n't no stopping, day or night.
Polished up and painted gay,
Right in principle and build,
Just was perfect every way;
Spite of all, though,—I don't know,—
The blamed business would n't go.

THE SKIDDER'S CHORUS.

WHEN the logs go down in the spring,
Sow-meat and dough-god, good-by!
When the logs go down in the spring,
We'll fodder on turkey and pie,

And we 'll order the best at the Falls,
When the logs go down in the spring.
Our scores we will square with our gals,
When the logs go down the river in the spring.

When the logs go down the river,
We will tangle in the jam
Till we feel the bundle shiver;
Then we 'll break it with a slam—
When the logs go down the river in the
spring.

When the logs go down in the spring,
We will visit our girls at the Falls;
When the logs go down in the spring,
We 'll do up the bars and the balls,
And our wages will go up the flume,
When the logs go down in the spring;
But we 'll strike a new job at the boom,
When the logs go down the river in the spring.

When the logs go down the river,
We will draw a six months' pay;
What we 've earned in all the winter
We will blow in half a day—
When the logs go down the river in the
spring.

STORY OF AN ACCIDENT.

Related by the Wood-butcher.

ME and Bill was hunting pine
Over on the other fork,
Tramping good, and weather fine;
Snum' I never pulled a cork
On better liquor than we fetched.
Red leaves falling, curled and ripe,
Crackled under every step.
Kind of mixed wood bottoms stretched
Off toward Chippewa, excep'
Here and there they run a stripe
Of solid pine and balsam fir,
And wintergreen a-growing thur,—
Enough to essence all the State,—
And elm, and butternut, and beech,
And wild grapes hanging out of reach.
And one night, when 't 'uz growing late,
I led a bee-line, cutting straight
Through snags and briars and alder-brush
And haw-bush thickets, in a rush,
To find the crossing to the camp
Before dark come; but Bill, the scamp,
Hed kerless tied the driftwood float
That we had rigged up for a boat,
And it had grounded on a stump
Some furdur out than we could jump.
Then we was stumped; but pretty quick
I seen the way to do the trick:
We clum a sapling on the shore,
'Bout fifty foot, or less or more,
And our two weights jest bent it out
Until my feet hung down about
Five foot or so above the raft;
I dropped, and landed on the craft.

Two-fifty is my honest weight;
But Bill he don't weigh nothing great—
'Bout ninety-five would be my say
On what the little rat would weigh.

When I dropped off—why, then, you see.
That sapling, being rid of me,
Sent Bill a-flying toward the sky.
So far before he turned that I
Was scart to death; but Bill, I bet,
Thinks I done it a-purpose yet!

Doane Robinson.

THREE POINTS OF VIEW.

DRAWN BY MARY BAKER BAKER.

I. THE MAN'S STORY.

II. THE BEAR'S STORY.

III. THE TRUE STORY.

The Chim-pan-zee.

CHIL-DREN, be-hold the Chim-pan-zee:
He sits on the an-ces-tral tree
From which we sprang in ag-es gone.

I'm glad we sprang: had we held on,
We might, for aught that I can say,
Be hor-rid Chim-pan-zees to-day.

A Problem.

'T WAS 'bout the time that dogwood blooms
An' white-faced bees go hummin'
Acrost the paster, buzzin' roun'
Ter tell yer summer 's comin';

An' redbud shoves its crimson through
The yaller sas'fras bushes,
An' peach-trees keep a-gittin' pink
Like Cynthy when she blushes.

We 'd druv—that 's Cynthy Ann an' me—
Down roun' by Pruden's Corners,
Ter ford the creek jis whar it turns
Ter run the mill at Horner's.

We 'd got midstream—the creek was high
(It alluz is this season)—
When old Booze tuck it in his head,
Jis like he had a *reason*,

Ter stop an' drink—thar never was
A horse like Booze fer swillin';
Yer might 's well try ter move a rock
An', leastways, I was *willin'*.

Thar, with the water "chuncklin'" by,
The sun gittin' low an' lazy,
An' a mock-bird co'tin' down the creek,
An' goin' cl'ar plum crazy,

'T was kinder nice ter set, right thar,—
Her sleeve breshed 'g'in' my shoulder,—
An' know I could—that 's ef I *dared*—
Jis slip my arm an' hold her.

Of co'se I loved her,—alluz had,—
An' yit had never spoke it.
Each time I tried, thar 'd somethin' come
Up in my throat an' choke it.

I 'd 'lowed I 'd tell her, though, *that day*—
Yes, ef I bruck a trace, sir;
But, Lord! no man knows what he 'll *do*
Tell he gits in my place, sir!

She 'd turned her head an' give ter me
The back er her sunbonnit
('T was pink, I re-collect, with bows
An' little fixin's on it).

A Penguin.

THE Pen-guin sits up-on the shore
And loves the lit-tle fish to bore;
He has one en-er-vat-ing joke
That would a very Saint pro-voke:

"The PEN-guin's might-i-er than the SWORD-fish";
He tells this dai-ly to the bored fish,
Un-til they are so weak, they float
With-out re-sis-tance down his throat.

An' ter see her little foot go pat,
Her little shoulders heavin',
Why, all the sense I ever had,—
An' that war n't *much*,—'peared leavin'.

I could n't tell ef 't was the creek
Or my heart went "chuncklin'-chinkin'";
An' thar I sot, an' thar she sot,
An' Booze he kep' on drinkin'.

All 't wunst she jerked that bonnet off;
Her ha'r was kinder yaller—
The crinkly kind, with little rings
That sorter temp's a feller.

She give a sigh, an' whirled right roun':
"Oh, Jim," sez she, "I 'm thinkin'
How dreadful, *awful* it would be
Ef, while old Booze was drinkin',

"You was ter *kiss* me—here—right so!
I could n't teck to swimmin'—
I could n't run"—she ketched her breath,
An' raised them big eyes, brimmin',

An' that red mouth er her'n—so clost
The trim'lin' mischief in it—
Well, stranger, 't ain't much use ter *say*
Jis what I *did* that minute;

Nor how ole Booze drunk nigh a tun
Afore I 'd got her answer.
It 's three years sence—three years er joy—
Joy 'nough fer any man, sir.

An' yit—an' yit,—Lord! men is quare,—
When these same days keep comin'—
These days when dogwood starts ter bloom,
An' white-faced bees is hummin',

My thoughts go roun' an' roun', jis like
The clown at Rahl'y circus,
A-studyin' out ef Cynthia *knowed*,
An' said them words a-purpose.

I 'd like ter think she loved me 'nough
Ter have the *spunk* ter do it;
An' yit, ag'in, I 'd like ter think
She 'uz *innercent* cl'ar through it.

Sometimes I 'm *sho' she was*—the times
She *cries* when I start chaffin';
An' then, ag'in, I ain't so *sho'*
When Cynthia gits a-laffin'.

It 's pesky business studyin' girls,—
I reckon 's best ter teck 'em
Jis as they be, an' thank the Lord
Fer any way He 'll meck 'em.

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

A Toast.

QUICK, for this hour is a vision!

E'en now it is going; 't will pass
With the dying away of our laughter,
With the wine in the glass!
Drink! to the heart's high exulting!
Drink! to the light on the brow!
What do we know of the morrow?
Drink to—now!

What do we know of the morrow?

Never for us, it may chance,
This thrill of the lips, this enchantment
Of love in the glance!
Never again such a flower!
Ask why it blossomed, or how?
Breathe not—the bloom 's on the petal!
Drink to—now!

Catharine Young Glen.

The Village Coward.

"'FRAID-CAT, 'fraid of a snake!
Hold the fence an' scream;
'Fraid of the noise the toad-frogs make
An' the log across the stream!"

"'Fraid-cat, 'fraid of the dark!
Cross your heart an' die
If ever you run past dead man's park,
Then break your word an' cry!"

"'Fraid-cat, 'fraid of the girls,
Little Sammy Sim—
Baby eyes an' sissy curls—
Stick your tongue at him!"

"'Fraid-cat"—every one laughed
When he marched away;
Many 's the "stay-at-home" that chaffed
At Sammy Sim—that day.

"'Fraid-cat, 'fraid of the girls,"
But not of blood or shell,
And the men that followed the tumbled curls
Shrank not in the fire of hell.

A volunteer for a daring deed,
A cheer in the face of death,
A laughing word for his wounds that bleed,
A smile with the failing breath,

And a shaft of marble above the sod,
Is all that tells of him,
But if ever a brave boy found his God
It 's little Sammy Sim!

Mary Berri Chapman.

A Popular Model.

If you want to write a novel on an ultra-modern plan,

Here 's a recipe that 's always sure to please:
Take a very faulty mortal, let him be a clergyman,
And then show up all his errors at your ease.

He must be both young and handsome; he must
have "compelling" eyes;
He must worship beauty quite as much as good;
He must have ideas uncommon in the parish he
supplies;
He must suffer when he is n't understood.

There must be a dashing damsel with a slow and
wondrous smile,
In her manners and her maxims rather free;
She must have a knack of dressing in a most be-
witching style,
And a face 't would make Rossetti daft to see.

There should be an humble sweetheart or a patient
little wife,
That your hero may neglect in every way;
For the damsel who is dashing is to dominate his
life,
And of course the very mischief is to pay.

Then you add some cynic statements and an
epigram or two,
And some pages in a high, poetic line,
With a dash of allegory, just to help the matter
through
And to make the public think it really fine.

The world and flesh and devil must all have a part
to play:
Lay the scene, of course, in London; spice it well;
This seems to be the model that is popular to-day,
And you 'll find you have a book that 's sure to
sell.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Valentine.

NEW-YEAR's of Love's year falls to-day!
For, as the old-world stories say,
This is the hour when Love was born
And conquered chaos, ere the morn
Had known Apollo's ruling ray.

So still Love rules the young and gay;
No Calendar but his know they;
New Suns arise but to adorn
New Years of Love;

Love still can make the months obey,
The days go by, the decades stay;
Old kill-joy Time may plead or warn,
Love laughs his sophistries to scorn!
Then, love, be all *our* years for ay
New years of love!

Curtis Hidden Page.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY C. A. SMITH.

"THE GOLDEN GALLEON," BY ROSS TURNER.

PAINTING OBTAINED BY MISS LOUISE MARSHALL WILLIAMS.

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AT THE COURT OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

BY R. D. MACKENZIE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

THE great plain of Hindustan is divided into numerous patches of territory known as "native states." These states are either Hindu or Mohammedan. Some are ruled by their native princes exclusively; in others the princes are assisted by English officials, called "residents"; but all are more or less subject to the British government. It is of one of the most independent of the ruling chiefs that I purpose writing. His state occupies a narrow strip of territory in the extreme northwest of Rajputana, on the edge of the Bikanir Desert. It is, broadly speaking, three hundred miles long by one hundred miles wide, and has a population of about six hundred thousand. The name of the state is Bahawalpur, and its ruler is Sir Zadiak Mohammed Khan Abassie, G. C. S. I.—more generally known as "his Highness the Nawāb of Bahawalpur."

I first saw the Nawāb in his Ahmedpur palace, a building recently finished, and most startling to the stranger who for the first time sees the pile rising through the heat and dust of the desert sands. It is shut in from the little smoky, dusty, mud-walled bazaar, with its sleepy camels and asses squatting near the entrance, by a turreted wall thirty feet high and about two miles in circumference. This palace is one of the magnificent

incongruities that now and then startle the European visitor to the native states. The plan and general contour of the building are French. It might be the Palais du Luxembourg. The dust and glare of the desert are so great that you are apt to fear that your head and eyes are playing you false. But as you approach nearer, you have surprises in the form of architectural detail, in the mixture of Greek, Roman, and Saracenic in column, entablature, and arch. The color-scheme is rather a pleasing combination of white marble and terra-cotta. Outside, there are cast-iron fountains that never play, and when you look at the dry, cracked desert sand on which you are standing, you wonder that anybody ever thought they would.

Within the palace are combinations never dreamed of before. There is the "green room," the "yellow room," and so on; but the walls of the former are pink and yellow, with vivid green curtains, from which, no doubt, the room takes its name. Some of the furniture is cut crystal, and some gilt Louis XIV. But the most prominent object is an enormous Gothic mirror,—a sort of miniature Westminster Abbey,—with no fewer than fifteen reproductions of one particular colored-glass vase, and two Japanese figures in

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porcelain, with movable heads, tongues, and hands.

To light this room there are various colored chandeliers at intervals of about six feet, and candelabra on the floor. In the room there is a musical bed, with four life-sized, flesh-colored dancing figures attached to the corners.

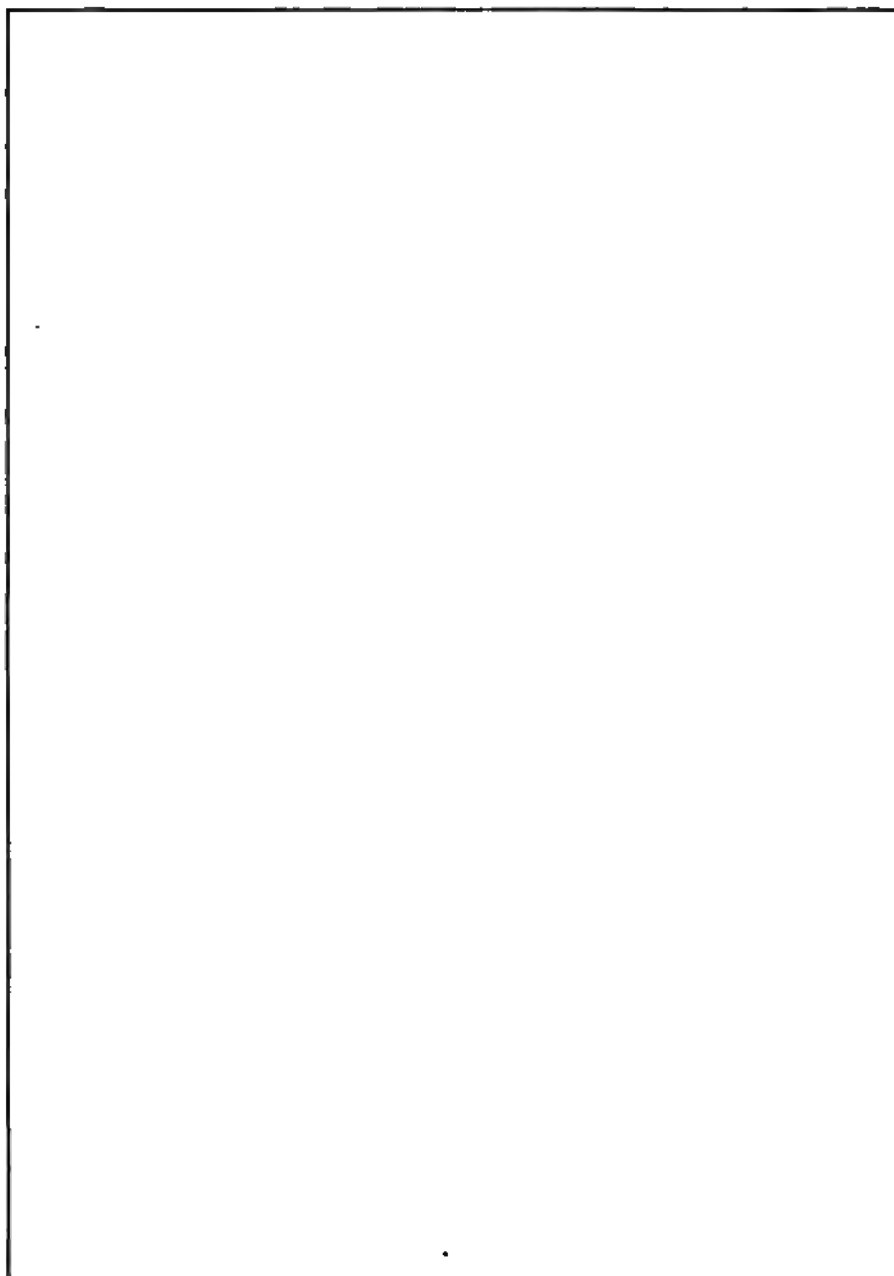
The Nawāb does not live in this palace; he prefers a smaller one which is hidden away in a corner of the garden, behind a grove of orange-trees and date-palms, and adjoining the harem. Here he is at home, and has the privacy of high walls so dear to the heart of the Mohammedan. This little palace is a square, low, flat-topped building, with veranda closed in with arches, according to the custom of the country. The exterior is white plaster, with stucco decorations picked out with the most brilliant colors, the result being that under the ever-brilliant sun the effect is not that of solid masonry, but of flowers, butterflies, and humming-birds. It is here that flocks of screeching green parrots love to fly.

There was a sound sweeping through the long passage that ran the length of the palace. It was the rustle of loose garments and the soft thud of running bare feet. They were the Nawāb's servants. One of them announced, "Yes; his Highness is here, and wishes to see you." The meeting was quite informal. My room opened into the passage, and the Nawāb entered, accompanied by his private secretary. Outside, the veranda was crowded with the body-guard and servants, in attitudes of respectful attention. Not a whisper was heard, as no one

speaks until spoken to by the Nawāb, unless he be a European and a guest.

The Nawāb is a man about thirty-six years old, six feet tall, and well proportioned; he has dark and prominent features, long black curly hair, beard cut close, and very long drooping mustaches curling into a ring at the ends. He is extremely sensitive, has a strong will and a constitution of iron, and is intensely suspicious and jealous, the natural result of his position.

Except on special occasions, the Nawāb dresses in white-muslin trousers, very wide and baggy, silk or cloth coat and waistcoat, and silk-and-gold turban. His pockets are numerous, and their contents surprising. It is a common thing for him to wear two or three watches, and very beautiful ones they are. This does not astonish one so much as the fact that he possesses no less than seventeen hundred watches of all descriptions, and is constantly purchasing others. He has also some remarkably fine jewels. The crown shown in his portrait weighs nine pounds, and is a mass of diamonds set in silver, with a row of very large pear-shaped pearls as pendants around the base. He has a sword the jeweled scabbard and hilt of which are valued at five hundred thousand dollars. He wears some extraordinary rubies and uncut emeralds attached to chains of rubies and pearls that he wears as a necklace. He has also a set of fifteen uncut rubies as large as the largest of the emeralds. They are historic gems, with the names of the Mogul emperors engraved upon them. They are very irregular in shape, and measure fully one and a half inches in diameter. The robe, sash, and pen-



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHNSTON & HOFFMANN.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAWSON.

SIR ZAIDIE MAHAMMED KHAN ABBASIE, G. C. S. I., NAWAB OF BAHAWALPUR.

dants seen in the portrait are the insignia of the "Star of India."

He is never without a pocketful of gold mohurs and rupees. A gold mohur is a coin that is not in circulation as money; but it is a custom among native princes to present these coins to friends, and to receive them as presents, on certain ceremonial occasions. It is of pure gold, and varies in

size and value from twenty to fifty rupees. A rupee is a silver coin about the size of a fifty-cent piece, but according to the present rate of exchange is worth only about twenty-five cents.

The Nawab leads a very active but whimsical life. His greatest passion is hunting, consisting of shooting, pig-sticking, and hawking. He is an excellent shot, espe-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY MORACE BAKER.

AHMEDPUR PALACE FROM THE DESERT.

cially if the game is moving rapidly, and I should be afraid to say how many wild boars he has killed, pig-sticking being a sport not generally indulged in by Mohammedans. He, like most Indian princes, has killed his tiger. He is equally skilled in telling a story, and his English, though slow and measured, is very good. From the time he was five years old he was under an English tutor, appointed by the British government.

At the death of his father, the former Nawāb, the whole state passed into the hands of the British government until the young Nawāb, coming of age, was placed on the throne and given full powers to govern his six hundred thousand subjects, together with several crores¹ of rupees, which had accumulated in the treasury under the administration of the English.

It is only natural that the young prince, once in possession of his great wealth, should desire to spend it, and the result was that four new palaces were built at the capital of the state, Bahawalpur, and at an old town, about thirty miles distant, called Ahmedpur, the former residence of the Nawābs of Bahawalpur since 1727. Two of these palaces were built in the style that I have already described.

The Nawāb has a body-guard of four hundred mounted men, nearly all from Baluchistan, a wild, dirty, and most picturesque set, and the best and the most reckless riders I

¹ A crore is 10,000,000 rupees, or 100 lacs, a lac being 100,000 rupees.

have ever seen. He maintains only one squadron of cavalry and half a regiment of infantry, but has two thousand domestic servants, and three hundred shikarees, or hunters, distributed over the whole state, whose duty it is to send news to the Nawāb when game is found in their locality, and to keep poachers from trespassing. He has also a stable of one hundred and fifty Arab, English, and Australian horses, and two large river-steamers are held in readiness for six months at a time on the Sutlej, which forms the northern boundary of his state for a distance of about two hundred miles.

The Nawāb's present income is about fifteen lacs of rupees a year. He is an absolute monarch, holding the power of signing life or death sentences on criminals. The administration of state affairs is in the hands of his prime minister and other officials, but no measures can be enacted without the Nawāb's written signature.

If it suits his pleasure, he holds a weekly durbar, or court of audience. On those occasions audience is given to as many of the people, rich and poor, as can get a chance to present their petitions. They are allowed to come before the Nawāb and the council, making their complaint verbally as well as presenting it in manuscript.

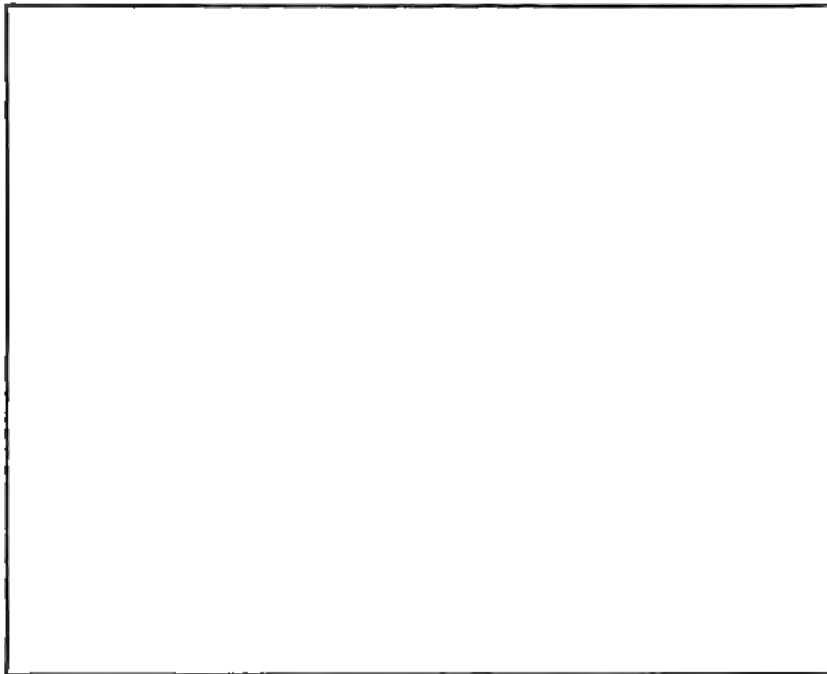
On the afternoon of my first arrival I witnessed one of these durbars, at which an amusing incident occurred. A poor old villager was rushed in between two guards, so excited that he began to offer his petition

some time before he arrived in the presence of the Nawāb. In spite of his impatience, he was made to begin it all over again. His story was that some one had cheated him out of three annas, or three sixteenths of a rupee. The Nawāb was so amused at the absurdity of the poor old fellow's anxiety that he threw him a rupee, saying, "There; that will settle it." But, to the astonishment of every one, the old man was not satisfied, and still wanted his three annas. He was hustled out by the guards, as discontented and noisy as when he came in.

This was an instance of the insignificance of many of the petitions, although some were serious enough. The Nawāb judged every case with great firmness and decision, occasionally appealing to his ministers for an opinion.

After the durbar we were to go for a

front of the palace. The wagon was small, entirely covered with a leather top, with low wheels, and tires about six inches wide, for traveling over sand. There was a seat for the driver; every one else had to squat, native-fashion, on a mattress covering the bottom of the vehicle. Eight of us were pressed like pickles in a bottle, sandwiched with swords, guns, and the never-absent box of cigars and cigarettes. We were off like a shot, there being no time to lose, as in two hours it would be dark, and it was a matter of a gallop of six miles over roads that no European driver would have hazarded. One moment through loose sand half-way to the hubs, the next over hard lumps of dry clay, and finally through the desert over the hardest and roughest of ground, simply following a line, freshly cut with a hoe, twisting in and out among the scrub bushes that seemed to



THE WOMEN'S PALACE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHAPMAN

drive; but as we were stepping into the carriage news was brought that two or three wild boars had been surrounded.

The carriage was sent back to the stable, and an order given for the shikar wagon. I had never seen any pig-sticking, and so was rather interested in what was to come, knowing that the wild boar is the pluckiest and most ferocious of animals. It was not more than ten minutes before the wagon, drawn by eight fine mules, came galloping to the

stretch like a sea of porcupines to the horizon. Every wave of the desert sand, from five to ten feet high, was topped with one of these leaden-green bushes—a sort of juniper, I think. The Nawāb passed cigars and cigarettes, with which he is very generous, to all.

Those six miles seemed to be without end, especially as we could see very little, for the dust behind us stood like a wall, twenty feet in the sultry air; but through it, at intervals, we got glimpses of an open wagon

1

FIG-STICKING.

that was tearing along after us, packed with men, each holding a long, wicked-looking spear. We were surrounded on all sides by wild horsemen, the body-guard, mounted on wiry little Baluchis with just a touch of the Arab. Most of the riders had only a string for a bridle. They rode without order, darting from one side of the road to the other, turning round, galloping back, and rearing and plunging. Over bushes and sand-hills they went, their long black hair and shaggy beards gray with the dust rising about them. Their clothes consisted of a turban coiled carelessly, allowing one long end of cloth to fly over the shoulder, loose coat and trousers, all of white cotton, but yellow with dust and grease. Round the waist was wound a broad colored scarf, over which was worn a thin belt, to which was attached a sharply curved simitar.

We at last reached our destination, brown and white with dust. We found everything to remind us that when a chief has commanded, slaves live only to obey. Four "tuskers" had already been inclosed by a wall of canvas ten feet high called a "kanát." It covered an area of half a mile in circumference on the open desert, surrounding a small patch of corn, the fond hope of some poor desert farmer. Fresh horses had been saddled for those who were to take part in the fight. There were elephants ready to kneel and take on their backs those who were simply to be spectators. The prime minister, the doctor, and I belonged to that group. A portion of the kanát was pulled open, and in rushed about fifteen men, each with a string of four or five dogs, a mongrel breed of jungle pariahs, very savage. When they cannot get a pig to chew, they eat one another. I have seen a few of them torn in pieces by their fellows before they could be rescued. Each horseman had selected his spear, and, headed by the Nawāb, followed the dogs into the inclosure. Next came the body-guard, some with drawn swords, and some with spears.¹ They, with the dogs, strove to drive the boars toward the Nawāb and his party, who kept a keen lookout for tusks.

Our elephants entered, and the kanát was closed. The dogs were on the scent, and in a few minutes there was a rush through the bushes and across a ditch. Three big boars dashed out, and charged full on the Nawāb and his party, all from different directions,

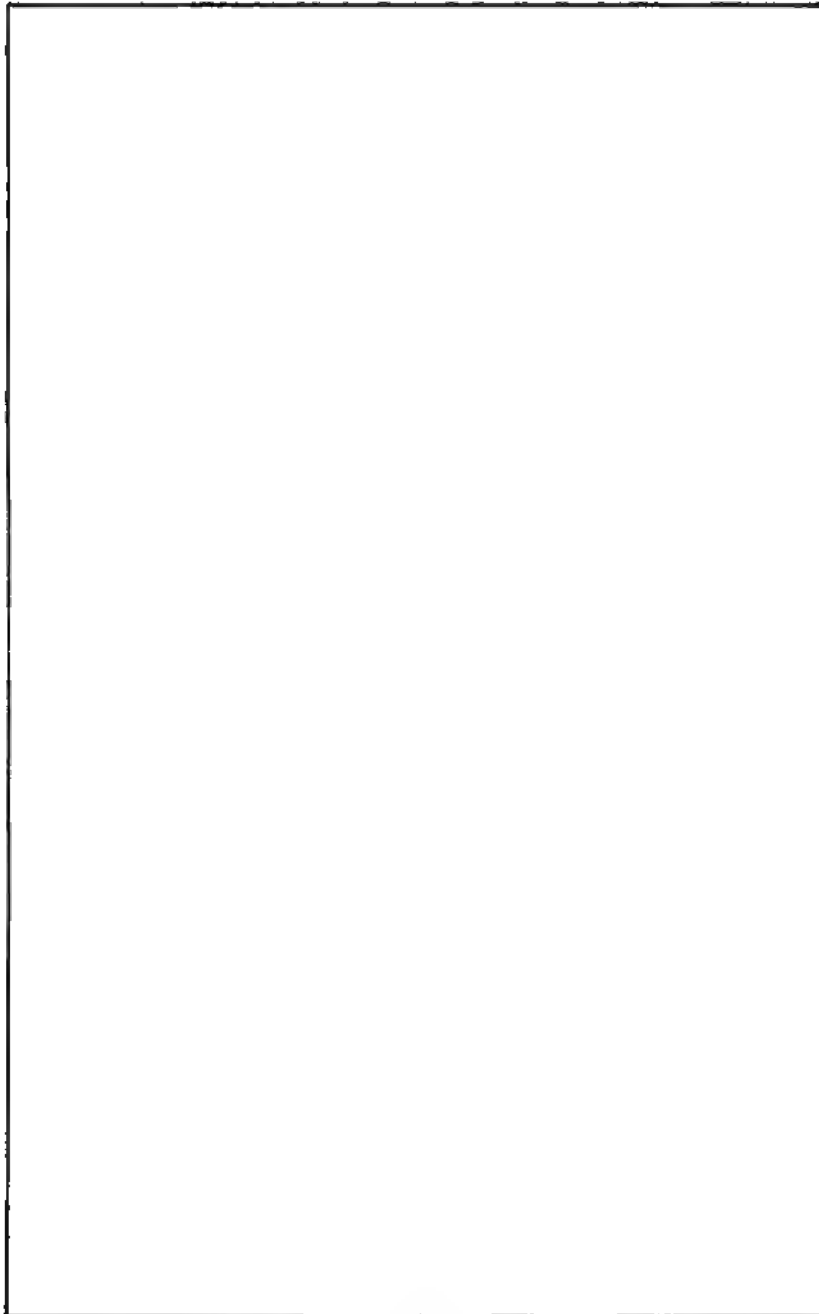
into the corn-patch. There was a lively scrimmage, and one rider was unhorsed. The Nawāb got "first spear" just as a boar was charging under his horse, but it was only a slight wound, and his horse had to be changed for another, having received a bad cut from the razor-like tusk of the boar. The doctor's services were now in demand, as one of the body-guard was brought out with the whole length of his foot ripped open by another boar.

On they came again. The Nawāb's horse would not face the "pigs," so he pluckily jumped off, and succeeded in running his spear completely through a big boar that charged him. He was quickly assisted by two of the body-guard, who despatched the brute with their heavy spears. In the meantime the dogs got hold of one of the other boars, and were having a lively tussle, until one of the spearmen on foot gave the finishing stroke. There remained still two others, and one of them was making straight for our elephant. The great beast trembled like a leaf, trumpeting, and rolling up his trunk into a tight coil. He tried to get away, but any one who has ever seen a wild boar charge knows that he might just as well have tried to dodge lightning. Under us the boar rushed, and back again, each time giving a vicious cut to the poor, helpless mountain of muscle. Luckily for us, he made no further attack, and in another half-hour the battle was ended. It was fast growing dark. Three of the boars lay dead, the fourth being captured alive. The heads were cut off and brought away as trophies. Some of these animals measure more than three feet in height. They are long and narrow, very much like the "razorback" of the South.

We returned to the palace at about eight o'clock at night. The Nawāb went to his little palace in the garden, and after dinner I was resting on a cot by a door that opened upon a veranda in the front of the palace, thinking over the events of the day, and listening to a most pitiful moaning sound that came from the strange stillness, where only the shadow of a sentry moved in the moonlight. Surely, I thought, it must be some poor animal in distress. I afterward found that the "moaning" came from what is called a "Persian wheel"—an endless chain of buckets to bring up water from a well, and turned by oxen. In that part of the country these wheels are kept going day and night, and the noise sounds most dismal until one becomes accustomed to it.

The heat was almost stifling, but little by

¹ This particular style of pig-sticking is original with the Nawāb, as the regular way is to chase the pigs across the open country.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE CHIEF SLEEPS.

little a breeze came stealing in over the high walls, and round the still, iron fountain, and across the marble veranda. It gently vibrated the glass pendants of the chandeliers that lined the room, and tinkling crystal echoes gradually reverberated through the long passage from the great durbar hall, filled with its sea of crystal. I arose and walked into the passage. There was just one lamp left burning in the middle of the hall. Its light was refracted a thousand times through that great cavern of crystal, and with each tinkle a prismatic glitter, now blue, orange, purple, green, then a gem of pure white

light, sparkled and went out in the darkest depths. As the breeze grew stronger the tinkling increased, and somehow the emptiness also, until the loneliness grew fascinating. The sentry and I were all that lived in the shadows of the great palace, shut in by the high wall and the silent desert.

The awful emptiness of the word "palace" began to weigh upon me. Was this the environment for a prince who had received an English education, and spent the best part of his life in European society? The cell of a prisoner in solitary confinement could not be worse than that palace with those whispering attendants.

I went back to my cot, and enjoyed the breeze as it increased in strength, and became quite cool. I was just beginning to forget the tinkling glass and the moaning wheel when my attention was attracted by the light of a lantern coming toward the palace from the depths of the garden, the moon having disappeared below the high walls. As the light passed near the corner of the palace, I discerned two or three white-draped figures, and, a few paces behind, half a dozen more. I thought I heard the clank of steel. They must be the body-guard and the Nawāb. What a funereal procession it seemed!

Soon there was a rustling sound in the passage; it stopped at my door, and some one spoke. "Sahib, the chief calls." I immediately put on my hat, and followed the servant into the garden. There was the Nawāb with his golden lantern, the prime minister and the private secretary, and the body-guard. The Nawāb said, "I thought you would like to see a nautch." So I joined the procession, and we wended our way through another part of the garden, past dusky sentinels, and into a walled inclosure, with still another, inclosed with kanāts; but these were unlike those used for pig-sticking, as they were covered with most elaborate designs on both sides, in red, green and lilac, orange and black. The ground was covered with carpets and rugs, and under a *shāmīāna* at one end were spread gold-embroidered rugs and pillows on which to sit. Lamps were ranged in two rows nearly half the length of the inclosure. The servant with the box of cigars being at hand, we all had a smoke.

The Nawāb took his seat in the middle, and motioned the prime minister to his left, the private secretary and me to his right. Spaces were reserved for others to come later, and the body-guard were divided, some behind and the rest in two rows to the right

and left of the middle. Just outside there was a rustling of silks, and the chink-chink, chink-chink of bell anklets. In came ten or twelve nautch-girls, all glittering with gold and silver. The rich colors of their costumes were not apparent until they emerged into the stronger light. All salaamed to the Nawāb. At a sign they sat down, always in a row, each one spreading her twenty-five yards of skirt carefully about her feet, and arranging and rearranging her *sari*, which is a shawl—in this case of gauze covered with gold and silver tinsel—used for covering the head and shoulders and, very often, the face. Then half a dozen musicians entered, with strange fiddles, drums, and cymbals. They were tuning, and running over passages of strange music, full of trills and grace-notes, producing plaintive and weird harmonies.

At a sign from a confidential servant who sat behind the Nawāb, and who had charge of all amusements, two of the nautch-girls rose and came forward with a swaying step peculiar to them, and accented greatly by the fullness and shortness of the skirt, under which they wore baggy trousers. The musicians stood only a few feet behind the dancers, and after the saris were properly arranged, and the instruments, including the drums, were in perfect accord, the dancers turned, and reverently touched each instrument, and then the breast and head, in homage to the art.

Then the music began to vibrate in strange, subdued, undulating minor trills, suggestive of an Æolian harp singing to the fitful pulses of a summer evening breeze. The dancer began a short forward-and-backward step, accented by the jingling of the anklets, the swaying of the skirts, and a remarkably flexible movement of the hands and fingers, which were held as high as the head or slightly above it. The head swayed gently from side to side, and every movement was in time with the music. This continued for perhaps ten minutes, during which time each of the musicians in turn sang in a most distressful manner certain passages of the song that always accompanies a dance. Then each girl in turn sang a verse, interrupted now and then by a solo from one of the musicians. So they went on, from half an hour to two hours, according to the wish of the Nawāb. Then one or two other girls were called, and went through the same sort of performance, each dancer having her own musicians. To the uncultivated ear such sounds grow monotonous, and the

monotony induces gentle sleep, indulged in by nearly all the company, including the body-guard, in spite of, or on account of, the fact that the songs are classic lyric poems, sung by the best singers in Sanskrit, Urdu, and Hindi, and by the ordinary singers in the colloquial tongue of the district. As at European entertainments the best is always kept till the last, so the performance stretches into the small hours of the morning, when the guests become sufficiently refreshed, perhaps, by their naps fully to appreciate it. But the Nawāb, I must say, seldom slept, and he kept me so constantly supplied with cigars that I managed to remain awake, although I exhausted all the small talk at my command before morning. To have taken leave would have been an unpardonable breach of etiquette.

It appeared that the monotony so depressing to a European is a most delightful recreation to the Oriental. As all things must end or change in some way, so, just as the dawn began to soften the shadows and silver the lights on the distant group of nautch-girls, as they sat half dozing in the background, the Nawāb arose and made a slight motion with his head. The music and singing instantly ceased; the girls arose, salaamed, and slowly disappeared in single file. As the last jingle of silver and brass faded away, in perfect silence we wended our way back to the palace, where all but the body-guard took their leave.

The Nawāb, turning to me, said: "You must find it very warm sleeping indoors. I sleep outside on top of the palace, and you'd better come up with me."

So up I went, and there, under a large swinging fan, were two cots placed side by side. He pointed to one, saying, "That is for you."

The novelty of the situation made me almost speechless; but I was tired enough to follow his suggestion, and prepared to retire. The breeze had died away, and the large fan was pulled back and forth just over us. As I lay looking up at the stars that were fast fading away, wondering what would happen next, a large silver

water-pipe, called a hookah, was brought and placed near the Nawāb's couch. The long coil was handed to him, and he began to smoke, the water gurgling with every puff. Two old men came and sat near the foot of his cot. One began a long recitation. The Nawāb interrupted him, and asked if the talking would disturb me. I, of course, said no; and, in fact, the monotony of sound that I did not understand had a rather soothing effect. These men were story-tellers, and it was their duty to sit and tell yarns, in turn, all night, or until the Nawāb was fast asleep. Another servant was squeezing, rubbing, and patting all the muscles of his body, while the Nawāb puffed away at his hookah. In the midst of all this I fell asleep. When I awoke it was broad daylight, and the sun was shining almost full on me. I had enjoyed a most delicious sleep. I turned quietly to see if the Nawāb was awake, when, to my astonishment, his cot was empty. The story-tellers, the body-guard, the pipe, all had vanished. There I was alone on the top of the house. Had not the Nawāb's cot still been there I should have thought that I had simply been dreaming. I arose, and went down to my room. Calling my servant, I made some inquiries about the Nawāb, and found that before he fell asleep he had heard of more pigs, and rushed away on an excursion similar to the one of the previous evening. I could not help feeling grateful to him for not routing me out to go with him. He returned at about twelve o'clock, had an exhibition of wrestling all the afternoon, a drive in the evening, and a nautch all night.

That is a fair example of the restless life led by an Indian prince. Of course no human frame can long endure such a strain. But somehow it does, when buoyed by stimulants. A week of this sort of life will pass, then the outraged system demands rest, and for two or three days the Nawāb is not to be seen. They say, "He sleeps," but it is as a child in fever sleeps. His room is surrounded by the body-guard and all the head servants of the palace. There is a continual flitting in and out, and the never-ending drone of the story-teller may be heard day and night.





THE BOND OF BLOOD.

BY WILL H. THOMPSON,
Author of "The High Tide at Gettysburg."

THE words of a rebel old and battered,
Who will care to remember them?
Under the Lost Flag, battle-tattered,
I was a comrade of Allan Memm.

Who was Allan, that I should name him
Bravest of all the brave who bled?
Why should a soldier's song proclaim him
First of a hundred thousand dead?

An angel of battle, with fair hair curling
By brown cheeks shrunken and wan with want;
A living missile that Lee was hurling
Straight on the iron front of Grant;

A war-child born of the Old South's passion,
Trained in the camp of the cavaliers;
A spirit wrought in the antique fashion
Of Glory's martial morning years.

His young wife's laugh and his baby's prattle
He bore through the roar of the hungry guns—
Through the yell of shell in the rage of battle,
And the moan that under the thunder runs.

His was the voice that cried the warning
At the shattered gate of the slaughter-pen,
When Hancock rushed in the gray of morning
Over our doomed and desperate men.

His was the hand that held the standard—
A flaring torch on a crumbling shore—
'Mid the billows of blue by the storm blown landward,
And his call we heard through the ocean roar:

Ere the flag should shrink to a lost hope's token,
Ere the glow of its glory be low and dim,

Ere its stars should fade and its bars be broken,
 Calling his comrades to come to him.

And these, at the order of Hill or Gordon,—
 God keep their ashes! I knew them well,—
 Would have smashed the ranks of the devil's cordon,
 Or charged through the flames that roar in hell.

But none could stand where the storm was beating,
 Never a comrade could reach his side;
 In the spume of flame where the tides were meeting,
 He, of a thousand, stood and died.

And the foe, in the old heroic manner,
 Tenderly laid his form to rest,
 The splintered staff and the riddled banner
 Hiding the horror upon his breast.

.

Gone is the cot in the Georgia wildwood,
 Gone is the blossom-strangled porch;
 The roof that sheltered a soldier's childhood
 Vainly pleaded with Sherman's torch.

Gone are the years, and far and feeble
 Ever the old wild echoes die;
 Hark to the voice of a great, glad people
 Hailing the one flag under the sky!

And the monstrous heart of the storm receding
 Fainter and farther throbs and jars;
 And the new storm bursts, and the brave are bleeding
 Under the cruel alien stars.

And Allan's wife in the grave is lying
 Under the old scorched vine and pine,
 While Allan's child in the isles is dying
 Far on the foremost fighting line.

Cheer for the flag with the old stars spangled!
 Shake out its folds to the wind's caress,
 Over the hearts by the war-hounds mangled
 Down in the tangled Wilderness!

To wave o'er the grave of the brave forever;
 For the Gray has sealed, in the bond of blood,
 His faith to the Blue, and the brave shall never
 Question the brave in the sight of God.

July 4, 1898.



HEROES OF THE RAILWAY SERVICE.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

I. NOTES FROM EXPERIENCE.

BY CHARLES DE LANO HINE.

[THE writer of this article, who was a graduate of West Point, after serving four years as an officer, voluntarily resigned his commission in the army to become a freight-brakeman. He worked six months as a brakeman and two years as a yard-master, all of the time in constant contact with the men and the dangers he describes. In the late war he was a major in the First District of Columbia Volunteer Infantry.—EDITOR.]



NOTIONS of heroism are so inseparably connected with the military that, in estimating the brave qualities of people of whatever calling, one instinctively turns for a standard of comparison to those bodies of men who, trained to valor, have learned to scorn danger that governments may live and right endure. Railroad organization is semi-military in character, and the heroic acts of railroad men can best be understood and appreciated by showing their analogy to the heroism of soldiers and sailors.

American railroad life in the train and yard service teems with deeds of daring, of self-sacrifice, and of devotion to duty. All these are matters of such every-day occurrence that they are difficult to chronicle. Dangers follow one another in such rapid succession that the impressions of one moment are effaced by the self-possession necessary to the next. A soldier fights his battle and may not be again under fire for a week, a month, or a year. While actually engaged, his is a maximum of danger. The railroad man is usually in much less danger than the fighting soldier. What the railroader lacks in intensity of risk he makes up in quantity. He is under fire, so to speak, every working day or night of his life. The washouts of spring, the blinding dust of summer, the treacherous fogs of autumn, and the icy car-tops of winter, all teach him to be careful of his hold in this world, lest he slip suddenly into the next.

As the battle is the true test of the officer and the soldier, so is the wreck the measure of the coolness or pluck of the official and the employee. There is this important difference: a battle is usually planned for, while a wreck is always unexpected. A battle is, therefore, portrayed by alert correspondents, and land-

scape and features are distorted by special artists on the spot. The wreck is described by fanciful writers from the incoherent and exaggerated accounts of terrified survivors. Railroads naturally dislike to perpetuate a public record of their disasters, so photographs of wrecks are seldom made. A few stock imaginary pictures enliven the account in the sensational press, and the modest hero who, bruised and bleeding, saves his comrades, or crawls back to "flag" ¹ a following train, is overlooked. The conventional accounts usually speak of a "head-on" collision, but the American railroad man says a "head-end" collision, or a "head-ender," when he means that two trains going in opposite directions failed to solve the old problem of passing on the same track. When a train of hare-like propensities collides with a preceding tortoise the practical railroad man says it is a "rear-end" collision, or a "tail-ender."

The great railroad development following the close of the Civil War opened an avenue of employment to thousands of discharged soldiers. These brave men, trained to alertness, obedience, and hardship, helped to raise their new occupation to its present high standard. The compliment was returned in the late war, when, as General Sherman predicted, many volunteer soldiers were recruited from the ranks of the railroad men. Wars are becoming so infrequent and railroads so numerous that statistics are likely to show more men of this generation killed and injured on the railroads than in battle.

The dangers of the train and yard service lessen with the introduction of safety appliances and with improved track, equipment, and organization; it will be many years, however, before the insurance companies cease

¹ To "flag" is to give at proper distance the "stop" signal to an approaching train.

to class as extra-hazardous risks enginemen, firemen, yard-masters, switchmen, conductors, and brakemen. The classes just enumerated constitute what may be termed the fighting force of the railroad service. Of a total of two hundred thousand or more in this country some twenty thousand are killed and injured annually. There is no period of "enervating peace." Ever-present danger fills the life with the fascination of excitement, and secures it the pay of skilled labor. There is no positive stimulus arising from a hope of glory. There is a negative encouragement for each man not to be considered lacking in "sand," for nowhere is a coward more despised than among railroad men. The enthusiasm is that of determined Americans, each one bent on filling so well the part assigned him that he will be regarded as a man among men. The devotion to duty springs from a desire to hold a position the good pay of which will lift him and his a little higher in the social scale than his neighbors.

Railroad men are home-lovers, devoted to law and order. When they reach their comfortable domiciles after a hard time on the road or in the yard, they forget the "swear-words" that the hot boxes, the heavy grades, or the annoying delays have caused some of them to utter. When a man's clothes are clean the harmony of things makes it much easier for him to keep his language clean than when he becomes begrimed with dirt and grease—destroyers of the beautiful more than skin-deep.

The present is a transition period in railroading. Freight-cars in daily use vary in size from the ten-ton carrying capacity car of fifteen or twenty years ago to the standard thirty-ton car and the special forty- and fifty-ton cars of to-day. The demands of local and interstate commerce bring all these kinds of cars into service in the same train. Some are equipped with automatic couplers, and some with the old-fashioned link and pin. The result is more or less unavoidable "slack" through the train. This slack, distributed unequally among cars of such different resistances, is an ever-present factor of danger. The jerk due to sags and curves in the track aggravates the unequal tension on draft-rigging, and a frequent result is the breaking of the train into two or more parts. Sometimes this is due to a coupling-pin bouncing out, sometimes to a link breaking, or, worst of all, to "pulling out a lung," that is, having the whole draw-bar come out. In this last case the danger is increased, for a large automatic coupler dropping on the

track is apt to derail the cars in the rear. It is not the most comfortable sensation in the world, when waltzing over the deck of a freight-train moving forty or fifty miles an hour, to have the cars begin to dance up and down as if coyly choosing partners for a grand whirl to destruction. When a train has parted, it matters not how, every nerve is strained to keep the front end in motion until the detached portion or portions are stopped. Sometimes this is impossible, and the resulting collision or collisions between the parts result in a most appalling wreck, with consequent loss of life or property, or both. Occasionally the crew will not know that the train has "cut" until the engine stops for water and the rear cars come crashing into their helpless fellows. Often on a crooked road the head end will run for miles without daring to stop until a heavy up grade is past. This precaution has its limitations on a single-track road, for another train may have to be met at the next station. The head end has to stop and capture the rear, peaceably if it can, forcibly if it must. It is then that good judgment and nerve need to be specially in play. By slowing up gradually the rear end may be caught on the fly, as it were, not doing any more damage than breaking a few cars, without piling them up and blocking the line. So inaccurate are human ideas of momentum that this is about as dangerous a proceeding as trying to stop an apparently slow-moving cannon-ball. Trains have parted, been recoupled by the crew, and kept right along, without stopping. So slight, however, is the chance of this being done successfully that the rules prohibit any such foolhardy attempts.

A former braking "pardner" of the writer once disobeyed the rules to save a wreck. This man was riding on top of a freight-train the rear of which was composed mainly of "cripples," that is, "bad-order" cars for the shop, some of which had lost their brake-rigging in a previous wreck. Flying around a curve where passengers in comfortable sleepers call the scenery picturesque, he suddenly realized that the head end of the train was running faster than his part, and experienced faculties soon told him that a pin had bounced out. He flew to the brakes, but there were too many missing for him to stop the cars. "No. 7," a passenger-train to be met at the first siding on the grade, flashed into his mind. He knew the head end would stop there and "put out a flag" (i. e., send a man forward with danger-signals), as the

passengers must be safeguarded whatever happened. Should he jump off and let his part run? Not he; he waited a few seconds until the next curve permitted him to give the engineman an "easy sign"; then he crawled down to get an extra pin that was taking up slack between two cars, and ran to the head of his cut. The conductor, old-timer that he was, could hardly believe his eyes when the brakeman went down the end ladder, and, wrapping one arm about the brake-staff, stood on the "dead-wood" to make the coupling. The conductor sprang to the middle of a car, braced himself for the shock, and turned away. When he dared to look, the brave brakeman had climbed the ladder and was unconcernedly giving the "all right" signal. Then all hands set brakes, the train stopped safely in the siding, and the crew ate lunch.

Passenger-trains never break in two, and if they did the automatic brakes would stop both parts at once. Freight-train accidents of this kind are fewer every year, but the best roads are subject to them on account of handling the poorer equipment of weaker lines.

On the trunk-line that leads from Washington to the heart of Dixie there is, near quaint old Alexandria, and in sight of the dome of the Capitol, a little junction. Here, one summer evening just at dusk, a passenger-train from a branch road had stopped for orders. The conductor and the engineman had gone to the telegraph office, and the fireman was also away from the engine. The train had the right of track (*i. e.*, the rules entitled it to the road), and had stopped "foul of the main" (*i. e.*, so another train could not get by on the main line). It was to meet another train which must come in under control. When the latter whistled in the distance, no special attention was paid. On came the train, the ambitious young runner bent on reaching Richmond in as many hours as it once took an army years. Suddenly the men on the ground realized that the coming train could not stop. There was time for them to run away, but duty was dearer than life. The engineman ran to his engine. His quick eye saw that if he pulled ahead for his own safety into the siding his rear coaches would not be clear of the track on which the swift train was approaching. Like lightning he threw the reverse lever into the "back motion," and then gradually opened the throttle, knowing that to "jerk her wide open" would "slip her drivers" and not move the train. A quick-witted trainman sprang to the switch and, as his train shot back,

threw the rails almost under the pilot of the coming monster, which thundered harmlessly by. Not a life was lost, and the modest heroes, who are still running on the road, very likely have almost forgotten the incident. It takes a brave man to stick to his post when danger threatens, but it takes a braver one to seek his post when he is once in a place of safety.

On a side-hill in the Buckeye State stands the station of a pretentious town. Here one evening a train stood discharging passengers and changing engines. Suddenly a freight-train was heard tearing down the grade past the yard where it should have stopped. The almost human whistles for brakes indicated only too clearly to practised ears that the crew had lost control of the train. In vain the station-men thought of turning the run-away into another track. The only available siding which the helpless and partly filled train did not block led into the station itself. To throw that switch meant death to the people in the dining-room. While this was happening, an engineman was leisurely oiling his engine on the station spur. When he saw the danger, he yelled to throw the switch, and shot his engine out on the main track to meet the coming train. His comrades supposed that he would jump off and trust his engine to do the work of repelling the assault. He knew the grade was so steep that the recoil from the collision might still work mischief to the unsuspecting passengers; so he "stayed with her," and with a skill equaled only by his courage he caught that freight-train and brought it under control, with no more damage than smashing the fronts of the engines. There was only one chance in a hundred of doing this, but heroes take the hundredth chance. For such deeds Napoleon made officers of privates. Under a system of promotions by length of service this unassuming hero is still "pulling" a freight-train, with only one great earthly anticipation—vacancies enough to give him a passenger run.

Another freight-runner when "firing passenger" saved his train from going through a burning bridge after his engineman had given it up for lost. When asked about this while we were looking the train over for hot boxes one day, he required some prompting before recalling the occurrence.

An ever-fearful menace to safety is the presence of tramps. In railroad parlance they are known as "bums" or "hoboes." When permitted to ride and have their own way they are, of course, very friendly and entertaining. When put off they become ugly

and revengeful. They tamper with coupling apparatus and cause wrecks, or interfere with the track and switches. Municipalities are selfish in dealing with the tramp question. Many a one is released from custody on condition that he leave town. It is no uncommon thing for a peace-officer to escort a hobo to a freight-yard and "hit" a trainman to "carry" the shiftless wayfarer to any point whatever. If the bum is put off at the first stop, the same thing, very likely, is done over again the next day. The trainmen dare not use measures sufficiently harsh to be fully effectual. If the bum is clubbed or kicked, as he might happen to be by a city officer, the average jury may forget that he is a trespasser, and may feel that the representative of an "oppressive corporation" has ground down a free citizen. The towns apparently feel that they cannot afford to yield to the railroads in this vital issue of making the floating population float. The result is as unfortunate for the railroad man as it is deplorable from a sociological standpoint.

Not long ago a freight-conductor started on a night run after drawing his month's wages from the pay-car. He had with him his young son, a lad of twelve, and when well under way they began to cook supper on the caboose stove. The rear brakeman, on watch in the cupola, observed that the engine seemed to have unusual difficulty in pulling the train. He did not connect this fact with the presence of several hoboes on top of the cars, who, unknown to him, were setting brakes and stalling the train. The front door of the caboose flew open, and four masked and armed men ordered the occupants to throw up their hands. The conductor jumped to shield his child, seized a coupling-pin and smashed a head, but not until four shots had rung out and three bul-

lets were in his body. Fighting to the last, he fell dead in the doorway. The brakeman was shot in the arm, and made his escape from the car to the ground. Fearing he would give the alarm and cause their capture, the bandits fled. Then the boy showed that the blood of heroes is transmitted to succeeding generations. He pulled the body of his father inside, and coolly secured his money and watch. He noticed that the train was barely moving, and it occurred to him that there was a second section close behind. He knew the brakeman had no lantern even if alive. The plucky boy took the red light and torpedoes, dropped off, ran back, expecting at every step to be shot, and flagged the other train. Travelers westward over the Big Four sometimes wonder why a slender volunteer seems so prominent in helping the switchmen attach the dining-car at one of the terminals. If they happen to inquire, the men reply: "Why, that 's John's boy, the conductor those bums 'put in the clear' that pay-day last year."

Time was when a greenhorn was given a "baptism of fire" to try his nerve, but that is fast becoming a thing of the past. With the progress of civilization, hazing in the colleges is on the wane, and so is "rawhiding" on the railroads.

There are performed in the yards and on the roads every day quiet, unconscious acts of heroism that are never known outside. The yard-master or the conductor who orders the inexperienced man away from the extra-dangerous coupling and himself takes the place is no less a hero because he is unaware of his claim to that title. Men who are "ignorant of fear" are very rare. The bravest are those who, knowing fully the danger, do not flinch when duty calls. Of this last class are the railroad men of America.

II. GENERAL VIEW.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

WHAT the ship is to the captain, the locomotive is to the engine-driver. A touch of the master's hand, and its muscles of steel strain forward.

A clear track, and all is well. The locomotive hums along to the song of the road, the cadence of a thousand rails. A sudden shriek, an answering blast. It is neither starboard nor port, but down brakes and straight on, with crash and wreckage ahead. For the engine-driver at this maddening moment there is only one alternative—be a coward and jump, be a hero and stick.

How many engine-drivers do "stick" and meet their death, in the desperate hope of being able to slow down the train and lessen the fatality of the impending collision to the passengers, is shown by a railway official's remark to me that such instances of devotion to duty were regarded as matters of course in the service and not considered subjects for special record. In fact, collision is only one of many perils to which railway employees are exposed, so that it requires a certain amount of initial courage to enter the service at all. Life-insurance experts

regard the railway service as an extra-hazardous occupation. As a brakeman said to me, in language which, while not highly poetic, conveys a pretty clear idea of his service usually begin with "Hank" Milligan, an engine-driver on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. During the Draft Riot in New York, the rioters, fearing



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

TROUBLE AHEAD—REVERSING THE ENGINE.

meaning: "A job on a railroad is like a barber-shop. It's just, 'Whose turn next?' You go out, and you don't know if you'll ever come back."

Veteran railroad men who have stories to tell of instances of heroism in the railway

that troops would be brought into the city, tore up the south-bound track leading into the West Thirtieth street station, and, gathering about the station, armed with muskets, pistols, and stones torn up from the pavements, threatened death to any engine-driver

who dared take out a train. This threat was conveyed to Milligan shortly before the time at which his train was scheduled to start.

Milligan quietly waited for the train-starters signal. When he received it he pulled open the throttle of his locomotive and steamed through the lines of rioters, who were so daunted by his courage that they allowed him to pass without a shot or a stone. But then those who remember Milligan describe him as a typical New-Englander, tall and angular, who would fight anything, adding that he "would n't have feared the devil himself."

Veteran railroaders have another anecdote—one pleasantly relieved by a humorous flavor—to tell of Milligan's bravery. Coming down the road, at the time the old Creamer brakes, which worked on springs and were controlled by a cord from the locomotive, were in use, he collided with a freight-train that was backing across the track. The fireman and several other train-hands jumped before the trains collided. Milligan wound the brake-cord around his hand and wrist, applied the brakes, and stuck to his post. The conductor, an "old-timer," was among those who gathered about the wreck. "Anyhow," said Milligan, as he extricated himself from it, the brake-cord still in his grasp, "I did n't jump." "Of course you did n't," snarled the conductor. "You could n't. You were all tangled up in that cord."

It was said of "Jimmy" Donohue, an engineer on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, that he had "nine lives"; for he had been through no less than three accidents, two of them collisions involving loss of life, had stuck to his post, yet had come out without serious injury. He was, in railroad parlance, "in the racket at Hastings," a "tail-end" collision, when he went half through the rear car; and he had a similar experience at Tarrytown. His next "whack" (railroad parlance again) was between Tarrytown and Scarborough. His engine was coupled to another which broke away, his going into the river. He went with it, but was fished out alive. None of these accidents occurred through any fault of his, but he did not construe this fact into an excuse for jumping. He stood by his engine as a captain stands by his ship, and that he came out of any of these accidents with his life was little short of miraculous.

When people said of Jimmy Donohue that he had nine lives, they added, "And he 'll never be killed on a railroad." It did indeed seem as if Providence had singled him out

for hairbreadth escapes. But one day a freight-car jumped its track so that part of it projected over the track by which Jimmy Donohue's train was approaching. Before he could be warned, his train was bearing down upon the car. A collision was inevitable. But, as before, he stuck to his post. When the crash came, his engine was thrown into the river. As before, he went with it, but for the last time. From the position in which they found him, penned in and crushed, he must have been killed almost at the moment of collision.

"Garry" Iserman, an engineer on the Erie Railroad, had his engine turned over in a collision at Chechunk, between Hampton and Goshen, New York. He was thrown under it. At such a moment, when it was impossible to foresee what might happen the next,—a slight jar, for instance, might have brought the engine down on top of him and killed him,—it would have been natural for him to have crawled out from under it as quickly as possible. But instead of thinking of his own safety, he groped about for the whistle-rope and "blew brakes," the long blast, to warn any train that might be approaching.

Patrick McTamany was a switchman at one of the Pennsylvania Railroad crossings in Jersey City, where there is an intricate network of tracks over which trains and drilling-engines are almost constantly passing. Early one morning McTamany saw a boy playing on one of the tracks, unaware of the fact that a train was bearing down upon him. The switchman shouted, but the boy failed to hear. McTamany jumped in front of the locomotive. With one hand he thrust the boy off the track; with the other he tried to swing himself on to the pilot. He missed his hold, fell, and was crushed to death under the locomotive-wheels as the boy scampered off.

Some years ago a lad of eleven, who was learning telegraphy in a station of the Fall Brook Railway, by his indifference to danger gave timely warning of some runaway cars on a heavy down grade.

A trainman was letting twelve or fifteen cars out of a siding on to the main track by gravity on a 120-foot grade. As he closed the switch for the main track after the cars had cleared it, he stumbled and fell. Before he could recover, the cars had got away from him and were rapidly gathering headway.

The boy happened to be on them. His office was a couple of miles below. Running along the roofs of the cars and jumping from car to car, he set every brake; but, as he

weighed only sixty pounds, the pressure on the brake-wheels was not sufficient to slow down the cars. Waiting until they were dashing past his office, and wholly disregard-

tracked, into which otherwise they would have smashed.

Among the most extraordinary calamities that ever befell any section of this country



HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. H. CHAPMAN

"M'TAMANY JUMPED IN FRONT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE."

ing the risk to his life, he jumped. He rolled over and over on the ground, was picked up half unconscious, and was carried into the office. As soon as he came to he reached for the wire, called up the telegraph-station next below, and gave warning of the runaway cars in time for a train to be side-

were the forest fires in the counties of Pine, Mille Lacs, and Chisago, Minnesota. None, perhaps, has had greater attendant horrors. It might be supposed that when fire devastates a tract twenty-six miles long and from one to fifteen miles broad there would be ample warning of the flames' approach to

enable every human being in their path to escape. But in this catastrophe, in which whole towns and settlements were destroyed, the conflagration advanced with the rapidity of a tidal wave. It was as if a dam of stored-up flames had burst and let loose a flood of fire upon the country. A haze, a cloud of smoke, a tongue of flame, and, before people could flee, a fiery sea would be raging around and over the doomed settlements. In the whole great fire-swept tract not a human habitation was left standing except a section-house at a place called Miller; but the loss of five hundred lives and the positions in which the dead were found tell more graphically than any other facts of the frightful rapidity with which the flames advanced.

At Hinckley, the largest town that was destroyed, one hundred and thirty people sought refuge in a morass. From that morass one hundred and thirty charred and, in many instances, unrecognizable bodies were taken. They must have been blasted by one fiery breath, for whole families lay in groups as if there had been no time to move. When, a few days later, a trench for the dead was being dug, the ground was found so thoroughly baked that it became necessary to loosen it with picks.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the fatal day a train reached Hinckley on the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad. Early in the afternoon the engineer had ordered the headlight lighted, as a heavy haze obscured the air. At Hinckley a terror-stricken mob was surging about the station, and a rush was made for the train. As it started forward, crowded to its utmost capacity, a flame burst out of the cloud of smoke ahead and ignited the engine-cab and baggage-car.

In the cab was Engineer James Root. On the train were fully two hundred people, their lives dependent upon this one man. Root remembered that six miles back was a mud-hole called Skunk Lake. It was right beside the railroad-bed, and with this made a clearing where perhaps a place of safety might be found. He reversed the engine, and the race with the flames began.

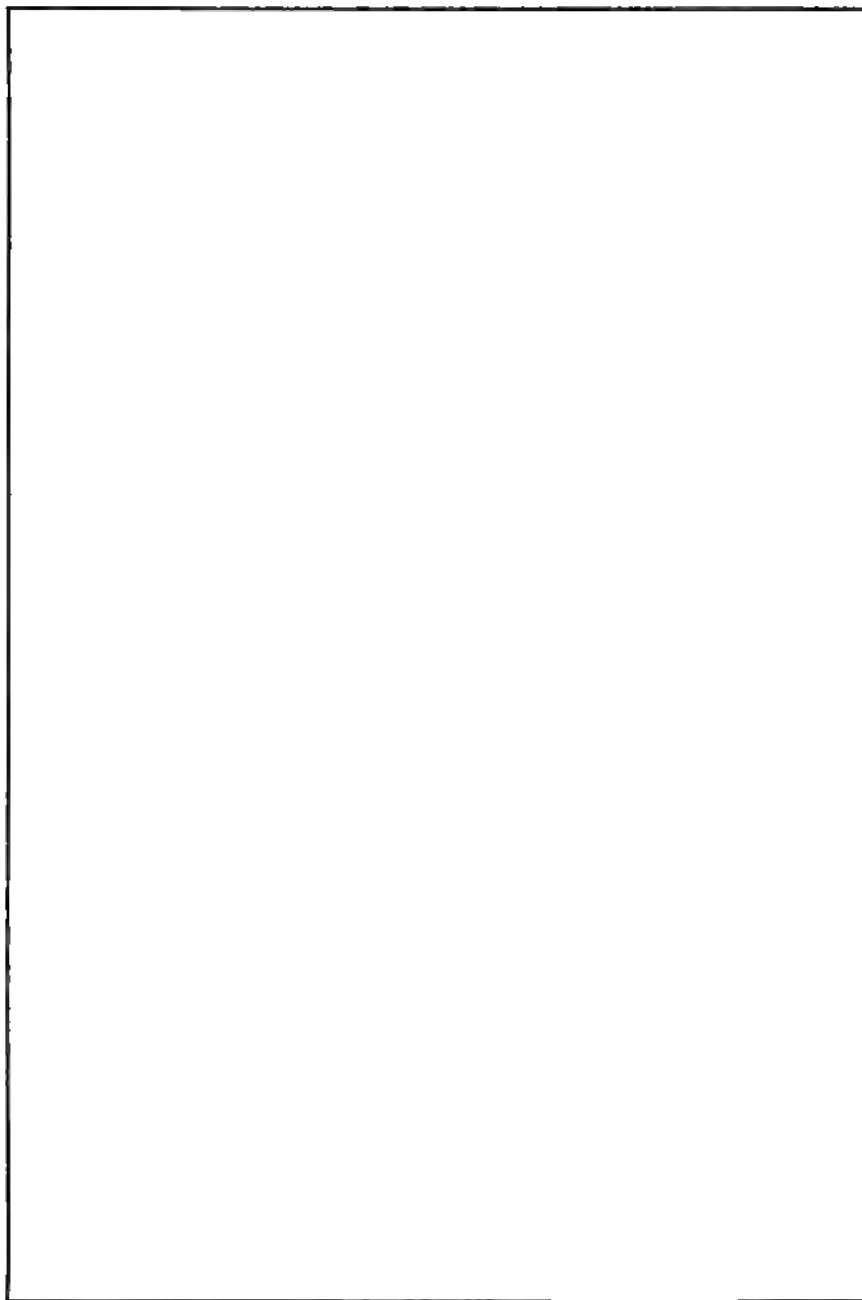
At times the forest on each side of the track, ignited by sparks blown by the fierce wind in advance of the conflagration, was a mass of roaring fire, and the train rushed through an aisle of flame; at times a fiery tongue shot out from the cloud of smoke rolling on behind as if to lick up the train from the road-bed; stragglers past whom the train rushed were seen a moment later to

drop overcome with heat; car-windows were cracking; the woodwork of the train was burning; passengers, frantic with terror, were leaping from the platform, only to lie maimed in the very track of the pursuing demon of death.

At his post stood James Root. His fireman was in the water-tank, ducking his head whenever the heat became too intense, and between times throwing water over the brave engineer. So at last the race with death was won, but only by two minutes; for within two minutes after the train stopped, the fire was upon it. But the passengers who had intrusted their lives to Root were safe. Some had rushed into the lake; others, who had become unconscious from the heat, had been borne into the mud and water; and Root—who, as he pulled the lever, had sunk to the floor of the engine-cab exhausted, his clothing on fire, his face and hands scorched and bleeding from broken glass—had been carried to the mud, laid in it and covered with it. Those in the water were obliged to keep constantly submerging themselves, and those in the mud had to lie flat in it to save themselves as the flames leaped over the lake. The ground was not cool enough to stand on until four hours after the fire had swept past.

Those who carried Root from the cab had supposed that he was dying; but when people began leaving the lake, he rose and, as if guided by instinct, staggered back to what remained of the locomotive, clambered on to it, and sank down upon the cab-seat. The train itself had been burned to the trucks. It was a long time before Root fully recovered from his wounds and burns.

August Sieg, an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, met death by fire to save the passengers on his train. This train, composed of ten crowded passenger-coaches, had just left Jersey City, and was passing through the "Bergen cut" when smoke suddenly blew in through the open door of the smoking-car, and a moment afterward the engineer and the fireman scrambled in over the tender. The smoke, clearing for an instant, showed a roaring fire in the open furnace and flames streaming back from the cab. There had evidently been a sudden burst of flame from the furnace, which had set the cab on fire and forced the engineer and the fireman to beat a hasty retreat. But in deserting the cab without first doing something to check the speed of the train they had imperiled the lives of all the passengers; for the flames were spreading back so fiercely and rapidly that it



DRAWN BY JAY HAMMOND.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

CARRYING JAMES ROOT FROM THE CAB.

was only a question of time before the whole train would be on fire. To leap from it would mean death or maiming, for it was rushing along at full speed; and there was the further danger to other trains.

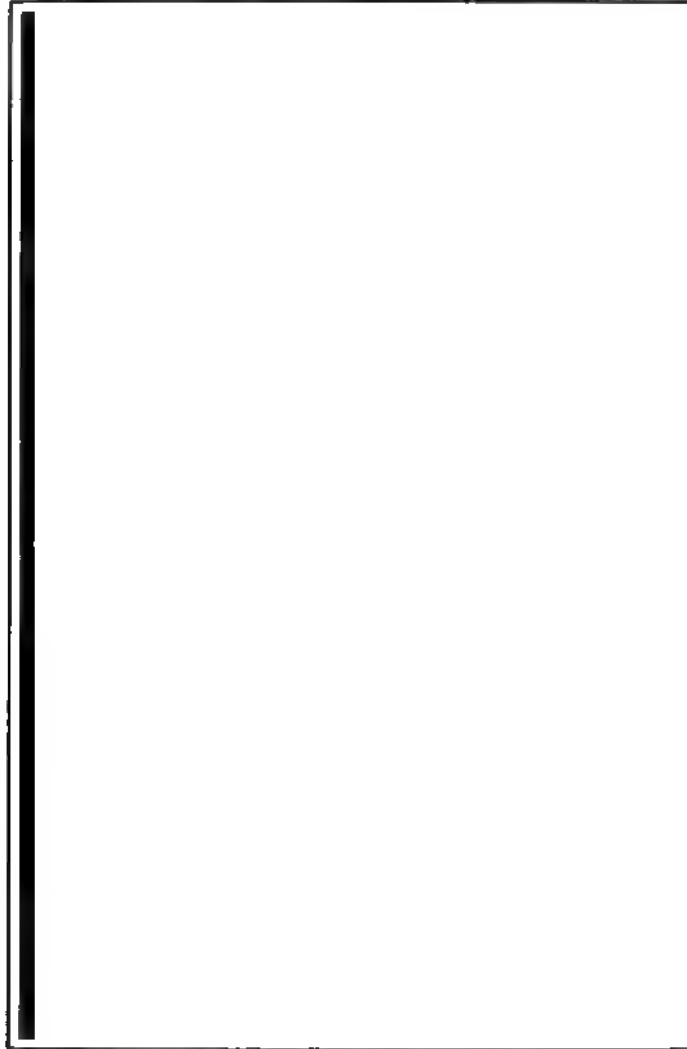
People had crowded into the smoker. Doubtless Sieg heard their mutterings. It required only a few minutes for him to real-

ize the situation. He sprang through the smoking-car door, and a moment later had disappeared amid the flames beyond.

Presently it was felt that the train's speed was slackening, and soon, with a lurch and a bump, it came to a full stop near the bridge over the Hackensack.

The passengers rushed out. With the

sudden stoppage of the draft caused by the onrush of the train the flames from the cab rose straight into the air. The head and shoulders of a man were seen protruding from the water-tank on the tender. It was Sieg, his face disfigured, his hands burned, and appropriate memento of as brave an engine-driver as ever put hand to throttle. This engineman, Edward Kennar, ran Engine 238 on the Western Division of the New York Central Railroad. One April night, as Kennar's train was speeding along



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

"PINNED DOWN BY TONS OF STEEL."

his body blistered. He was taken with all speed to a hospital, but his burns proved fatal.

In retreating before that first fierce burst of flame Sieg had been guilty of a grave error; but who will say that he failed to retrieve it like a hero?

In the meeting-room of Division 46 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Albany, New York, is a simple yet touching

toward Batavia, the locomotive headlight suddenly flashed upon a mass of moving earth and rock on the track. The train was rushing toward a land-slide, of which there had not been the slightest warning. There was the shriek of the whistle, "Down brakes!" But it was too late. No. 238 plunged into the heaping debris, and a moment later lay wrecked at the foot of the embankment.

Pinned down by tons of steel, and writh-

ing in the agony of death, was Kennar. Suddenly he seemed to pull together what of life there was left in him. Slightly raising his head, heshrieked—it seemed almost in anger—at those who had gathered about to help him if they could, “Flag No. 5!” With those words on his lips he died.

“No. 5” was a west-bound train which usually met Kennar’s near this point. The warning which he, forgetting his own agony, had given with his dying breath, recalled No. 5’s peril to the train-hands, and, hurrying back to the track, they were in time to flag it.

It seems to me that “Flag No. 5” of “Ed” Kennar’s is worthy to be placed alongside of

Lawrence’s “Don’t give up the ship,” or of any dying words of heroes on the battle-field which history has recorded. It saved No. 5.

The throttle of Engine 238 was taken from the wreck. Silver-plated, framed, and with an appropriate inscription, it hangs, a memorial to this railroad hero, —who, though he might have jumped, “just slapped on the brakes and stood by his engine,”—in the room of the Brotherhood division to which he belonged. Is it to be wondered at that the members of the division regard the throttle of No. 238 with feelings akin to those with which soldiers look upon a battle-flag that has been found under the dead bodies of its defenders?

SONNETS.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE DUOMO.

(FLORENCE.)

TWILIGHT the hour. How doubly twilight here,
 Where early blent are roof and architrave
 (As in a mountain hollowed to a cave),
 And ev’n the glance of noonday is austere!
 Now, what reverberations fill the ear,
 As though commingling storm and torrent gave
 Some waste place speech, or prophet message clave,
 For the first time, the desert vast and drear!
 Source of the sounds, beyond the altar high,
 A preaching monk. His burden he repeats:
 “Gesú e’ Cristo!” How his accents thrill,
 As, in the wild, the first evangel cry! . . .
 And still I hear them, ’midst the murmuring streets,
 In twilight Florence, medieval still.

THE CATHEDRAL MURMUR.

(COLOGNE.)

THERE is a murmur of the ocean cave,
 A dream-of-sound of far-retiring seas;
 There is a whisper of the legion trees,
 In long uprolling, long receding wave:
 Through both is heard one Voice, insistent, grave.
 And there is utterance akin to these:
 Hark how it rises, deepens, by degrees,
 Until it floods the vast cathedral nave!
 It seems, at first, a ringing in the ear,
 Organic rhythm from the pulses cast;
 But soon the listener in awe will start,
 For he the lingering orisons shall hear—
 The choral sigh of all who, in the past,
 Here bent the knee, here gave the broken heart!

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

“‘CROSSES! GIVE US CROSSES!’”

VIA CRUCIS.¹

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XI.

THE court of France was at Vézelay—the king, the queen, the great vassals of the kingdom at the king's command, and those of Aquitaine and Poitou in the train of Eleanor, whose state outshone and dwarfed her husband's. And there was Bernard, the holy man of Clairvaux, to preach the cross, where old men remembered the voice of Peter the Hermit and the shout of men now long dead in far Palestine—"God's will! God's will!"

Because the Church of St. Mary Magdalen was too small to hold the multitude, they were gathered together in a wide grassy hollow without the little town, and there a raised floor of wood had been built for the king and the queen and the great nobles; but the rest of the knights and Eleanor's three hundred ladies stood upon the grass-grown slope, crowded together by the vast concourse of the people.

The sun was already behind the hill, and the hot July air had cooled a little, but it was still hot, and the breathing of the multitude could be heard in the silence. Gilbert had come just in time; he had left his men to find him a lodging if they could, and now he pressed forward as well as he might, to see and hear, but most of all to find out, if he could, the face of Beatrix among the three hundred.

There sat the queen, in her scarlet and gold, wearing the crown upon her russet hair, and the king in gold and blue beside her, square, grave, and pale, as ever; and when Gilbert had searched the three hundred fair young faces in vain, his eyes came back to the most beautiful woman in the world. He saw that she was fairer than even his memory of her, and he felt pride that she should call herself his friend.

Then suddenly there was a stir among the knights behind the throne, and though they were standing closely, shoulder to shoul-

der, and pressed one against another, yet they divided to let the preacher go through. He came alone, with quiet eyes, thanking the knights to right and left because they made way for him, and he passed between them quickly like a white shadow. So thought pierces matter, and the spiritual being penetrates the terrestrial being and is unchanged.

But when Bernard had ascended the white wooden stage and stood near the king and the queen, then the hushed stillness became a dead silence, and the eyes of all that multitude were fastened upon his face and form, and each could see him. For a moment every man held his breath, as if an angel had come down from heaven, bringing on his lips the word of God and in his look the evidence of eternal light. He was the holy man of the world even while he lived, and neither before him nor after him, since the days of the apostles, has any one person so stood in the eyes of all mankind.

The gentle voice began to speak, without effort to be heard, yet as distinct and clear as if it spoke to each several ear, pleading the cause of the cross of Christ, and for the suffering men who held the holy places in the East with ever-weakening hands, but still with undaunted and desperate courage.

"Is there any man among you who has loved his mother, and has received her dying breath with her last blessing, and has laid her to rest in peace, in a place holy to him for her sake, and who would suffer that her grave should be defiled and defaced by her enemies, so long as he, her son, has in his body blood of hers to shed? Is there any among you who would not fight, while he has breath, to save his father's dead bones from dishonor? Do you not daily boast that you will lay down your lives in a quarrel for the good name of your ladies, as you would for your own daughters' fair fame and your own wives' faithfulness?

"And now, I say, is not the church of God

¹ Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

your mother, and are not her temples your most holy places? You boast that you are ready to die for an honorable cause: yet Christ gave his life for us, not because of our honor, but because of our dishonor, and our sins which are many and grievous; and having atoned for us in his holy passion, he was laid at rest, after the manner of men. And the place where he rested is sacred, for the Lord from heaven lay therein when he had washed away our iniquity with his holy blood, when he had healed us by his stripes, when he had given his life that we might live, when he had endured the bondage of this dying flesh that we might be raised undying in the spirit, by him, and through him, and in him.

"Shall the earth that drank that blood be as other earth? Shall the place that echoed the seven words of agony be as other places? Is the tomb where God rested him of his crucified manhood to be given up to forgetfulness and defilement? Or are we sinless, that we need not even the memory of the sacrifice, and so pure that we need no purification? I would that we were. The world is evil, the hour is late, the Judge is at hand, and we are lacking of good and eaten of evil, so that there is no whole part in us.

"And yet we move not to save ourselves, though Christ gave his life to save us if we would stir even so little, if we would but stretch out our hands to the hand that waits for ours. He bids us not be crucified, as he was crucified for us. He bids us only take up our cross and follow him, as he took it up himself and bore it to the place of death."

Thus Bernard began to speak, gently at first, as one who rouses a friend from sleep to warn him of danger, and fears to be rough, yet cannot be silent; but by and by, in the breathing stillness, the sweet voice was strengthened, and sang like the first clarion at dawn on the day of battle, far off and clear, heart-stirring and true. With the rising tone came also the stronger word, and at last the spirit that moves more than word or voice.

"Lay the cross to your hearts, as you wear it on your breasts. Bear it with you on the long day marches, and in the watches of the night bow before it inwardly, and pray that you may have grace to bear it to the end. So shall your footsteps profit you, and your way shall be the way of the cross, till you stand in the holy place. But if so be that God ask blood of you, blessed shall they be among you who shall give their lives freely to die for the cross of our Lord, your Christ; and they shall stand in the place that is holy indeed, before the throne of God.

"Yet beware of one thing. I would not that you should go out to fight for the sepulcher as some of our fathers did, boasting in the cross, yet in heart each for his own soul and none for the glory of Christ, counting the weariness and the hurts and the drops of blood as a sure reckoning to be repaid to you in heaven, as if you had lent God a piece of money which he must pay again. The Lord Jesus gave not his life as an account, nor his blood at usury; he counted not the pain, nor was his suffering set down in a book: but he gave all freely, of his love for men. Shall men, therefore, ask of God a return, saying: 'We have given thee so much, as it were a wound, or it may be a life, or else a prayer and a day of fasting; see that thou pay us what is just'? That were not giving to God what is a man's own; it were rather lending or selling to God what is his. See that you do not thus, but if you have anything to give, let it be given freely; or else give not at all, for it is written that from him that hath not faith shall be taken even such things as he hath.

"But if you take the cross, and arm yourselves to fight for it, and go your way to Palestine to help your brothers in their sore need, go not for yourselves, suffer not for yourselves, fight not for yourselves. For as God is greater than man, so is the glory of God greater than the glory of self, and more worthy that you should die for it. Think not, therefore, of earning a reward, but of honoring the Lord Christ in the holy place where he died for you.

"March not as it were to do penance for your old sins, hoping for forgiveness, as a trader that brings merchandise looks for profit! Strike not as slaves, who fight lest they be beaten with rods, neither as men in fear of everlasting fire and the torments of hell! Neither go out as thieves, seeking to steal the earth for yourselves, and striving not with the unbeliever, but with the rich man for his riches, and with the great man for his possessions! I say, go forth to do battle for God's sake and his glory! March ye for Christ and to bring the people to him out of darkness! Take with you the cross to set it in the hearts of men, and the seed of the tree of life to plant among desolate nations!

"Ye kings, that are anointed leaders, lead ye the armies of Heaven! Ye knights, that are sworn to honor, draw your unsullied swords for the honor of God! Men and youths, that bear arms by allegiance, be ye soldiers of Christ and allegiant to the cross!

Be ye all first for honor, first for France, first for God Most High!"

With those words the white-sleeved arm was high above his head, holding up the plain white wooden cross, and there was silence for a moment. But when the people saw that he had finished speaking, they drew deep breath, and the air thundered with the great cry that came:

"Crosses! Give us crosses!"

And they pressed upon one another to get nearer. The king had risen, and the queen with him, and he came forward and knelt at Bernard's feet, with bent head and folded hands. The great abbot took pieces of scarlet cloth from a page who held them ready in a basket, and he fastened them upon the king's left shoulder and then raised his right hand in blessing. The people were silent again and looked on, and many thought that the king, in his great mantle and high crown, was like a bishop wearing a cope, for he had a churchman's face. He rose to his feet and stepped back; but he was scarcely risen when the queen stood in his place, radiant, the evening light in her hair.

"I also will go," she said in a clear, imperious voice. "Give me the cross!"

She knelt, and placed her hands together, as in prayer, and there was a fair light in her eyes as she looked up to Bernard's face. He hesitated a moment, then took a cross and laid it upon her mantle; and she smiled.

A great cry went up from all the knights, and then from the people, strong and triumphant, echoing, falling, and rising again:

"God save the queen—the queen that wears the cross!"

And suddenly every man held up his sword by the sheath, and the great cross-hilts made forests of crosses in the glowing air. But the queen's three hundred ladies pressed upon her.

"We will not leave you!" they cried. "We will take the cross with you!"

And they thronged upon Bernard like a flight of doves, holding out white hands for crosses, and more crosses, which he gave them as best he could. Also the people and the knights began to tear pieces from their own garments to make the sign, and one great lord took his white mantle and made strips of the fine cloth for his liege vassals and his squires and men; but another took Bernard's white cape from his shoulders and with a sharp dagger made many little crosses of it for the people, who kissed them as holy things when they received them.

In the throng, Gilbert pressed forward to

the edge of the platform, where the queen was standing, for he was strong and tall. He touched her mantle softly, and she looked down, and he saw how her face turned white and gentle when she knew him. Being too far below her to take her hand, he took the rich border of her cloak and kissed it, whereat she smiled; but she made a sign to him that he should not try to talk with her in the confusion. Then looking down again, she saw that he had yet no cross. She took one from one of her ladies, and, bending low, tried to fasten it upon his shoulder.

"I thank your Grace," said Gilbert, very gratefully. "Is Beatrix here?" he asked in a low tone.

But, to his wonder, the queen's brow darkened, and her eyes were suddenly hard; she almost dropped the cross in her hurry to stand upright, nor would she again turn her eyes to look at him.

XII.

In the late dusk of summer Bernard went his way from the place where he had preached to the presbytery of St. Mary Magdalen, where he was to lodge that night. The king and the queen walked beside him, their horses led after them by grooms in royal liveries of white and gold; and all the long procession of knights and nobles, priests and laymen, gentlefolk and churls, men, women, and children, streamed in a motley procession up the road to the village. As they went, the king talked gravely with the holy man, interlarding and lining his sententious speeches with copious though not always correct quotations from the Vulgate. On Bernard's other side Eleanor walked with head erect, one hand upon her belt, one hanging down, her brows slightly drawn together, her face clear white, her burning eyes fixed angrily upon the bright vision cast by her thoughts into the empty air before her.

She had used the only means, and the strongest means, of bringing Gilbert back to France; she had foredreamed his coming, she had foreknown that from the first he would ask for Beatrix: but she had neither known nor dreamed of what she should feel when he, standing at her feet below the platform, looked up to her offering eyes with a hunger in his face which she could not satisfy, and a desire which she could not fulfil. His very asking for the other had been a refusal of herself, and to be refused is a shame which no loving woman will accept while love is living, and an insult which no strong woman forgets when love is dead.

But neither the king nor the abbot heeded her as they walked along, talking in Latin mixed with Norman French. The monk, not tall, slender, spiritualized even in the remnant of his flesh, the incarnation of believing thought and word, the exposition of matter's servitude to mind, was the master; the king, heavy, strong, pale, obedient, was the pupil, proving the existence of the greater force by his blind submission to its laws. Beside them the queen imaged the independence of youthful life, believing without realizing, strong with blood, rich with color, fearing regret more than remorse, thoughtlessly cruel and cruelly thoughtless, yet able to be very generous and brave.

The bell of St. Mary's tolled three strokes, then four, then five, then one, thirteen in all, and then rang backward for the ending day. The sun had set a full half-hour, and the dusk had almost drunk the dregs of the red west. Bernard stood still, bareheaded, in the way, with folded hands, and began to say the *Angelus Domini*. The king, from habit, raised his hand to take his cap from his head, and touched the golden crown instead. Instantly a little color of embarrassment rose in his pale cheeks, and he stumbled over the familiar response as he clasped his hands with downcast eyes, for in some ways he was a timid man. The queen stood still and spoke the words also, but neither the attitude of her head nor the look in her eyes was changed, nor did she take her hand from her belt to clasp it upon the other. The air was very soft and warm, there was the musical, low sound of many voices speaking in the monotone of prayer, and now and then, on whirling wings, a droning beetle hummed his way from one field to another just above the heads of the great multitude.

The prayer said, they all moved onward, past the first houses of the village and past the open smithy, with its shelter of twisted chestnut boughs, beneath which the horses were protected from the sun while they were being shod. But the smith had not been to the preaching, because Alric, the Saxon groom, had brought him Gilbert's horse to shoe just when he was going, and had forced him to stay and do the work with the threat of an evil spell learned in Italy. And now, peering through the twilight, he stood watching the long procession as it came up to his door. He was a dark man, with red eyes and hairy hands, and his shirt was open on his chest almost to his belt. He stood quite still at first, gazing at Bernard's face, that was luminous in the dusk; but as he looked, something

moved him that he could not understand, and he came forward in his leathern apron and his blackened hose, and knelt at the abbot's feet.

"Give me also the cross!" he cried.

"I give thee the sign, my son," answered Bernard, raising his hand to bless the hairy man. "The crosses we had are all given, but thou shalt have one to-morrow."

But as the smith looked up to the inspired face the light came into his own eyes, and something he could not see took hold of him suddenly and hard.

"Nay, my lord," he answered; "I will have it to-day, and of my own."

Then he sprang up and ran to his smithy, and came back holding in his hand a bar of iron that had been heating in the coals to make a shoe. The end of it was glowing red.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!" he cried in a loud voice.

And as he spoke the words, he had laid the red-hot iron to his breast and drawn it down and crosswise; and a little line of thin white smoke followed the hissing iron along the seared flesh. He threw the bar down upon the threshold of his door and came to join the throng, the strange smile on his rough face and the light of another world in his fire-reddened eyes. But though the multitude sent up a great cry of praise and wonder, yet Bernard shook his head gravely and walked on, for he loved not any madness, not even a madness for good deeds, and the light by which he saw was as steady and clear and true as a lifelong day.

Moreover, even while he had been speaking, he had felt that fanatic deeds were not far off, and a deep sadness had fallen upon him, because he knew that true belief is the fullness of true wisdom and by no means akin to any folly.

Therefore, when he was alone that night, he was very heavy-hearted, and sat a long time by his square oak table in the light of the three-cornered brazen lamp which stood at his elbow. The principal chamber of the presbytery was cross-vaulted and divided into two by a low round arch supported on slender double columns with capitals fantastically carved. The smaller portion of the room beyond the arch made an alcove for sleeping, which could be completely shut off by a heavy curtain; the larger part was paved with stone, and in one corner a low wooden platform, on which stood a heavy table before a carved bench fastened to the wall, was set apart for writing and study. On the table,

besides the lamp, there stood a reading-desk, and above the bench a strong shelf carried a number of objects, including several large bottles of ink, a pot of glue for fastening leaves of parchment, and two or three jars of blue-and-white earthenware. On nails there hung a brush of half-dried broom, a broad-brimmed rush hat, and a blackened rosary. On the other side of the table, and by the window, there was a small holy-water basin with a little besom. On the walls were hung pieces of coarse linen roughly embroidered with small crosses flory, worked in dark red silk. The vault was blank and white, and rushes were strewn on the stone pavement. In the deep embrasures of the windows there were dark window-seats worn black with age.

The abbot had begun a letter, but the pen lay beside the unfinished writing, his elbow rested on the parchment, and he shaded his eyes from the light. The brilliancy was gone from his face and was succeeded by an almost earthy pallor, while his attitude expressed both lassitude and dejection. He had done what had been required of him, he had fired the passion of the hour, and one hour had shown him how completely it was to be beyond his control. He remembered how Peter the Hermit had led the vast advance-guard of the first crusade to sudden and miserable destruction before the main force could be organized; he had seen enough on that afternoon to prove to him that the air was laden with such disaster, of which the responsibility would surely be heaped upon himself. He regretted not the thoughts he had preached, but the fact of having yielded to preach at all to such men and at such a time. He had begun to set forth all this and much more in a letter to Pope Eugenius, but before he had written a dozen lines the pen had fallen from his hand, and he had begun to reflect upon the impossibility of stemming the tide since it had turned to flood.

A soft step sounded in the outer hall beyond the curtained doorway, but Bernard, absorbed in his meditations, heard nothing. A jeweled hand pushed aside the thick folds of the hanging, and the most beautiful eyes in the world gazed curiously upon the unheeding abbot.

"Are you alone?" asked the queen's voice.

Without waiting for an answer, she came forward into the room and paused beside the low platform, laying one hand upon the table in a gesture half friendly, half deprecating, as if she still feared that she had disturbed the holy man. His own transparent fingers fell from his eyes, and he looked up to her,

hardly realizing who she was, and quite unable to guess why she had come. A dark brown mantle completely covered her gown, and only a little of her scarlet sleeve showed as her hand lay on the table. Her russet-golden hair hung in broad waves and lightened in the rays of the oil-lamp. Her eyes, that looked at Bernard intently and inquiringly, were the eyes of old Duke William, whom the Abbot of Clairvaux had brought to confession and penance long ago, and who had gone from the altar of his granddaughter's marriage straight to solitary hermitage and lonely death in the Spanish hills; they were eyes in which tenderness was beautiful, but in which kindness was often out of sight behind the blaze of vitality and the burning love of life that proceeded from her and surrounded her as an atmosphere of her own.

"You do not welcome me," she said, looking into his face. "Are you too deeply occupied to talk with me awhile? It is long since we have met."

Bernard passed his one hand over his eyes as if to brush away some material veil.

"I am at your Grace's service," he said gently, and he rose from his seat as he spoke.

"I ask no service for myself," she answered, setting her foot upon the platform and coming to his side. "Yet I ask something which you may do for others."

Bernard hesitated, and then looked down at his folded hands.

"Silver and gold have I none," he said, quoting, "'but such as I have give I unto thee.'"

"I have both gold and silver, and lands, and a crown," answered the queen, smiling carelessly, and yet in earnest. "I lack faith. And so, though my people have swords and armor, and have taken upon them the cross to succor their brethren in the Holy Land, yet they have no leader."

"They have the king, your husband," answered Bernard, gravely.

Eleanor laughed, not very cruelly, nor altogether scornfully, but as a man might laugh who was misunderstood, and to whom, asking for his sword, his servant should bring his pen.

"The king!" she cried, still smiling. "The king! Are you so great in mind and so poor in sense as to think that he could lead men and win? The king is no leader. He is your acolyte—I like to see him swinging a censer in time to your prayers and flattening his flat face upon the altar-steps beatified by your footsteps!"

The queen laughed, for she had moods in which she feared neither God nor saint nor man. But Bernard looked grave at first, then hurt, and then there was pity in his eyes. He pointed to the window-seat beside the table, and he himself sat down on the carved bench. Eleanor, being seated, rested her elbows on the table, clasped her beautiful hands together, and slowly rubbed her cheek against them, meditating what she should say next. She had had no fixed purpose in coming to the abbot's lodging, but she had always liked to talk with him when he was at leisure, and to see the look of puzzled and pained surprise that came into his face when she said anything more than usually shocking to his clerical sensibilities. With impulses of tremendous force, there was at the root of her character a youthful and almost childlike indifference to consequences.

"You misjudge your husband," said the abbot, at last, drumming on the table nervously and absently with the tips of his white fingers. "They who do their own will only are quick to condemn those who hope to accomplish the will of Heaven."

"If you regard the king as an instrument of divine Providence," answered Eleanor, with curling lip, "there is nothing to be said. Providence, for instance, is angered with the people of Vitry. Providence selects the King of France to be the representative of its wrath. The king, obedient as ever, sets fire to the church, and burns several priests and two thousand more or less innocent persons at their prayers. Nothing could be better. Providence is appeased—"

"Hush, madam!" exclaimed Bernard, lifting a thin hand in deprecation; "that was the devil's work."

"You told me that I was condemning one who accomplishes the will of Heaven."

"In leading the crusade, yes—"

"Then my husband works for both parties. To-day he serves God; to-morrow he serves Mammon." Eleanor raised her finely penciled eyebrows. "I believe there is a parable that teaches us what is to become of those that serve two masters."

"It applies to those who try to serve them at the same time," answered the abbot, meeting her contemptuous look with the quiet boldness of a mansure of power. "You know as well as I that the king took oath to lead a crusade out of repentance for what he did at Vitry."

"A bargain, then, of the very kind against which you preached to-day." The queen still smiled, but less scornfully, for she fancied herself as good as Bernard in an argument.

"It is a very easy thing to fence with words," Bernard said. "It is one thing to argue, it is quite another to convince your hearers."

"I do not desire to convince you of anything," answered Eleanor, with a little laugh. "I would rather be convinced."

She looked at him a moment and then turned away with a weary little sigh of discontent.

"Was it without conviction that you took the cross from my hands to-day?" asked Bernard, sadly.

"It was in the hope of conviction."

Bernard understood. Before him, within reach of his hand, that great problem was present which, of all others, paganism most easily and clearly solved, but with which Christianity grapples at a disadvantage, finding its foothold narrow and its danger constant and great. It is the problem of the conversion of great and vital natures, brave, gifted, and sure of self, to the condition of the humble and poor in spirit. It is easy to convince the cripple that peace is among the virtues; the sick man and the weak are soon persuaded that the world is a sensuous illusion of Satan, in which the pure and perfect have no part or share: it is another, a greater and a harder, matter to prove the strong man a sinner by his strength, and to make woman's passion ridiculous in comparison of heaven. The clear flame of the spirit burns ill under the breath of this dying body, and for the fleeting touch of a loving hand the majesty of God is darkened in a man's heart.

Bernard saw before him the incarnate strength and youth and beauty of her from whom a great line of kings was to descend, and in whom were all the greatest and least qualities, virtues and failings, of her unborn children—the lion heart of Richard, the heartless selfishness of John, the second Edward's grasping hold, Henry III's broad justice and wisdom; the doubt of one, the decision of another, the passions of them all in one, coursing in the blood of a young and kingly race.

"You wish not to convince others, but to be convinced," Bernard said, "and yet it is not in your nature to yield yourself to any conviction. What would you of me? I can preach to them that will hear me, not to those that come to watch me and to smile at my sayings as if I were a player in a booth at a fair. Why do you come here to-night? Can I give you faith as a salve wherewith to anoint your blind eyes? Can I furnish you the girdle of honesty for the virtue you have

not? Shall I promise repentance for you to God, while you smile on your next lover? Why have you sought me out?"

"If I had known that you had no leisure, and the church no room for any but the altogether perfect, I should not have come."

She leaned back in the window-seat and folded her arms, drawing the thin, dark stuff of her cloak into severe, straight lines and shadows, in vivid contrast with the radiant beauty of her face. Her brows lowered straight and clear-cut over her deep eyes, and her lips were as hard as polished coral.

Bernard looked at her again long and earnestly, understanding in part, and in part guessing, that she had suffered some disappointment on that day and had come to him rather in the hope of some kind of mental excitement than with any idea of obtaining consolation. To him, filled as he was with the lofty thoughts inspired by the mission thrust upon him, there was something horrible in the woman's frivolity—or cynicism. To him the cross meant the passion of Christ, the shedding of God's blood, the redemption of mankind. To her it was a badge, an ornament, the excuse for a gay pilgrimage of fair women, living delicately in silken tents and clothed in fine garments of a fanciful fashion. The contrast was too strong, too painful. Eleanor and her girl knights would be too wholly out of place, with their fancies and their whims, in an army of devoted men fighting for a faith, for a faith's high principle as between race and race, and for all which that faith had made sacred in its most holy places. It was too much. In profoundest disappointment and sadness Bernard's head sank upon his breast, and he raised his hands a little, to let them fall again upon his knees, as if he were almost ready to give up the struggle.

Eleanor felt the wicked little thrill of triumph in his apparent despair which compensates school-boys for unimaginable labor in mischief, when they at last succeed in hurting the feelings of a long-suffering teacher. There had been nothing but an almost childish desire to tease at the root of all that she said; for before all things she was young and gay, and her surroundings tended in every way to repress both gaiety and youth.

"You must not take everything I say in earnest," she said suddenly, with a laugh that jarred on the delicate nerves of the overwrought man.

He turned his head from her as if the sight of her face would have been disagreeable just then.

"Jest with life, if you can," he said; "jest with death, if you are brave enough; yet at least be earnest in this great matter. If you are fixed in purpose to go with the king, you and your ladies, then go with the purpose to do good, to bind up men's wounds, to tend the sick, to cheer the weak, and by your presence to make the coward ashamed."

"And why not to fight?" asked the queen, the light of an untried emotion brightening in her eyes. "Do you think I cannot bear the weight of mail, or sit a horse, or handle a sword as well as many a boy of twenty who will be there in the thick of battle? And if I and my court ladies can bear the weariness as well as even the weakest man in the king's army, and risk a life as bravely, and perhaps strike a clean blow or drive a straight thrust for the Holy Sepulcher, shall our souls have no good of it, because we are women?"

As she spoke, her arm lay across the table, and her small, strong hand moved energetically with her speech, touching the monk's sleeve. The fighting blood of the old duke was in her veins, and there was battle in her voice. Bernard looked up.

"If you were always what you are at this moment," he said, "and if you had a thousand such women as yourself to ride with you, the king would need no other army, for you could face the Seljuks alone."

"But you think that by the time I have to face them my courage will have cooled to woman's tears, like hot vapor on a glass."

She smiled, but gently now, for she was pleased by what he had said.

"You need not fear," she continued, before he had time to answer her. "We shall not bear ourselves worse than men, and there will be grown men there who will be afraid before we are. But if there were with us a leader of men, I should have no fear. Men will fight for the king, they will shed their blood for Eleanor of Guienne, but they would die ten deaths at the bidding of—"

She paused and fixed her eyes on Bernard's face.

"Of whom?" he asked, unsuspecting.

"Of Bernard of Clairvaux."

There was a short silence. Then in a clear, far-off voice, as if in a dream, the abbot repeated his own name:

"Bernard of Clairvaux—a leader of men? a soldier? a general?" He paused as if consulting himself. "Madam," he said at last, "I am neither general nor leader nor soldier. I am a monk and a churchman, as the Hermit was, but not like him in this—I know the limitation of my strength. I can urge

men to fight for a good cause, but I will not lead them to death and ruin, as Peter did, while there are men living who have been trained to the sword as I to the pen."

"I do not ask that you should plan battles, lead forlorn charges, or sit down in your tent to study the destruction of walled towns. You can be our leader without all that, for he who leads men's souls commands men's bodies and lives in men's hearts. Therefore I bid you come with us and help us, for although a sword is better at need than a hundred words, yet there are men at whose single word a thousand swords are drawn like one."

"No, madam," said the abbot, his even lips closing after the words with a look of final decision; "I will not go with you: first, because I am unfit to be a leader of armies, and, secondly, because such life as there is left in me can be better used at home than in following a camp; lastly, I would that this good fight might be fought soberly and in earnest, neither in the fever of a fanatical fury, nor, on the other hand, lightly, as an amusement and a play, nor selfishly and meanly, in the hope of gain. My words are neither deep nor learned nor well chosen, for I speak as my thoughts rise and overflow. But thanks be to Heaven, what I say rouses men to act rather than moves them to think! Yet it is not well that they be overroused or stirred, when a long war is before them, lest their heat be consumed in a flash of fire and their strength in a single blow. You need not a preacher, but a captain; not words, but deeds. You go to make history, not to hear a prophecy."

"Nevertheless," said the queen, "you must go with us, for if the spirit you have called up fades from men's memories, our actions must be worse than spiritless. You must go."

"I cannot."

"Cannot? But I say you must."

"No, madam; I say no."

For a long time the two sat in silence facing each other, the queen confident, vital, fully roused to the expression of her will; Bernard, on the other hand, as fully determined to oppose her with all the fervent conviction which he brought to every question of judgment or policy.

"If we fall out among ourselves," said Eleanor, at last, "who shall unite us? If men lose faith in the cause before them and grow greedy of the things that lie in their way, who shall set them right?"

The abbot shook his head sorrowfully and would not meet her eyes, for in this he knew that she was right.

"When an army has lost faith," he said, "it is already beaten. When Atalanta stooped to pick up the golden apples, her race was lost."

"As when love dies, contempt and hatred take its place," said Eleanor, as if in comment.

"Such love is of hell," said Bernard, looking suddenly into her face, so that she faintly blushed.

"Yes," she retorted; "for it is the love of man and wife."

The holy man watched her sadly and yet keenly, for he knew what she meant, and he foresaw the end.

"Lucifer rebelled against law," he said.

"I do not wonder," said the queen, with a sharp laugh. "He would have rebelled against marriage. Love is the true faith; marriage is dogma." She laughed again.

Bernard shrank a little, as if he felt actual pain. He had known her since she had been a little child, and he had become used to her cruelties of expression. He was a man more easily disgusted in his esthetic sensibilities than shocked by the wickedness of a world he knew. To him, God was not only great, but beautiful; nature, as some theologians maintain, was cruel, evil, hurtful, but she was never coarse or foul in his conception, and her beauty appealed to him against his will. So also in his eyes a woman could be sinful, and her sins might seem terrible to him, and yet she herself was to him a woman still, a being delicate, refined, tender, even in her wickedness; but a woman who could speak at once keenly and brutally of her marriage reacted upon him as a very ugly or painful sight, or as a very harsh and discordant sound that jars every nerve in the body.

"Madam," he said in a low voice, but very quietly and coldly, "I think not that you are in such state of grace as to bear the cross to your good."

Eleanor raised her head and looked at him haughtily, with lids half drooped, as her eyes grew hard and keen.

"You are not my confessor, sir," she retorted. "For all you know, he may have enjoined upon me a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It is a common penance." For the third time she laughed.

"A common penance!" cried the abbot, in a tone of despair. "That is what it has come to in these days. A man kills his neighbor in a quarrel, and goes to Jerusalem to purge him of blood, as he would take a physician's draft to cure him of the least of little aches. A pilgrimage is a remedy, as a prayer

is a medicine. To repeat the act of contrition so and so often, or to run through a dozen rosaries of an afternoon, is a potion for the sick soul."

"Well, what then?" asked the queen.

"What then?" repeated the abbot. "Then there is no faith left in the true meaning of the crusade."

"That is what I fear," answered Eleanor. "That is why I am begging you to come with us. That is why the king will be unable to command men without you. And yet you will not go!"

"No," he replied; "I will not."

"You have always disappointed me," said the queen, rising, and employing a weapon to which women usually resort at last. "You stand in the front and will not lead, you rouse men to deeds you will not do, you give men ideals in which you do not believe, and then you go back to the peace of your abbey of Clairvaux, and leave men to shift for themselves in danger and need. And if, perhaps, some trusting woman comes to you with overladen heart, you tell her that she is not in a state of grace! It must be easy to be a great man in that way."

She turned as she spoke the last words, and stepped from the platform to the stone pavement. At the enormous injustice of her judgment Bernard's face grew cold and stern; but he would not answer what she said, for he knew how useless it would be. In her, and perhaps in her only, of all men and women he had known, there was the something to which he could not speak, the element that was out of harmony with his own being, and when he had talked with her it was as if he had eaten sand. He could understand that she, too, was in contradiction with her natural feelings in her marriage with such a man as the king; he could be sorry for her, he could pity her, he could forgive her, he could pray for her—but he could not speak to her.

A dozen times before she reached the door he wished to call her back, and he sought in the archive of his brain and in the treasury of his heart the words that might touch her. But he sought in vain. So long as she was before his eyes, a chilled air, dull and unresonant, divided his soul from hers. Her hand was on the curtain to go out when she turned and looked at him again.

"You will not go with us," she said. "If we fail, we shall count the fault yours; if we quarrel and turn our swords upon one another, the sin is yours; if our armies lose heart, and are scattered and hewn in pieces, their blood will be on your head. But if we win," she

said at the last, drawing herself to her height, "the honor of our deeds shall be ours alone, not yours."

She had raised the curtain, and as she spoke the last word it fell behind her, leaving the abbot no possibility of a retort. But she had missed her intention, for he was not a man to be threatened from the right he had planned. When she was gone his face grew sad and calm and weary again, and presently, musing, he took up the pen that lay beside the half-written page. But she went on through the outer hall to the vestibule, drawing her thin, dark mantle about her, her lips set and her eyes cruel, for she had been disappointed. Beneath the idle wish to hear Bernard speak, behind the strong conviction that he must follow the army to the East if it was to be victorious, there had been the unconscious longing for a return of that brave emotion under which, in the afternoon, she had taken the cross with her ladies. And a woman disappointed of strong feeling hoped for and desired is less kind than a strong man defeated of expectation.

She was alone. Of all women, she hated most to be followed by attendants and watched by inferiors when she chose solitude. Reliant on herself and unaffectedly courageous, she often wondered whether it were not a more pleasant thing to be a man than to be even the fairest of womankind, as she was. She stood still a moment in the vestibule, drawing the hood of her cloak over her head and half across her face. The outer door was half open; the single lamp, filled with olive-oil and hanging from the middle of the vault, cast its ray out into the night. As Eleanor stood arranging her head-dress and almost unconsciously looking toward the darkness, a gleam of color and steel flashed softly in the gloom. It disappeared and flashed again, for a man was waiting without and slowly walking up and down before the door. The queen had chosen to come alone, but had no reason for concealing herself; she made two steps to the threshold and looked out, opening wide one half of the door.

The man stood still and turned his head without haste as the fuller light fell upon him. It was Gilbert, and as his look fell on the queen's face, dark against the brightness within, she started a little, as if she would have drawn back, and she spoke nervously, in a low voice, hardly knowing what she said.

"What is it?" she asked. "Why did you come here?"

"Because I knew your Grace was here," he answered quietly.

"You knew that I was here? How?"

"I saw you; I followed."

Under her hood, the queen felt the warm blood in her cheeks. Gilbert was very good to see as he stood just outside the door in the bright lamplight. He was pale, but not wan, like Bernard; he was thin with the leanness of vigorous youth, not with fasting and vigils; he was grave, not sad; energetic, not inspired; and his face was handsome rather than beautiful. Eleanor looked at him for a few moments before she spoke again.

"You followed me. Why?"

"To beg a word of your Grace's favor."

"The question you asked to-day?"

"Yes."

"Is it so urgent?" The queen laughed a little, and Gilbert started in surprise.

"Your Grace wrote urgently," he said.

"Then you are zealous only to obey me? I like that. You shall be rewarded. But I have changed my mind. If the letter were to be written again, I would not write it."

"It was the letter of a friend. Would you take it back?"

Gilbert's face showed the coming disappointment. In his anxiety he pressed nearer to her, resting his hand on the door-post. The queen drew back and smiled.

"Was it so very friendly?" she asked. "I do not remember—but I did not mean it so."

"Madam, what did you mean?" His voice was steady and rather cold.

"Oh—I have quite forgotten!" She almost laughed again, shaking her hooded head.

"If your Grace had need of me, I might understand. Beatrix is not here. I looked at each of your ladies to-day, through all their ranks, but she was not among them. I asked where she was, but you would not answer and were angry."

"I angry? You are dreaming!"

"I thought you were angry, because you changed color and would not speak again."

"You were wrong. Only a fool can be angry with ignorance."

"Why do you call me ignorant? These are all riddles."

"And you are not good at guessing. Come, to show you that I was not angry, I will have you walk with me down through the village. It is growing late."

"Your Grace is alone?"

"Since you followed me, you know it. Come."

She almost pushed him aside to pass out, and a moment later they were crossing the

dark open space before the church. Gilbert was not easily surprised, but when he reflected that he was walking late at night through a little French village with one of the most powerful sovereigns in Europe, who was at the same time the most beautiful of living women, he realized that his destiny was not leading him by common paths. He remembered his own surprise when, an hour earlier, he had seen the queen's unmistakable figure pass the open window of his lodging. And yet should any one see her now, abroad at such an hour, in the company of a young Englishman, there would be much more matter for astonishment. Half boyishly he wished that he were not himself, or else that the queen were Beatrix. As for his actual position in the queen's good graces, he had not the slightest understanding of it, a fact which just then amused Eleanor almost as much as it irritated her. The road was uneven and steep beyond the little square. For some moments they walked side by side in silence. From far away came the sound of many rough voices singing a drinking-chorus.

"Give me your arm," said Eleanor, suddenly.

As she spoke she put out her hand, as if she feared to stumble. Doing as she begged him, Gilbert suited his step to hers, and they were very close together as they went on. He had never walked arm in arm in that way before, nor perhaps had he ever been so close to any other woman. An indescribable sensation took possession of him; he felt that his step was less steady, and that his head was growing hot and his hands cold; and somehow he knew that, whereas the idea of love was altogether beyond and out of the question, yet he was spellbound in the charm of a new and mysterious attraction. With it there was the instantaneous certainty that it was evil, with the equally sure knowledge that if it grew upon him only a few moments longer he should not be able to resist it.

Eleanor would not have been a woman had she not understood.

"What is the matter?" she asked gently, and under her hood she was smiling.

"The matter?" Gilbert spoke nervously. "There is nothing the matter; why do you ask?"

"Your arm trembled," answered the queen.

"I suppose I was afraid that you were going to fall."

At this the queen laughed aloud.

"Are you so anxious for my safety as that?" she inquired.

Gilbert did not answer at once.

"It seems so strange," he said at last, "that your Grace should choose to be abroad alone so late at night."

"I am not alone," she answered.

At that moment her foot seemed to slip, and her hand tightened suddenly upon Gilbert's arm. But as he thought her in danger of falling, he caught her round the waist and held her up; and almost claspng her to him, the mysterious influence strengthened his hold in a most unnecessary manner.

"I never slip," said Eleanor, by way of explaining the fact that she had just stumbled.

"No," answered Gilbert; "of course not."

And he continued to hold her fast. She made a little movement vaguely indicating that she wished him to let her go, and her free right hand pretended to loosen his from her waist. He felt infinitesimal lines of fire running from his head to his feet, and he saw lights where there were none.

"Let me go," she said almost under her breath; and accentuating her words with little efforts of hand and body, it accidentally happened that her head was against his breast for a moment. The fire grew hotter, the lights brighter, and, with the consciousness of doing something at once terrible yet surpassingly sweet to do, he allowed his lips to touch the dark stuff that hid her russet hair. But she was quite unaware of this desperate deed. A moment later she seemed to hear something, for she turned her head quickly as if listening, and spoke in an anxious half-whisper:

"Take care! There is somebody—"

Instantly Gilbert's hand dropped to his side, and he assumed the attitude of a respectful protector. The queen continued to stare into the darkness a moment longer, and then began to walk on.

"It was nothing," she said carelessly.

"I hear men singing," said Gilbert.

"I dare say," answered Eleanor, with perfect indifference. "I have heard them for some time."

One voice rose higher and louder than the rest as the singers approached, and the other voices joined in the rough chorus of a Burgundy drinking-song. Down the road, near the outskirts of the village, lights were flashing and moving unsteadily as those who carried them staggered along. To reach the monastery which was the headquarters of the court, the queen and Gilbert would have to walk a hundred yards down the street before turning to the right. Gilbert saw at a glance that it would be impossible for

them to reach the turning before meeting the drunken crowd.

"It would be better to turn back and go another way," he said, slackening his pace.

But the queen walked quietly on without answering him. It was clear that she intended to make the people stand aside to let her pass, for she continued to walk in the middle of the street. But Gilbert gently drew her aside, and she suffered him to lead her to a doorway, raised two steps above the street, and darkened by an overhanging balcony. There they stood and waited. A dense throng of grooms, archers, and men-at-arms came roaring up the steep way toward them. A huge man in a dirty scarlet tunic and dusty russet hose, with soft boots that were slipping down in folds about his ankles, staggered along in front of the rest. His face was on fire with wine, his little red eyes glared dully from underswollen lids, and as he bawled his song with mouth wide open, one might have tossed an apple between his wolfish teeth. In his right hand he held an earthen jug in which there was still a little wine; with his left he brandished a banner that had been made by sewing a broad red cross upon a towel tied to one of those long wands with which farmers' boys drive geese to feed. Half dancing, half marching, and reeling at every step, he came along, followed closely by a dozen companions one degree less burly than himself, but at least quite as drunk; and each had upon his breast or shoulder the cross he had received that day. Behind them, more and more, closer and closer, the others came stumbling, rolling, jostling one another, howling the chorus of the song. And every now and then the leader, swinging his banner and his wine-jug, sent a shower of red drops into the faces of his followers. Some of them laughed, and some swore loudly in curses that made themselves felt through the roaring din. But loudest, highest, clearest of all, from within the heart of the drunken crowd, came one of those voices that are made to be heard in storm and battle. In a tune of its own, regardless of the singing of all the rest, it was chanting the *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*. Long drawn, sustained, and of brazen quality, it calmly defied all other din, and as the crowd drew nearer Gilbert saw through the torch-light the thin white face of a very tall man in the midst, with half-closed eyes and thin lips that wore a look of pain as he sang—the face, the look, the voice of a man who in the madness of liquor was still a fanatic. The hot, close breath of the ribald

crew went before it in the warm summer night, the torches threw a moving yellow glare upon faces as red as flame or ghastly white, and here and there the small crosses of scarlet cloth fastened to the men's tunics caught the light like splashes of fresh blood. Eleanor drew back as far as she could under the doorway, offended in her sovereign pride and disgusted as gentlewomen are at the sight of drunkenness. By her side, Gilbert drew himself up as if protesting against a sacrilege and against the desecration of his holiest thoughts. He knew that such men would often be as riotous again before they reached Jerusalem, and that it would be absurd to expect anything else. But meanwhile he realized what a very little more of disgust would be enough to make him hate what was before him. For a moment he forgot the queen's presence at his side, and he closed his eyes so as not to see what was passing before them.

A little angry sound, that was neither of pain nor of fear, roused him to the present. A man with a bad face and a shock head of red hair had fallen out of the march and stood unsteadily before the queen, plucking at her mantle in the hope of seeing all her face. He seemed not to see Gilbert, and there was a wicked light in his winy eyes. The queen drew back, and used her hands to keep her mantle and hood close about her; but the riot pressed onward and forced the man from his feet, so that he almost fell against her. Gilbert caught him by the neck with his hand; and when he had torn the cross from his shoulder, he struck him one blow that flattened his face for life. Then he threw him down into the drunken crowd, a bruised and senseless thing, as island men throw a dead horse from a cliff into the sea.

In a moment the confusion and din were ten times greater than before. While some marched on, still yelling the tipsy chorus, others stumbled across the body of their unconscious fellow as it lay in the way; two had been struck by it as it fell, and were half stunned; others turned back to see the cause of the trouble; many were forced to the ground, impotently furious with drink, and not a few were trampled upon and hurt, and burned by their own torches.

Eleanor looked down upon a writhing mass of miserable human beings who were blind with wine and stupid with rage against the unknown thing that had made them fall. She shrank to Gilbert's side, almost clinging to him.

"We cannot stay here," she said. "You

must not let me be recognized by these brutes."

"Keep between me and the wall, then," he answered authoritatively.

His sword was in his hand as he descended the two steps to the level of the street and began to force his way along between the houses and the crowd. It was not easy at first. One sprang at him blindly to stop him, but he thrust him aside; another drew his dagger, but Gilbert struck him on temple and jaw with his flat blade, so that he fell in a heap; and presently the man who was sober was feared by the drunken men, and they made little resistance. But many saw by the torch-light that the hooded figure of a woman was gliding along beside him, and foul jests were screamed out, with howls and catcalls, so that the clean Norman blood longed to turn and face the whole throng together with edge and thrust, to be avenged of insult. Yet Gilbert remembered that if he did that he might be slain, and leave Eleanor to the mercy of ruffians who would not believe that she was the queen. So he resigned himself and went steadily on along the wall, forcing his opponents out of his way, striking them, stunning them, knocking them down mercilessly, but killing none.

The time had been short from the beginning of the trouble till Gilbert reached the turning for which he was making. And all the while the high, brazen voice chanted the words of the canticle above the roaring confusion. When Eleanor, safe at last, slipped into the shadow beyond the corner, the voice was singing, "He hath visited and redeemed his people," and far up the street the red-cross banner was waving furiously in the glare of the torch-light.

As Gilbert sheathed his sword, Eleanor laid her hand on his.

"You please me," she said; and though there was no light, he knew by her tone that she was smiling. "Thank you," she added softly. "Ask what you will, it is yours."

In the dark he bent one knee and kissed the hand that held his.

"Madam," he said, "I thank Heaven that I have been allowed to serve a woman in need."

"And you ask nothing of me?" There was an odd little chill in her voice as she spoke.

Gilbert did not answer at once, for he was uncertain whether to press her with a question about Beatrix or to ask nothing.

"If I asked anything," he said at last, "I

should ask that I might understand your Grace, and why you bade me come in haste to one who is not even with you."

They were within a few steps of the abbey, and the queen separated a little from him and walked nearer to the wall. Then she stopped short.

"Good night," she said abruptly.

Gilbert came close to her and stood still in silence.

"Well?" She uttered the single word with a somewhat cold interrogation.

"Madam," said Gilbert, suddenly determined to know the truth, "is Beatrix here with you or not? I have a right to know."

"A right?" There was no mistaking the tone now, but Gilbert was not awed by it.

"Yes," he answered; "you know I have."

Without a word, Eleanor left him and walked along the wall in the deep shadow. A moment later Gilbert saw two shadowy forms of women beside the taller figure of the queen. He made a step forward, but instantly stopped again, realizing that he could not press the question in the presence of her ladies. She had doubtless placed them there when she had come out, to wait until she should return.

When he could no longer see her in the gloom, he turned and retraced his steps. The drunken soldiers were gone on their way to join others in some tavern beyond the church, and the street was deserted. The moon, long past the full, was just rising above the hills to eastward, and shed a melancholy light upon the straggling village. Resentful of the queen's mysterious silence, and profoundly sad from the impression made upon him by the drunken throng through which he had forced his way, Gilbert slowly climbed the hill and went back to his lodging near the church.

He spent a restless night, and the early summer dawn brought him to his open window with that desire which every man feels, after a troubled day and broken rest, to see the world fresh and clean again, as if nothing had happened, as the writing is smoothed from the wax of the tablet before a new message can be written. Gilbert listened to the morning sounds,—the crowing of the cocks, the barking of the dogs, the calls of peasants greeting one another,—and he breathed the cool dawn air gratefully, without wishing to understand what the queen wanted of him.

(To be continued.)



POOR LITTLE JANE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WHAT shall be done with little Jane,
Little Jane who has lost her lover?
With the sun and rain of Lovers' Lane
Green is his grassy cover.

She cannot sleep, she cannot spin,
They will have to take her away;
Her eye is too bright, her cheek too thin,
She hears not a word they say.

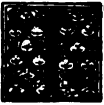
She has no joy of the summer sun,
And fearful things she sees
At the gate in the lane when day is done,
And there 's wail in the faded trees.

She cannot laugh, she cannot weep,
And alas! that look in her eye.
Poor little Jane! 'T is but the sheep,
And she says the white dead go by.

ALEXANDER'S VICTORY AT ISSUS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: FIFTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
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T was now the spring of 333 B. C. Alexander, in the middle of his twenty-third year, had been two and a half years on the throne. One fifth of the short period allotted him to reign was past. Of his first year as sovereign, the first half had been occupied in establishing title to his father's estate in Greece at the south, the second half in doing the same thing among the tribesmen at the north. His second year opened with the return to Greece and the destruction of Thebes (September, 335). In March, 334, he set out into Asia. In May he had won the battle of the Granicus; in June had occupied Sardis, capital of the Lydian satrapy, and chief of the inland cities of Asia Minor; between July and November had swept down the coast and occupied the three chief cities of the Asiatic Greeks—Ephesus, Miletus, Halicarnassus; in December and January he had traversed the turn of the coast by Lycia and Pamphylia, and cut a return swath back inland to Phrygia. In one year he had thus subjugated a tract of country about two hundred and fifty miles square, and added to his dominion an area about equal to that of New England and about double that of European Greece.

The experience of the year had amply displayed the general indifference of the Greek states to his enterprise. So far from laying upon them any of the burdens of the war, he had left them free from tribute and all other forms of imperial taxation, and was thankful enough if they could be kept from open opposition. Every question which concerned them was regarded as sensitive and was handled with gloves. The shields captured at Granicus had been sent as a present to Athens, in the hope of infusing some warmth into the stony heart; but there was no response, and when, nine months later, an Athenian embassy asked for the return of some Athenian captives taken among the mercenaries at Granicus, they found the king in wary mood, and were bidden to call again.

The prisoners were as good as hostages, and the situation made the holding of hostages convenient. Yet Alexander was ostensibly captain-general of the Greeks, and claimed to be fighting as their "liberator." At Miletus he had rejected Parmenion's advice to risk a sea-fight, lest in case of a defeat "the Greeks might take heart and start a revolution." Greece and Greek opinion still loomed up large in his horizon. A year later, as his new standing-ground broadened, they dwindled, and soon passed almost out of view.

During the winter of 334-333 the movement of the Persian fleet under Memnon's command up into the Ægean had given him great solicitude. Well it might. It menaced the Dardanelles. Once he was cut off from Europe, who could vouch for the loyalty of the Greeks? Sparta was already waiting for an opportunity to join openly in coöperation with the Persian fleet. The death of Memnon (February, 333) was, therefore, a severe blow to the Persian cause and a veritable deliverance for Alexander. It produced a radical change in the plans of the Shah. Up to this time he had relied upon the Greek aversion to Macedonia, and the Persian and Greek control of the sea, ultimately to foil and smother the military strength of Alexander. His plan had been that which Memnon represented in the council of generals before the battle of the Granicus, namely, to avoid a battle and by skilful retreat to draw the young adventurer across devastated countries until his strength was spent, but on the sea to take the aggressive. The plan was wise, but Memnon's shrewd counsel had been overruled by the military arrogance of the Persian princes who accompanied him, and the colossal mistake of fighting at the Granicus had been committed. After that there was no hope for any plan on land, and Memnon's death palsied the plan by sea.

So Persia herself was forced to intervene with her own armies led by the Shah; and this gave the second year of Alexander's

campaigns in Asia a new character, and led up to the battle of Issus. This year and the results of this battle open a new phase in the young conqueror's career. Thus far he had been the son of Philip, inheritor and executor of his father's plans. He was a Macedonian leading Macedonians to war against Persia in the name of Greece. His ideals and ambitions were still in accord with those of the simple country folk he led; he belonged still to their little world. But after his eyes had once beheld the magnificence of Persia itself, as they saw it in the pomp and state of Darius's army and camp, a new world opened before him, infinitely grander and richer and wider than that in which he, plain son of poverty and simplicity, had been reared; and behold, he had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Then the ways began to part between him and his Macedonians, between the new Alexander and the old. It was merely the beginning: no one remarked it; it did not show itself in specific acts; years elapsed before men really knew that they knew it. The change came on as slow as it was inevitable, but as we look over the whole life-story of the man, and mark the trend of motive that lay behind the outward form of act, we cannot fail to see the impulse to the new departure in the experiences of this second year in Asia. These experiences came, too, just at a time when Greece, by persisting in her indifference despite his achievements, and sinning thus against love, had, as it were, finally cast him adrift, and brought the ideals of his youth to their first disappointment. If Athens, Corinth, Argos, and Sparta had gone with him in heart and hand, if Greece had adopted him as her own, surely history would have been written differently, and more of the real Hellas would have been embodied, whether for good or ill, in the empire which he left; but, be that as it may, when we note in his later years an absence of all inclination to return to Greece, and find him ready to adopt Oriental manners and become a half Oriental, we see why we need not wonder. The only wonder is that we find in his later attitude toward Greece and Greek things so little of that bitterness which comes to men whose motives have been misconstrued and whose help has been disdained.

When Darius, after hearing of Memnon's death, saw that nothing was now likely to prevent Alexander from attempting to push his conquests farther, even into the heart of the empire, and that a serious effort to resist him must now be made, he is said to have

summoned a council of war and laid before it the question, Shall the Shah take command in person? Most of his advisers urged him to raise a large army, and, leading it himself, to make short, quick work of annihilating the upstart invader. In earlier days the Shah had always been expected to lead the army in war, but now, with the establishment of peaceful, luxurious life, it had become the exception. For the Shah to go indicated that a supreme issue was at stake.

But there was present in the Persian council a Greek, of better military judgment than all the courtiers, and who knew whereof he affirmed. It was the crafty old Charidemus of Euboean Oreus, the most experienced professional soldier of his day. For thirty years or more he had been continually in evidence in Greek affairs, as pirate, freebooter, mercenary soldier and general, or diplomatic agent. He had been in the service now of the Persian satraps, now of Thracian princes, now of Athens, for a time perhaps of Philip himself; often he had been in business on his own account, but in his later years he had been mostly with Athens, and had done no small mischief to Philip's cause. It was through him that the first news of Philip's death had been sent to Demosthenes, and either from suspicion that this indicated complicity in the deed, or on account of some of the man's many military sins, Alexander could never forget or forgive him; and when, in 335, he forgave Athens and withdrew the black-list of politicians he had at first assigned to punishment, he made exception alone of Charidemus. So the old man had taken refuge in Persia, and was serving now as military expert and general adviser at the court of Susa.

When now the question came to him what had best be done, he gave advice that differed radically from that of all the rest. The Shah, he said, ought not to stake his empire on a single throw. This he would do, however, if he took command in person. An army of one hundred thousand, one third Greek mercenaries, under the leadership of a competent general, was large enough. It was not wise to give the Macedonians battle at the first; better retreat slowly before them until they became ensnared in the vastness of the country.

The king at first inclined to accept the advice, but his courtiers stoutly opposed. They suspected Charidemus of desiring the command for himself, and perhaps they were right. They went so far as to accuse him of treacherous designs, and savagely resented

his insinuation that the Persians were not a match for the Macedonians. Charidemus lost his temper, and proceeded to express without further use of diplomatic language his high estimate of the Persian cowardice. Therewith his doom was sealed. The Shah "seized him by his girdle," and he was led forth to death. As he left the royal presence, he exclaimed: "The king will rue this, and that soon. My revenge is at hand. It is the overthrow of the empire." The action of the Shah was followed by quick but still too tardy regret.

Such is the story of Charidemus as Diodorus and Curtius Rufus tell it, and though Arrian knows nothing of it, there is no reason on that account to reject it. The official Macedonian sources from which Arrian draws his materials seem to belittle the danger that menaced Alexander, not only in Memnon's plans, but in all that the Greek opposition, passive or active, involved.

Darius sought in vain for the man competent to fill Memnon's place. He finally decided to take command himself and follow the advice of his counselors. A mighty army was forthwith assembled at Babylon, and without delay the march into Upper Syria began. Hope ran high. The proudest empire of the earth marshaled its strength in all the pomp and circumstance of ancient warfare. Sixty thousand native soldiers, the Cardaces, formed the nucleus of the host; one hundred thousand horsemen were there, the pride of Asia; four hundred thousand foot-soldiers, Persians, Medians, Armenians, Babylonians, and hardy soldiers from the far Northeast, made up the mass. Princes and chiefs, vizirs and satraps, men great in fame and high in station, were the leaders. It was as if the nation itself, not its army, were gathered together in grand review; and all had its center in the person of the Shah himself. His court, with all its state, — queen, daughters, harem, hordes of attendants, — forms, luxury, paraphernalia, and pomp, attended him, as if to remind that it was the empire itself, and not a mere machine of war, that went forth to meet the invader.

Babylon itself, from the gates of which they issued forth, was a standing witness to the stability and might of the empire. It was the grand old wicked Babylon. For twenty centuries it had been the great mart and imperial city of the river-plain. For three centuries the great structures with which Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar had endowed it had made it the talk and wonder

of the world. Its walls of brick, seventy-five feet high and thirty-two feet broad, — so broad that two four-horse chariots could pass each other in the roadway that followed the top, — inclosed an area ten miles square. Almost diagonally across the square plan of the city flowed the Euphrates. Xenophon reports its width as two stades (nearly a quarter of a mile), though at present it is scarcely five hundred feet. Canals diverged from it in various directions, to serve, in addition to the broad thoroughfares, as highways through the city. In the northwestern quarter of the city, on both banks of the river, were the royal palaces and the citadels. On the east bank were two vast palaces, each built on a half-artificial elevation, and made to serve as a citadel, one the work of Nabopolassar, the other of Nebuchadnezzar. Hard by the former and to the south rose the mighty pile of Ê-sag-il, the temple of Belus, a lofty, tower-like structure lifted in eight gigantic terraces from a foundation six hundred feet square. Across the river was the great royal park, in the midst of which stood another tall mass of palace structures, within which, ten years later, Alexander was to find his death. Adjoining at the north and close by the river were the famous "hanging gardens," lifted on piers of brick and rising in terraces to a height of seventy-five feet. The whole area within the walls was not, at least in Alexander's time, closely built and populated. Curtius Rufus somewhere found the statement, which he reports to us, that part of the land in the outskirts was farmed, and that the compact city had a diameter of eighty stades, not the whole ninety (ten miles) of the walled inclosure. The great mounds of ruins that to-day cover the plain for five or six miles to the north and to the south of Hillah testify to the essential correctness of the singularly accordant statements which ancient writers have left us concerning the city's extent, and yield at the same time a sad comment on the hopes and confidence of nations that, like those of Babylon, stay themselves in bricks and bigness.

When, sometime in midsummer, 333 B. C., the news of Darius's advance reached Alexander, he was still in northern Asia Minor. He had chosen Gordium as his spring rendezvous, in part because of its situation in relation to the great roads leading into Mesopotamia. At Ancyra, sixty miles farther east, the two great routes diverged, the one, the northern route by the "royal road," leading through southern Armenia, the other

DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

ALEXANDER TAKES THE CUP OF MEDICINE.
(SEE PAGE 683.)

VOL. LVII.—87.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. OGDENHILL.

VIEW OF THE SITE OF PELLA, ALEXANDER'S MACEDONIAN CAPITAL.

The view looks south across the present line of the Via Egnatia. The trees lining the stream are oaks and poplars, under which many storks were standing when the picture was taken. The cistern of tufa blocks to the right is fed by an aqueduct. The two fluted column-drums are of tufa also, and of the Ionic order.

leading through Cilicia. Until Alexander received news of the Shah's advance, and an indication of his route, he remained in the north, keeping Ancyra as his base of action. From this point he subjugated the western part of Cappadocia, and received there the embassy from the Paphlagonians to the north, offering their submission and begging him not to invade their land. When finally word came—probably in the form of information concerning the appointed rendezvous of mercenaries employed for the Persian fleet—that Darius was believed to be advancing into Syria, Alexander took the southern route leading between Lake Tatta and the Halys direct toward Cilicia. He moved with tremendous rapidity, forcing the marches by day and by night. All forms of opposition melted away before him, and almost before the enemy knew he was in motion he swept down from the mountains into the city of Tarsus. He had passed without striking a blow the famous Gates of Cilicia,—a pass so narrow that a camel must unload in order to get through, and which, from

Cyrus's times to Ibrahim Pasha in this century, has been regarded as the key to the country,—and the Taurus range, the great outer wall of defense for Mesopotamia and Syria, was now behind him.

A severe illness befell him at Tarsus. Aristobulus, one of his companions on the expedition, who afterward wrote his biography,—a work now lost, except for the abundant citations, preserved especially in Arrian,—attributed the illness to the fatiguing toils of the march and of war. Other authorities to which Arrian had access attributed it to a bath taken while overheated in the cold waters of the Tarsan river Cydnus. Not improbably both authorities were right, the one reporting the cause, the other the occasion. The illness was characterized by high fever accompanied by convulsions and inability to sleep. All the physicians despaired of him except Philip the Acharnianian, who proposed to check the course of the disease by administering a purgative draft. While Philip, it is said, was preparing the medicine, a letter came to Alexander's hand from Par-

menion, the first general, warning him of Philip, who, he claimed to have heard, had been bribed by Darius to poison him. Parmenion was a trusty old officer, a rock-ribbed Macedonian of the old-fashioned type narrow-minded and suspicious, especially when it concerned his master's dealings with the Greeks. This incident, where his jealousy of non-Macedonians who found favor with the king first comes to light, has been recorded by the associates of Alexander, and was, as other references to Parmenion tend to show, probably intended to bear its part in explaining the later estrangement between the two. We cannot, however, believe that Parmenion invented the story. Such suspicions were common in those days, and Parmenion's temper made him easy prey.

When Philip passed Alexander the cup containing the medicine, Alexander handed him the letter, and while Philip was reading it, drank the potion. This action expressed his desire to banish from his environment

that atmosphere of small personal suspicion which haunts the presence of autocrats, and to replace it with a generous spirit of friendly confidence. How hard it was for him to carry the desire consistently into effect, the story of his stormy life will tell; but behind all the mistakes of his impulsiveness and the constraints and temptations of his unnatural position there can always be seen as a permanent background of character, as the true Alexander, a yearning for loyal, trustful friendship, and an ambition to be worthy of it.

Cilicia, a strip of land about two hundred and fifty miles long and from thirty to seventy-five miles broad, shut in by the Taurus range on the north, the Amanus on the east, and the Imbarus on the west, is really the vestibule to Mesopotamia and the East. It is naturally divided into two portions, the mountainous, rough Cilicia (Isauria) to the west, and Cilicia of the plain to the east. The latter contains much open land, the extreme southern



DRAWN BY HARRY FERR, FROM PICTURES IN LANDOROMER'S "STÄTTE PAMPHYLIES UND PHÖNIENS"

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY WEST OF THE TAURUS MOUNTAINS: 1, VIEW FROM THE RUINS OF SAGALASSUS OF THE VALLEY OF AGHLASUN. 2, RUINS OF THE THEATER OF SAGALASSUS.

part of which constitutes the famous Aleian plain, where legend, in deference to a folk-etymology which made the name mean "the plain of wandering," had placed the forlorn roamings of Bellerophon after he fell from Pegasus's back. It is watered by three rivers, the largest of which is the Pyramus. In summer its heat is excessive.

PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER FROM A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF LYSIMACHUS IN POSSESSION OF THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

After sending troops under Parmenion to occupy the passes of the Amanus Mountains on the east, Alexander made an excursion to the westward, occupying first the city of Anchialus and later Solæ, a city the people of which spoke a Greek so bad as to earn in our modern word "solecism" a lasting monument. The Greek element in these cities probably constituted only a small proportion either of the population or of the blood. A fine of two hundred talents of silver which Alexander imposed upon the citizens because of their Persian leanings was afterward in part remitted.

News came here of the success of the Macedonian forces left in Caria and Lydia in an encounter with the Persian commander Othontopates, who still held the citadel of Halicarnassus. A thousand of his men had been taken prisoners, and seven hundred and fifty killed. In celebration of the victory, as well as in recognition of his own restoration to health, Alexander arranged a great fête, including athletic sports, a torch-race, a musical contest, a review of the troops, and offerings to the gods—a genuine Hellenic festival. When things went well with the Greeks they knew no better way to signalize it—and perhaps no better way has yet been found—than to give the gods, as first citizens of the state, a banquet and invite themselves, and then provide for the gods an entertainment such as their own tastes pronounced the most delectable—contests of skill and strength and craft and art, in which man

was pitted against man, and the best man won the crown. No scenic or festal display that did not stir the blood with the zest of competition was worthy of men and gods.

After the games were over, seven days were occupied in a raid upon the mountain tribes in the neighborhood. Then marching back by way of Tarsus, Alexander sent the cavalry through the Aleian plain, while he, accompanied by the infantry and the guards, moved along the coast by way of Magarsus to Mallus. Here he found Greek traditions, for the inhabitants claimed to have been originally a colony from Argos. As his family also made a great point of claiming an Argive root for their family tree, the opportunity of welding a friendship was not neglected, all the more in view of the sentimental nature of the claim.

At Mallus he learned that the Persian army was camped only two days' march from the other side of the mountains. A council of war, immediately called, decided to advance directly to attack Darius where he was. The next morning the march was begun, and the army proceeded along the coast to Issus. From here two routes led into Syria—one to the north by the so-called Amanic Gates (the modern Topra Kalessi), a pass two thousand feet above the sea-level, and another, apparently the more usual, though the longer, by way of the coast as far south as Myriandrus, and then through an opening in the mountains into Syria. Alexander chose the southern route, and, after passing the so-called Cilician Gates, advanced as far as Myriandrus. Just as he was about to cross the mountains, he was fortunately detained by a heavy autumn storm, for before he was again ready to move, important tidings came, which changed all his plans.

Meanwhile Darius, who had chosen a plain in the neighborhood of Sochoi as suitable for the operations of his army and so a favorable place for a meeting with Alexander, had become impatient at Alexander's delay. Already his courtiers began to suggest the welcome theory that Alexander was afraid to face the might of the great king. He probably was appalled at having heard that the great king was there in person. He surely would never dare to cross the mountains. It would be necessary for the Shah to go over and destroy him. The theory was speedily quickened into faith. Surely against so mighty an array as this the handful of Macedonians would have no chance or hope. Under the prancing feet of the vast squadrons of the world-famed Persian cavalry the little band

DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

ALEXANDER'S ADDRESS TO HIS OFFICERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF ISSUS.

would be trampled into destruction. Confidence ran high.

All over the Greco-Persian world it was the same. The word went out that the disturber of the world's peace was now safely locked up within the mountains of Cilicia, and that he would soon be buried beneath the Persian avalanche. Demosthenes at Athens only voiced the hope and the expectations of all enemies of Alexander when he read to his friends the letters he had just received from the East, and confidently predicted the speedy downfall of Alexander. It made the great orator, to be sure, easy prey in after days for the taunts of *Æschines*:¹ "But when Darius came on with all his force, and Alexander, as you [Demosthenes] claimed, was locked up in Cilicia and in sore straits, and was going to be, as your phrase had it, 'speedily trampled underfoot by the Persian horse,' then, with the city not big enough to hold your swagger, you pranced about with epistles dangling from your fingers, pointing people to my countenance as that of a miserable, despairing wretch, and called me a bull ready for the sacrifice, with gilded horns and garlands on the head, the moment anything happened to Alexander."

New courage, as the autumn months came on, had been inspired into the Persian fleet off Chios. A hundred of the best ships had been sent over to Siphnus. Here Agis, King of Sparta, came to parley with the leaders, asking for money to begin a war, and urging the Persians to send an army and a fleet to the Peloponnesus. All this was going on in Greece just at the time when Darius, in November, 333, was halting before the mountains of Amanus and querying what had become of Alexander.

There was at least one man in Darius's camp who did not lose his good judgment. This was Amyntas, a Macedonian noble, who, for some reason not known to history, had fled the court at Pella a few years before, and whom we hear of as being with the Persians at the battle of the Granicus, and afterward as fleeing from Ephesus before the approach of Alexander's troops. He was now in command of the Greek mercenaries, and we shall hear of him again. He advised Darius most earnestly to remain where he now was, on the Assyrian side of the mountains. He need have no doubt that Alexander would come to him. The narrow defiles and uneven land of Cilicia offered no favorable opportunity for the

Persian army, with its cavalry and its great masses of troops, to utilize its strength. But, as Arrian has it, "the worse advice prevailed, forsooth because it was for the moment the pleasanter to hear."

Having sent all the unnecessary baggage, the treasure, and the harems of himself and his satraps to Damascus, two hundred and fifty miles to the south, Darius crossed the mountains, and came to Issus on the same day that Alexander arrived at Myriandrus, scarcely thirty-five miles away. They had missed each other by less than a day, for Arrian says that Alexander arrived at Myriandrus on the second day from Mallus, and Issus was far beyond the half-way point. Plutarch even reports that the two armies passed each other in the darkness of the night, a statement which is, however, quite improbable. Darius's army, coming down through the hills at the north, would not have been seen from Issus until within four or five miles of the town. The haphazard methods of obtaining information concerning the movements and position of the enemy, which made it possible for the Macedonians thus placidly to march out of the plain just as the enemy, from five to six hundred thousand strong, was entering it close behind them, offer a striking contrast to the methods of reconnaissance employed in modern warfare. That Alexander should have taken the risk of marching off to the south and leaving the way open for the Persian to come in at the north, without even seeking to inform himself concerning the possibility of such a movement, reflects, however, no discredit on his strategic insight. There was nothing he presumably desired more than that Darius should enter Cilicia, and it was in hope of enticing him in that he had tarried so long. The narrow plains of Cilicia were his chosen field for battle, not the open land of Syria. A vast army, too, like that of Darius, would find slender chance of subsistence once it had crossed the mountains. Alexander's only mistake was in not rating high enough his opponent's folly.

When Alexander heard that his enemy was close by him and in his rear, he could scarcely believe the news to be true; so he embarked some of his guard in a thirty-oared boat and sent them back along the coast to reconnoiter. Without going the whole distance to Issus the reconnoitering party was able to descry the camp of the Persians. Alexander then called together his chief officers, and, aware that a supreme

¹ *Æschines* against Ctesiphon, sec. 164.

moment in his affairs was at hand, reviewed the whole situation with them, summing up the grounds of confidence that a victory was now in their hands: They were to meet a foe whom they had met before and vanquished. They were themselves used to toil and danger; their enemy were men enervated by luxury and ease. They were freemen; their enemy were slaves. There was, finally, evidence that God was on their side, for he had put it into Darius's mind to move his forces to a place where his vast multitude would be useless, whereas the Macedonian phalanx had room enough to display its full power. The rewards of victory, too, were great. The whole power of Persia was drawn up against them, led by the Shah in person. In the event of victory nothing was left for them to do but to take possession of all Asia and make an end of their toils. He reminded them of their many brilliant achievements in the past, both as an army and as individuals, and recounted their deeds, mentioning them by name. With due modesty, too, he told of his own deeds, and ended by telling the story of Xenophon and his famous ten thousand, who, without Thessalian or Macedonian horsemen, without archers or slingers, had put to rout the king and all his forces close before the walls of Babylon itself. The word was that of a Greek to Greeks. The enthusiasm of battle laid hold on them all. They thronged about him, clasped his hand, begged him to lead them forthwith against the foe. His army was consolidated in one thought and ambition, and that was the thought and ambition of its leader.

Alexander then ordered his soldiers to take dinner, for evening was now approaching, and sent a few horsemen and archers back to occupy the Cilician Gates, the narrow passage eight miles north of Myriandrus, between the sea and the hills, through which he had passed only a few hours before, and which he would be obliged to repass in returning to the plain. After nightfall he led his whole army to the pass, and encamped there at the southern limit of the plain of Issus.

The Persians, on entering Issus, had found some wounded Macedonian soldiers in the lazaretto, and forthwith massacred them. The prevailing opinion was at first that Alexander was avoiding battle and was now caught in a trap, shut off from retreat. The Persian host stood full in the way between him and Greece; behind the only escape was the enemy's land. Darius evidently thought at first that his enemy had passed

over into Syria, for we learn from Polybius (xii, 17), who cites the authority of Callisthenes, that when Darius, after his arrival in Issus, "had learned from the natives that Alexander had gone on as if advancing into Syria, he followed him, and on approaching the pass encamped by the river Pinarus." This would account for the position of the Persians nine miles beyond and to the south of Issus. Darius, however, soon saw, as Plutarch says, that he was in no position for a battle. The mountains and the sea hemmed in his army, and the river Pinarus divided it. He planned, therefore, to withdraw as soon as possible; but this Alexander sought to prevent, by forcing an immediate battle. He saw at a glance his advantage. A field had by fortune been given him in which the tremendous preponderance of the Persian army counted for little.

Early the following morning—it was about the beginning of November, 333—Alexander led his army on toward the Persian position, twelve or thirteen miles distant from the pass where he had spent the night. The plain of Issus stretches along the shore of the sea, which bounds it on the west, for a little over twenty miles, gradually widening from the Cilician Gates, at its extreme south, to the neighborhood of the city of Issus, which lies some five miles from the present coast-line in its northern extreme. The Persians had encamped on the north bank of the river Pinarus, which flows across the plain in a westerly or southwesterly direction, about nine miles south of the city. We have it on the authority of Callisthenes that the width of the plain at this point, reckoned from the foot-hills of the mountains to the sea, was, at the time of the battle, fourteen stades, *i. e.*, somewhat over a mile and a half. Since then the alluvium of the mountain streams has carried the shore out until the plain is nearly five miles wide. A similar change has made the battle-field of Thermopylæ unintelligible to the modern visitor. What was anciently a narrow path of fifty feet between sea and cliff is now a marshy plain two or three miles in width. The harbor of Miletus, in which the naval movements we have lately recounted took place, is now a plain in which the island of Lade is lost as a knoll.

As long as the plain remained narrow, Alexander, as he marched forward, kept his troops in column; but as it opened, he gradually developed his column into a line filling the whole space between the hills and the sea. Gradually the order of battle took

DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE

THE FIGHT ABOUT THE CHARIOT OF DARIUS AT ISSUS.

shape. It was always his usage, so far as possible, to march upon the battle-field in the order to be there assumed. His caution in filling the width of the plain was due to his fear of being outflanked by the superior numbers of the enemy. Slowly the battle-line spread itself out. The infantry battalion swung up from the column to the front. The cavalry, which had held the rear, moved out to the wings. Upon the right, next the hills, were placed the Thessalian and Macedonian heavy cavalry, flanked by the lancers and Pæonians, and the light-armed Agrianians and bowmen; next came the hypaspists, or light infantry, and their agéma, or picked squad; in the center the phalanx; on the left were the allies, the Cretan bowmen and the Thracian troops of Sitalces. The left wing was placed, as usual, under the command of Parmenion, who was specially instructed to keep close to the shore in order to prevent any attempt to outflank him.

Opposite was now visible the line of Darius's army. All told it is said to have contained from five to six hundred thousand fighting men. Against this the little Macedonian army of perhaps thirty thousand men, led by a stripling twenty-three years old, seemed hopelessly lost. They were shut off from their own world by the hordes of the Persians, locked into the narrow plain, with the only line of retreat, in case of defeat, leading into the enemy's country. Darius had thrown a body of thirty thousand cavalry and twenty thousand light-armed infantry across the river as a shield while his army was assuming battle order, but before the battle began they were slowly withdrawn to the wings. His center was composed of the thirty thousand Greek mercenaries, his best fighting troops, which were thus offset against the Macedonian phalanx. At each side of these he set his best native troops, the Cardaces, as they were called. His left wing, stretching out along the hills, the line of which curved about to the south, overlapped the Greek right, and menaced its flank. His right wing was composed of the mass of the cavalry, for the ground along the shore offered the greater freedom for cavalry action. The great multitudes were arrayed line behind line to an unserviceable depth, the front being too narrow to give effectiveness to the mass of the army.

After inspecting the arrangement of the enemy's line, and appreciating the superior strength which the enormous masses of superb cavalry gave to its right wing, Alexander gave orders to transfer the Thessalian cav-

alry from his right to the left wing. This change was quietly made, the squadrons moving rapidly across behind the phalanx, and taking their position beside the Cretan bowmen and the Thracians.

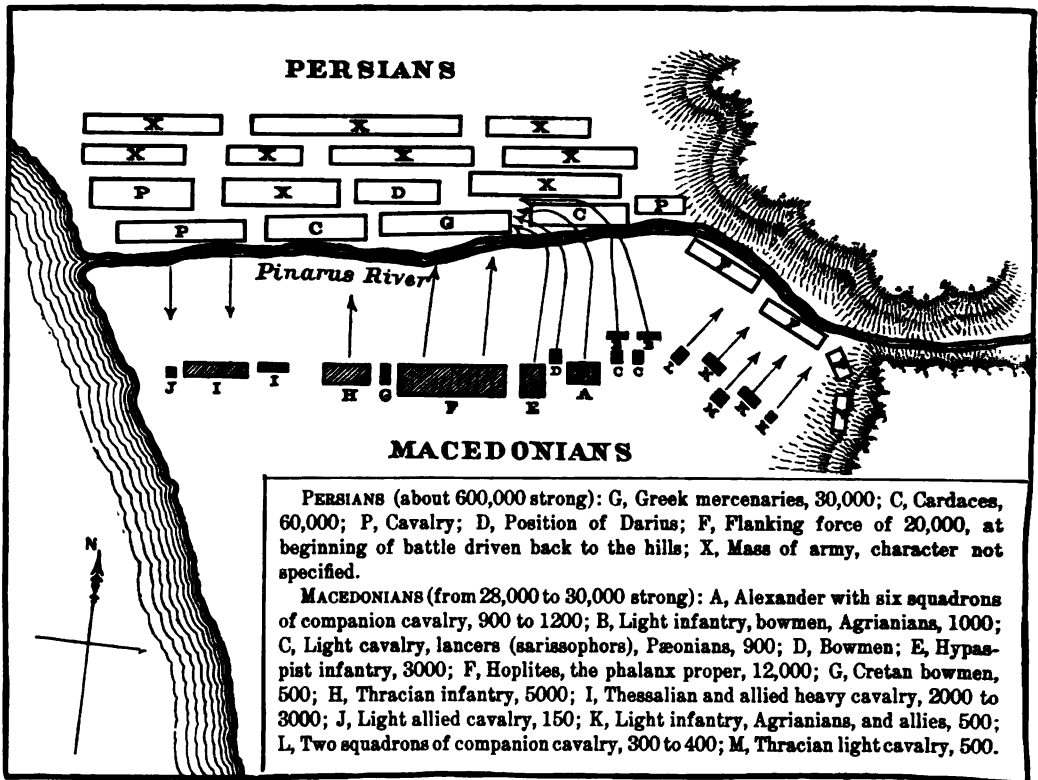
Before the battle opened, Alexander sent a body of light troops—Agrianians, bowmen, and some cavalymen—to dislodge the force which was menacing his right on the foothills to the east. The movement succeeded, but as a permanent protection to this wing

he detached two squadrons (three hundred men) from the companion cavalry, posting them far out upon the right.

For a while the two armies faced each other in quiet. Darius planned to use the river-bank as a defense. Where the bank was not abrupt, stockades had been placed to make it so. Alexander was glad of an opportunity to rest his troops, and was deter-

J. HART.
PLAIN OF ISSUS (PRESENT CON-
DITION). THE ANCIENT COURSE
OF THE PINARUS FOLLOWED
THE RIVER-CHANNEL NEXT
TO THE NORTH.

mined to advance very slowly and keep his line in perfect order. With mechanical precision every arrangement was effected and every movement made. There was no nervous bustle or disorder. When everything was ready, Alexander rode down the line, briefly exhorting his men, appealing to each regiment in terms of its own peculiar ambition and pride. To the Macedonians he named their battle-fields and victories; to the Greeks he spoke of another Darius their forefathers had met at Marathon. Tumultuous cheers greeted his words wherever he went. The fervor of battle was on. "Lead us on! Why do we wait?" they cried; and the dogs of war tugged at the halter. Then with measured step, in close array, the advance began. As soon as they came within range of the darts, however, the double-quick was ordered. On ahead galloped the magnificent squadrons of the companion cavalry, twelve hundred strong, with Alex-



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ISSUS AS ARRANGED BY THE AUTHOR.

J. HART.

ander at the head to open the attack, and drove itself, a compact body, into the Persian left. This yielded at once to the tremendous onset. No military force had ever yet proved able to check the dash of the Macedonian heavy cavalry.

On the Macedonian left the Persian cavalry had the advantage. Vastly superior in numbers, and the flower of the Persian army, it found to oppose it the scanty squadrons of the Thessalian cavalry, supported by the infantry allies. The Persian line here crossed the river, and, with charge after charge in fearful struggle, slowly forced their opponents back. In the center the phalanx had found rugged opposition. It was here Greek against Macedonian. The line of the phalanx had been broken in crossing the river, and Alexander's sudden advance with the heavy cavalry had left its right unprotected. High on the river-bank before them the Greeks held their vantage-ground, driving their weapons down into them, pushing them back as they clambered up. Even the long sarissas failed to open a way. The tremendous mass of the Persian center stood like a rock. The Macedonian phalanx was for

once held in check. The battle threatened to go against them. But Alexander already held the key to success. The rout of the Persian left had brought him round upon the flank of the Greek mercenaries, who formed the center. He tore in upon it, rending it asunder. The Shah, seated in his four-horse chariot in the center of the host, became his goal. The story of the combat waged at this point is graphically told by Curtius Rufus, and as its chief details are confirmed by Diodorus, it probably was drawn from Clitarchus (second century B. C.): "Alexander was doing the work of a soldier no less than that of a leader. For there stood Darius towering aloft in his chariot, a sight that prompted alike friends to shield him and foes to assail him. So then his brother Oxathres, when he saw Alexander rushing toward him, gathered the horsemen of his command and threw them in the very front of the chariot of the king. Conspicuous above all the rest, with his armor and his giant frame, peer of the best in valor and loyalty, fighting now the battle of his life, he laid low those who recklessly surged against him; others he turned to

flight. But the Macedonians grouped about their king, heartened by one another's exhortations, burst in upon the line. Then came the desolation of ruin. Around the chariot of Darius you 'd see lying leaders of highest rank, perished in a glorious death, all prone upon their faces, just as they had fallen in their struggle, wounds all in the front. Among them you would find Atizyes and Rheomithres and Sabaces, the satrap of Egypt, all generals of great armies; piled up around them a mass of footmen and horsemen of meaner fame. Of the Macedonians too many were slain, good men and true. Alexander himself was wounded in the right thigh with a sword. And now the horses attached to Darius's car, pricked with spears and infuriated with pain, tossed the yoke on their necks, and threatened to throw the king from the car. Then he, in fear lest he should fall alive into the hands of the enemy, leaped out, and was set on the back of a horse which was kept close behind against this very need. All the insignia of the imperial office, with slight respect for form, were thrown aside, lest the sight of them beget a panic. The rest is scattered, and melts away in its terror. Wherever a way is open, there the fugitives of the army burst through. Their arms they throw away—the very arms which they a little while before had taken up to shield their lives. Such is fear, it shrinks even from the means of rescue."

The battle was now soon over. The Persian cavalrymen on the right, seeing the center in flight, left their success and joined the rout. The very mass of the Persians became their destruction. The horsemen jostled and threw one another. Thousands were trampled to death. Men ran against one another's naked swords. They stumbled in the descending darkness. Heaps of writhing bodies filled the ditches. Ptolemy tells how Alexander in his pursuit crossed a ravine upon a dam of corpses.

The night alone stopped the pursuit. Alexander, contrary to the usage of those before him, always pressed his success to the utmost. Only when he and his men

could no longer find their way through the gathering darkness did they relent and turn back over the field of ruin they had made. A hundred thousand Persians had fallen. Three victims were counted for each one of Alexander's men engaged. The mountainsides were full of scattered fugitives making their way over into Syria. Others fled into the mountains of Cilicia, to become there the prey of the mountain tribes. Eight thousand Greek mercenaries, under the lead of Amyntas, were the only ones to preserve a semblance of order in retreat. They crossed the mountains into Syria, and made for Tripolis, the port where they had landed when brought to the country. Here they found the ships in which they came still in the harbor, and seizing what they needed, and burning the rest, they sailed away as soldiers of fortune to Cyprus, and thence to Egypt, where they made themselves a terror until overwhelmed and slain, leader and all, by the Egyptian troops. The Shah, pushing on with rapid changes of horses, did not stay his flight till he had passed the mountains and reached Sochoi, in the Syrian plain beyond. From his whole army only four thousand fugitives assembled here with him. They quickly moved on to Thapsacus, to put the Euphrates behind them.

Upon the field was left all the equipment of the camp—the luxurious outfit of the court, four millions of treasure, precious things in robing, fabrics, utensils, armor, such as these plain Macedonians had never seen before; and the Shah in his hasty flight had left behind him not only his chariot and his bow, but, most pitiful of all, his mother, wife, daughters, and little son, all at the rude mercy of the victor.

The Macedonian loss had been not over four hundred and fifty killed—one hundred and fifty from the cavalry, three hundred from the infantry. No battle more decisive in its issue was ever fought. In its historical results it ranks among the world's few great battles. It shut Asia in behind the mountains, and prepared to make the Mediterranean a European sea.

(To be continued.)



A TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.



AND even your police are more sympathetic than ours. Last night I was getting home about a square at a time,—I and one of the other boys,—and the gendarme was polite all the way. ‘Gentlemen, I must rouse you again. A thousand pardons! I beg you won’t let me find you on *this* door-step when I return.’ And then he’d find us on another a block along, and do the whole thing all over again. We had just a little way to go, if it did take us half the night, so it was all on his beat. I suppose they have beats something like ours, don’t they?”

The listener, a man much older than his companion, looked up and nodded slightly.

“All worlds are alike,” he said, smiling.

“Indeed, they are not! Not like our world. Why, I can’t fancy myself sitting with a metaphorical wet towel around my head and sodas at my elbow, talking of the night before to a man of your age and standing, sir, on our side of the water. Yet I know I can with you. You are all more men of the world here. You don’t make me feel that you are shocked now.”

“No, Mr. Delano,” said the older man, good-naturedly, and nodding his head again; “I don’t think I can call myself shocked.”

He was looking at the boyish figure lounging with a somewhat ostentatious air of fatigue in the easy-chair. If a gleam of amusement lurked in his eyes, it was hidden in their depths. He spoke English accurately and easily, but with a marked accent and slow enunciation, and his manner to his young companion was almost deferential in its exquisite courtesy. The boy expanded under the benign influence like a flower in the sun, turning out the innermost petals.

“I like it here,” young Delano went on warmly and with a not unpleasing egotism. “It’s horribly expensive—all my money-orders are just round-trip tickets, right in and out again; but I like your methods of life, I like your ways.”

“And our sympathy with a gentleman that night and the next morning?”

“Well, I suppose most of you have had next mornings yourselves,” said the youth, naively.

He flushed and looked up hastily as his companion suddenly laughed aloud.

“I believe all Americans think that of us. How is the work going? And how do you find B— treats you?”

“Horribly,” laughed the boy. He leaned forward and spoke eagerly, rapidly, almost childishly, quite forgetting his earlier assumption of the blasé. His voice was charmingly boyish and merry. “Why, do you know, he simply laid me out the first day. I’d been taught to draw in my work with my brush,—no outlines,—and that’s what he found on my easel. It was a messy-looking thing. I did n’t know as much as I know now, so I waited by my work to see what he’d say. He did n’t say anything for some time, and then—goodness! I don’t like to remember it now! ‘Humph! Starting a new school, M. Delano?’ Said that so the whole room heard him! I nearly died. ‘You can take a crayon and draw, draw, draw from the model each day.’ I was fighting mad, but there was no one to fight.”

The elder man laughed heartily.

“Just like him. He was like that in my day. I remember my first encounter with him. I was unwise, like you. I stupidly waited for his first comments. He paused so long at my easel that I could n’t stand it. I asked him, trembling, ‘What’s wrong, monsieur?’ He waved his hand around like this, utterly despairing. ‘I don’t know. I give it up.’ And those were my first words from him. Our profession has its rubs, comrade.”

Young Delano flushed gratefully, but with a nice sense of shame.

“I almost wish you would n’t talk to me in that way, sir,” he burst out. “When you speak with that kind of manner of equality I feel as small as a pin. You are so immeasurably above me—I mean, above anything I might ever hope to be. I mean—it makes me blush and stammer like this to think of any presumption of comradeship with you, Monsieur M——.”

The name he spoke was that of an artist in whose work nations delighted. Despite his boyish enthusiasm of protest, the young host did not, and could not, fully realize the honor done him in the mere presence in his room of this genius. A formal card of introduction given to Delano by his father had presented him to Monsieur M——, and this was not, it seemed to him, reason sufficient to account for occasional visits and unobtrusive but unwavering kindness from so great a source. In his heart he decided that some quality in his own work had caught these critical eyes. If, then, with so little effort he had interested this critic, what might he not do when he put forth his powers? He meant to get down to work in earnest as soon as he had seen a little more of life—a little more of this enchanting capital of high art and light living. At his guest's request, he drew out, with no hesitation, whatever work he had finished, and listened respectfully, as he always listened, to the gentle, subtle, but praiseless criticisms.

"I can never tell you how kind I think this is of you," Delano said easily; "but of course you must have known, without my telling you, how your interest in my art encourages me."

Monsieur M—— looked up serenely from the sketch that he held in his hand. "My dear boy," he said emotionlessly, "your art does n't interest me. It would be wrong for me to let you think that. *You* interest me immensely, your art not at all."

The words were so courteously, so gently said that their great importance seemed denied by the manner of their utterance; yet Delano stood gasping as if ice-water had been cruelly flung in his smiling face. Monsieur M—— glanced up again at him and rose immediately.

"You must pardon me," he said regretfully. "I did not realize. Is art, then, so dear to you?"

Delano hated the weakness in his throat that made his voice come huskily. "If I did n't love art, why am I here?"

The artist shook his head with a mournful half-smile and slight shrug. "All who are here do not love art."

Delano walked quickly past him to the table, and laid his hand unsteadily on the sketches he had spread out there. "You said just now it would be wrong for you to let me think you found interest in my work," he said proudly. "As I have been thinking just that, will you tell me why you have chosen to be kind to me?"

The older man raised his eyes and looked at the boy whose self-respect he had wounded with a long, slow gaze, neither too searching nor too slighting.

"I am sorry," he said simply—"I am sorry I spoke so brutally, but you will find that every Gaul ceases to possess that civility you say you admire the moment art is in question. Let me say one more word of your work, as I have said thus much. There is nothing here for me to talk of seriously."

He laid his long, slim hand on the pictures, and, his courtly gentleness thrown abruptly aside, spoke with a fire and power the boy had never seen in him before. "These are very fair, all good enough. Some have a certain power in them; all have some promise; all are clever: but *you* did n't paint these. Your head and your hands did; but how small a part of a man are his head and hands! Art, believe me, art is a vampire—no less. Its very existence demands life-blood, heart-blood. I can only tell you that there is no trace, not a trace, of such carmine in any of all this work. Whether it suffers by your fault or your misfortune is for you to decide. You, and you alone, can know what you have suffered in the effort to put yourself in your work. But this is enough. Pardon me. I don't come here to preach platitudes to you. I came to be amusing. That question you last asked lets me be somewhat amusing, perhaps. You asked why I am interested in you. This room has something to do with that interest. It was once occupied by a man with a story. And, by the way, did you know that your father, too, lived in this room when he was in Paris?"

"Yes; I knew it," said Delano, briefly. His voice came from close behind his teeth. He was striving with himself to reply at all. "Perhaps," he exclaimed bitterly, "I am only a dabbler by birthright. I know I have n't worked; but why should I? What inheritance of real art and tradition have I? We are a family of shopkeepers. I belong behind the counter, too, I suppose. I don't know where we got this infernal twist in our minds that sends us to Paris to make fools of ourselves—father and son. My father failed miserably over here, as you know, I suppose. He never speaks of it at home. And now here am I."

"Your father," said Monsieur M——, interrupting gently, "never made a fool of himself for a moment. When he found out that his path in life was not to be art, he went home quietly and soberly. He was in some of the same classes with me, and I have

never known any man, before or since, whom I respected so thoroughly, except, perhaps, the occupant of this same room whose story I wanted to tell you. Would you care to hear it?"

Delano stood dejectedly by the table, gazing at his canvases. His dark, full eyes, as sensitive as a young girl's, were clouded and wet, but he looked up frankly. "It's all over now," he said manfully. "I did n't take that criticism well, but it was unexpected to me. I'm used to Monsieur B——'s scoldings; I expect them. This was different. It's knocked the nonsense out of me. I ought to have felt for myself all of what you said, and if there were any real artist blood in me I would have felt it. I don't belong in this life any more than my father did. I shall go home, too—after I break my brushes. If I can't use them, no one else shall. Do you mind if I give them a last washing while you tell me your story? I'd like them to go to their death in decent order."

The elder man made no attempt to dissuade him or change his resolution. He began his story quietly, with his hands laid loosely on the table, while the boy sadly scrubbed his brushes round and round in the palm of his hand, cleaning them after the not very tidy manner of art students.

"Some time ago," said Monsieur M——, "a young American of about your age and circumstances came into our art classes, and, as I told you, took this same room that you and your father have had. He, like you both, was of a commercial people, but the most hopeful creature, the most confident in his own success. He had a love for art, a passion for art, that I envy him to this day. I have never seen any human love like it. I used to come to see him here constantly, and I never left him without having learned something of him that no school of art could teach. He worked early, he worked late. I think he would have liked to paint with his feet when his hands were too tired to hold the brush, and for nature's beauties he had a soul like an octagon, with a wide-open door at each corner. Go to the window there a moment, and tell me what you see."

Delano, with a subdued manner of child-like obedience, dropped the work on his brushes and went to the window, where he looked out.

"I can't see anything but roofs and chimneys and a gray sky," he said.

Monsieur M—— rose and joined him. "And I," he said—"I see, first, a lovely pattern on that façade of the house-roof. The snow

has fallen, filling up all the crevices of the stone; only the raised brown carving stands above the soft white background. Over there, I see a gray cloud of hovering smoke shaped like a giant mushroom above a chimney. The air is too heavy to spread it farther. Why did n't you see those things? But I never did until I was taught to see them by my brother art student. There were in every scene some hidden charms that were lost to me until I saw it with him, and then they were no longer hidden. What training my eyes have had, what success is mine, is in a great degree due to the hours I have spent in this room. Do you wonder that I feel a pleasure in seeing these walls about me again?"

"No," said Delano, slowly. He came back to his brush-washing. Inch by inch it seemed to him that the artist was thrusting him from him. For all reasons except for Delano's sake he had visited this room. Monsieur M—— went on with his story, leaning now against the window-frame and looking out on the snowy roofs.

"Then," he said, "there came a day—a day that was terrible. For weeks I had feared what came then. I went to the oculist with him, and I led him home. He walked like a drunken man, and flung himself on that very bed where you lie every night of your thoughtless life. Just there a strong man's ambition died hard; an absorbing passion burned out in a live body; a heart broke. I sat where you are sitting, and I suffered it all as he suffered. It was the purest of ambitions. He had no need of money, no need to rise in the world, because he was contented where he was born. It was the rare and pure ambition of a noble genius, and those poor little doors at which it was creeping out into our world were slowly and cruelly closing it in forever. He would see well enough to lead an ordinary life—no more. I sat there and watched him for an hour. He was to have no pain to suffer. He was not suffering pain then, but it was an hour's death-agony I witnessed. Then he got up from the bed and walked steadily to that desk over there, and I knew it was to write the home letter. He had taken up the new life, and this was its first work. He picked up a letter which he found lying on the desk addressed to him, and opened it with evident bewilderment. It had neither stamp nor postmark. I had laid it there when we first came into the room. Presently he came to me and laid his hand on my shoulder. 'Read this,' he said clearly, and there was a triumph in his voice that

for me rings in this room yet. I read the letter, and I begged for it to keep as a talisman. I needed it more than he; his life was planned for him, mine was all to live. This has helped me through the rains; it has helped me in the sunshines of my life. It has made me more an artist, more a man, than I could ever have been without it. I read it myself constantly, and, as you see by its worn edges, I always carry it; and now I am going to read it to you. It begins, 'My dear Son,' and it is signed, 'Your father.'

"MY DEAR SON: Your friend Monsieur M—— has some weeks ago written to me that he feared your eyesight was in danger, though you did not suspect it, and he kindly begged me to prepare myself for the worst, and also to spare you the pain of writing this news to me. I therefore send you this letter by him, and when you receive it you will know that you have nothing to tell me. I am not quite sure how this trouble will find you, but if you are without consolation you must remember that it's all in a lifetime, and life is not long. But somehow I turn to the thought that you will not let this crush you. I want you the same boy that I never understood, but that I have loved—as his father loved Benjamin—more than all my other boys. You were never under my hand as the others were. When I thought I had you, it was like catching a bird under my fingers,—a leg out, a wing out, a head out,—you were gone. You escaped me in spirit always, and I want you to do so still. Some must be the foundation-stones and some the spires. We can't all shoot upward. Whenever I saw you fail and set your teeth and drudge until you got the idea you worked for, I used to say to myself, 'That's his daddy.' I could n't paint, no indeed, but I knew I was the old foundation-stone that had given you the power to drudge and drudge, and so to climb, and you could never shoot up very far without that as a foothold under you. It was a great joy for me to feel this,—a great joy,—and yours will be a doubled joy if you can look at your son's work and say, 'I was the stone that lifted him up far

higher than my father lifted me, for I gave him both genius and the power to drudge.'

"Come home, my boy, and drudge and dream, and dream and drudge, and make all you can of what you have left to you, and then pass it on. 'We shall live, or you will, to send out a third generation, with all our best powers stored in him. You and I must be like the pieces of the temple of Solomon when it lay all apart and separate, only waiting to be put together. When we are united in your son, it shall be a fair temple of high spires, please God. He shall have the power to dream such dreams as *you* have dreamed, and to work as *I* have worked. Come home; the old beehive is big enough to keep us both busy, and, my boy,—will it hurt you for me to say this?—your work is n't needed of the world. It is God's work to paint as you paint, but God will take care of his own work, and it is not for you to worry that you are not looking after it. Come home and look after me. I am growing old. Marry, and give me a grandson, and we shall be famous yet. Take courage, if you have ever lost courage; but the man who believes you have not is

"Your father."

There was a long pause. Delano had ceased washing his brushes. He listened intently.

"Would you like to see the letter?" asked Monsieur M——. He laid it on the table before the boy, and turned again to the window.

As Delano glanced down at the writing, he started; then, turning the pages quickly, he looked for a moment incredulously at the printed heading. He laid the letter on the table, and, rising suddenly, set his hand on it, palm down, with a gesture as of a man planting his foot firmly on the lowest rung of life's ladder.

"Why did n't you—why did n't they tell me this before?" he cried angrily. "What a fool—what a fool I have been!"

Monsieur M—— looked at the flushed face keenly. "You were not ready before," he said gently; "but now—yes, you are the son of your father and grandfather."

RECIPROCITY.

BY MARY A. MASON.

THE little house that is my heart
I robbed of treasure for his sake;
I had been glad with more to part,
And he, I'm sure, with more to take.

Ere I had time to miss my gold,
Love lightened at my door his load:
The little house can scarcely hold
The riches that he has bestowed!

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. SAMUEL GATLIFF (ELIZABETH CORBIN GRIFFIN).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

STUART, while domiciled with West, drew in the schools of the Royal Academy, attended the lectures of Cruikshank on anatomy and listened to those of Reynolds on painting, and did enough individual work to indicate the quality of the artistic stuff that was in him awaiting opportunity to manifest itself. In 1777, the year that Stuart went to West, he made his first exhibition at the Royal Academy, "A Portrait." In 1779 he exhibited three pictures: "A Young Gentleman," "A Little Girl," and "A Head"; in 1781, "A Portrait from Recollection since Death"; and in 1782 he made his last contribution to the Academy, sending a "Portrait of an Artist" and a "Portrait of a Gentleman Skating." This last picture, although painted so early in his career, has been considered Stuart's *chef-d'œuvre*. It is a whole-length portrait of his friend Mr. Grant.

The story has come down that Grant, desiring to help Stuart, determined to have his portrait painted, and went to Stuart's room for a sitting. The day was crisp and cold, and the conversation turned upon skating, which led to paints and brushes being put away and the two friends going forth to skate. The result was this picture, that at once put Stuart in the front rank of the great portrait-painters of his day.

The remarkable merit of this canvas and the wilful unreasonableness of painters in not signing their works were curiously shown at the exhibition of "Pictures by the Old Masters," held at Burlington House in January of 1878. This picture was attributed to Gainsborough, and attracted marked attention. The "Saturday Review" said: "Turning to the English school, we may observe a most striking portrait in No. 128, in Gallery III. This is set down as 'Portrait of W. Grant, Esq., of Congalton, Skating in St. James Park. Thomas Gainsborough, R. A. (?)'. The query is certainly pertinent, for, while it is difficult to believe that we do not recognize Gainsborough's hand in the graceful and silvery look of the landscape in the background, it is not easy to reconcile the flesh-tones of the portrait itself with any preconceived notion of Gainsborough's work-

manship. The face has a peculiar firmness and decision in drawing, which reminds one rather of Raeburn than of Gainsborough." The discussion as to the authorship of this picture was warmly taken up by the champions of Raeburn, of Romney, and of Shee, contending with those of Gainsborough for the prize, until the question was set at rest by a grandson of the subject coming out with a card stating that it was by "the great portrait-painter of America, Gilbert Stuart." And to him it did belong.

All that has been claimed for Stuart's art, both in England and in America, is concentrated in his picture of Mrs. Gatliff and her child, superbly rendered into black and white by the masterly skill of Mr. Wolf. This painting possesses every quality that goes to make a great picture. Its treatment is simple and direct; its composition is dignified and natural; its color is refined and true; its distinction is unequivocal, and the maternal instinct beams from the rapt expression, while the tender firmness of the mother's clasped hands strikingly contrasts with the trustful restfulness of the infant's pose. Had Gilbert Stuart painted nothing else than this picture it would be sufficient to name him a master in his art.

Elizabeth Corbin Griffin was the daughter of Colonel Samuel Griffin of Virginia, and a granddaughter of Carter Braxton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. At seventeen she was married to Samuel Gatliff, an English merchant, in Philadelphia, who ten years later left her a widow with four daughters. She married a second time Professor Ferdinand Stuart Campbell, who subsequently succeeded to the entailed estates of the Stewarts of Ascog House, Scotland, and had to assume the additional surname of Stewart. Mrs. Stewart died in Philadelphia, December 13, 1853, at the age of seventy-four, and her portrait with her eldest child, Elizabeth, by Stuart, together with Stuart's portraits of Mr. Gatliff and of Colonel Griffin, descended to her son Dr. Ferdinand Campbell Stewart, and the three now hang in the gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

OWNED BY THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. SAMUEL GATLIFF.

(ELIZABETH CORBIN GRIFFIN.)

VOL. LVII.—89.

THE "WINSLOW" AT CARDENAS.

(MAY 11, 1898.)¹

BY LIEUTENANT J. B. BERNADOU, U. S. N., HER COMMANDER IN THE ACTION.

THE engagement of the *Winslow* at Cardenas on May 11, 1898, did not constitute in itself an independent action, but rather appears as the most prominent feature of a definite movement of the United States vessels stationed off Cardenas, the eastern terminus of the northern line of blockade, to preclude the possibility of attack by Spanish gunboats upon the smaller vessels of our blockading fleet.

Immediately after the movement upon Havana at the end of April, when the fleet was distributed and assigned to blockading stations, the heavier ships began to be withdrawn, being replaced by lighter craft as the latter became available. In this way it happened that by May 8 there were left off Matanzas only the *Hornet*, a small converted yacht, and the torpedo-boat *Winslow*. These vessels separated at night in order to cover approaches to the harbor, and were sometimes from five to seven miles apart, in which position either of them was left exposed to attack from the enemy's gunboats. At this time we were aware that a group of gunboats capable of making such an attack had been collected at Cardenas.

The *Winslow* was built in Baltimore, completed in the fall of 1897, and commissioned on December 29 of that year at Norfolk, Virginia. After proceeding to Newport, Rhode Island, to receive her armament of torpedoes, she headed south, arriving at Key West in March, 1898, where she remained until the outbreak of the war. The vessel was one hundred and sixty feet in length, with a narrow beam of ten feet, and a light draft of scant seven feet. Her armament consisted of three torpedo-tubes carrying Whitehead automobile torpedoes, placed one on each bow and one directly astern, and of three light one-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-firing guns, one mounted forward upon the conning-tower and one on each beam. The crew of twenty-one men were armed with revolvers and sword-bayonets. The boat was

provided with two water-tubular boilers and two triple-expansion engines, each inclosed in a separate compartment, while nine transverse bulkheads divided her internal space into ten cellular compartments—a provision against foundering.

The *Winslow* developed upon her trial trip a speed of 24.8 knots—about 28.6 statute miles, an approach to the speed of an express-train. Like all vessels of her class, she was unprotected save by conning-towers, placed one forward, the other aft, of steel plating half an inch in thickness, which served to shield the helmsman from projectiles of small-arm caliber, as well as from the violence of wind and weather.

All of our operations in the Spanish war being of an offensive instead of a defensive character, little chance was afforded for the legitimate employment of torpedo-boats, as in a night attack upon ironclads; while the small number of these craft available still further tended to minimize the chances of use of any one of them for an aggressive purpose. At the time of the movement upon Havana, torpedo-boats were taken along as scouts; subsequently, upon the establishment of the blockade, they were assigned to various stations along the line, off Havana, Matanzas, and Cardenas. So distributed, they became available for two distinct purposes—to chase and intercept approaching vessels, or to serve as despatch-boats occupying stations, their services being thus always at the command of the flagship. Their employment in this manner compelled torpedo-boat captains to change from the maintenance of a state of preparedness, under which the boats at rest were to be held ready to get up steam on short notice and deliver an attack at full speed, to one under which they were to be kept under way at sea during long periods of time, with torpedoes always charged and ready for firing, and with engines turning over slowly under natural draft, so as to maintain the boat upon such a heading with respect to wind and sea that crews could obtain the requisite amount of rest and sleep and be ready at all times for an emergency call.

¹ Attention is called to the fact that this engagement was fought on the same day as that at Cienfuegos, described by Lieutenant Winslow in the present number.—EDITOR.

When coal and provisions were exhausted, torpedo-boats on the blockade were compelled either to renew their supplies from the surplus stores of larger ships or else to return to Key West for replenishment. The forty tons of coal carried by boats of the *Winslow* class could be made to last under ordinary conditions from ten to twelve days, time for the purpose of obtaining coal. A few days before, on May 7, I had left Matanzas for Piedras Cay, at the Cardenas entrance, under the lee of which I was able to give the men a night's rest, and at the same time avail myself of the advantages afforded by still water to make a few minor repairs. The following afternoon the *Winslow* was

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.
LIEUTENANT JOHN B. BERNADO, U. S. N.

the amount of fuel remaining on hand at any time determining the radius of action of the vessel. The period intervening from the start back to Key West to the return to blockading duty was rarely less than a week; so that, unless supplies were forthcoming from the larger ships, these boats could not be kept at sea more than half the time, notwithstanding the proximity of their area of action to the naval base.

The participation of the *Winslow* in the engagement of May 11 was the direct consequence of a trip to Cardenas made at that

sent by Commander Merry, commanding the United States steamship *Machias*, upon a reconnoitering trip toward the inner harbor. I approached Romero Cay, upon which the Spaniards had erected a signal-station, the position of which was indicated by a flagstaff, and shelled the place; whereupon, in reply to a signal hoisted on the station, three small gunboats, suggesting in size and appearance large river tugs, steamed out from Cardenas at full speed, and when at a distance of about three thousand yards opened fire upon us. These tugs did not

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DRAWN BY GEORGE YAMIN.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE

A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO.

approach us directly, but took position close inshore, along the keys, and steamed down parallel to the land, as if to head us off. By backing the *Winslow* and keeping abreast of them, I was enabled to draw the largest down to a point within range of the *Machias's* five-inch guns. That vessel promptly opened fire, whereupon the Spaniards retired. During this brief engagement the firing of the Spaniards appeared fairly accurate, several of their shells striking the water close to us. Logs of wood, presumably range-buoys, were observed, anchored at several points of the waters traversed; the tactics

tack that was hourly looked for. The Spaniards might easily have slipped out to sea from Cardenas by keeping clear of Piedras, but for some unknown reason they failed to utilize their opportunities. On May 10 the armed tug *Uncas* arrived from Key West, and as the *Hornet* was now provided with a consort, while our supply of coal was greatly reduced, I decided to return to Cardenas and avail myself of an offer of fuel kindly made me by Commander Merry at the time of my previous visit.

Upon arriving at Cardenas, I boarded the *Machias* and made my request, but was di-

showing that there was very little water left beneath her keel. However, the passage was made safely, without incident of note or sign of movement on the part of the enemy.

of the gunboats in the event of an attempt at escape. Nothing was sighted, however, and the ships drew together at a distance of about three thousand yards from the water-

PHOTOGRAPH BY VILLAREAL, KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, U. S. N. (KILLED AT CARDENAS).

Having entered the harbor, Commander Todd called the *Hudson* and the *Winslow* alongside and despatched them, the *Hudson* along the western, the *Winslow* along the eastern, shore of the circular bay, while the *Wilmington* herself took the direct middle course toward the town of Cardenas. This disposition of vessels was to insure the interception

front of the town. Before us was the panorama of wharves lined with small sailing-craft, while directly in the foreground two square-rigged merchantmen were moored, with sails unbent and yards trimmed.

The *Winslow* was now hailed by the *Wilmington* and directed to go in and investigate a gunboat, painted gray, moored alongside

a wharf, and which was recognized as the largest of the three Spanish vessels the activity of which had previously occupied our attention. Torpedoes were set for surface runs, and the fans of the war-noses were screwed down, so as to permit their employment at short range in shallow water.¹

Guns were manned and general preparations made for boarding. The *Wilmington* drew away from the direction of the *Winslow's* line of advance, and by that manœuver was left free to employ her guns in the event of the Spaniards opening fire. The *Winslow* started in at once, heading directly toward the enemy's gunboat.

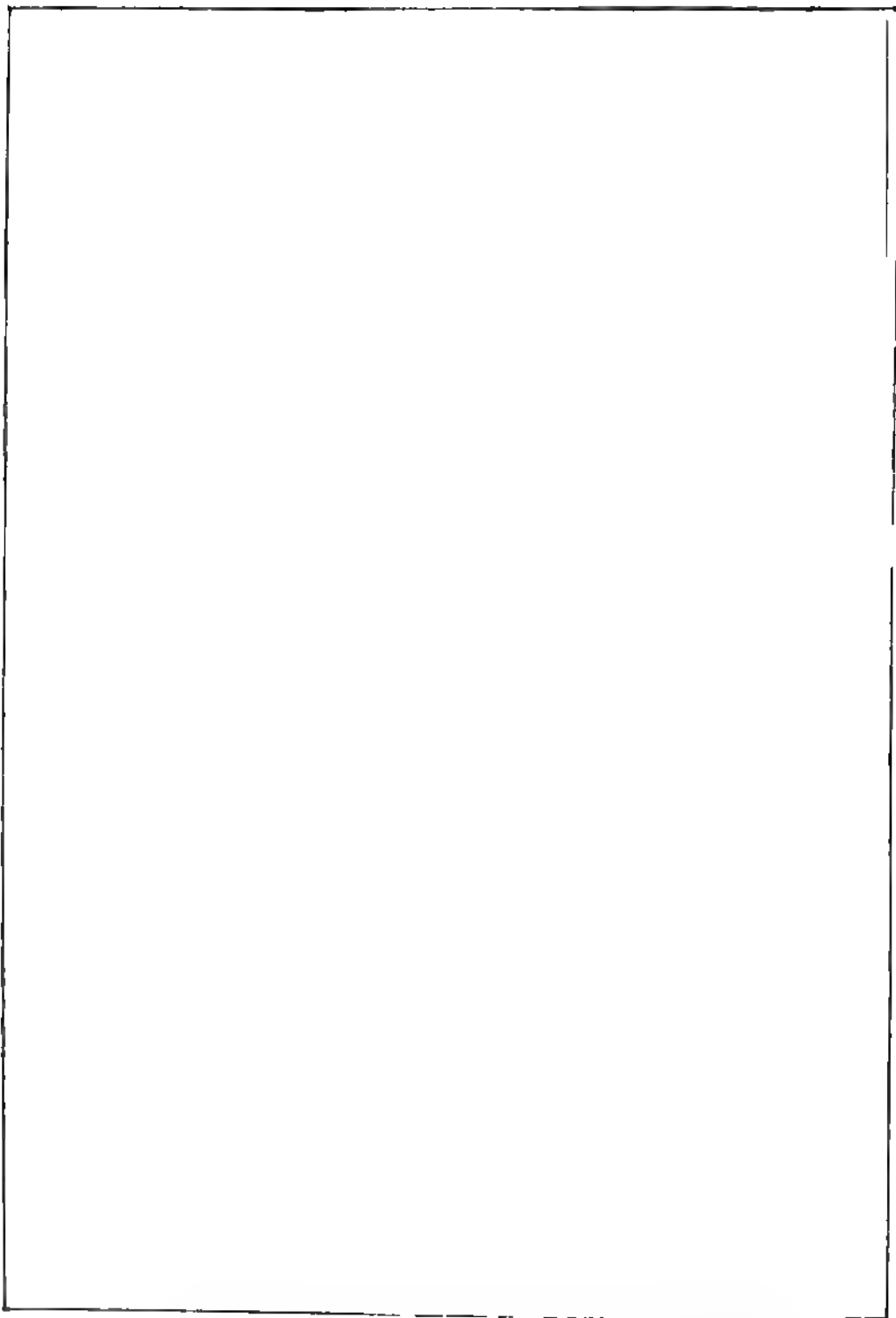
At about half-past two, the first shot of the engagement, revealed by a small, clearly outlined puff of white smoke, was fired from the Spaniard's bow gun. This was the signal for the opening of a continuous and long-sustained period of firing on the part of the enemy, which, judging from the frequency of reports, the number and form of the shell splashes in the water, and the direction of the sounds, was produced by batteries of medium- and small-caliber guns located at different points along the town water-front. During the first part of the action these discharges made no smoke—the enemy were using smokeless powder; as the engagement progressed, masses of light vapor, suggesting the clouds of reddish dust raised by troops marching over clayey roads, banked up, enabling us to locate approximately the enemy's positions. When at a distance of about twelve hundred yards from the shore, a field of anchored range-marks was encountered. A shell, presumably from a six-pounder field-piece, coming from right ahead, now entered the *Winslow's* bow compartment and burst, the fragments penetrating through the forward cabin bulkhead and the lower face of the forward conning-tower, cutting the steam-pipes and disabling the steam-steering gear. Daniel McKeown, quartermaster, who was in the tower and at the wheel, was thrown out of the door by the violence of the explosion, but, with the exception of a slight contusion on the chest, was left unhurt. How he escaped death was a mystery, as the spokes of the wheel, upon which his hands rested, were bent and twisted. It now became necessary to shift from the steering-gear in the forward conning-tower to that

in the after-tower, to effect which the wheel-ropes leading to the forward conning-tower had to be disconnected. In making this change the presence of several of the men was required in the petty officers' quarters aft. While this work was in progress, a shell struck the after conning-tower and broke up or burst, carrying away both wheel-ropes, the shock of explosion scattering the men grouped below. This put an end to all possibility of steering henceforth by wheel. Almost at the same time the rudder became jammed hard over, and efforts to move it by use of relieving tackles hooked to the tiller proved futile. The course of the boat could now be controlled only by use of the engines, stopping, reversing, or steaming ahead with either starboard or port, according as it was desired to direct the vessel. All these injuries occurred in rapid sequence in a very short space of time, during which the vessel advanced but a few hundred yards.

During this period I had remained forward, directing the fire of our own guns and controlling the movements of the vessel. Just after the injury to the after conning-tower, William O'Hearn, water-tender, came on deck from below and coolly reported, "The for'd boiler's gone, sir." Now, a common accident upon torpedo-boats is the disabling of a boiler, resulting from allowing the water, which is pumped into it against a constantly maintained pressure, to run too low, whereby one or more of the steam-generating tubes become exposed to the direct action of the heat and are burned out. I therefore said: "What do you mean? Have you burned out a tube?" He replied: "No, sir; a shell went straight through the boiler and burst in the furnace, and threw the fire out in my face." This was almost literally true. The forced draft probably saved the fire-room force from being scalded, as it threw the escaping steam up the stacks with a sound resembling that caused by blowing off at high pressure. Thomas Cooney, machinist, who came on deck as soon as the fall of the steam was observed at the engines, sprang below into the fire-room, accompanied by O'Hearn. These men worked in the stifling vapor and heat to extinguish the fire scattered over the fire-room floor, as well as such portions of it as remained unextinguished in the furnace. A few moments

¹ The fan is a safety device which is attached to the nose of each torpedo, so constructed that it revolves during the forward motion of the torpedo through the water. When a distance of about fifty yards has been traversed, the fan has been revolved a sufficient number of times to liberate the firing-pin, hitherto locked,

but which is henceforth left ready for exploding the torpedo upon impact. This device serves to prevent the premature explosion of the bursting charge carried in the torpedo war-head while the torpedo yet remains close alongside the ship from which it is directed.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN

THE DEATH OF ENSIGN BAGLEY ON THE "WINSLOW."

*In the background are the cruiser *Wilmington* and the tug *Hudson*.*

later the blower-engine, that had worked efficiently to keep the fire-room free from steam, was itself struck and wrecked by another projectile.

In the meanwhile the fire from the one-pounders was constantly maintained, the target being at first the gunboats, and subsequently the shore batteries, as the position of the latter became defined through the formation of clouds of thin smoke or mist. Several times the brass cartridge-cases burst in the chambers of the guns, the necks of the cases jamming in the slopes of the gun-chambers and refusing to extract, thus spiking the gun by preventing the insertion of a new cartridge. After several such delays a tool from the torpedo outfit was found best available for scraping out the brass and clearing the chambers.

Hans Johnsen, chief machinist, now appeared on deck and reported to me that the forward engine was gone. When told to go below and do what he could to repair it, he replied: "It can't be done, sir; a shell has burst in the for'd low-pressure cylinder and spiked it."

The boat was now left with one engine, without wheel-ropes or steering-gear, and with rudder jammed. Further advance in a definite direction was impossible. The *Winslow* was in a fair way to become a wreck from the overpowering and well-directed fire of the enemy, with whose guns her relatively feeble one-pounders proved totally unable to cope. It was time to withdraw, if this could be effected, especially as a number of the ship's company were already suffering from injuries more or less severe. One of the fire-room force had received a serious wound in the hip; the commanding officer had been struck in the thigh by fragments thrown off upon the impact of a shell with the bell-shaped top of the forward conning-tower. I decided, therefore, to attempt to retire by alternately backing and steaming ahead—zigzagging out, as it were. This manœuver also afforded the possibility of maintaining the vessel as a moving target with respect to the enemy, thereby minimizing the chance of being hit. At the same time it became necessary to keep a good lookout, to avoid throwing the *Winslow* across the line of fire of either the *Wilmington* or the *Hudson*.

With this end in view, I stationed my executive, Ensign Worth Bagley, at the engine-room hatch, with instructions to steam alternately ahead and astern, obeying the directions above enumerated, and to watch the man at the reversing-gear, to make sure that he operated the engine as directed.

In this manner the *Winslow* was backed out about four hundred yards toward the station occupied by the *Hudson*. That vessel had entered about as close as her draft would permit, and had been coolly pumping six-pounder shell into the enemy from the beginning of the engagement. The Spaniards maintained their original tactics throughout the interval of backing, and concentrated their fire upon the *Winslow*, in hopes of destroying her, and thereby scoring a decisive point in their favor. It was singular that in this fight the *Hudson* was struck but a few times, and then by very small projectiles, although she was long exposed to chance of injury. The *Wilmington*, also long within range, so far as I know, was not struck at all.

During the passage out I had time to observe some of the effects of the fire directed upon us. Impacts of projectiles made comparatively little noise. I observed a fender of rope netting, filled with cork, suddenly open out as if of its own volition, scattering the fragments of the cork on the deck. A copper ventilator seemed to stagger, fell over on its side, and rolled off to leeward with several large holes torn through it.

On approaching the *Hudson* I hailed her by megaphone and directed her to take us in tow. In a few minutes she ranged up along our unengaged side, and received our heaving-line, the light line with weighted end employed for transferring the heavy towing-hawser from one vessel to another. After securing our hawser to the after-bitts, the *Hudson* started ahead; but while endeavoring to wind or swing the *Winslow* around, the tow-line parted. As the firing of the enemy still continued, a return to the old tactics of backing and steaming ahead became necessary while preparations were made for getting out a new tow-line.

Shortly after the receipt of injuries to the machinery I had sent the men of the fire-room force stationed in the compartments containing the disabled engine and boiler on deck, where they rendered efficient service in passing ammunition and getting up hawsers. At the time of the parting of the first line they were standing in a group near the after engine-room hatch, on the unengaged side of the vessel, at a point just abaft the forward one-pounder gun. Here they were joined by Ensign Bagley, who stopped near the hatch upon a trip from the engine-room. I had stepped aft to speak to Bagley, walked forward a few paces, and turned facing aft, when I heard a sharp report, and saw him and the four men around him sink

to the deck. An armor-piercing shell coming from a direction abaft the beam had struck the deck a glancing blow, but at a sufficient angle to allow its point to take against a riveted seam in the fore-and-aft line of deck-plating, developing a resistance sufficient to cause it to explode. The men were caught in the cone of dispersion of the fragments; Bagley and two others were killed instantly, and two were mortally wounded.¹

I ran up to Bagley and threw open his blouse. A glance at his wounds was sufficient to convince me that he had ceased to live. There was nothing to be done but to move to one side and cover with the torpedo-tube covers the bodies of the dead, and to administer to the wounded such aid as was in our power to give them.

Shortly after the loss of the men the *Hudson* again ranged alongside the *Winslow*, received our line, and, without further mishap, towed us out to a point near the station occupied by the *Wilmington*. In reply to a signal requesting medical aid, that vessel promptly sent us a boat with a surgeon, Dr. Frank Clarendon Cook, U. S. N., and our dead and wounded were immediately transferred to her.

The destructive effect of the fire of our ships was apparent for some time before the close of the fight. The fire from the shore

¹ It was incorrectly stated, in newspaper reports of this action, that these casualties were inflicted by the enemy's last shot.—EDITOR.

batteries slackened as the action progressed, and finally ceased altogether; the last shots fired by the *Wilmington*, *Hudson*, and *Winslow* remained unreplyed to; while a large section of the town of Cardenas was in flames.

The practical result of the action was the destruction and dispersion of the naval force of the enemy at Cardenas, and the putting an end to all possibility of interference with the maintenance of our blockade along that section of the line. Two of their gunboats, the *Antonio Lopez* and the *Lealtad*, were riddled, and sunk at the wharf where they were moored, one behind the other. As there was only about one foot of water beneath their keels at the time, they remained resting on the mud.

After seeing the wounded transferred to the *Wilmington*, I was obliged to turn over the command of the *Winslow* to her chief petty officer, Gunner's Mate G. P. Brady, who remained temporarily in command until relieved by a commissioned officer from the former vessel. At the close of the action the ships retired to their former anchorage off Piedras Cay.

In the death of Ensign Bagley the navy suffered the loss of a gallant officer, whose bravery and stainless record will ever be held in loving remembrance by his brethren. His remains, with those of the brave men who fell with him, were at once removed to Key West, to find their last resting-place in the soil of their native land.

SILENCE.

BY PETER MCARTHUR.

BEYOND the search of sun or wandering star,
 In that deep cincture of eternal night
 That shrouds and stays this orbèd flare of light
 Where many a god hath wheeled his griding car,
 Silence is brooding, patient and afar,
 Secure and steadfast in his primal right,
 Reconquering slowly, with resistless might,
 Dominions lost in immemorial war.
 The throngèd suns are paling to their doom,
 The constellations waver, and a breath
 Shall blur them all into eternity;
 Then Ancient Silence in oblivious gloom
 Shall reign—where holds this dream of Time and Death
 Like some brief bubble in a shoreless sea.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LADY IN WHITE. PAINTED BY HENRY RAEBURN.
(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

CABLE-CUTTING AT CIENFUEGOS.

(MAY 11, 1898.)

BY LIEUTENANT CAMERON McR. WINSLOW,

In Command of the Boat Expedition.



TO isolate Cuba from Spain and other countries of the world was the problem which, upon the breaking out of war between the United States and Spain, immediately engaged the attention of our fleet at Key West. The blockade became virtually effective along the entire coast-line of Cuba, preventing the landing of food-supplies and munitions of war, as well as cutting off communication by mail between the island and the outside world. This, however, was not enough. General Blanco at Havana was still in direct communication by ocean telegraph-cables with many of the islands of the West Indies, and thence with the home government at Madrid. To cut these cables and thus destroy the Spanish telegraphic lines of communication, preventing the authorities at Madrid and at Havana, and the ships of Admiral Cervera's fleet, from sending or receiving information, was of the utmost strategic importance.

No ocean cables are landed on the north coast of Cuba except those leading directly from Havana to Key West. The United States, holding the terminal at Key West, controlled these lines. On the south coast the telegraph-cables are looped along the shore from Batabano, a port about thirty miles nearly due south of Havana and connected with that city by railroad and overland telegraph, to the eastward as far as Guantanamo Bay; the northern loops of the cables touching at San Luis, Cienfuegos, Trinidad, Santiago de Cuba, and a point on the shore of Guantanamo Bay.

Santiago de Cuba is connected with Jamaica by cable, and Guantanamo with Haiti; and these islands with other islands of the West Indies and with the United States, Nova Scotia, and Europe. Could the insurgents have destroyed the overland telegraph lines, as it was reported that they had done, then the cutting of the ocean cables at Cienfuegos or at any one point to the eastward of that city would have shut off Havana from all telegraphic communication with the

outside world. The isolation of Havana was, of course, of prime importance; the interruption of telegraphic communication by cable along the coast, wherever possible, was also very important.

The naval force operating on the south coast of Cuba in the early part of May, at the time of the cutting of the cables at Cienfuegos, was composed of the cruiser *Marblehead*, the gunboat *Nashville*, the converted yacht *Eagle*, the revenue cutter *Windom*, and the collier *Saturn*, at that time forming the fourth division of the fleet, under the immediate command of Commander B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., who flew the senior officer's pennant on board the *Marblehead*.

Cienfuegos is situated about six miles from the sea, and the bay or harbor is entered by a channel three miles in length. On the east of the entrance is Punta de la Colorados, where a lighthouse is situated. Overlooking this low strip of land and extending some miles to the eastward is a ridge or plateau, from two to three hundred feet in height, steeply sloping to the shore-line. Trees and the dense chaparral of Cuba cover the rocky and irregular surface of this hillside, the wild confusion of nature forming better rifle-pits here than the efforts of man could produce.

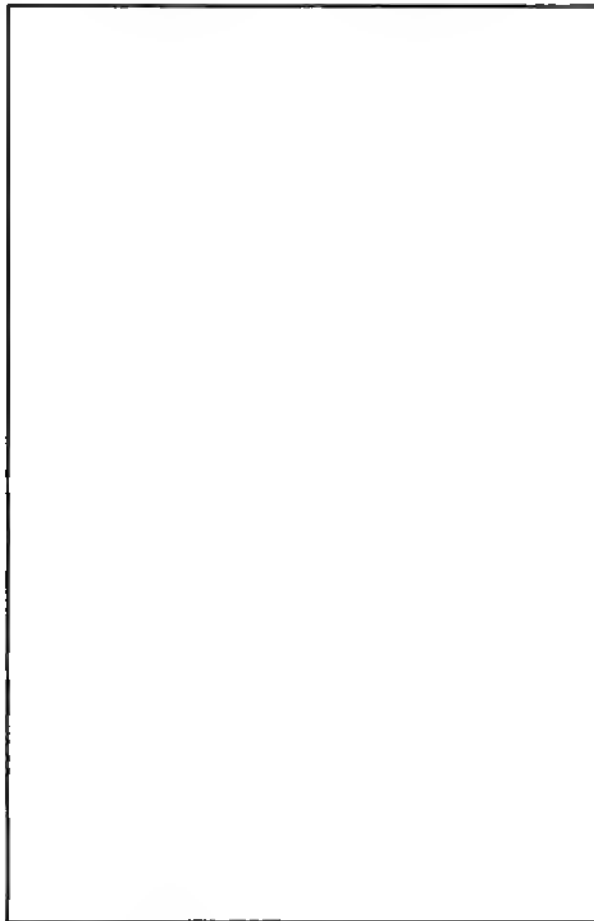
The lighthouse was situated close to the shore-line, perhaps twenty-five yards back, and was built of some species of white stone, the tower surmounting the light-keeper's dwelling-house. To the northward and eastward of the lighthouse, and at a distance of about fifty yards, was a signal-station, and close to the signal-pole was the hut used as barracks for the signalmen and soldiers. From in front of the lighthouse the shore-line runs nearly due east for a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards, then turns sharply to the northward, and extends in that direction about thirty yards.

Here was situated the cable-house, twenty or thirty feet back from the water's edge, and about three hundred yards from the lighthouse. From this point the shore again

trends to the eastward, and from the narrow strip of sand forming the beach the land rises steeply to the top of the plateau. Off this part of the coast, to the eastward of the cable-house, are outlying rocks and coral reefs, rendering the navigation of the adjacent water dangerous even for small boats.

From the cable-house and extending along past the lighthouse to the westward, the

The rifle-pits were situated between the cable-house and the lighthouse, the eastern end of the trenches being not more than fifty feet from the cable-house, and an equal distance back from the water's edge. In some places they were covered with a flat canopy of reeds and leaves to protect the soldiers from sun and rain. The rifle-pits were so hidden by the tall grass and bushes



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON M^R. WINSLOW.

formation is coral, the sea-waves breaking against it and wearing fissures and crevices in the vertical face of the brown, dirty-looking coral, which forms a shore-line four or five feet above the sea-level, jagged and rough, and perilous for a boat to approach even in a moderate sea. The low strip of land with the cable-house at its eastern end is overgrown with long grass, vine, and chaparral, and the surface is irregular. The lighthouse and signal-station were on land a little higher than that to the eastward.

that had we not seen the men digging in the trenches, we should not have known where the pits were located. The whole surrounding country formed excellent cover for infantry.

Shortly before sundown on May 10, signal was made directing the commanding officer of the *Nashville* and me to repair on board the *Marblehead*. On our arrival on board that vessel, we were informed by Commander McCalla that he intended to make an attempt at daylight the following morn-

ing to cut the ocean telegraph-cables; that an expedition of boats under my command would be sent in to endeavor to find and cut the cables landing near Colorado lighthouse, that the expedition would be opposed by a force of the enemy, and that the *Marblehead* and the *Nashville* would shell the country and attempt to dislodge the enemy or silence his fire. I was told that I could have the steam-cutter and the sailing-launch of the *Marblehead* and the steam-cutter and the sailing-launch of the *Nashville*, and that Lieutenant E. A. Anderson of the *Marblehead* would accompany the expedition as second in command. I had no further orders as regards the fitting out of the expedition, the details being left entirely to my own judgment.

Not wishing to endanger more lives than necessary, and knowing that no force in the boats, however large, could repulse the enemy, and that it would be impossible to fight and at the same time accomplish the laborious work of raising and cutting the cables, I decided, after conference with Lieutenant Anderson, to take no more men in the sailing-launches than just enough to do the work. Each sailing-launch pulled twelve oars; the crew, therefore, consisted of twelve men and a cockswain. The only men additional to the crew were to be the blacksmith and a carpenter's mate, making, with the officer in the boat, sixteen men in all. Half of the men were to be armed with revolvers and the other half with rifles. In the event of the boats stranding accidentally, more effective work could be done with revolvers than with rifles, at such close quarters. A few extra rifles were to be put in the boats, and an ample supply of ammunition.

The crew of each steam-cutter consisted of a cockswain, two seamen, a fireman, and a coal-passer. In addition to the crew, a ser-

geant of marines and half a dozen privates were to go as sharp-shooters. They were to be armed with rifles. In the *Marblehead's* steam-cutter a one-pounder Hotchkiss cannon was to be mounted on the forecastle. The *Nashville's* steam-cutter was to have two Colt machine-guns, one forward and the other aft. All boats were to be supplied with life-preservers. The tools for cutting the

cables, to be carried in each sailing-launch, consisted of cold-chisels, blacksmiths' hammers, a heavy maul, a block of hard wood with iron plate for its upper surface, an ax, wire-cutting pliers, and a hacksaw. Coils of stout rope and grapnels of different sizes were to be used in grappling the cables and bringing them to the surface. Having previously seen some service in connection with laying ocean cables, I was perfectly familiar with the character of the cable to be dealt with, and fully realized the difficulties to be encountered. Owing to the chafing on

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOFFMAN, SAVANNAH, GA. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

LIEUTENANT E. A. ANDERSON, U. S. N., SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE EXPEDITION.

rocks and other irregularities of the bottom, due to the swaying of the cable with the motion of the waves and tides, it is customary to use very large and heavy-armored cable, specially protected, for the section reaching from the deep water to the shore. This is known as the "shore end." From a junction-box below low-water mark the shore end is generally carried through pipes laid underground to the interior of the cable-house, where the test-table, galvanometer block, and terminal board are located. The cable landing at Colorado Point had the usual central conductor, consisting of a strand of seven copper wires insulated by a coating of gutta-percha. These wires with their gutta-percha insulation were inclosed in a lead tube, the purpose of the lead tube being to protect the gutta-percha from the attacks of the teredo, a submarine boring animal.

Outside this lead tube, and embedded in a fibrous water-excluding substance, were two layers of heavy iron wires, the inner layer consisting of twelve wires, each $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, and the outer layer of fourteen wires, each $\frac{3}{8}$ inch in diameter. Surrounding this outer layer of wires and forming the external surface of the cable was jute braiding. The whole cable thus made up was two inches in diameter and weighed six pounds to the linear foot. So far as the cutting of the cable was concerned, it was equivalent to cutting through a bar of iron about as thick as a man's wrist.

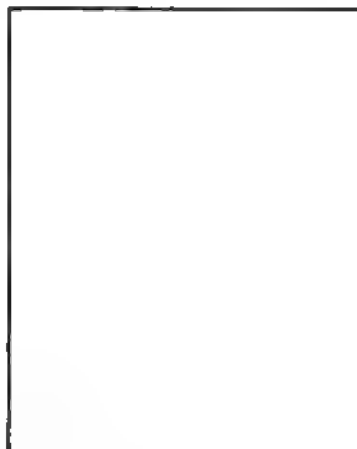
The cable-house which received the shore end of the cable was a small cubical box of a house, built of the same white stone which was used in the construction of the lighthouse.

Before leaving the *Marblehead*, I went on the bridge with Commander McCalla, and with our binocular glasses we carefully examined the shore-line and the country about the cable-house. We were near enough to the shore to see the rifle-pits and the soldiers working about them, as well as those on duty at the signal-station. Whether there were any field-pieces could not be determined. They would certainly have been masked had there been any. Leaving Lieutenant Anderson to select the crews and fit out the boats of the *Marblehead*, I returned to the *Nashville*, in company with Commander Maynard. In neither vessel was there any lack of volunteers among officers or men for the expedition. I believe that there could be no situation, however hazardous, where the enlisted men of our navy would not gladly accompany their officers. Later on, during the war, some of these men who helped to cut the cables volunteered to take the steam-cutter and destroy a new and powerful searchlight on Morro Castle at Havana. The idea was of course impracticable and not to be thought of, but as the proposition was made in good faith, it is indicative of the courage and spirit of the American man-of-war's man.

On board the *Nashville* a few changes were made in the regular crews of the boats, such men as were physically unqualified for the work being replaced by others. That night the boats were equipped and all preparations made for the expedition. The following morning at early dawn, Commander Maynard and I were again signaled to repair on board the *Marblehead*, where we received the last instructions. The orders were, briefly, to cut the cables landing to the east of the

lighthouse and drag them into deep water, cutting off as much as possible of the ends. The *Nashville* was to take post off the lighthouse point, so as to open fire on the cable-house and the bushes in the vicinity, and to fire also on the soldiers' hut to the eastward of the lighthouse, and on any forts or boats in the harbor which should interfere with the operations. The *Marblehead* was to take post between the points of the river entrance, with broadside facing the entrance. The disposition of the ships was admirable, giving them a fire crossed at a large angle on the rifle-pits, and at the same time the *Marblehead* commanded the entrance of the harbor, ready to give battle to any Spanish man-of-war that might attempt to come out. The ships were not to fire on the lighthouse unless absolutely necessary. The revenue cutter *Windom* was to lie a few miles offshore, within signal distance, convoying the collier.

My own individual orders were very brief. I was simply to cut the cables as directed above, and under no circumstances to land. The orders were quite sufficient, and I was glad to escape being hampered by more explicit instructions. Just before leaving the *Marblehead*, I went on the bridge with Com-



PHOTOGRAPH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. JOHNSON.

ENSIGN T. P. MAGRUDER, U. S. N., IN COMMAND OF THE STEAM-CUTTERS.

mander McCalla, and as the ship steamed inshore to within a mile of the cable-house, we made a last examination of the enemy's position.

The soldiers about the signal-station were in plain sight, as well as the infantry in the rifle-pits near the cable-house, but in what numbers we could not tell, though I did not believe that they were in large force. It was

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDIL.
HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

Mermaid.

Mermaid.

CUTTING THE CABLES AT CIENFUEGOS.

Lighthouse.

Cable-roose.
Launches supported by steam-cylinders.

also impossible to discover if there were any field-pieces masked or in the trenches. A few cavalymen were in view in close proximity to the cable-house. We scrutinized carefully the surrounding country and realized what excellent cover the enemy would find there. Just back of the cable-house was a rocky bluff behind which one might find safety even from the shell fire of our ships. All over the slope of this part of the hill were rocks, trees, and chaparral, rendering an enemy invisible, as well as affording him good protection.

Having completed the examination of the enemy's position, Commander Maynard and I returned to the *Nashville*. The boats were then manned. The men were to dress as they pleased, except that they were not allowed to wear anything white, as we did not wish to present an unnecessarily easy target to the enemy. They were all required to wear shoes, to prevent their feet being cut by the sharp coral in the event of the boats being swamped and the men forced to land. The weather was hot, and the men were scantily and shabbily-clothed.

At half-past six the *Nashville's* boats were ready, and after a careful inspection to see that they were properly equipped, the boats shoved off from the ship's side, and were soon joined by the *Marblehead's* boats.

At a quarter to seven the *Nashville* signaled, "Ready," and the *Marblehead* immediately answered, "Execute orders." The *Nashville* steamed slowly to the eastward until about fourteen hundred yards from the beach, the lighthouse bearing to the northward and westward, the boats holding their position under shelter of the *Nashville* and on her starboard beam. Almost immediately the *Marblehead* opened fire, and hardly had the boom of her first gun died away before the *Nashville* took up the firing, both ships firing deliberately with main and secondary batteries. As the *Nashville* neared her station, Lieutenant Anderson and I left the steam-cutters and joined the working parties in the sailing-launches, leaving Ensign T. P. Magruder in the *Nashville's* steam-cutter. His orders were to take command of both steam-cutters, to keep his boats clear of the reefs, to fire on the rifle-pits and hills, and to protect the working launches as much as possible.

At five minutes to seven, while the ships were still firing, the flotilla of boats steamed across the *Nashville's* bows and headed for the land, the *Nashville's* boats leading, the steam-cutters towing the launches. A mod-

erate breeze was blowing on shore from the southward and eastward, and the long ocean swell rolling in from the Caribbean Sea broke heavily on the rocks and coral-lined shore, making a long ribbon of white foam and spray, which marked clearly the reefs awash and formed the dividing-line between land and sea.

The ships were now firing on the cable-house, and after a few shots found the range. Soon the shells were bursting all about the cable-house and the rocky bluff in its rear. In a few minutes the house was struck, the shells apparently piercing both the front and rear walls and bursting against the rocks of the bluff beyond. Again and again the shells found their mark, bursting and sending clouds of stone and mortar into the air, demolishing wall after wall, until one shot, striking the tottering structure, burst, and brought it down, leaving nothing but a disordered pile of masonry covering the wreck of electrical instruments. As the boats neared the land, the ships slackened their fire, and the steam-cutters began firing on the rifle-pits. When three or four hundred yards from the shore, fearing to ground the steam-cutters on the reefs, they were ordered to let go the tow-lines and take position in rear of the launches and on their starboard quarter. The oars were manned; and in column, with the *Nashville's* launch leading, the boats pulled directly for the cable-house, the steam-cutters still keeping up the fire and following the launches, about one hundred yards astern.

The deep water off the coast made futile any effort to grapple the cables where the bottom could not be seen through the clear water. As we neared the land, a cavalryman on a white horse left the beach and galloped at top speed up a rugged path leading over the ridge. The sharp-shooters in the steam-cutters tried to stop him, but, from the uneasily tossing boats, their aim was inaccurate, and he disappeared. This man carried the news of our attack to Cienfuegos, and soon reinforcements were marching to the scene of action. He was the only cavalryman in view after the firing began; the others were, in all probability, killed by our shell fire in the early part of the bombardment. One Spanish officer or soldier left the trenches and stood boldly out in front of them, an act of bravado that cost him his life. Except a few soldiers about the barracks and lighthouse, no others were seen while the boats were pulling in. They were all under cover, intimidated by the fierce fire

hauling and the assistance of the steam-cutters, slowly underran the cable. This cable was laid in a southerly direction until a depth of about two fathoms was reached, then the direction was changed sharply to the eastward and followed the line of the reef. At this point the *Nashville's* launch stopped and began to cut the cable. Axes and cold-chisels were tried, but the hack-saw, a small hand-saw about nine inches in length used for cutting metals, was found to be the most effective. With this saw, by frequently changing the men using it, the cable was cut through in from twenty minutes to half an hour.

While the cable was being cut at this point, the *Marblehead's* launch was working to the eastward, dragging it across the boat. Having made the first cut, the *Nashville's* launch, following the *Marblehead's* launch, underran the cable, bending it and coiling it down in the stern-sheets and across the gunwale of the boat, it being the intention to throw it overboard in deep water or carry it off to the ship. This cable was underrun until it was found to pass under a ledge from which it could not be disengaged. While attempting to drag it clear of this ledge, a heavy sea, rolling in, swept over the *Marblehead's* launch, which, being held down by the cable, was unable to rise to the sea. After this narrow escape from swamping, no further effort was made to underrun more of this cable, and it was again cut, this time by the men in the *Marblehead's* boat, the end being left in thirteen fathoms of water. The piece taken out was about one hundred and fifty feet in length.

Up to this time the firing from the enemy had been desultory and ineffective, and no attention whatever had been paid to it by the working parties in the boats.

After cutting the cable leading eastward to Santiago, and without waiting to rest the men, we proceeded to search for the cable leading westward to Batabano. In order not to make the mistake of picking up the cable which had already been cut, we pulled to the southward and westward of the cable-house, and approached the land to within sixty feet, as close as possible without wrecking the boats on the jagged shore.

We were now directly in front of the rifle-pits and hardly a hundred feet from them. The ships, realizing the danger of our position, increased their fire until it became a furious cannonade, the shells passing so close over our heads that the crews instinctively ducked as they went by and burst against the rocks beyond. The *Marblehead*

was directing her fire particularly close to us, and her excellent gun practice, due to months of hard work before the war, excited our admiration, though our situation was uncomfortable. The shells could hardly have come closer to us without hitting the boats. We realized that we had to take the chance of an accidental hit from our ships or receive the fire of the enemy at pistol-range, and the men worked on in disregard of both.

We soon located the cable, but found it very difficult to hook it with the grapnels, as the sea, striking the coral shore, rolled back against the boats, disturbing the surface of the water, and making it hard to see the bottom. When finally hooked, this cable was harder to lift than the other, as it was laid even more taut along the bottom, and the rough water knocked the heavy boats together, breaking and almost crushing in their planking. The men were becoming very tired, and I continually urged them to increase their efforts, working with them myself, and telling them that we should soon be under heavy fire unless we finished and got away.

Whenever the ships slackened their fire, the enemy would begin firing, probably from the lighthouse, and then, as my attention was called by one of the men to the bullets dropping in the water about us, I would order the steam-cutters to open fire, the ships immediately resuming the bombardment on seeing our boats engaging the enemy. Occasionally, when the men could be spared for the work, a couple of them were directed to open fire from the launch with their rifles. This was all the fighting that we in the working boats did until after the second cable had been cut. This cable was lifted and handled just as the first one had been, the *Marblehead's* launch cutting the inshore end, and the *Nashville's* launch underrunning it to the westward and making the offshore cut. Out of this cable a piece about one hundred feet in length was taken and coiled down in the *Marblehead's* boat.

While lifting the second cable, a third, much smaller in diameter than the others, was discovered near by. Its appearance indicated that it was not an ocean cable, and I surmised that its purpose was to connect the cable-house with Cienfuegos, which we afterward learned to be true. Although the important part of the work had already been accomplished, I determined to make an effort to cut this small cable, knowing that it was of little importance, but believing that the work could be quickly done.

At this time the ships had almost ceased firing, and the enemy had apparently given up the attempt to drive the boats away. We could see nothing of the Spaniards either from the ships or from the boats. The reinforcements had, however, reached the enemy, and while the scene was one of tranquillity, the Spaniards were creeping through the chaparral, occupying the trenches and lighthouse, and extending their firing line along the ridge and down its slope. They took their position skilfully and with courage.

The boats were now trying to hook the third cable, but the freshening breeze roughened the surface of the water, making it difficult to see the bottom and to keep the boats clear of the coral rocks. It was slow work, instead of being easy, as we had anticipated. Many times the boats crossed over the cable, failed to grapple it, and drifted away to within a boat's length of the shore, almost in the angry water of the seas rolling in and breaking on the rocky shore. After many efforts the cable was finally grappled, the *Nashville's* boat being not more than fifty feet from the shore and the *Marblehead's* a boat's length farther out, both boats being within two hundred feet of the trenches and directly in front of the demolished cable-house. In the *Nashville's* launch we were trying to bring the cable to the surface at the bow of the boat, and I was forward superintending the work. Suddenly the enemy opened fire with their Mauser rifles. We could not tell from what direction the fire came, as the smokeless powder gave no sign of their position, and the wind blowing in from the sea carried the sound away from us, or else it was drowned by the roar of the breakers. We saw the splash of the bullets in the water about us, and I ordered the steam-cutters to open fire again. Now the bullets began dropping so fast that the little sheets of spray where they struck the water could be plainly seen by the ships, and those on board realized that the enemy was in force, and began a terrific cannonade. Hoping that the ships would be able to check the enemy's fire, we worked on in the boats until we brought the cable to the surface. The ships were now searching out the country with shell and shrapnel. All along the ridge and down its sides our projectiles were falling, shattering the rocks, bursting, and sending the fragments into the air in clouds of dust. Over our heads the *Nashville* was throwing shrapnel about the trenches. Still the enemy's fire increased, most of the bullets falling between the launches and the steam-

cutters, which lay a hundred and fifty yards to the eastward and outside the reefs. After getting a rope under the cable and securing it, I stood up in the boat and made a rapid survey of the situation. Anderson and his men were still working hard in their boat, a little to seaward of the *Nashville's*. Just then I saw a marine in the *Marblehead's* steam-cutter fall, shot through the head. Turning in the direction of Anderson's boat, I saw one of the men drop, struck by a Mauser bullet. As I faced the shore to look at the trenches, a seaman, Robert Volz, standing in the stern-sheets of my boat, collapsed, then struggled to his feet, and immediately after sank in the bottom of the boat, a gaping wound six inches long in his head, two bullet-holes through his body, and a bullet in his shoulder, probably the result of machine-gun fire. Had the gun been depressed a little more, hardly a man in the boat would have escaped being hit. This man lived, and ten days later, while the *Nashville* was at Key West, he ran away from the hospital on shore, came off to the ship in one of our boats, and reported.

The enemy's fire was now very hot; the Mauser bullets could be heard making a peculiar snapping noise as they struck the water all about the boats. The enemy was using a field-piece in the direction of the lighthouse, and also machine-guns. It was evident that we could do no work under such conditions, and I ordered the men in the launches to cease work and to open with their rifles. We directed our efforts against the trenches, hoping to demoralize the enemy located there. They were within easy pistol-range, and I began firing with my revolver. The ships were now at work furiously, but the Mauser bullets continued to hit the boats and the water about them in undiminished numbers. The ships could not check the enemy's fire.

As we had accomplished what we had gone in to do, and as the small cable was of little importance, I ordered the steam-cutters to stand by to take the launches in tow, and ordered the crews of the launches to man their oars to pull the boats clear of the breakers. The men were perfectly cool and showed no sign whatever of fear or uneasiness. The men not engaged in getting out the oars continued their fire. I myself had replaced my revolver by a rifle.

While standing in the boat and reaching for a rifle which one of the men had loaded for me, I was struck in the left hand by a Mauser bullet, which passed through the

joint of one finger and scored two other fingers. The wounds were only momentarily painful, and after wrapping a handkerchief around my hand, I continued firing. The launches pulled slowly out against the sea, replying as they retreated. Ensign Magruder brought the steam-cutters in promptly and skilfully; his boat was struck, but fortunately none of the crew was injured. The *Marblehead's* launch, in tow of the steam-cutter, got away first, and turning to the westward, headed for that vessel, passing within easy range of the enemy occupying the lighthouse. The bullets could be seen plowing up the water about the *Marblehead's* boats, hitting the launch many times and badly wounding five of the crew. The *Nashville's* boats came out last and headed to the southward, making slow progress against the head sea, still engaged, and under hot fire from the enemy.

Commander Maynard had been struck by a piece of a Mauser bullet, and the *Nashville*, temporarily commanded by her executive officer, Lieutenant A. C. Dillingham, steamed from the eastward close along the reefs, giving shelter to the boats as she passed between them and the enemy, and receiving the fire to which they would otherwise have been subjected. After the *Nashville* had given the launch a line, she turned slowly to the southward, the launch towing on the port side. As she swung around, the launch again came under fire, and remained under fire until out of range, parting the tow-line twice as she plunged into the head sea while being towed out. After seeing the men out of the launch, I went to the bridge, expecting to steam in and open again on the enemy; but as we had begun to hoist our boats, we could not go, and I ordered the revenue cutter *Windom*, under Captain McGuire, a veteran of the Civil War, to report to the *Marblehead*. That vessel was still firing, and as the enemy had been seen sheltered behind the lighthouse, which, up to this time, had been spared, the *Marblehead* was compelled to make the lighthouse her target, the little *Windom* steaming in to close range and taking part in this bombardment.

From the bridge of the *Nashville* we watched the *Marblehead's* gun practice. The accuracy of her fire bore tribute to the untiring energy of Commander McCalla in bringing his crew to so high a state of efficiency and marksmanship. The dwelling-house of the lighthouse-keeper was riddled with shells, some of them bursting within and some beyond. It is probable that not a

Spanish soldier there escaped. The tower of the lighthouse was cut through by shell after shell, almost with the accuracy of a saw. Falling, it demolished all that was left of the light-keeper's dwelling, leaving nothing but a heap of stone and mortar.

At twenty minutes past eleven the firing had ceased, and the ships stood offshore to the southward and westward. On board the *Nashville*, the captain, Ensign Snow, and Pay-Clerk Southgate, and many of the men had been struck by spent bullets or fragments of bullets, but not one of them was seriously injured.

The boats went in a little before seven o'clock, and did not return to their ships until 10:13. They were exposed to the fire of the enemy for more than three hours, and were under very hot fire at close range for more than half an hour. It seems remarkable that there should have been so few casualties. One man was killed, one man mortally wounded, six men were severely wounded, and one officer was slightly wounded. The boats were frequently struck inside and out, and the *Nashville* had the marks of bullets from her water-line to the top of her smoke-pipes. The enemy suffered severely, for the bombardment by the ships was terrific.

A few days after the fight we communicated with the insurgents, who were in close touch with Cienfuegos, and from them we learned that the loss of the enemy had been three hundred killed and wounded. This estimate is probably fairly correct, as the Spaniards, believing that we were trying to effect a landing to capture Cienfuegos, had marched a regiment to the coast, and had fifteen hundred men in the engagement.

The ships had previously dragged for the cables, but could not find them. In my opinion, they might have dragged until the end of the war without finding them. The cables could not have been cut at night, for they could not have been seen on the bottom, and the ships in the darkness could not have protected the boats. Under the search-light, the boats would have been an easy target for the enemy. To cut the enemy's lines of communication is always important and, from a military point of view, worth the expenditure of life. This expedition, while dangerous, was by no means a forlorn hope, and the object to be accomplished warranted the risk to life. That more lives were not lost was due to a protection more potent than that afforded by man—the protection which God gives to those who fight in a righteous cause.

BRITISH EXPERIENCE IN THE GOVERNMENT OF COLONIES.

BY JAMES BRYCE,

Author of "The American Commonwealth," etc.

YEAR ago few things seemed less probable than that the United States would become the mistress of colonies. Now, however (November, 1898), three pieces of foreign territory, lying far distant each from the others, have come under the control of the republic, and two, at least, of them will have to be administered as colonies, since few will venture to propose that they should be incorporated with the Federal Union. The problems which their administration will present are for the United States virtually new problems, on which neither the cases of the various Western Territories which have, with four exceptions, become States, nor the case of Alaska with its handful of savage Indians, throw much light. My friend the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE conceives that in these circumstances the colonial experience of Britain and of other European countries may be serviceable to American readers, and that some observations upon that experience will have interest for Americans. At his request I send a few such observations. Let it not be supposed that what follows is intended to convey an opinion favorable to the acquisition by the United States of the territories recently conquered from Spain. Were I a citizen of the United States, I should be among those who are opposing their annexation. But as it seems now probable that they will be annexed, this article is meant merely to embody suggestions which may be of interest if annexation takes place.

Most of the European states have tried their hands at colonization; but only four have done so during any lengthened period, and of those four two have made portentous failures. Spain and Portugal were first in the field, and each of them acquired vast and wealthy domains. They divided South America between them, and in addition Portugal had large parts of eastern and of western tropical Africa, as well as flourishing establishments in India and Ceylon, while Spain had Mexico and the Philippine Islands.

Spain has now lost all these territories, some by war to Holland, Britain, and the United States, some by the revolt of her own colonists. Portugal, too, has lost all her foreign possessions except the island of Madeira and parts of tropical Africa, with a few decaying stations in western India. Neither Spain nor Portugal gained by these transoceanic dominions, after the first few years during which the process of exploration and conquest stimulated the spirit of the nation. It would rather seem that both Spain and Portugal suffered at home from their possessions abroad, which drained their strength and may have tended to demoralize their public life. On the other hand, Holland and England have succeeded. Of France and Germany it is still too soon to speak; their experience is too short.

Thus there is no general presumption in favor of the view, now so common in Europe, that colonies are in themselves a blessing. Like many other things, they are good or bad as they are used. Everything depends on the nature of the colony itself and on the way in which it is managed.

TEMPERATE, SUBTROPICAL, AND TROPICAL COLONIES.

LET us begin by distinguishing three different kinds of colonies. The distinction will be grounded on climate, but it will be found to correspond to an important distinction in race, and to another, not less important, in government.

These three kinds of colonies are the temperate, the subtropical, and the tropical. A temperate colony is one in which the race of the mother-land can live and thrive and bring up healthy children, not needing to recruit from home the vigor of the transplanted stock, and one in which that race can do the same sort of open-air labor that it did at home. In a subtropical colony, on the other hand, the colonizing race, though it can live and maintain itself from generation to generation in health, cannot do hard and continuous work. In a typical tropical colony the incoming European race is

forbidden by the heat not only to support open-air labor, but also to retain its original robustness of mind and body. If it propagates itself in the new home, it becomes enfeebled and weakly. Not that every colony within the tropics is to be deemed to belong to the type or class thus designated. The Hawaiian Islands, for instance, though they lie south of the tropic of Cancer, are so far favored by their oceanic position as to be a healthful dwelling-place for Americans and Englishmen; and the same remark applies to parts of the high inland plateau of South Africa, situated north of the tropic of Capricorn. Both these places are to be classed as subtropical, because, though they are too hot for a North European race to labor in, they are not too hot, so far as our present experience goes, for it to thrive in physically.

These climatic conditions determine the nature of the population each kind of colony will maintain. The temperate colonies are the natural home of the European races, and have been now completely occupied, though not completely filled, by those races. The Russians have taken northern Asia. They already outnumber the aboriginal races in Siberia, and will soon begin to settle on the Lower Amur and in Manchuria. The Anglo-American and French races, with a good many Irishmen and Germans, have occupied North America. The Spaniards, with an admixture of Italians and Germans, have in the Southern Hemisphere obtained the cooler parts of South America, while the English have taken Australasia. In all these countries the great mass of the population either now is or soon will be European, and accordingly has or will develop a European type of civilization, with institutions similar to, or at any rate on the same grade of civilization as, those which exist in the mother-land.

The colonies we have called subtropical will, on the other hand, have a population mainly, or at any rate largely, composed of non-European races. Since the class which does the manual labor of a country is usually the most numerous and is also the poorest, and since in these hot regions the European immigrants will leave that manual labor, or at least the outdoor part of it, to a race better able to stand heat and malaria, the industrial substratum of the population will be of a different blood and will belong to a lower type of civilization. Thus the inhabitants of the country will be divided, probably sharply divided, into at least two masses, the highly civilized but comparatively small upper class and the larger body of working

people. In most of such regions this population is native to the soil, though sometimes it has been brought from beyond the sea, as the African negroes were brought to Cuba, the Indian coolies to Natal, the Chinese and Japanese to Hawaii; and in nearly all subtropical regions it is of a different color and a different religion from the color and religion of the European immigrants. Instances are to hand in Cape Colony, where the Kaffirs outnumber the Anglo-Dutch whites, in the northern parts of Australia, and in Peru and Bolivia (which I reckon as subtropical in respect of the cool climate of their elevated plateau), where the native Indians remain distinct from the Spanish invaders.

When we come to the typical tropical colonies, such as central Africa, Madagascar, northern and eastern South America, British India (which for our present purpose may be reckoned as a colony), Java, Borneo, and the Philippine Islands, we find the same phenomena of race distinction in a more marked form. Here the European immigrants are comparatively few, while the native or colored population is enormous, and its type of civilization, except in parts of India, is low. Here, therefore, the separation of the small body of civilized men from the large body of savage or semi-civilized men—in all the above cases of a different color—is sharp, and not likely to be effaced. Here the immigrant white population, at least if it be of North European stock, *i. e.*, British, Dutch, German, French, (Anglo-) North American, has no sense of being domesticated, but looks upon its motherland as its true home, and the natives about it as strangers.

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON GOVERNMENT.

Now let us see what light these characteristics of the three types of colonies throw on the kind of government which is fit for each. The temperate colonies, being peopled by men accustomed to a civilized administration at home, and to governments more or less constitutional, or at any rate regular, are capable of receiving and working institutions similar to those under which they lived at home. Naturally they carry these institutions with them to the new country. The Spaniards, when they conquered Mexico (the northern part of the plateau of which has a temperate climate, and might, but for the existence of an aboriginal population, have become a purely Spanish country), set up there the whole apparatus of their monarchical government, as well as their monastic

orders and their Inquisition. The English, when they settled in Virginia and Massachusetts, reproduced the local organization of English counties and townships, and followed the rules of English law. More recently, in Canada, in Australia, and in New Zealand, they have adhered to the same plan, going, indeed, even further, for it has now become a settled maxim of British policy that every colony where the English race constitutes the bulk of the population ought from the first to receive local self-government, and ought to have an elective legislature and a ministry responsible thereto as soon as the citizens have become numerous enough to work such a system. Britain has now two such self-governing colonies in North America (one of them a federation with eight component provinces) and seven in Australasia. All these communities have the complete control of their own domestic affairs, for the veto of the crown on legislation is very rarely used, so that the mother-country is entirely relieved of responsibility for their internal administration, and is concerned only with their defense and their relations, as parts of the British empire, with foreign powers. Except for the purposes of defense, Britain spends no money on them, and she draws no revenue from them. Nor has she even any preference in their markets, unless they choose to give it to her, for each colony frames its own tariff, and may impose what duties it pleases on the exports of the mother-country or of other colonies.

This system, which Britain has followed for more than sixty years, applying it to one after another of her great temperate colonies, as each in turn became populous enough to receive a legislature and a cabinet, has two eminent merits. One is that the Parliament and executive at home are relieved of the enormous difficulties which would be involved in any attempt to govern, from a vast distance, large bodies of intelligent and high-spirited citizens of their own race. The other is that these self-governing colonies, valuing their freedom, feeling that their fortunes are in their own hands, and appreciating the advantages of imperial protection, continue attached to the mother-country, and have, up to the present moment, belied the predictions of those who thought that local autonomy would be only a transient prelude to political separation.

No other European country, except Russia, possesses any temperate colonies. Russia has in Siberia and the Amur regions an immense area, much of which is too cold and

barren, some part of which too rugged, to be fit for settlement by civilized man, but much of which, although inclement in winter, is fertile enough to support a large industrial population. She is now sending to it swarms of peasants from Europe, who are occupying the better lands, and will before long form a huge community. Being despotically governed, she has not, like Britain, given to the Siberians any representative institutions, but rules them by governors sent from home. She has not as yet experienced any special difficulties in ruling them, because the people are submissive, the population is not dense enough to combine even if disaffected, there are no enemies on the frontiers, and the country is continuous with European Russia, from which it is divided only by the low chain of the Ural Mountains. Siberia is, in fact, an eastward prolongation of older Russia, just as the Pacific States are a westward prolongation of the older United States. Like the American West, the Russian East was the patrimony of barbarous tribes; but, as in the American West, these tribes were so small in number and backward in culture that they have not prevented the country from being substantially the same as the older land whence the settlers came. In Siberia the native tribes are being Russified and absorbed. In the Pacific States they are disappearing. In both cases the population is virtually identical on both sides of the mountains, so that the problems Siberia presents are not, any more than those of the Pacific coast, colonial problems in the ordinary sense of the word.

So much, then, for temperate colonies. We have seen that both England and Russia find them easy to manage. We know that both to England and to Russia they are valuable as an outlet for the overflow of a constantly growing population, as an increasing market for home goods (though, in the English case, a market equally open to foreign competitors), and as a possible reserve of military strength. Against these advantages must be set the liability to defend vast territories. But this liability is slight in the case of Siberia, which has deserts and a feeble neighbor on her only land frontier, and it is reduced in the case of the British colonies by the fact that all of them, except Canada, are insular or (like Cape Colony) quasi-insular, and therefore do not need a large land force for their protection.

In the subtropical and tropical colonies the problems of government will obviously be different, because in them we find, not one

race homogeneous with that of the motherland, but two or more races, a European or white and a native (probably colored) race, the latter forming the majority (in tropical colonies the vast majority) of the population, and being already in occupation of the agricultural and pastoral land. The relations of the upper to the lower race necessarily raise many difficult questions. I will name some of those which have arisen in India, in the West Indies, in South Africa, and in Algeria.

How are the social relations of the whites with the native or colored race to be adjusted? Is intermarriage to be permitted or forbidden? Is social intercourse to be encouraged or repressed? Are both races to be alike admissible to the same kinds of public functions? May both alike move freely about where they will?

THE SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS RELATIONS OF SUBJECT RACES.

How are the religions of the natives to be treated? Are they to receive the same recognition that Christianity does? Where they sanction immoral or offensive customs, are those customs to be tolerated? In India the British power has stopped the suttee, or self-immolation of widows, has fought against infanticide, and is gradually trying to check the practice of infant marriage. Polygamy, however, has not been interfered with. In South Africa some of the more disgusting religious rites of the Kaffirs have been forbidden. All these interferences, however, excite native antagonism, and may be dangerous. In Mussulman countries the religious devotees are sometimes preachers of sedition, and need to be strictly looked after. So in some countries do the wizards. How far may the principle of religious liberty be invoked on behalf of sects or castes which, though primarily religious, are to the eye of civilized man actually or possibly noxious? And how far are Christian missionaries or the zealots of any one native faith, where there are several, to be allowed the same full freedom of action which might properly be allowed in England or France?

PROBLEMS OF ADMINISTRATION.

THE disposal and management of land in a country already peopled often gives rise to trouble. European settlers want land and want to eject natives from it, the natives usually cultivating or pasturing more than the absolute needs of the tribe demand. Or if the land is, as in most parts of India, already occupied by a dense population, the

difficulty arises of ascertaining and applying the land customs of the country, and of knowing how far the government ought to enforce its rights to rent or land-tax. Oriental empires have usually been "run" on the single-tax principle, and have not found it so simple or easy to work as it looks in theory.

Closely connected with land questions are revenue questions. The rude methods of semi-civilized countries do not suit a European government, which finds itself perplexed between its civilized notions and the difficulty of applying them to people whom they do not suit. Direct taxation is often impracticable. Indirect taxation is apt to bear severely on the poor. Sometimes it is ignorantly pressed to a point at which it provokes rebellion. Barbarous countries need capital for their development; but as they are also poor countries, government is hard pressed to find the capital. The impulse of a civilized government is to construct irrigation works and reclaim waste lands and build railways; but when it does, it usually finds itself before long in financial embarrassments, and the mother-country may have to come to the rescue. So, again, the wish of a civilized government is to educate its subjects. But how are barbarous races, or even semi-civilized heathens or Mussulmans, like those of Algeria or the Malays of Borneo, to be educated? How is the cost of elementary education in India or South Africa to be defrayed?

The law under which a people live is the natural expression and product of their intellectual, moral, and social gifts and habits, whence it follows that the same law cannot suit two races in very different stages of progress. Thus where such races dwell together, the government has to choose between the objections to applying to the uncivilized the law that fits the civilized, and the objections to maintaining two diverse systems of law, with perhaps two sets of courts to administer them. Take the fundamental question of the preservation of social and political order. The law of England permits wide liberty to the citizen in the way of public meetings, of free speech, of a free press, of the carrying of arms. It encourages men to enroll themselves in volunteer corps for the defense of the country. All these liberties have been carried to and are enjoyed in the temperate self-governing colonies. But it does not follow that these liberties are equally fit to be granted to the negroes of Jamaica or the natives of India. In India, for instance, there is a species of press censorship. The law of sedition is

stricter than in England. Natives are not permitted to arm and drill as volunteers. In Cape Colony some disabilities restrictive of personal freedom have been imposed on the colored people, and in the two Dutch republics of South Africa there exist similar but more severe restrictions. The educated part of the native population in India and in South Africa resents these disabilities, and they are repugnant to the sentiment of British Liberals; but those who are primarily responsible for the administration of India and South Africa insist that public order demands them.

Similar difficulties arise in the military sphere. The natural defense of a country is in a militia or regular army formed of its inhabitants. But in tropical colonies there are seldom enough white men to form such a militia or army, and it might be dangerous to form it from natives. In India the British government, though it has a pretty large native army, keeps the higher posts in the hands of European officers, and, warned by the experience of the mutiny of 1857, maintains a large European army, which is a safeguard against any revolt by the native forces. Accordingly, Britain and France are obliged to garrison their tropical colonies partly, at least, with European troops, who suffer severely from the climate. The recruits whom Britain enlists know that they may have to serve in India or Hong-Kong or the West Indies. But the French conscript, who is forced into the ranks, hates being sent to a tropical climate, and the outburst of fury over the Tongking disaster some years ago among the French was largely due to the fact that it was a part of the national citizen army that had perished there.

These are all problems of administration which arise irrespective of the form of government which the colony has received. But greater than all, and affecting them all, is the problem of the government itself. Is it to be popular or despotic? If popular, it must be representative; and if representative, who is to be eligible for a seat in the legislature, and who are to enjoy the electoral suffrage, and how far is the executive, constituted by popular election or dependent on the confidence of the local legislature, to be responsible to the local legislature only, with no interference by the executive or legislature of the mother-country? This point is of so much consequence as to deserve a fuller discussion.

To see what kind of government a non-temperate colony is fit to receive, let us re-

vert to the distinction already drawn between tropical and subtropical territories. In the latter there is, or at least there may be, a civilized European population sufficiently large to form a respectable percentage in the total population. Its ratio to that total may even rise to that borne, in a country like England or France, by the upper class, the middle class, and the skilled portion of the working class, all taken together, to the whole nation, *i. e.*, a proportion ranging from twenty-five or thirty to thirty-five per cent. It may, however, be much smaller. Take the best instances of subtropical colonies, British South Africa and Algeria. In Cape Colony the European (Anglo-Dutch) element is about 380,000, against 1,200,000 colored people. In Natal it is only ten per cent. In the parts of British territory which lie still farther north it is even smaller. In Algeria the "European" population¹ (French, Spanish, Italian, German, with Maltese and Jews) is roughly about fourteen per cent. of the whole, and reaches half a million. But in tropical colonies the proportion of Europeans is very much smaller. In India or the West Indies or Ceylon or Fiji, or in Tongking or Madagascar, or in the Congo State or German East Africa, the pure Europeans are only a few drops in a native ocean, hardly a larger proportion of the whole than college professors are in the United States, or fellows of the various learned societies are in England. Accordingly, the conditions for self-government are utterly different in these two sets of colonies. In some at least of the subtropical there is a body of civilized men large enough to work representative institutions. If in such colonies all the natives had votes, and used them, and combined in using them, the Europeans would no doubt be swamped. But in Cape Colony very few natives have the suffrage, in Natal scarcely any, so the Europeans enjoy all the power. In Algeria, though native Mussulmans are allowed some small share in government and administration, it is French voters and French officials who really rule. It is, therefore, possible to have a species of representative self-government in these subtropical territories. True, it is not a government by the whole people, *i. e.*, by the inhabitants generally. It is government by the European minority only, yet so far as this European part goes, and when viewed from the side of the mother-country, it is self-govern-

¹ The French (not counting the army) constitute about half the total number reckoned as European or non-Mussulman, the rest being mostly Spaniards or Italians.

ment. Cape Colony and Natal have as much autonomy as Canada or South Australia, though the latter two are pure democracies, while the former two are qualified democracies, where power resides in the upper (*i. e.*, the white) classes. Similarly, that which is true democracy in France, with its system of universal suffrage, becomes a very different thing in Algeria, where the European minority rules.¹

How, then, are the true tropical colonies, such as Ceylon or Tongking, to be governed? If representative self-government is to be granted to them, it must be in one of two ways. One is to bestow a suffrage wide enough to embrace the natives, or the upper class among them. The other is to restrict the suffrage to the Europeans. The objection to the former course is that the natives are not fit for the suffrage, since even the upper class among them is totally devoid of political knowledge and political experience. The objection to the latter alternative is that the Europeans are too few, not only in proportion to the whole population, but too few absolutely. In Ceylon, for instance, there are, besides officials, only some tea-planters or cinchona-growers, with several missionaries scattered through the country and a handful of merchants at the seaports—in all about six thousand Englishmen. It would be absurd to intrust political power to an assembly elected by such a constituency. The same thing is true of all the tropical colonies of Britain. In some, however, a qualified form of representation has been tried. Jamaica had at one time an elective legislative assembly with some real power. It expressed the sentiment of the planter class, was found to increase the difficulty of securing peace and good feeling between whites and blacks, and was abolished some thirty-three years ago with general approval.² In India the experiment has been tried of creating elective municipalities in some of the larger cities, and so training the natives to local self-government; for it is the honest wish of the British authorities to intrust to the people as much power as they can use well. But this experiment has not, so far, save perhaps in Bombay (a city exceptional in the character of its population), justified the hopes of its first advocates.

The English have accordingly abandoned the notion of applying self-government to their tropical dominions. They have been driven to invent other systems, and of these there is a great variety.

One plan is to permit an incorporated company to acquire and rule territory, subject, of course, to the ultimate control of the crown and Parliament. Thus the British South Africa Company and the Royal Niger Company administer extensive regions in Africa, as does the North Borneo Company in the greatest isle of the East. Another is to proclaim a protectorate over territories for the administration of which the country does not desire to become directly responsible. Protectorates are under the control, not of the Colonial, but of the Foreign Office or the India Office; and large tracts of Africa have been left in this legal position, the native chiefs retaining, as vassals of the British crown, power over their tribes. Over and above these, and excluding the eleven self-governing colonies, there remain twenty-nine other governments, all controlled from Britain, besides India, far larger and more populous than the twenty-nine taken together. In all of these there is a government from home the power of which is in the last resort absolute. But in many there are also local legislative councils. In some these councils are nominated by the crown, a scheme which indirectly checks the governor by requiring him to listen to advice before he acts, though his advisers have no weight of representative authority behind them. In others the council is partly nominated, partly elective. It has then somewhat more independence; but in all or nearly all of these colonies the nominated or ex-officio members form a majority, so that the governor can usually prevail; and in most colonies the crown has reserved the right to legislate, by means of what is called an order in Council, over the head of the local legislative council. Finally, there are a few colonies in which there is no local council at all. Thus it appears that in all these colonies—and the same remark applies to India—the home methods of self-government have been rejected as unsuitable, and supreme authority has been concentrated in the hands of a minister in London and his lieutenant, the local colonial governor. This is a principle or rule of policy on which there is no difference of opinion in Great Britain. Some politicians are disposed to go further than others in the direction of extending representative institutions, of a very limited and strictly guarded kind, to local

¹ Algeria is, of course, not a colony in the same sense as the Cape or Natal; it is for many purposes rather a transmarine part of France, as Siberia is a transmontane part of Russia.

² Barbados has representative but not responsible government, the crown possessing a veto on legislation.

communities in India; but all politicians are agreed that British forms of self-government could not safely be introduced either among the negroes in the West Indies and South Africa, or among the Malays of the Eastern Archipelago, or among the more civilized races of India. No English statesman would try any such experiment as was tried in America when after the War of Secession full rights of suffrage were conferred on the lately emancipated colored people of the South.

What, then, it may well be asked, is done to prevent those abuses of power by governors, and those mistakes by the colonial minister at home, which may naturally be expected from the autocracy permitted to the former and the ignorance often inevitable in the latter? The British safeguard against these faults has been found in the creation of a special colonial service and an experienced colonial office. When we had those North American colonies which we lost in A. D. 1776, we did not need a regular service for their administration, because they were self-governing, and comparatively few officials were sent from home to posts in them. So to-day we send out to our nine temperate and our two subtropical self-governing colonies only their governors, and virtually no other imperial officers. But the growth in number, population, and wealth of our tropical crown colonies within the last hundred years has created a vast number of posts, the higher among which are sufficiently dignified and well paid to make colonial service a professional career, and to induce men of ability to enter it. It is not a close service; that is to say, a man may now and then be given a good place in the upper grades without having passed through the lower grades, and the legal posts in particular are usually bestowed upon men taken from the bar at home. But it is in so far a regular service that the large majority of the places are filled by men who have made this kind of work their career in life, and have been trained by lower functions for higher ones. Thus the colonies gain in two ways. Their governors are men of long political experience, brought up in the traditions of policy which the profession has formed and which it imparts to those who enter it. They are also men who (except the few occupying the very best places) look forward to further promotion, and have, therefore, the strongest motives for good behavior. Accordingly, it is extremely rare for a governor to be accused of corruption or misuse of power for any sordid personal end. Mistakes are of

course sometimes made, but the service as a whole maintains a high level of good sense and efficiency, as well as of honor.

The Colonial Office at home is recruited by competitive examination, like most departments of our public service, although now and then a man is brought in from outside to fill a post for which special legal knowledge is needed. It is the repository of the experience and the traditions of several generations, and has accumulated a stock of precedents, and a mass of special knowledge regarding the history and conditions of each colony, of the greatest utility for practical purposes. It knows the character, aptitude, and record of every important official serving abroad, and is able, or ought to be able, to advise him, to check him, to estimate aright the reports which he sends home, and the weight due to his advice. The Colonial Office in London, like the colonial officials abroad, is entirely outside party politics. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, who is at the head of it, is of course a party politician, but the rest of the staff, whatever their personal sympathies or predilections, are not permitted to mix in party controversies.

The same methods, with, of course, some differences of detail, have been applied to the government of India. Though under a separate office, it is virtually a crown colony, the greatest of that class, and the one which gives Britain more anxiety and involves her in heavier responsibilities than all the other colonies put together. The India Office at home is a vast establishment, with a secretary of state and a council, composed chiefly of eminent ex-officials who have served in India. The Indian civil service has at its head a viceroy, three governors of presidencies, two lieutenant-governors of provinces, and several chief commissioners, below whom there is a very large staff of civilians, chosen in Britain by competitive examination. Many of the ablest young men from our universities enter the competition, and the level of ability secured is extremely high, as indeed it needs to be, considering the range and the gravity of the duties which an Indian civilian may be called to discharge before he is thirty years of age.

This is the system by which the English have been able to carry on successfully the despotic government which, as has been already explained, they are obliged to apply to their tropical colonies.¹ Without such a

¹ It is also applied to some subtropical territories, such as Cyprus and Malta, and to one or two temperate, such as the Falkland Islands, where the population is deemed too small for representative institutions.

system—without a regular Indian and colonial service, without a highly organized India office and colonial office in London—great abuses and frequent blunders would be inevitable. In the early days of the East India Company's administration in Bengal, shocking scandals did in fact occur. But for many years past the machinery just described, and the vigilant criticism of the House of Commons, to some member of which every one who thinks himself aggrieved by any governmental act done abroad may bring his complaints, have not only averted abuses, but produced a steady improvement in the administration of the outlying British empire.

The mention of the House of Commons suggests a difficulty which may probably have struck the reader's mind. Will not the interference of the House of Commons, a body in which few persons have personal knowledge of India or of the colonies, paralyze, or pervert and misdirect, the action of the India Office or the Colonial Office, as the case may be? Will not Indian or colonial officials, who see in it the ultimate depository of political power, try to please it rather than their official superiors, and intrigue with its influential members to obtain promotion or to secure some other personal end? Such things are quite conceivable, and would be very mischievous. But they scarcely ever happen, because the House of Commons has formed traditions and habits which forbid them. A minister for India and a minister for the colonies is a member of the cabinet, and is sure, unless he has committed some serious error, in which case he had better resign at once, to be supported by the whole cabinet and by the majority which it commands in the House of Commons. The house is, moreover, exceedingly chary of interfering in Indian or colonial administrative questions, because it recognizes its own incompetence to deal adequately with them. Instances, however, do sometimes occur in which it interferes. The cabinet may then, if it likes, modify its policy to suit the views of the house. It may, however, refuse to do so, and where it knows the house to be wrong, it ought to refuse. Two instances occurred in 1893-95, in which resolutions passed by the Commons on Indian questions were disregarded by the cabinet, the Secretary of State for India telling the house that, as it was mistaken, its opinion would not be followed. In both cases the house acquiesced. But the knowledge that any error in policy or any wrong to any person committed anywhere in the British

dominions can be brought up and discussed in Parliament is an invaluable check upon the wide discretionary power which Indian and colonial officials enjoy. The impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the debates on the conduct of the Jamaica planters during the antislavery agitation between 1820 and 1834, are among the most remarkable instances of the use to which the general oversight of Parliament can be put.

The best justification for the despotic system described is to be found in the administration of British India. That administration is no doubt in some respects imperfect. It is accused of extravagance in its public works, while giving scant encouragement to private enterprises for developing the country. It is rigid in its pressure on its subjects, and though it seeks to protect and educate the people, it is more feared than loved. But it is incomparably better than the administration of any subject territory by an alien and distant race of conquerors has ever been before. It has in particular attained three great objects. It has established perfect internal peace and security through a vast area, much of which is still inhabited by wild tribes; it has secured a perfectly just administration of the law, civil as well as criminal, between all races and castes; and it has imbued its officials with the feeling that their first duty is to do their best for the welfare of the natives, and to defend them against the rapacity of European adventurers. These things have been achieved by an efficiently organized civil service, inspired by high traditions, kept apart from British party politics, and standing quite outside the prejudices, jealousies, and superstitions which sway the native mind. Only through despotic methods could that have been done for India which the English have done.

PROBLEMS CONFRONTING THE UNITED STATES.

Now let me try to apply what has been said of the tropical dominions of Britain to the problems that confront the United States. Those problems are different in the Antilles, in Hawaii, and in the Philippine Islands, because the populations of these three groups are very unlike. Let us take the Philippines first. They belong to the class of tropical colonies, and they present in a conspicuous form all the phenomena which have been mentioned as rendering administration difficult and forbidding the establishment of the institutions fit for a temperate colony. The questions already enumerated are certain to arise and call for settlement.

There will be race questions, for the American conquerors find there four races—Spaniards, Chinese, Malays, and aboriginal Negritos. There will be land questions, for enterprising speculators will immediately seek to acquire and work estates and mines. There will be religious questions, for the Malays are mostly Mussulmans, and the Roman Catholic prelates and religious orders have enjoyed, and frequently abused, vast power. There will be questions of language and education, with questions of revenue, for the Spanish modes of taxation have been ineffective and their officials corrupt. There will be questions of order, for the Spaniards have not secured it even in the districts near the capital, while some of the islands are held by Mohammedan potentates said to be virtually independent. As respects government, the few Spaniards are scarcely fit to receive American institutions, while the Chinese and the vast mass of Malays are obviously unfit for any representative system whatever. Probably no task has been presented to the English in India or in any of their colonies during the last fifty years so difficult as that to which Americans will have to address themselves when they become responsible for these islands, with their area of one hundred and fifteen thousand square miles and their semi-savage and savage population of nearly eight millions. No enterprise of like magnitude or complexity has ever lain before the United States before, for when she purchased Louisiana, and again when she conquered vast territories from Mexico, the area acquired was almost empty, and all of it was a temperate region, fit to be peopled by the overflow of her own population and to receive her own institutions.

HOW ENGLAND WOULD PROBABLY PROCEED.

In order to see what methods English experience would suggest to Americans as likely to succeed in the Philippines, let us suppose that not America, but Britain, had vanquished Spain, and was now being called upon to govern the new conquest. How would Britain proceed? Probably on some such lines as the following:

She would begin by selecting for governor the best man she could find among persons of Indian or colonial experience. She would give him wide powers, with a large salary, and would assign to him a staff of capable officers, the chief among them drawn from the Indian or colonial service, the juniors probably sent straight from home. Some political influence would doubtless be used

to secure appointments, but the minister responsible for the exercise of patronage would be too much alive to the consequences, for the islands and to himself, of sending out weak men to let political influence force weak men upon him. The appointments would be permanent, except that of the governor and his chief secretary, who would probably be named for five years, the usual term in Indian appointments.

A grant of money from the imperial exchequer would be made, because the local revenues, mismanaged by Spain, would not suffice to defray the expenses of setting up a new administration. There would be grumbling in the House of Commons, but the expenditure could not be avoided, and might for some time, especially if armed resistance occurred, continue to be heavy. Besides the force of British or British-Indian troops which would be sent, a local force would be raised, probably of Chinese, and would be officered by Englishmen, as we now officer the regiments of the Egyptian army. Surveys would be begun, roads constructed, railways planned. A commission would investigate native land customs, and devise methods for levying land revenue and for taxation generally; and efforts would be made to ascertain the nature of the village communities, so as to build upon them a system of local government. The police—for it is to be supposed that the Spanish government has had some sort of police—would be reformed, and placed under a British chief; and in course of time the more settled regions would be divided up and allotted to district commissioners with, probably, some judicial as well as executive authority. For the Spaniards, Spanish law would in the first instance remain; but as the whole Spanish population is reported to be only about ten thousand, it might in the long run be superseded by English. Native customs would be respected as far as possible. The courts would probably be remodeled, but native usages would when possible be respected, while the Roman Catholic Church, though not despoiled of her great wealth, could not be suffered to retain privileges prejudicial to the public or inconsistent with religious freedom.

In settling a financial policy much would, of course, depend on the resources which the country might be found to possess and the sources whence revenue could be drawn. The levying of import duties could scarcely be avoided, since these are the easiest mode of raising money in new countries, unaccustomed to direct taxation, and in which the

difficulty and expense of collecting direct imposts are serious. But there would be no differential duties in favor of Britain or her colonies. The products of all countries would be admitted on equal terms, the tariff being fixed as low as considerations of revenue might permit, with the object of encouraging trade and accelerating the development of the country. Lotteries, a main source of revenue under Spanish rule, would be promptly extinguished, and an effort might probably be made to restrict or stop the sale of drink to the natives.

As regards government, much would depend on the capacities which the population, Spanish, mixed, and native, was found to possess. But it may be conjectured that at first the governor would receive a wide executive power, limited only by the provisions of the orders in Council which would be framed and enacted in England for his guidance and that of the officials generally. Then, after a little, a legislative council would be set up, consisting in the first instance of the chief officials and of a few nominated members, persons of weight and note who could fitly express the views of the various sections of the community. For example, one or two of the resident British, American, and German merchants would be placed on it, one or two Spaniards, possibly a Chinese merchant, probably one or two of the most intelligent and influential natives. Such a council would not be suffered to check the government, but it might furnish a useful means of bringing it into touch with the sentiments and wishes of the inhabitants generally, and in course of time it would probably be developed into a partly representative body.

How Englishmen would have dealt with the problems of government in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, had these islands fallen into their hands, is more difficult to conjecture and to explain, for the much larger white population in the former two, and the relatively large number of intelligent white men from free countries (Americans, English, and Germans) in the latter, suggest arrangements different from those which would suit the Philippines, and more complex. I must not, however, in the space that remains to me, attempt to enter on these interesting and intricate questions. It is, moreover, possible, though hardly probable, that the United States will leave Cuba to her own devices, which are likely to mean a career resembling that of Guatemala or Venezuela.

Britain has had no colonial possessions to

deal with precisely resembling any of those which the United States is now acquiring. North Borneo and Sarawak, which are least dissimilar to the Philippines, have a European and mixed population much smaller than that of the latter isles. North Borneo is managed by a British company, which has hitherto been more occupied with commerce than with exploration or administration, and its inhabitants have been less troublesome than the Filipinos seem likely to prove. No tropical region which we have conquered has had so large a population of European race as Cuba, nor one so difficult to govern either on the despotic principle or through representative institutions. Our experience is, therefore, not directly in point as regards either the Philippines or the Antilles. Nevertheless, the history of British rule as well in India as in the tropical colonies, the experiments Britain has tried, the errors she has had to regret, do suggest certain maxims as fit to be pondered by a free, civilized, Christian state undertaking to rule and develop barbarous regions which have hitherto been mismanaged as the Philippines have been. If we were asked to state such maxims, most of us would do so in the following way.

RADICAL CHANGES NOT ADVISABLE.

Go softly, go warily. Before launching out into large schemes of administration or economic reform, take care to ascertain the facts as fully and accurately as possible. (Most of our blunders in India have been due to insufficient information, producing incorrect views.) Let the facts be ascertained by men specially qualified—by scientific observers, by experienced travelers, by practical economists. Ordinary politicians are ill fitted for such investigations. Politicians are, indeed, not the men to send to these new countries at all: their habits of thought and action are out of place.

The less the existing arrangements are at first disturbed, the better. The old officials may be bad, but they have a sort of knowledge which the best stranger cannot at once acquire, and it is not well to "make a clean sweep" forthwith. The present native authorities, local chiefs or princes, may be used to keep order and collect revenue till the new government sees its way to changing them or dispensing with them. In India the English found it prudent to alter the administration of the Mogul sovereigns and of the native rajas very gradually. Some wise men think our Indian government has undertaken too much direct administration,

and that it would have been better to leave far more of the country under native rule, merely supervised by British officers. To begin by subduing the semi-independent Mohammedan sultans who reign in some of the Philippines might prove a troublesome business, as the Dutch have found their war with the Sultan of Achin, in Sumatra, a very long and costly affair. Our experience is that such potentates must in the long run be brought under control, but that they may be permitted to keep for a time their authority in a sort of loose vassalage.

A firm hand needs to be kept on white adventurers. Capital must, of course, be encouraged to flow in from civilized countries, and advantages offered to those who will develop the country, will drain and improve lands, work forests, open mines. But the European adventurer is almost certain to try to defraud or to oust the native. Quarrels follow, Europeans are maltreated, their expulsion or death must be punished, order is disturbed, the natives are alienated, and government becomes unpopular. In India, and in some parts of Africa, our imperial authorities keep a very tight hand on the speculative European who desires to exploit the native, and all sorts of facilities for playing tricks which at home come within the conception of "liberty" must in these new countries disappear before state necessity, lest worse mischiefs follow.

Continuity of policy is essential. Changes, of course, there must be, for experience is the best teacher, and no forethought can anticipate the difficulties which will need to be overcome by new expedients. But the general lines of policy ought to be adhered to, and the promises made carried out. Specially important is it that political changes at home should not cause changes in the colony, whether they be changes of men or of measures. The only instances in which the accession of a new British ministry has affected India have been where questions of frontier policy were concerned, and these are not purely Indian questions, but parts of the general foreign policy of the empire. Home politics should not be suffered to come into colonial administration at all, nor should political services at home be rewarded by colonial offices.¹

Neither should home notions be imported

into tropical colonies, always excepting those standards of honor, purity, justice, and humanity which are the best gifts a subject race can receive from its conquerors. To enforce these standards on all Europeans, official and non-official, is not only a duty, but the soundest policy, for it wins the respect and confidence of the natives. But European restrictions upon authority, European formalities in administration, the pedantic adherence to legal or official technicalities, impede progress in a new country. We hear from France and Germany that the French and still more the German colonies have suffered from these faults. The man who succeeds best is the man of initiative, the man free from preconceptions, who lets the character of the people and the conditions under which they live teach him and map out his course for him. It is to this type that the best of our pioneer governors have belonged. No country possesses a larger supply of such men than America does, though the public service of the country has heretofore provided comparatively little field for the display of their gifts.

Of the special problems which will arise under the provisions of the Constitution of the United States when the republic has undertaken the government of regions which cannot be turned into States, nor even into Territories; of the question how far the Malays of the Philippines, the Chinese and the Japanese of Hawaii, will be entitled to all the rights and privileges of citizens of the United States; of the mode in which legislation will have to be enacted for these subject regions, I have left myself no room to speak here. In these matters Britain has the advantage of possessing in her legally omnipotent Parliament a means of overcoming any and every legal difficulty which can arise in any part of the Queen's dominions. But the ingenuity of American jurists, and that breadth of view which has always distinguished the Supreme Court, will no doubt prove equal to the untying of every knot. The United States is entering on a novel course, is essaying a difficult, though a splendid, experiment. Her efforts will be watched with interest by the whole world, and by us in Britain not with interest only, but also with a fraternal sympathy, and an earnest hope that they may, while benefiting her new subjects, do nothing to distract her attention from her internal problems, and raise no cloud that can trouble her domestic peace and prosperity.

¹ It must be admitted that the English do not invariably observe this maxim. There have been some instances to show the mischief of deviating from it.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S TOUR OF EUROPE.

IN SPAIN, ITALY, EGYPT, AND TURKEY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.



SOMETIME in the month of August, 1871, I was dining at the Arlington Hotel in Washington with Admiral James Alden and General Belknap, Secretary of War, when the former announced that he was to leave the Bureau of Details of the Navy Department on the 1st of October, to take command of the Mediterranean Squadron; that in November he was going out in the steam-frigate *Wabash*, and he invited me to go along. After a general conversation I asked the privilege of considering the proposition for a reasonable time, and Alden advised me to speak to the Secretary of the Navy, Robeson, who alone had a right to grant the privilege of any person going in a man-of-war.

I spoke to the secretary, and he promptly and frankly not only consented, but actually urged me to accept Alden's invitation. Subsequently I spoke to the President, General Grant, who also consented. All things seeming to favor my trip, I made the matter official. I then formally accepted the offer of Admiral Alden, and began the final preparations. On the sixteenth day of October Mrs. Sherman was summoned to the bedside of her father, the Hon. Thomas Ewing of Ohio, whither I followed. We remained at Lancaster, Ohio, till Mr. Ewing's death, which occurred in his own house, October 28, 1871, in the eighty-seventh year of life. He was a grand old man, of classic taste and wit, and one of the strongest lawyers in our country for many years prior to his death. After his funeral I returned to Washington.

It had been agreed previously that Colonel Audenried of my personal staff should accompany me. The President had also concluded to send his son Fred, a second lieutenant of the Fourth Cavalry, who had been summoned from Colorado, where he was employed on a railroad survey; so that my part of the expedition was to consist of myself, Colonel Audenried, and Fred Grant, and we were to embark at New York on Saturday, November 11. The *Wabash* did not make New York

till Monday, November 13, 1871, and did not actually sail until the following Friday, November 17, when we put to sea. She is a first-rate frigate, with a crew of about five hundred seamen, forty officers, and fifty marines. We passed the fleet of Admiral Rowan near Sandy Hook, waiting the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis, saluted the admiral, and passed directly out to sea. December 5 the *Wabash* dropped anchor at Funchal, in the Madeira Islands, where she remained until December 13, proceeding thence to Cadiz, December 20. The next day the party started on a trip to Seville and Jerez, returning in time to proceed with the *Wabash* on December 23.

GIBRALTAR, Sunday, December 24. About 4:30 P. M., with sails all furled and under steam, the *Wabash* approached the moat in Gibraltar Bay, near which the Channel fleet of six large iron steamers, under Admiral Hornby, had already anchored. A small boat came off with the health-officer, and as soon as he granted pratique, or the formal assent of the proper authority for communication with the shore, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the *Wabash* for the English flag, and was returned by the battery on shore, when Audenried, Grant, and I were hurried into the admiral's barge, and, after hasty adieus, pushed off. When a few yards off, the ship saluted me with seventeen guns, which salute was returned by the English admiral, doubtless in mistake, as a few minutes after it was corrected by a salute to him. We pulled in from the old moat, and had hardly time to get fairly into the town before the drawbridge was raised, which is always done at sunset.

We took up our quarters at the clubhouse hotel, and were given the same rooms which the Empress Eugénie had a few days ago. Soon our consul, Mr. Sprague, came, who had been off to the ship and followed us here, and told us that the *Wabash* was already off; so we had not detained her an hour. Much disappointment is expressed that Admiral Alden made so short a stay, or no stay at all. . . .

Last night was very cold, and I had a pretty bad turn of asthma, but was ready for breakfast at nine o'clock. The day was very beautiful indeed. While we were at breakfast, Captain de Winton of General Williams's staff called with a most flattering note from the general,¹ insisting on our taking luncheon with him at 2 P. M. and dinner at 8 P. M., both of which I accepted. General Bissett² also called, and I accepted his invitation for Christmas. After breakfast the consul took us on a long drive to the neutral ground outside the walls, then down through the town to Europa Point and as far as the road is built on the Mediterranean side, and back to our hotel, a most beautiful drive.

At 2 P. M. we repaired to the residence of General Williams, which he styles the "Convent," it having once been a convent, and were received by him in a very friendly manner, and presented to Mrs. de Winton, wife of his aide, Captain de Winton, who received his guests. A few minutes after dropped in Admirals Hornby and Campbell, both comparatively young men for their rank and command, and General Bissett and one or two others, making about a dozen in all. We sat down to a hot lunch, which might with propriety be called a dinner, in a large dining-room on the same floor with the drawing-room. Conversation was very free across the table, and after the lunch we all walked out into a handsome garden with flowers, oranges, lemons, palms, and other tropical trees, to witness the wreck of a fine old oak that had been blown down by a recent storm. We visited the dairy and poultry-yard, also his stables, and took our leave at 4:30 P. M. General Bissett conducted us by his quarters, and showed us through his house.

December 28. Preparing to return some calls, to wind up with a dinner at Sir Fenwick Williams's at 8 P. M., so as to put off to-morrow for Malaga. Monday, Christmas, we walked about the town of Gibraltar, it being a regular Sunday, rode with the consul, Mr. Sprague, and wound up with a fine dinner-party at Major-General Bissett's. Tuesday we visited the ironclad *Minotaur*, Admiral Hornby, and the *Hercules*, Captain Osborne, and we dined with the former on board the *Minotaur*; also rode with the consul to the village of San Roque, and his farm close by. The country is wonderfully like California near San Francisco. Wednesday, accompanied by Captains de

Winton and Lake, we visited the famous galleries, which are in two or three tiers, excavated out of solid rock like vast casemates. The rock of Gibraltar is nearly precipitous toward the east, or Mediterranean, and north toward Spain, and these galleries were made about the time of the great siege, looking north over the Peninsula, to give a plunging fire over the Spanish approaches. The highest gallery is about seven hundred feet above the water. The original Moorish castle and walls were built to guard the approach from Spain along the western face of the rock, which is less precipitous, whereon are built the town, docks, wharves, etc., and on which side is the harbor. Last night at 8 P. M. we took our final dinner and leave of General Williams, his chief officers, and their ladies. I made a promise to General Bissett to send him from Nice or Malta my Remington rifle, to be given by him to that one of his boys that promises to rival Colonel Gordon-Cumming as a hunter. General Bissett has property in South Africa, and says that some of his boys must eventually reside there.

GRANADA, January 1, 1872. On Friday last at 3 P. M. we rode to the water-port gate and wharf of Gibraltar, and in a heavy sea pulled to the Algeciras ferry-boat, which started punctually; owing to a heavy northwest wind, the boat had to keep along the shore of the bay; but we reached Algeciras, anchored, and went on shore in a small boat.

January 2. Yesterday seemed like a quiet Sunday in Granada, but to-day is the anniversary of the conquest of the city by Ferdinand and Isabella, and is observed as a universal holiday. All the people were flocking to the Alhambra. Audenried and I joined the crowd, entered the Alhambra by another gate, and found the interior court filled with people and a band in full blast. We walked about some time, and then passed into the citadel and to the bell-tower, on top of which we found a good many people, mostly young men and girls, who, by some tradition, assisted in ringing the bell, on the supposition that it will result in their marriage during that year. We watched them for some time, and there was some coquetry as the young girls approached to pull the bell, but all of them did it. There continued a large crowd of people going through the Alhambra and all parts of the interior, and we followed them everywhere, and then came back to our hotel. I now hear the bell ringing away, and out of my window can see hundreds of women and men, boys and girls, promenading the grove outside the Alhambra. The

¹ Governor-General Sir Fenwick Williams.

² Commanding general of the garrison.

ringing of the bell is to be kept up all day and night, by immemorial custom, in honor of the expulsion of the Moors. Everywhere we are besieged with beggars—old and young, sound and deformed. The day is extremely beautiful, just like our finest winter weather in San Francisco. We leave to-night at 2 A. M. for Cordova.

MADRID, January 5. We had telegraphed our coming to our secretary of legation, Mr. Adey, who met us at the depot with a carriage, and conducted us to the Hôtel de Rusia, where we are now quartered. To-day it rains and is otherwise uncomfortable, but we have managed to visit the Museum of Fine Arts, and then paid a visit to the family of our minister, General Sickles. The general himself was recently married in Madrid, and has gone to the United States on a visit, leaving his mother and daughter here in his house. These we saw, and accepted an invitation to dine with them and some of the Spanish grandes on Sunday night.

January 8. Yesterday, Sunday, the weather cleared off, and we walked about the city. As 2 P. M. was the hour appointed for us to visit the King and the Queen, our secretary of legation came for us at our hotel, and promptly at two we entered the palace interior court with our carriage, ascended by a large stairway to an apartment where we left our hats and military cloaks, and passed into a large, handsome room, the ceiling and walls finely frescoed, and some statues and pictures arranged about the walls. There were armed sentinels on the stairways, and officers on duty in the main reception-room. From this central hall we passed along a suite of similar rooms on the main or second floor of the palace, and in the end room were presented to a general who undertook to notify the King of our presence. In a few minutes we were ushered into what seemed his office, with books and a writing-table in the middle of the room. As we entered this room he rose and met me, and I presented Colonel Audenried and Lieutenant Grant. King Amadeo I is about twenty-six years old, plainly dressed, and not looking a bit like the traditional king—no ornament in dress or surroundings, as plain a young man as could be found anywhere. His appearance is not of a strong or marked character, his face and head narrow and high; but his admirers claim for him great intelligence, good morals, and great promise. He could not talk English, but spoke Spanish, in which I made my formal compliments; and since neither party could much

interest the other in conversation, we soon expressed our desire to see the Queen, which he communicated by an inner door, when we left him and passed back into the end hall, whence a door led into the Queen's apartments. We found her in a fine sitting-room, standing to receive us, plainly but neatly dressed, just like any American lady, with a bright, young, cheerful face, and she received us so gracefully that we were really more than pleased. I spoke to her in English, and she replied perfectly, but with that Italian accent that bespoke her nativity. She is spoken of with respect and affection by all classes, Spanish and foreign, and I surely think she must be a most accomplished lady. She told me she had two children, both boys, and I could not withhold the expression of my hearty wish that she and hers should live long in the enjoyment of royalty, or any other course that she might prefer. Of course we did not prolong the visit, but returned to the hotel in the way we came.

In the evening, at 7 P. M., we went to the minister's house, and dined with a most distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen. After dinner quite a company assembled, and dancing was in order. Fred and I remained until after midnight, and then came to our rooms, but Audenried stayed until after two. At Sickles's I met most of the cabinet, Admirals Topeta and Malcampo, the secretaries of state and treasury, and most of the celebrities of Madrid. To-day we propose to visit the armory, make some personal visits, and wind up the day and our visit to Madrid by attending the reception of the British minister, Mr. Layard. Although there is said to be some jealousy of our country on account of Cuba, I have seen none of it, but, on the contrary, the gentlemen speak of affairs in Cuba frankly, and generally critically of the recent shooting of the students at Havana by the captain-general, Valmaseda. To-morrow we will start toward France, spending a part of the day at the palace of the Escorial, about thirty miles from here.

BORDEAUX, Thursday, January 11. On Tuesday morning at eight we left Madrid by cars for the Escorial. The day was windy, but bright and clear. General Gandara, who commands the King's guard, had kindly telegraphed to the person in charge, styled the "conservador" and "administrador," to show us everything at the Escorial.

The railroad from Madrid to Paris passes about half a mile in front of the Escorial, so that we had only to get our tickets for Irun, on the border, and take the train as it

came along, which it did to the minute. It was very dark, and we could see nothing of the country as we passed the Guadarrama range and the valley of the Douro. I was awake at Valladolid, but could see only the depot by gaslight. Daylight broke as we reached Vittoria, one of Wellington's battlefields, where the French army was so badly stampeded.

MARSEILLES, Sunday, January 14. As arranged, we left Bordeaux at 9 P. M., passed up the valley of the Garonne, so dark that I could distinguish nothing but the gaslights at the stations, passed Toulouse at 3 A. M., and arrived at Narbonne at about 8 A. M., by which time we had reached the Mediterranean, and it was light enough to see the country.

NICE, January 19. We were all much pleased with Marseilles, which is a modern city, seemingly very prosperous. The old harbor was completely jammed with warships, and the new harbor well filled. This latter harbor is extensive and artificial—an outer sea-wall parallel with the shore and divided into three rectangular basins. The water seems deep enough in each basin for ships and steamers of the largest class. On Monday at 8 A. M. we all met at the hotel, and took our departure for Toulon, distant about forty miles. We reached it about 10 A. M., went to a beautiful hotel and had breakfast, and then got two carriages and drove all round Toulon, which is noted as having one of the best harbors of the Mediterranean, and has the largest naval arsenal of France. The place, too, is famous as the point where the great Napoleon began his wonderful military career.

About two o'clock permission by telegraph came from Paris for us to see the dockyard, and we spent the rest of the day inside. These docks are very extensive, large enough to hold a hundred ships. There must be forty there now, but all with masts housed, and generally indicating peace and rest. We met Admiral Pufert, who spoke of the inactivity, which is forced on them by the indemnity of about a thousand millions of dollars France is trying to pay Prussia for the expenses of the war.

I do not think many workmen are now employed at Toulon, though we were told that some three thousand convicts were then undergoing sentences of labor. There are some splendid dry-docks, and stores, shops, and wharves whereat an immense amount of work could be done at any time. France is now under the cloud of defeat, and it is a

question if she can ever again rise to the prominence of only two years ago.

The town of Toulon, apart from the government docks, is nothing, having no commerce or business, Marseilles being so near. We spent Tuesday at Toulon, . . . and the next morning at ten we resumed our journey, and reached Nice at 2:30 P. M. Our minister to Paris, Mr. Washburne, and the consul, Mr. Vesey, met us at the depot and brought us to this hotel (Chauvain), where three rooms had been reserved for us. We found that Nice was full of Americans, and that dinners, breakfasts, and all sorts of parties were in waiting, and before an hour we were committed for dinner every day up to Tuesday next: yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Pinchot of New York; to-day with Mr. and Mrs. S—— of Pittsburg; Saturday with General and Mrs. Webb; Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams; Monday with Mr. Gaillard; and Tuesday with Minister Washburne. This is as far as I am willing to make appointments, for if we are to be in Rome at the carnival, February 13, we must be going, and I have appointed next Wednesday for our starting for Genoa and Italy.

Yesterday, by invitation, we drove three miles around the point of a hill to the harbor of Villefranche, where the *Wabash* and five other vessels of our squadron were lying. We went on board the *Wabash* and took a state breakfast with Admiral Alden, who had for guests Minister Washburne, Consul Vesey, General Webb, and two other gentlemen. At half-past six we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Pinchot in this hotel, and at night attended a grand ball, given by an American, Mr. Barclay, to Alden and the officers of the fleet. It was a fine affair, and there were so many of our country people present that we thought ourselves at home.

TURIN. We left Genoa Saturday morning, bright, clear, and cold, the first time we had seen the sun rise without clouds for nearly a month. Turin now is of less importance since Victor Emmanuel is established at Rome, and we came here principally to visit the Mont Cenis tunnel, only sixty miles off, on the principal road to Paris. We got up early this morning, breakfasted, and started, the morning being foggy, so that we could see but little. The road for the first twenty miles lay across the well-cultivated plain and valley of the Dora. Ascending this valley, the hills close in till we approach Susa, where the road begins to ascend by a steep grade the hills to the south of the Dora, passing many short tunnels till it reaches Bardonechia,

where the great tunnel begins on the Italian side. The entrance is, like all other tunnels, with facing and wing walls. It is for a double track, walled and arched throughout. The actual length is 12,233 meters, being over seven miles. We were exactly twenty-five minutes in passing, both going and returning, not the least difficulty being experienced in the air or any other way. The cars were lighted as though for night, and on one side of the tunnel was a lantern at every thousand meters. I could plainly see the walls, and about every hundred yards in the wall on each side was a niche for tools. There also seemed to be a sidewalk where men could stand safe from passing trains. From a book I bought at Modena I see that the aggregate cost, divided between France and Italy, is seventy-five million francs, or fifteen million dollars. It surely appears in all respects a perfect tunnel, and reflects honor on all concerned. The approaches on both sides are steep, requiring a double engine, yet passenger- and freight-trains now pass freely on scheduled time. The success of this tunnel has been such that others are projected toward Switzerland and Germany. It is not exactly under the long-traveled road over Mont Cenis, but some miles to the south.

VENICE, Saturday, February 3. On Monday last, January 29, we left Turin by rail for Milan, about a hundred miles. On Thursday . . . we took the morning train for Verona, one of the famous "Quadrilateral," and one of the most noted of the battle-fields of Italy. We reached it about noon, and sent our cards to the commanding general for permission to see the forts. He called at once, and offered every facility, and finally agreed to send us an officer of engineers to conduct us at 10 A. M. the following day. In the meantime we took a carriage and rode about the town, visiting the Roman circus, which is one of the best preserved in existence; also Juliet's grave, which is a marble water-tub, and is a perfect cheat, yet universally visited. The next day, Friday, the officer of engineers called at 10 A. M., and we breakfasted together and started. He was a fine, handsome officer, Captain Capelli, who spoke English very well. He first took us to an earthwork about three miles out of town, which is one of a line to the south and east. It is simply a rectangular field-work of strong profile, never used, and no guns mounted. We then returned to the main line, which is continuous, inclosing the whole place with a high scarp-wall, with ditch and outworks, and takes in a strong hill on the east of the town.

The ridge of which this hill is the beginning is occupied at high points within cannon-range by strong martello towers.

As far as I could see, Verona is valuable as the point where the Adige issues from the Alps into the plain of Lombardy, and all the roads leading north pass up this valley of the Adige. Peschiera, at the southeast point of Lake Garda, is equally vital, and is strongly fortified. Mantua and Legnago, the other two points of the Quadrilateral, are fortified, but are not as essential as Peschiera and Verona. Since Lombardy has become an integral part of the Italian kingdom, these points are not so important as hitherto, and we were told by Captain Capelli that a new line of frontier and new defenses had been planned to the north and east; but it is doubtful if they will ever be undertaken, by reason of their cost.

We left Verona yesterday at 2 P. M., and came to Venice by 5 P. M., passing Vicenza and Padua. On arrival at the depot we took one of the black gondolas and came to our hotel. The whole route from Turin, Milan, and Verona is military ground, fought over since Roman times, and, evidently because of the rich open country, with splendid roads. We passed near enough to Magenta and Solferino to see the nature of the ground, also Lonato, Castiglione, and Arcola, but could not tarry to make critical examination.

ROME, Sunday, February 11. We left Venice at the time appointed. Passing Padua, we crossed the level plain of the Po, passing near some hills evidently of volcanic origin, near which were situated some famous thermal springs. About noon we reached Bologna. At the depot we had a good dinner and took the train for Florence. Our consul, Mr. A. L. Graham, called, and tendered us every possible manner of hospitality, and gave us cards to a grand ball fixed for Friday night. We left Florence February 10, and reached Rome at 9 P. M., an hour behind time—the first time since our arrival in Europe that we have found a train off time. We found our minister, Mr. George P. Marsh, and the secretary of legation, Mr. Wurtz, waiting for us, and they conducted us to Mr. Marsh's house, where dinner was in waiting, and where we are now domiciled. They have the second floor of a large house, No. 8 Via di Basileo, near the Palazzo Barberini, in the northern part of the city. Mr. Marsh for the first few days took us to see the places of most note in Rome, such as the Forum, Colosseum, Pincian Hill, and park; also to the palace, where, in the absence of the King at Naples,

we were received by Prince Humbert, the heir to the throne of Italy; and to the ministers of foreign affairs and of war. The carnival was in progress when we reached Rome, but as it consisted mostly of groups of masked people parading the streets, and carriages making the tour of the Corso, we did not attempt to see it, except on the last day, when we occupied a balcony at the rooms of our secretary of legation, on the Corso. All the windows and balconies along the street were decorated with gaudy colors, and occupied by people engaged in throwing *confetti*, a kind of plaster pill, at one another and at the people passing along the street. This is a custom supposed to have degenerated from a habit of scattering to the poor and children real candy; but this throwing plaster is simply mischievous and without wit. Some threw bouquets of flowers to the balconies and passing carriages; nearly all in the carriages were masked. Just before night a detachment of soldiers marched up the Corso, as a kind of notice to stand aside, and about sundown five horses were turned loose at one end of the Corso, and ran down its whole length, urged on by straps loaded with lead and sharp points. How this custom originated it is hard to say, and surely it is silly enough; but the crowd of people seemed good-natured and easily pleased. Just after night-fall everybody lighted small tapers, and a general scramble ensued, each to put out the other's light, and then call on them to rekindle. This is called *moccoletti* ("after a taper"), and with this ended the carnival proper. The famous carnival of Rome appeared to me less attractive than the Mardi gras of New Orleans.

On Monday last George A. P. Healy, the artist, entertained us at dinner, and after dinner quite a company came in, among them a priest named Chatard, from Baltimore, who presides over the American college for the education of priests. He offered to take us to see the Pope, and appointed to meet us at 11:30 A. M. next day at St. Peter's. Fred Grant was unwell and unable to go, but Audenried and I were there punctually, and were conducted up a high flight of stairs, and through a series of rooms to what is called the throne-room, where some eight or ten persons, mostly priests, were in waiting. Soon the Pope came out of his own apartment, and all in honor knelt. We bowed low with one knee, and saw the others kiss the Pope's hand and foot. As he came to us, Mgr. Chatard mentioned our names and

country, when the Pope asked us to rise, and entered into quite a free conversation with us. He then turned to make his accustomed round through the rooms by which we had approached, occupied by guards or servants, till he reached a gallery where were arranged the visitors of the day, mostly American travelers, and the greater part ladies, who, according to etiquette, had taken off their bonnets and covered their heads with black-lace mantillas. They also knelt as he passed along, some kissing his hand, some merely bowing the head. The Pope made the full circuit, we following, and when he got clear around he turned about and preached quite a sermon in Italian, which, interpreted, was a general benediction of us all, with authority to convey the same to our families and friends. He seemed in a most gracious mood, full of benevolence, and is doubtless a good man. We stopped to talk with our American friends, among whom was Mrs. Pinchot, and then went up another flight of stairs to see Cardinal Antonelli, who is accounted the power behind the throne. He received us promptly, took us into his room, sat down, and talked quite freely of America, with which he seemed familiar. The Pope looked about five feet nine inches and quite heavy in flesh, but Antonelli is tall and slender, and seemed in poor health, though some ten years younger than the Pope. We did not, of course, talk politics, but I was convinced from all I saw and heard there that the temporal power of the Pope is gone.

NAPLES, February 22. In Rome we were kept constantly occupied with social matters—breakfasts, dinners, and evening parties. We were well entertained at the house of Mr. Marsh, but there were two thousand Americans in Rome, all of whom desired to entertain us in some form or other, so that we were constantly on the go. I endeavored to make use of every available hour, and succeeded in seeing most of the objects that remain of ancient Rome; but, on the whole, I must confess I was surprised that a city such as Rome now is could ever have been mistress of the world.

February 25. Vesuvius is visible from all parts of Naples, and is now in a gentle state of eruption, steam issuing from the apex and hanging about it in the shape of a cloud; by night are seen occasionally flames and fire.

March 1. We have now been in Naples ten days and have seen most of the objects of curiosity. . . . We got back from Vesuvius at 5 P. M., in time to dress and attend a

dinner given by the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, a most agreeable lady, who speaks English perfectly, and who has resided for eight years in the Caucasus, of which her husband, the Grand Duke Michael, is a sort of viceroy. He is at this moment at St. Petersburg, but the grand duchess says he and she will return to Tiflis in time to receive us there, if our arrival is not too early. . . . This morning, by appointment, at 10 A. M. we called on King Victor Emmanuel, who received us informally at the palace here in the city. He is quite corpulent, with a full, flushed face, hair combed back from his forehead, and eyes large and rolling—not a pleasant look; but he received us easily and entered into a general conversation as to our regular army and volunteers of the war. He stood, as I thanked him for the polite attentions extended to us during our progress through Italy, and expressed a wish that some representative member of his family should visit our country.

MALTA, March 8. The harbor has been extended, dry-docks and shops built, and now Malta is regarded as second only to Gibraltar as an English outpost. No power can disturb this possession, or even threaten it, unless it be Russia, and being thus impregnable in the very center of the Mediterranean, it makes England almost the mistress of the sea.

Last evening, according to appointment, at half-past seven we dined with Sir Patrick and Mrs. Grant. The company numbered about forty, composed of military and naval officers, and some citizens of the place. There were a prince and a princess present, the claimants to the throne of Spain through Don Carlos; but the prince did not seem to me to be such a person as would be likely to succeed even if his title were more perfect. The princess was a pretty little lady of a Portuguese royal stock. Their residence is in Austria, but they are spending the winter here, and at the table were treated as royalty.

March 9. . . . We have just returned from a visit to the Cathedral of St. John, wherein are buried Lisle d'Adam, La Vallette, and the most famous of the grand masters of the Knights of St. John; but we were beset by such a horde of church beggars that it took away all sense of reverence or decent respect. Many of the churches of Europe seem now to be converted into dens of pestiferous beggars, and I do not wonder that the religious orders are being universally suppressed as intolerable nuisances.

CAIRO, March 19. We reached Cairo the night of the 17th, General Stone and Betts Bey with us the whole time. At the depot we met an officer of the Khedive, with two carriages, and a message that rooms for our accommodation were engaged at the new hotel. I explained to General Stone that I would much prefer to be his guest than to accept the invitation of the Khedive, when he drove us straight to his house. . . .

March 20. Application was made by Mr. Ward, acting consul-general in place of Colonel Butler, who is absent up the river, to the viceroy for our reception, and he fixed noon of Tuesday. We hardly had time to keep the appointment, as it was after eleven when we got the note, and I was actually paying a visit to Mrs. Parsons, the daughter of Judge Swayne, who arrived at Alexandria the same day with us. Still, we hurried to our house, and started for the palace of the viceroy, and got there exactly at twelve. We were received by his chief aide-de-camp or secretary, Mr. Barrow, and conducted up a handsome flight of steps, and met his Highness, as he is universally styled, coming down to meet us. I was in advance, and did not know him, of course, and for a minute or so was not aware that he was the Khedive, but soon realized that I was in "royal presence." He conducted us to a sofa near the corner of a large reception-room, and took his seat in an arm-chair exactly in the corner; Mr. Ward, an accomplished interpreter, was just beyond; Audenried and Grant were near me. Being seated, the etiquette was for him to begin. He is forty-two years old, educated in France, does not speak English, but French perfectly, and is dressed exactly as a European, except that he wears the red fez, the same as all Mussulmans—no turban, robes, divans, or other Turkish symbols to distinguish him from other men. He soon opened the conversation, and showed himself well informed on all matters of current news. He invited my general observations on the Suez Canal, the contemplated enlargement of the harbor at Alexandria and Suez, and generally on all things in his dominion. He seemed to take a special interest in us, and prolonged the conversation fully an hour, when he made the move and actually accompanied us down to the very door of the palace, where our carriage awaited us—an honor which, I was assured, was so rare that it was wonderful. All of us were pleased with his manner, for he not only spoke intelligently, but indulged in a joke with relish. . . .

Tuesday, March 26. Sunday evening

Colonel Butler, United States consul-general, who has recently returned from the Upper Nile, called, and said he had from the Secretary of State some packages of papers for me. I agreed to meet him yesterday on his boat (dahabiyeh) to examine them. I went down to the river and found that the papers were interrogations for me to answer under oath, to be used in some cases before the commission for settling claims arising against the United States under the treaty with England. I brought with me the papers in the case of Browne, which involve the history of the "burning" of Columbia, which I answered yesterday, and gave the same in pencil to Colonel Butler, to be transcribed for my signature. To-morrow I will take up the other case of the consul at Savannah.

To-day we purpose to visit the "barrage," some eighteen miles down the river, where an attempt has been made to dam the Nile, so as to control its waters for irrigation.

March 29. Yesterday we dined with his Highness the Khedive Ismail at his palace of Abassieh, which is in the desert, about four miles out from Cairo on the old Suez road. The Khedive was remarkably polite, joined in the conversation intelligently and naturally, and though we indulged in some compliments, I endeavored to avoid any that savored of extravagance.

That he is a man of far more than ordinary intelligence is manifest, and as he is only forty-two years old, we may hear more of him in the future. His position as a sovereign is anomalous, and was the subject of full and free discussion. Egypt is still subject to the Porte, or Sultan of Turkey, pays tribute, and is liable to have laws and orders set aside by that power; but the thing that gives the Khedive most trouble is the fact that all strangers coming to Egypt from England, France, Austria, America, etc., to engage in business, retain their national character, subject to the jurisdiction of their respective consuls-general, and not to the local laws and authorities. It is for this reason that nearly all the enterprises of Egypt must be kept in the name of the Khedive himself; for if a stranger gets an interest in any enterprise, he will pay no tax, and every question that arises must go to his consul-general instead of to the local courts. This grew out of the old mistrust of Christian nations shown by the Mussulmans; but now, at all events so far as we can observe, the old prejudice of religion is gone, and a Christian can go safely through

any part of Egypt without being hooted at and pelted as a Christian dog.

The Khedive announced to us his intention to send one of his sons, now at college in England, to America, via China, to make quite an extended tour, and we all promised to take an interest in him. His name is Hassan, and he is now eighteen years old, but not the heir to the throne, or whatever it may be called. "Khedive" is a title that implies the right of the elder son to inherit. It is a higher title than "viceroy," which implies the right of the Sultan to remove at will, which he cannot do with the Khedive. The relation of Egypt to Turkey is anomalous, and will surely sooner or later be broken peaceably or by war. The present Khedive doubtless thinks the same, and prefers the more peaceful way of growing beyond the power of his present master in resources, intelligence, and the good will of strangers.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 9. After we had gone to bed last night, our minister, Mr. Boker, and his son came round and showed me a note he had received from the master of ceremonies, to the effect that the Sultan would receive us at half-past six to-day, i. e., half-past twelve of our time. This morning Mr. Escanyon, who is appointed to look after our comfort, ordered the carriages from the Sultan's stables, and we started in full uniform, with outriders, etc., called for the minister and afterward for Mr. Brown, and proceeded to the palace on the Bosphorus, just above Galata. We were ushered through lines of guards and attendants, and were met at the door of the palace by the minister of foreign affairs, Servia Pasha, and conducted up a flight of steps to the grand reception-room. The Sultan met us at the head of the stairs, and invited Mr. Boker, Fred Grant, Mr. Brown, and me in, leaving Audenried, Mr. Escanyon, and young Boker outside, much to the annoyance of all parties; for it was manifest that the Sultan received Fred Grant, not as an officer of my staff, but as the son of the President, and consequently as a real prince. The Sultan took his seat, and we were all invited to be seated. Soon, after a few general compliments, Mr. Boker arose and read from a paper an address eulogistic of our party, and expressing his great pleasure at having the opportunity of presenting us to his Majesty. After this the conversation was more general and sufficiently pleasant. The Sultan wore the red fez, but otherwise had on European clothes. His beard is full and gray, and he is rather corpulent. We then took our leave, he accompanying us to the

hall and partly down-stairs, a mark of condescension said to be very unusual and highly complimentary.

We were then told that we were to breakfast with him on Thursday. From the palace we crossed the Golden Horn by the floating bridge, and drove to the Sublime Porte, which is simply a group of ancient buildings used for public offices, and here we paid formal visits to the grand vizir, to the minister of foreign relations, and to the president of the council, all of whom received us with marked attention and dispensed the usual pipes and coffee.

Saturday, April 13. Wednesday, according to appointment, accompanied by our minister, Mr. Boker, and attended by Escanyon and others, we drove at twelve noon to the palace of the minister of war, called Seraskier, and entered the main gates between guards; in the inclosure were drawn up six battalions of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery. The minister of war received us, taking Fred by the hand, and leading him up two pairs of stairs, lined with men, to an elegant reception-room, where coffee and pipes were served. We then passed down again in front of the palace and saw the evolutions of troops.

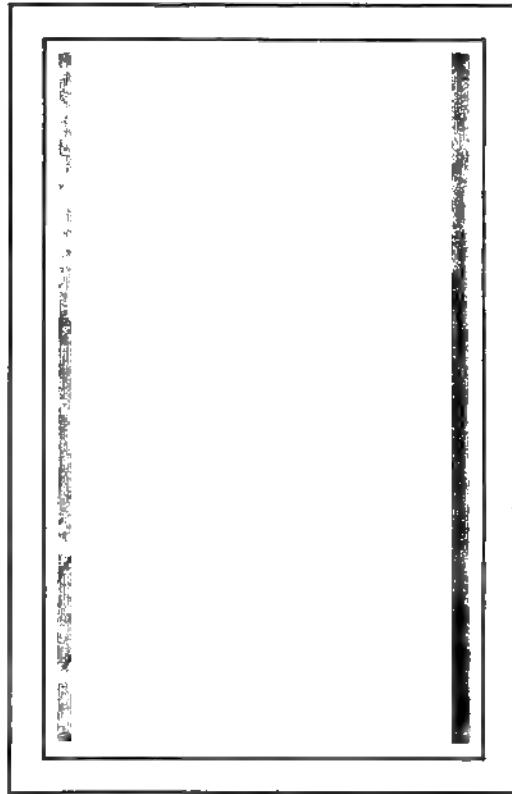
By the way, before this there had joined us a young fellow, sixteen years old, small in person, with effeminate face, black hair and eyes, son of the present sultan, but not the heir apparent, as by Turkish law or usage the eldest son of the whole family succeeds, and it so happens that the son of a preceding sultan will be entitled to the succession. But it is said that the present sultan, Abdul-Aziz, is training this young

fellow as his successor, and has already educated him as an officer, and has commissioned him as a major-general. The minister of war (a very large man) dropped back to me and our minister, and in walking always took our hands as we lead a child.

On Thursday, according to appointment, we breakfasted with the Sultan at a small

but beautiful palace on the Scutari side of the river. He received us and conducted us to a handsome apartment, where we sat, and he conversed with Fred, occasionally asking me how I liked his troops, or his ironclads, etc. When breakfast was announced we followed him in, and there all his cabinet joined him with the most abject signs of obedience. The breakfast was simply a good one, served in French style, but the dishes, glasses, etc., were extraordinarily fine. At dessert we had silver and gold dishes, and gold knives and spoons. After the breakfast was over we took leave, and visited the treasury.

Yesterday it was a rainy, bad day; but just about noon, when I had made up my mind to stay in, we got a message from the minister of state that the Sultan would attend mosque at the Top Khaneh, which is quite near, and it was intimated that he chose this mosque purposely that we might see the display. We hurried down on foot, and were shown into the Sultan's kiosk inside the railing of the arsenal. Troops were drawn up, and all preparations made. About 1 p. m. a gun from one of the ironclads announced that the Sultan had started from his palace. All the troops presented arms, and everything was made ready for his reception. The distance from the wharf to the door of the mosque may have been about eighty yards, but three handsome



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. GAYNECO.

PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL SHERMAN TAKEN BY REUTLINGER IN PARIS.

gray horses were led down, ready for him to ride from the wharf to the mosque. The distance from the palace to the mosque is less than a mile, and while the Sultan's grand caiques were coming that distance all the ironclads were delivering a salute of twenty-one guns each.

From our position we had a perfect view of the interior of the arsenal, but not of the space from the palace to the wharf. First came a single boat, a man standing up to give notice. That was followed by a longer one. Then came several handsome gilded boats, and at last one with a handsome canopy in the stern. The crew of this boat, in rowing, rose to their feet at each stroke of the oar, and as they pulled, their heads bowed forward and their bodies came to their throats. The whole was executed with great precision, and must be one of the remains of Asiatic servility. The Sultan landed at the wharf, where a carpet was laid for him, and I noticed he paid no attention to it, but, accompanied by one or two members of his household, he walked straight and pretty fast toward the mosque. He was dressed in a frock-coat, and had a small curved sword, and on his head nothing but the red fez. The troops presented arms, bands played, officers bowed low as though to pick up earth and cast it on their heads, etc.

Close behind the Sultan's barge, or caique, followed another of similar pattern, in which the young prince was, who also landed, followed his father at some distance, and entered the mosque. The Sultan is not only the head of the state, but of the church, and pious Mussulmans expect him every Sunday (Friday) to repair to some mosque to say the prayers prescribed by the Koran.

Soon after the Sultan had entered the mosque he sent his chamberlain to me to say how gratified he was to find that we had taken advantage of his invitation. This also was explained to us as an unusual mark of honor, and on the whole it is manifest that the Sultan has intended to do our country great honor through us.

April 16. To-day was the date fixed for our departure for Odessa, and we had engaged passage in the Russian steamer *Vladimir*; but last night, when I was dining with Mr. Rumbold, secretary of the English legation, the master of ceremonies at the palace, Hamde Bey, called to see me, and said he had come from the Sultan, who requested that I would remain longer; that, as he was engaged to breakfast with Prince Frederick Charles to-day, he could not see

me now, but would the next day, when, if I desired to go ahead, he would provide a special steamer. Of course I could do no less than answer that I would remain. Why he wants to see me again I cannot imagine, but it will come out in due season.

Mr. Curtin, our minister at St. Petersburg, also telegraphed yesterday from Corfu that he would be here Thursday, and I know that he wants to travel with us through Russia, and for this reason I was willing also to remain over another week, though time is passing very rapidly, and we have a great region to traverse before starting back toward home.

April 18. Yesterday was a beautiful day, and, according to appointment, Mr. Boker, Mr. Brown, Fred Grant, and I paid the formal concluding visit to the Sultan. We had the palace carriages, entered the main gateway through guards, were received at the main door by the minister of foreign relations, and by the Sultan at the foot of the stairway. The Sultan shook Grant's hand and then mine, then turned and walked with Grant, as prince, up the stairs, and across the broad hall to the room in the northwest corner, where Mr. Brown interpreted. The Sultan wore the red fez, a full frock-coat with covered buttons, single-breasted, a pair of peculiar brown trousers, and patent-leather shoes. According to etiquette, he first began the conversation by inquiring if we had enjoyed our visit; then asked a few questions as to where we had been; then finally regretted that our visit was short, etc. Each of us made some flattering generalities, and the Sultan then said he had prepared his own yacht to carry us across the Black Sea, saying it was a large steamer fit to cross the Atlantic. We thanked him for the courtesy, though honestly we regretted that he had not allowed us to go in the Russian steamer.

To-night we dine again with General Ignatriff, where we are to meet the Prince Frederick Charles. The courtesy of the Sultan is oppressive, and we learn that we will have to pay two or three prices in bakshish for our passage to Sebastopol.

SEBASTOPOL, Wednesday, April 24. On Friday last we dined at the Russian embassy, with a party chiefly composed of the suite of the Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, whose fame as a general in the late French war was very great. On reaching the embassy we found the company generally assembled, and the prince standing by the side of Mme. Ignatriff. We passed the usual compliments, and after a time Mme. Ignatriff asked us to be seated. Soon we all passed into the



DESIGN BY A. ABENOROVICH, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

GENERAL SHERMAN AT POMPEII IN 1873.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

The digging shown in the picture was in honor of General Sherman's party.

dining-room, Prince Frederick Charles taking in madame, and General Ignatriff taking the only other lady, Mme. Radowitz, wife of the Prussian chargé d'affaires.

Prince Charles was dressed, as we all were, simply in citizen's dress, with some decorations; seemed stiff and conceited; his head

was quite bald and part of his face very red; he was by no means intellectual or striking in figure, which begins to show corpulency. His age is forty-four, and he is every inch a German, and evidently proud of his country and himself. The dinner was formal and without interest, and afterward we all passed

down to the sitting-room to smoke. There a grand Turkish pipe was served to the prince, but to nobody else, and though I first thought it was accidental, I soon saw that it was etiquette, and that even I must look on a prince as hedged around by some divine rights and privileges. Fred Grant, perceiving this personal slight to me, most courteously came and offered me cigars and cigarettes. I took one of the latter, lighted it, and smoked it in unison with the prince general. As a general, his fame is established; as a prince, he is not the subject of criticism; as a gentleman, he will rank very low, and thus is one of the delusions of my life vanished. I am told that Prussians are elevated beyond limit by their brilliant successes over the French—a great pity, but one that in due time will bring down on them the judgment of the world, if not disasters such as now the French groan under.

On Saturday we went to visit the Sultan's country place over in Asia, about twelve miles back of Scutari. We spent some hours there and had an elegant breakfast served,

after which some of us mounted horses and took a ride to a spring from which the palace is supplied with water. As we were starting—I was mounted on a fine horse with a brand-new slippery English saddle—I got a smart fall, but changed to another horse and continued the ride. We got back just in time to be half an hour too late for the dinner of the French ambassador—a handsome affair. This concluded our visit to Constantinople, and the next day, at noon, Sunday, a splendid day, we embarked on board the Sultan's yacht *Sultanieh* for Sebastopol. Mr. Curtin and his son joined our party. By one o'clock we were all on board. Mr. Boker and Mr. Brown left us, the anchor was weighed, and we slowly steamed up the Bosphorus, past all the Turkish fleet, with their crews on deck, ships dressed up with their colors, and the flagship saluting with twenty-one guns as we passed—royal honors. The day was perfect, and on the whole it was one of the most splendid sights I ever beheld.

"THE CENTURY'S" AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES.

MARY CASSATT.

BY ARTHUR HOEBER.

THERE are few things more interesting to study in art than the development of individuality. As a rule, the artist passes through many stages of experiment, and shows traces of influence all the way along the career. From the very beginning at the schools, in the preference for certain casts, through the painting classes, biased by clever comrades, to the final choice of subject material and the inclination toward certain technical methods, there are few painters who are not seriously affected by the work of others.

Admitting this, however, the artist's profession is, after all, a lonely one, and the end must be attained with little outside aid. The law student has the benefit of numberless volumes to which reference may be made; the embryo physician can rely on the experience of his professional brethren, carefully set down in comprehensible print; while the other callings to which men and women find themselves drawn all have their libraries of books and their traditions to guide the novice. But in matters artistic the worker walks

virtually alone, or, frankly admitting himself an imitator, forfeits claim to serious recognition.

No one may give a formula for painting, for it is impossible to make rules applicable to color, or to have every eye see nature in the same way. Tone is so delicate and fugitive, so affected by circumstances, time, and surrounding conditions, that its diagnosis is hopeless. Drawing is more or less a matter of feeling; it is impossible to describe, and has no known laws by which to establish precedence.

But if the artist, though fascinated by the methods of a Velasquez or a Rembrandt, of Manet or Whistler, may not copy servilely, it is still comprehensible that the works of these men may have a deep and lasting impression, and their influence may shape a career that, but for them, might have found its vent in totally different directions.

Nevertheless, it is for the painter, accepting the good in the canvases he is privileged to study and rejecting the bad, yet to retain his own originality, and so to translate nature

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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER ATKER.

"SUPPER-TIME." BY MARY CASSATT.

as to give the absolute personal impression. Otherwise the picture is relegated to the great majority of commonplaces that annually fill the galleries, to the despair of the critic and the apathy of the public.

Of the colony of American painters who for a decade or two past have made Paris their home, few have been more interesting, and none more serious, than Miss Cassatt. From her canvas "Dans la loge," sent to the exhibition of the Society of American Artists some years ago, to her more recent contributions to the Durand-Ruel galleries in New York winter before last, this artist has gone through various stages of experiment and study that have all been entertaining, and have all, in the end, conduced to her advancement in art.

The influence of the impressionists has been scarcely less apparent than that of the art of Japan. Time was when Miss Cassatt gave strong evidence of her predilection for the curious group of Frenchmen who, sacrificing line and form, composition and harmony

of arrangement, even beauty itself, concerned themselves solely with problems of light, air, and the effort to produce scintillating color. Then came her leaning toward those Oriental workers in the land of chrysanthemums, and Miss Cassatt produced many delicately conceived etchings, drawings, and paintings, betraying her affiliations with a wonderfully decorative race. Through all the efforts, however, there were seriousness, intelligent searching, and always individuality.

It would seem, however, that Miss Cassatt has found her true bent in her recent pictures of children and in the delineation of happy maternity. Here she has caught with great fidelity the beauty of child life and the dignity of motherhood, fitting subjects for the artist's brush, ennobling material for intellectual investigation. These she has portrayed with delicacy, refinement, and sentiment. Her technic appeals equally to the layman and the artist, and her color has all the tenderness and charm that accompanies so engaging a motif.

PILGRIMS TO MECCA.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

and closed her narrow, sweet, sleepy blue eyes. Mrs. Valentin never looked at them, when her mind was at rest, without wishing they were a trifle larger—wider open, rather. The eyes were large enough, but the lazy lids shut them in. They saw a good deal, however. She also wished, in moments of contemplation, that she could have laid on a little heavier the brush that traced Elsie's eyebrows, and continued them a little longer at the temples. Then, her upper lip was, if anything, the least bit too short. Yet what a sweet, concentrated little mouth it was—reticent and pure, and not over-ready with smiles, though the hidden teeth were small, flawless, and of baby whiteness. Yes, the mother sighed, just a touch or two,—and she knew just where to put those touches,—and the girl had been a beauty. If nature would only consult the mothers at the proper time, instead of going on in her blindfold fashion!

But, after all, did they want a beauty in the family? On theory, no; the few beauties Mrs. Valentin had known in her life had not been the happiest of women. What they did want was an Elsie—their own Elsie—perfectly trained without losing her naturalness, perfectly educated without losing her health, perfectly dressed without thinking of clothes, perfectly accomplished without wasting her time, and, finally, an Elsie perfectly happy. All that parents situated on the wrong side of the continent for art and culture, and not overburdened with money, could do to that end, Mrs. Valentin was resolved should be done. Needless to say, very little was to be left to God.

Mrs. Valentin was born in the East, some forty-odd years before this educational pilgrimage began, of good Unitarian stock—born with a great sense of personal accountability. She could not have thrown it off and been joyful in the words, "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves."

Elsie had got a headache from the early start and the suppressed agitation of parting from her home and her father. Suppression was as natural to her as expression was to her mother. The father and daughter had held

"NOTICE the girl on your right, Elsie. That is the thing! You have to see it to understand. Do you understand, dear? Do you see the difference?"

► A middle-aged little mother, with a sensitive, care-worn face, leaned across the Pullman section and laid a hand upon her daughter's by way of emphasis—needless, for her voice and manner conveyed all, and much more than, the words could possibly carry. Volumes of argument, demonstration, expostulation were implied.

"Can you see her? Do you see what I mean? What, dear?"

The questions followed one another like beads running down a string. Elsie's silence was the knot at the end. She opened her eyes and turned them languidly as directed, but without raising her head from the back of the car-seat.

"I will look presently, mother. I can't see much of anything now."

"Oh, never mind. Forgive me, dear. How is your head? Lie still; don't try to talk."

Elsie smiled, patted her mother's hand,

each other silently a moment; both had smiled, and both were ill for hours afterward.

But Mrs. Valentin thought that in Elsie's case it was because she had not sent the

the introduction of her grown-up daughter, the impression she would make, the beginning of life all over again in a strange city. (She had known her Boston once, but that was twenty years ago.) She foresaw the

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"A GIRL AS WHITE AS A WHITE CAMELLIA."

girl to bed earlier the night before, and insisted on her eating something at breakfast.

Herself,—she had lain sleepless for the greater part of the night and many nights previous. She had anticipated, in its difficulties, every stage of the getting off, the subsequent journey, the arrival, their reception by Eastern relatives not seen for years,

mistakes she would inevitably make in her choice of means to the desired ends—dress-maker, doctors, specialists of all sorts, the horrible way in which school expenses mount up, the trivial yet poignant comparisons of school life, from which, if Elsie suffered, she would be sure to suffer in silence.

After this fatiguing mental rehearsal she



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

ELSIE.

had risen at five, while the electric lights were still burning and the city was cloaked in fog. It was San Francisco of a mid-summer morning, with fog-whistles groaning, sidewalks slippery with wet, and the gray-green trees and tinted flower-beds of the city gardens emerging like the first broad washes of a water-color laid in with a full brush.

She had taken a last survey of her dismantled home, given the last directions to the old Chinese servant left in charge, presided haggardly at the last home breakfast—what a ghastly little ceremony it was! Then Mr. Valentin had gone across the Oakland ferry with them and put them aboard the train, muffled up as for winter. They had looked into each other's pale faces and parted for two years, all for Elsie's sake. But what Elsie thought about it—whether she understood or cared for what this sacrifice of home and treasure was to purchase—it was impossible to learn. Still more what her father thought. What he had always said was, "You had better go."

"But do you truly think it is the best thing for the child?"

"I think that, whatever we do, there will be times when we'll wish we had done something different; and there will be other times when we shall be glad we did not. All we can do is the best we know up to date."

"But do you think it is the best?"

"I think, Emmy, that you will never be satisfied until you have tried it, and it's worth the money to me to have you feel that you have done your best."

Mrs. Valentin sighed. "Sometimes I wonder why we do cling to that old fetish of the East. Why can't we accept the fact that we are Western people? The question is, Shall we be the self-satisfied kind or the unsatisfied kind? Shall we be contented and limited, or discontented and grow?"

"I guess we shall be limited enough, either way," Mr. Valentin retorted easily. He had no hankering for the East and no grudge against fate for making him a Western man *malgré lui*. "I've known kickers who did n't appear to grow much, except to grow cranky," he said.

Up to the moment of actual departure, Mrs. Valentin had continued to review her decision and to agonize over its possibilities of disaster; but now that the journey had begun, she was experiencing the rest of change and movement. She was as responsive as a child to fresh outward impressions, and the hyperbolic imagination that caused

her such torture when it wrought in the dark hours on the teased fabric of her own life could give her compensating pleasures by daylight, on the open roads of the world. There was as yet nothing outside the car-windows which they had not known of old: the marsh-meadows of the Lower Sacramento, tide-rivers reflecting the sky, cattle and wild fowl, with an occasional windmill or a duck-hunter's lodge breaking the long sweeps of low-toned color. The morning sun was drinking up the fog, the temperature in the Pullman steadily rising. Jackets were coming off and shirt-waists blooming out in summer colors, giving the car a homelike appearance.

It was a saying that summer, "By their belts ye shall know them." Shirt-waists no longer counted, since the ready-made ones for two dollars and a half were almost as chic as the tailor-made for ten. But the belts, the real belts, were inimitable. Sir Lancelot might have used them for his bridle:

Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy.

Mrs. Valentin had looked with distinct approval on a mother and daughter who occupied the section opposite. Their impedimenta and belongings were "all right," arguing persons with cultivated tastes, abroad for a summer spent in divers climates, who knew what they should have and where to get it. A similarity of judgment on questions of clothes and shops is no doubt a bond between strange women everywhere; but it was the daughter's belt-buckle before which Mrs. Valentin bowed down and humbled herself in silence. The like of that comes only by inheritance or travel. Antique, pale gold—Cellini might have designed it. There was probably not another buckle like that one in existence. An imitation? No more than its wearer, a girl as white as a white camellia, with gray eyes and thin black eyebrows, and thick black lashes that darkened the eyes all round. There was nothing noticeable in her dress except its freshness and a certain finish in lesser details, understood by the sophisticated. "Swell" was too common a word for her supreme and dainty elegance. Her resemblance to the ordinary full-fleshed type of Pacific-coast belle was that of a portrait by Romney—possibly engraved by Cole—to a photograph of some *reina de la fiesta*. This was Mrs. Valentin's exaggerated way of putting it to herself. Such a passionate conservative as she was sure to be prejudiced.

The mother had a more pronounced individuality, as mothers are apt to have, and

looked quite fit for the ordinary uses of life. She was of the benignant Roman-nosed Eastern type, daughter of generations of philanthropists and workers in the public eye for the public good; a deep, rich voice, an air of command, plain features, abundant gray hair, imported clothes, wonderful, keen, dark eyes overlapped by a fold of the crumpled eyelid—a personage, a character, a life, full of complex energies and domineering good sense. With gold eye-glasses astride her high-bridged nose, knees crossed, one large, well-shod foot extended, this mother in Israel sat absorbed like a man in the daily paper, and wroth like a man at its contents. Occasionally she would emit an impatient protest in the deep, maternal tones, and the graceful daughter would turn her head and read over her shoulder in silent assent.

"How trivial, how self-centered we are!" Mrs. Valentin murmured, leaning across to claim a look from Elsie. "I realize it the moment we get outside our own little treadmill. We do nothing but take thought for what we shall eat and drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed. I have n't thought of the country once this morning. I've been wondering if all the good summer things are gone at Hollander's. It may be very hot in Boston the first few weeks. You will be wilted in your cloth suit."

"Oh, mammy, mammy! what a mammy!" purred Elsie, her pretty upper lip curling in the smile her mother loved—with a reservation. Elsie had her father's sense of humor, and had caught his half-caressing way of indulging it at the "intense" little mother's expense.

"Elsie," she observed, "you know I don't mind your way of speaking to me,—as if I were the girl of sixteen and you the woman of forty,—but I hope you won't use it before the aunts and cousins. I shall be sure to lay myself open, but, dear, be careful. It is n't very good form to be too amused with one's mother. Of course there's as much difference in mothers as in girls," Mrs. Valentin acknowledged. "A certain sort of temperament interferes with the profit one ought to get out of one's experience. If you had my temperament I should n't waste this two years' experiment on you; I should know that nothing could change your—spots. But you will learn—everything. How is your head, dear—what?"

Elsie had said nothing; she had not had the opportunity.

At a flag-station where the train was halted (this overland train was a "local" as far as

Sacramento) Mrs. Valentin looked out and saw a colored man in livery climb down from the back seat of a mail-cart and hasten across the platform with a huge paper box. It proved to be filled with magnificent roses, of which he was the bearer to the ladies opposite. A glance at a card was followed by gracious acknowledgments, and the footman retired beaming. He watched the train off, hat in hand, bowing to the ladies at their window as only a well-raised colored servant can bow.

"The Coudert place lies over there," said Mrs. Valentin, pointing to a mass of dark trees toward which the trap was speeding. "They have been staying there," she whispered—"doing the west coast, I suppose, with invitations to all the swell houses."

"Is your daughter not well?" the deep voice spoke across the car.

As Elsie could not ride backward, her mother, to give her room, and for the pleasure of watching her, was seated with her own back to the engine, facing most of the ladies in the car.

"She is a little train-sick; she could not eat this morning, and that always gives her a headache."

Elsie raised her eyelashes in faint dissent.

"She should eat something, surely. Have you tried malted milk? I have some of the lozenges; she can take one without raising her head."

Search was made in a distinguished-looking bag, Mrs. Valentin protesting against the trouble, and beseeching Elsie with her eyes to accept one from the little silver box of pastils that was passed across the aisle.

Elsie said she really could not—thanks very much.

The keen, dark eyes surveyed her with the look of a general inspecting raw troops, and Mrs. Valentin felt as depressed as the company officer who has been "working up" the troops. "Won't you try one, Elsie?" she pleaded.

"I'd rather not, mother," said Elsie.

She did not repeat her thanks to the great authority, but left her mother to cover her retreat.

"The young girls nowadays do pretty much as they please about eating or not eating," observed the Eastern matron, in her large, impersonal way. "They can match our theories with quite as good ones of their own." She smiled again at Elsie, and the overtures on that side ceased.

"I would have eaten any imaginable thing she offered me," sighed Mrs. Valentin, "but

Elsie is so hard to impress. I cannot understand how a girl, a baby, who has never been anywhere or seen anything, can be so fearfully *posée*. It's the Valentin blood. It's the drop of Indian blood away; 'way back. It's their impassiveness, but it's awfully good form—when she grows up to it."

After this, Mrs. Valentin sat silent for such an unnatural length of time that Elsie roused herself to say something encouraging.

"I shall be all right, mother, after Sacramento. We will take a walk. The fresh air is all I need."

She was as good as her word. The cup of tea and the twenty minutes' stroll made such a happy difference that Mrs. Valentin sent a telegram to her husband to say that Elsie's head was better and that she had forgotten her trunk-keys, and would he express them at once to the ticket office at Ogden.

So much refreshed was Elsie that her mother handed her the letters which had come to her share of that morning's mail. There were four or five of them, addressed in large, girlish hands, and exhibiting the latest and most expensive fads in stationery. Over one of them Elsie gave a shriek of delight—an outburst so unexpected and out of character with her former self that their distinguished fellow-travelers involuntarily looked up, and Mrs. Valentin blushed for her child.

"Oh, mammy, how rich! How just like Gladys! She kept it for a last surprise! Mother, Gladys is going to Mrs. Barrington's herself."

The mother's face fell.

"Indeed!" she said, forcing a tone of pleasure. "Well, it's a compliment—on both sides. Mrs. Barrington is very particular whom she takes, and the Castants are sparing nothing that money can do for Gladys."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Elsie, her face transformed. "Poor Gladys! she'll have a perfectly awful time, too, and we can sympathize."

"Are you expecting to have an 'awful time,' Elsie,"—the mother looked aghast,— "and are you going to throw yourself into the arms of Gladys for sympathy? Then let me say, my daughter, that neither Mrs. Barrington nor any one else can do much for your improvement, and all the money we are spending will be thrown away. If you are going East to ally yourself exclusively with Californian girls, to talk California and think California and set yourself against everything that is not Californian, we might just as well take the first train west at Colfax."

"But am I to be different to Gladys when we meet away from home?" Elsie's sensitive eyes clouded. Her brows went up.

"Of course not. Gladys is a dear, delightful girl. I'm as fond of her as you are. But you can have Gladys all the rest of your life, I hope. I'm not a snob, dear, but I do think we should recognize the fact that some acquaintances are more improving than others."

"And cultivate them for the sake of what they can do for us?"

In Elsie's voice there was an edge of resistance, hearing which her mother, when she was wise, would let speech die and silence do its work. Her influence with the girl was strongest when least insisted upon. She was not wiser than usual that morning, but the noise of the train made niceties of statement impossible. She abandoned the argument perforce, and Elsie, left with her retort unanswered, acknowledged its cheapness in her own quick, strong, wordless way.

The dining-car would not be attached to the train until they reached Ogden. At twilight they stopped "twenty minutes for refreshment," and the Valentins took the refreshment they needed most by pacing the platform up and down—the tall daughter, in her severely cut clothes, shortening her boyish stride to match her mother's step; the mother, looking older than she needed, in a light-gray traveling-cap, with Elsie's golf-cape thrown over her silk waist.

The Eastern travelers were walking, too. They had had tea out of an English tea-basket, and bread and butter from the buffet, and were independent of supper-stations. With the Valentins it was sheer improvisation and want of appetite.

"Please notice that girl's step," said Mrs. Valentin, pressing Elsie's arm. "'Art is to conceal art.' It has taken years of the best of everything, and eternal vigilance besides, to create such a walk as that; but *c'est fait*. You don't see the entire sole of her foot every time she takes a step."

"Having a certain other person's soles in view, mammy?"

"I'm afraid I should have them in full view if you came to meet me. Not the heel quite so pronounced, dearest."

"Oh, mother, please leave that to Mrs. Barrington! Let us be comrades for these few days."

"Dearest, it would be the happiness of my life to be never anything but a comrade. But who is to nag a girl if not her mother? I very much doubt if Mrs. Barrington will condescend to speak of your boot-soles.

She will expect all that to have been attended to long ago."

"It has been—a thousand years ago. Sometimes I feel that I'm all boot-soles."

"The moment I see some result, dear, I shall be satisfied. One does n't speak of such things for their own sake."

"Can't we get a paper?" said Elsie. "What is that they are shouting?"

"I don't think it can be anything new. We brought these papers with us on the train. But we can see. No; it's just what we had this morning. They are preparing for a general assault. There will be heavy fighting to-morrow. Why, that is to-day!" Mrs. Valentin held the newspaper at arm's-length.

"Is there anything more? I can only read the head-lines."

The girl took the paper and looked at it with a certain reluctance, narrowing her eyelids.

"Mother, there was something else in Gladys's letter. Billy Castant has enlisted with the Rough Riders. He was in that fight at Las Guasimas, while we were packing our trunks. He did badly again in his exams, and he—he did n't go home; he just enlisted."

"The foolish fellow!" Mrs. Valentin exclaimed. A sharp intuition told her there was trouble in the wind, and defensively she turned upon the presumptive cause. "The foolish boy! What he needs is an education. But he won't work for it. It's easier to go off mad and be a Rough Rider."

"I don't think it was easy at Las Guasimas," Elsie said, with a strained little laugh. "You remember the last war, mother; did you belittle your volunteers?"

Mrs. Valentin listened with a catch in her breath. What did this portend? So slight a sign as that in Elsie meant tears and confessions from another girl.

"And did you only hear of this just now, from Gladys's letter?"

"Yes, mother."

"You extraordinary child—your father all over again! I might have known by the way you laughed over that letter that you had bad news to tell—or keep to yourself."

"I don't call that bad news, do you, mother? He does need an education, but he will never get it out of books."

"Well, it's a pretty severe sort of education for his parents—nineteen, an only son, and to go without seeing them again. He might at least have come home and enlisted from his own State."

They were at the far end of the platform, facing the dark of the pine-clad ravines.

Deep, odorous breaths of night wind came sighing up the slopes.

"Mother, there was something happened last winter that I never told you," Elsie began again, with pauses. "It was so silly, and there seemed no need to speak of it. But I can't bear not to speak now. I don't know if it has made any difference—with Billy's plans. It seems disloyal to tell you. But you must forget it: he's forgotten, I am sure. He said—those silly things, you know! I could n't have told you then; it was too silly. And I said that I did n't think it was for him or for me to talk about such things. It was for men and women—not boys who could n't even get their lessons."

"Elsie!" Mrs. Valentin gave a little choked laugh. "Did you say that? The poor boy! Why, I thought you were such good friends!"

"He was n't talking friendship, mother, and I was furious with him for flunking his exams. He only passed in five out of seven. He ought to have done better than that. He's not stupid; it's that fatal popularity. He's captain of this and manager of that, and they give him such a lot of money. And they pet him, too; they make excuses for him all the time. I told him he must do something before he began to have feelings. The only feeling he had any right to have was shame for his miserable record."

"And that was all the encouragement you gave him?"

"If you call that 'encouragement,'" said Elsie.

"You did very well, my dear; but I suppose you know it was the most intimate thing you could have said to him, the greatest compliment you could pay him. If he ever does make any sort of a record, you have given him the right to come back to you with it."

"He will never come back to me without it," said the girl. "But it was nothing—nothing! All idleness and nonsense, and the music after supper that went to his head."

"I hope it was nothing more than—" Mrs. Valentin checked herself. There were things she said to her husband which sometimes threatened to slip out inadvertently when his youthful copy was near. "Well, I see nothing to be ashamed of, on your side. But such things are always a pity. They age a girl in spite of herself. And the boys—they simply forget. The rebuke does them good, but they forget to whom they owe it. It's just one of those things that make my girlie older. But oh, how fast life comes!"

Elsie slipped her hand under her mother's

cloak, and Mrs. Valentin pressed her own down hard upon it.

"We must get aboard, dear. But I'm so glad you told me! And I did n't mean quite what I said about Billy's 'going off mad.' He has given all he had to give, poor boy; why, is his own affair."

"I hope—what I told you—has made no difference about his coming home. It's stupid of me to think it. But hard words come back, don't they, mother? Hard words—to an old friend!"

"Billy is all right, dear; and it was so natural you should be tried with him! 'For to be wroth with one we—'" Mrs. Valentin had another of her narrow escapes. "Come, there is the porter waiting for us."

"Mother," said Elsie, sternly, "please don't misunderstand. I should never have spoken of this if I had been 'wroth' with him—in that way."

"Of course not, dear; I understand. And it would never do, anyway, for father does n't like the blood."

"Father does n't like the—what, mother?"

Elsie asked the question half an hour later, as they sat in an adjoining section, waiting for their berths to be made up.

"What, dear?"

"What did you say father does n't like—in the Castants?"

"Oh, the blood, the family. This generation is all right—apparently. But blood will tell. You are too young to know all the old histories that fathers and mothers read young people by."

"I think we are what we are," said Elsie; "we are not our great-grandfathers."

"In a measure we are, and it should teach us charity. Not as much can be expected of Billy Castant, coming of the stock he does, as you might expect of that ancestry." Mrs. Valentin nodded toward the formidable Eastern contingent. (Elsie was consciously hating them already.) "The fountain can rise no higher than its source."

"I thought there was supposed to be a source a little higher than the ground—unless we are no more than earth-born fountains."

"Out of the mouth of babes," said Mrs. Valentin, laughing gently. "I own it, dear. Middle age is suspicious and mean and unspiritual and troubled about many things. A middle-aged mother is like an old hen when hawks are sailing around; she can't see the sky."

"Yes," said Elsie, settling cozily against her mother's shoulder. "I always know when

mammy speaks as my official mother, and when she is talking 'straight talk.' I shall be so happy when she believes I am old enough to hear only straight talk."

"I've got a surprise for you, Elsie," said Mrs. Valentin, a day and a night eastward of the Sierras. They were on the Great Plains, at that stage of an overland journey which suggests, in the words of a clever woman, the advisability of "taking a tuck in the continent."

Elsie's eyebrows seemed to portend that surprises are not always pleasant.

"I've been talking with our Eastern lady, and imagine! her daughter is one of Mrs. Barrington's girls, too. This will be her second year. So there is—"

"An offset to Gladys," Elsie interrupted.

"So there is a chance for you to know one girl, at least, of the type I've always been holding up to you, always believed in, though the individuals are so rare."

Elsie's sentiments, unexpressed, were that she wished they might be rarer. Not that the flower of Eastern culture was not all her mother protested she was; but there are crises of discouragement on the upward climb of trying to realize a mother's ambitions for one's self, when one is only a girl—the only girl on whom the family experiments are all to be wrecked. Elsie suffered in silence many a pang that her mother never dreamed of—pangs of effort unavailing and unappreciated. She wished to conform to her mother's exigent standard, but she could not, all at once, and be a girl too—a girl of sixteen, a little off the key physically, not having come to a woman's repose of movement; a little stridulous mentally, but pulsing with life's dumb music of aspiration; as intense as her mother in feeling, without her mother's power to throw off the strain in words.

"Well, mother?" she questioned.

"She is older than you, and she will be at home. The advances, of course, must come from her, but I hope, dear, you will not be—you will try to be responsive?"

"I never know, mother, when I am not responsive. It's like wrinkling my forehead; it does itself."

Mrs. Valentin made a gesture expressive of the futility of argument under certain not unfamiliar conditions.

"You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." I am leading my Pegasus to the fountain of—what was the fountain?"

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC."

PART IV. PRISON LIFE IN SANTIAGO AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE SIEGE.

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, U. S. N.

THE TRAMP FROM THE MORRO TO SANTIAGO.

BY sunrise next morning (Tuesday, June 7) we were off for Santiago. I found my men waiting in the entrance archway, and I formed them in column of twos, and we marched out with military step, a guard of about thirty soldiers with us, under the command of a lieutenant, one third in front and the rest behind. We broke step on the hillside, and filed down the same path by which we had come up. I had already decided which features of the harbor defense I would observe with special care as we passed; but upon arriving at the head of Estrella Cove, to my surprise and disappointment, the leaders turned inland. It was evident that we were not to be taken up by boat through the harbor, as I had expected, but were to tramp up by dirt road. I asked Murphy if his hip gave him any trouble, and whether he thought he could stand a long tramp. He was sure he could, and the whole party started ahead, single file, up the ravine that runs into Estrella Cove.

One can hardly imagine the exhilaration we felt. It is true that we had been in prison only four days, but it had been weeks since any of us had been ashore, and it was our first tramp in Cuba. The tropical vegetation had special interest. There were shrubs and trees that we had never seen before, and we picked flowers of rich color from the pathside, to the amusement of the soldiers, who seemed themselves to have no interest in life, nature, or anything else. However, they kept a keen eye on their prisoners. I measured the chances of an attempt to break away. We had the advantage of greater vigor, and I felt we could make a dash and overpower and disarm an equal number, or perhaps the ten ahead; but twenty more behind, with bayonets and magazine-guns, were too many. I took careful note of the directions of the path, taking bearings by the sun, which could be seen, though screened with clouds, and examined the approaches on the right and left.

The path would admit of the passage of artillery, and would serve either for an advance on the city from the south or an advance on Morro from the north. The heights on both sides of the ravine, however, would have to be controlled by advance infantry. For several miles the sides were almost perpendicular, presenting remarkable aspects of erosion by water, vast caverns having been cut out like those under Morro. One thought what lodgings they would make for ambush. While passing through the ravine we could see nothing beyond the steep, rocky banks for about fifty yards on each side; but finally the mountains back of Santiago loomed up ahead, and soon the ravine drew to a gentle rise on each side, and we caught a glimpse of the waters of the bay. We had covered probably five miles without seeing a sign of fort, block-house, trench, or pit; but as the path turned westward, near the railroad, there ahead of us, on the left, a detachment of pioneers was constructing works to bear upon the path and railroad; and across on the right, beyond the railroad, was a detachment of cavalry mounted on ponies—the first cavalry I had seen, so I studied them closely. The officer in charge apparently had something to say to the officer in command of our guard. We came to attention, caught step, column of twos, and came to a halt, right face, as the guard halted. My men held their heads up, marched with a fine sailor swing, obeyed orders with precision, and made an excellent appearance, well brought out by contrast with the Spanish soldier. I felt proud of them, as indeed I did all through the imprisonment. I noted the critical looks of the Spanish officers and soldiers—looks that told of their interest in coming events. While the officers conferred, the water-bucket was passed around; for though the sun had remained screened, walking was rather hot work.

We started off as we had come up, and the looks of interest from the Spanish followed till we turned out of sight up the railroad-



A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY CECILIA BEAUX, NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1896.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAWSON.

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

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track. Clearing a cut, the bay burst upon us; and there, quietly moored, in dark dignity lay the fleet, the *Colón*, distinguished by her single mast, seeming to have a special dignity of her own—at least, to my fancy, that pictured below the surface her wonderfully distributed armor and her remarkable machinery, combined with an equally remarkable battery. A launch was alongside of the *Vizcaya*, in front of the spot where the projectile had struck the day before, and it seemed to me that they were repairing damages. A fine merchant vessel lay farther up, and beyond her a number of smaller craft. The shore and approaches were attractive, with hillocks and valleys of cocoanut-palms and a rich growth of grass; but above the keen sensation of the beauty of the picture was the pervading thought that the enemy held control, and I looked at everything as though I were on a reconnaissance. The hillocks each had a blockhouse, but there seemed to be no trenches or earthworks. I thought what magnificent vantage-ground the hillocks would furnish for artillery to reduce the city.

The railroad soon turned to the left toward the bay, and numerous dumping-cars showed that it was used principally for ore. But the cars seemed not to have been used for a long time, and there was a general air of depression. We continued turning away from the railroad, and began to pass huts, from which half-dressed children peered with frightened faces. I was making some inquiries about the inhabitants from the officer in charge of the guard, when a cavalry detachment appeared ahead under a large tree, the troopers in the saddle, and an officer standing near a carriage. The officer came forward to meet us, and announced that he had been sent by the commanding general with an escort to conduct us into the city. He was a major on the staff of General Toral, I understood, and the troopers must have belonged to the body-guard. One can scarcely imagine a more picturesque group, or one with more color. Blue predominated, but bright red set it off on borders, wristlets, etc. The colors might have been called gaudy but for a very artistic arrangement in blending. The major asked if I would be kind enough to join him

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE SINCE THE SURRENDER.

VIEW NEAR MORRO CASTLE, LOOKING TOWARD SANTIAGO.

This was the route over which the *Merrimac* prisoners were taken. The road turns to the left to Estrella at the point where it narrows into a path. The telegraph line here was made of barbed wire.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE SINCE THE SURRENDER.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

FIRST VIEW OF SANTIAGO FROM THE MORRO TRAIL.

in the carriage, where another officer of the staff was waiting. I asked if he would allow one of my men who had been wounded to ride with the driver. He consented, and Murphy jumped up on the driver's seat. The guard from the Morro was dismissed, the officer in charge of it shaking hands with me heartily.

I put Montague in charge of the little squad, with directions to keep step and preserve military bearing, and we started for the city, the carriage being followed by the squad, the troopers riding along on each side, with carbines on their hips.

THE NEW PRISON.

We flanked the city toward the east, skirting it on the south side. I could look down the streets for some distance without seeing any building of importance, the houses being more or less alike—small one-story structures with high windows and doors, the windows covered with iron bars outside, all of a kind of stucco, and the roofs of tile. Here again blue predominated, but there was the general light or white effect that I had noticed in Latin provincial towns and cities.

At last we came up to the long two-story barracks known as the Cuartel Reina Mercedes, situated on the eastern edge of the city beside the large military hospital. We passed along the front of the barracks, and stopped at the door in the middle, the major saying that this was to be our new quarters. A major whom I took to be in command of the barracks met us. The major of the staff in the carriage introduced me, and turned over the prisoners, saying that our effects were on the way and would soon be brought up, I having expressed solicitude on the subject, as a storm had caught us just before reaching the barracks, and my men were wet. A guard conducted them through the entrance into the courtyard beyond, where they turned to the left, while the major showed me into the room of the officer of the day on the right. The two officers bade me a kind and courteous farewell, and the escort left. The major introduced the officer of the day, and ordered drinks for three, being rather surprised at my choice of a thirst drink, insisting that they had superior brands of cognac and rum.

Luncheon was being served, and the major

ordered mine to be served on the table of the officer of the day, giving special direction to bring table-cloth, napkin, etc., with a bottle of claret; and the two officers sat by to entertain me as I ate. The major was called away soon, leaving the officer of the day and me alone. I did not know at the time, but learned afterward, that General Toral passed about that time, and observing the scene, had the officer of the day put in solitary confinement in the Morro. I was astonished to learn this, for my host, as I soon saw, was waiting only till my room should be ready. It was opposite his room, beyond the first room, which was occupied by the sergeant of the guard, and I could see soldiers sweeping and washing up, while furniture was being taken in, among which I noticed with satisfaction a kind of cot-bed, an iron frame with canvas stretched across, the frame rising up to hold a mosquito-net. A Sister of Charity came with it, and I knew that it had been brought from the hospital.

THE WRITER'S COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.

WHEN we were through luncheon, the officer conducted me across to my room. Over the entrance were the words, "Sala de la Justicia," which indicated a court-martial room.

It was large, airy, and bright, with a big window looking across the road over the country toward the mountains to the east and north-east. It was freshly whitewashed, with an asphaltum coating at the bottom of the walls that, drying, gave a wholesome odor. As we entered, the sister was giving the last touches to the linen. She had evidently been detailed to see the room fitted up with the regular furniture of an officer's room at the hospital, and it was a beautiful sight to see the pains she took to have everything dainty and orderly. As she left, she slipped a little package on the table, a cake of guava jelly. Of all the kindnesses and attentions I received, none touched me more deeply. The jelly lasted a long time, for I husbanded it, taking only a very little after each meal. It kept before me the picture of these devoted sisters ministering in hospitals and prisons, and wherever else there is human suffering upon the earth.

The officer of the day withdrew, with assurances that he would be at my service, near at hand, for anything I might wish. When the sister left, the sentry closed and bolted the door, and placed himself on the outside, abreast a round hole cut at about the height of the eye; then came the peculiar



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE SINCE THE SURRENDER.

ENTRANCE TO THE CUARTEL REINA MERCEDES, SANTIAGO, WHERE THE "MERRIMAC" PRISONERS WERE CONFINED.

The lower window on the extreme left is in Mr. Hobson's room.

sensation, to which I could never become accustomed, of having an eye watching me all the time. This surveillance proved the greatest of all impediments in my plans for escape. to contribute to cheerfulness and comfort. But the fine view from the window could not make up for the loss of the sight of our ships and the majestic sea horizon.

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

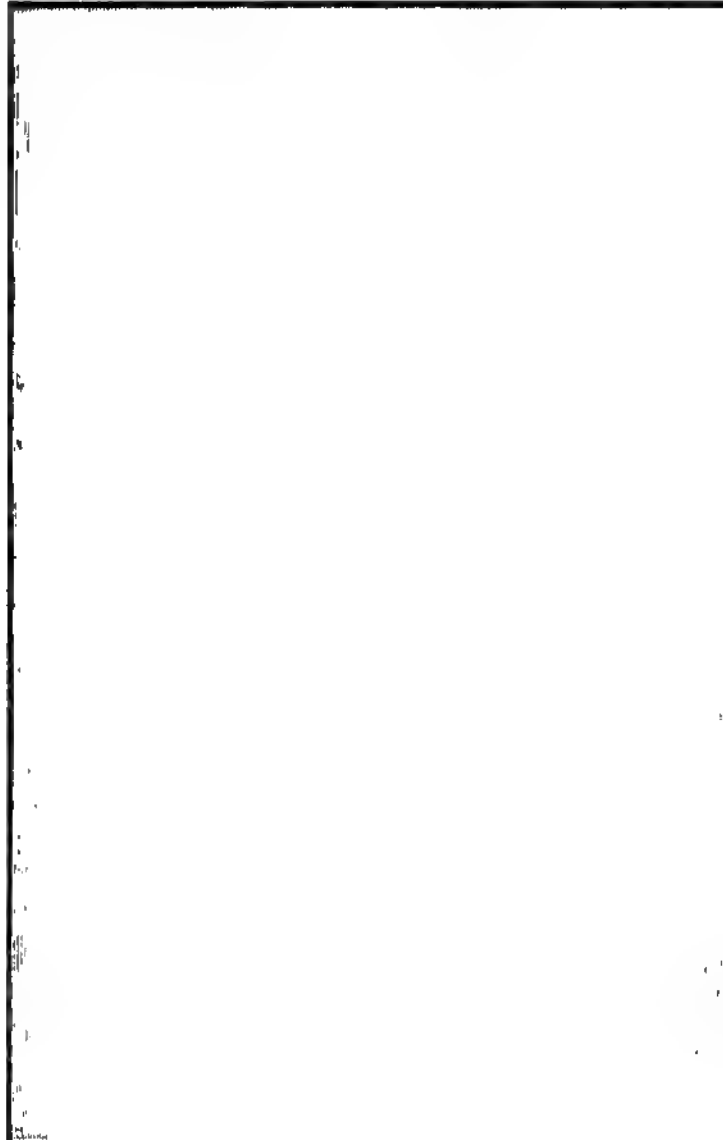
MR. HOBSON'S ARRIVAL AT HIS ROOM IN THE CUARTEL.

It was not long before the cart arrived bringing our effects from the Morro. The cot was no longer required, so it was folded and put against the back wall. The small table which I had used as a wash-stand now served for a dressing-table, while the larger table answered for a sideboard. Chairs had already been provided, and with those from Morro there were enough for a reception—two rockers and four or five others. The room was so large that there was no necessity for removing anything. My quarters were certainly in marked contrast with the cell of the Morro, and there was everything

A VISIT FROM THE BRITISH CONSUL.

I WAS still walking up and down when a carriage drove up, and a fine-looking gentleman of superb build alighted and came into the barracks. Soon the officer of the day opened the door and announced the British consul. Mr. Ramsden met me with a hearty though undemonstrative greeting, and I soon perceived in this man the finest flower of human kindness. He said he had received my letter of the previous day relative to the prisoners being kept in the Morro, and had gone at once to see General Linares; that he had

seen General Toral, who gave assurances of removal, but did not know of the flag of truce referred to; that the matter had been him, as he had told Captain Bustamante, that he would not visit me for fear that he might not afterward be able to do his official duty.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

THE LATE FREDERICK W. RAMSDEN, BRITISH CONSUL AT SANTIAGO.

settled upon the return of General Linares, who had been down at the Morro during the bombardment. "Ah," I thought, "General Linares, then, had been in the Morro, and had left us exposed when he knew Morro was being fired on—had left me up in the most exposed of all positions when by a word and without any difficulty he could have had us all placed in a position of complete safety!" He went on to say that General Linares told

SAD NEWS OF ACOSTA.

MR. RAMSDEN said he had just come from a funeral, which had detained him somewhat. "A very sad funeral," he added, "a Spanish commander—a fine fellow, who had been mortally wounded in the bombardment, the executive officer of the *Reina Mercedes*." "Not Captain Acosta!" I exclaimed, and a great rush of pain and grief swept over me.

Acosta, who was so kind to me! Yes, it was he. The gallant fellow was forward on the *Mercedes* when a shell entered and exploded, killing five men and wounding a number of others—probably the very shell which I had remarked. The surgeon ran at once to Acosta, whose right leg had been cut off at the hip; but Acosta put him away, directing him to attend first to the groaning seamen. There was no hope for him; he lived about two hours, and died with the fortitude of a brave man who had done his duty. I felt a void, a great personal loss, as for a dear friend. It is strange how short a period is necessary in war-time to make a place in the heart for one who has the fine traits of the true soldier. With the thought of Acosta's death, I could scarcely enter into the spirit of the subsequent conversation. We talked chiefly about the bombardment. Mr. Ramsden had seen it from his country house, between the city and the Morro, and had been most impressed, like myself, with the thirteen-inch shells and their manifestations of power, being particularly interested in the sound of those that, striking, proceeded on, tumbling, and making pulsating, puffing sounds like a switching locomotive. He said the *Mercedes* had received the greatest punishment, having been three times set on fire; that men had been killed at the Morro, but that, though some of the guns of the sea batteries were literally buried, the batteries had not suffered material damage. To Mr. Ramsden's inquiries as to my wants I replied that about everything required for comfort had been supplied, but that I should be very much indebted if he would use his good offices to help bring about our exchange, requesting him to call attention to the many prisoners at Manila. He assured me that everything possible on his part would be done. I requested that application be made for my men to have the same privileges as at the Morro in the matter of cleanliness and health, and the consul said he was on his way to see them. He made a cheerful atmosphere, and I knew from his first visit that we should receive the benefit of all his influence, personal and official.

FIRST TIDINGS FROM HOME.

MR. RAMSDEN had been gone only a short while when the officer of the day brought in a cablegram, sent in care of Admiral Cervera. The sight of it made my pulse quicken, as I divined that it came from the United States. It was a message of kindness from the Southern Society of Brooklyn, the first that reached me; and I felt then that we were not being

forgotten by our countrymen, and my hopes for an early exchange rose.

I sat down in the rocker in front of the window, and looked out at the lengthening shadows and the softening light as the sun sank lower. There was a pervading stillness, and a sadness seemed to overhang nature. Kind and noble Acosta, to be cut off so soon!

Soldiers came and went, passing my window, which I soon saw was a vantage-ground of observation for all movements and operations to the east and northeast of the town. From time to time small groups of infantry and cavalry came up to the entrance. Some came in, others stopped only for a while; all were only a few yards from where I sat, and admitted of the closest scrutiny. Many officers and privates came regularly, and day after day I would study these groups.

Along toward five o'clock soldiers set out from the entrance, carrying large tin buckets; usually two went together, with a pole between them, resting on their shoulders, carrying two buckets. Leaves lay over them, but it was not long before some of the contents spilled over, and I discovered that they contained boiled rice and boiled frijoles. The barracks, I saw, was being used to supply provisions for troops round about. Later, after the arrival of our troops, cart-loads of boxed provisions were sent out. I was not long in discovering that the barracks was being used also to confine military prisoners, there being seventy-five or eighty in confinement at the time, and that there was a hospital service in one portion, perhaps for the overflow from the military hospital. These services seemed to be more important than the barrack service proper, the number of troops coming and going varying from time to time.

THE FIRST MEAL IN THE NEW QUARTERS.

PROMPTLY at five o'clock a soldier came with my dinner, and in a well-trained manner spread a tidy table-cloth, placed a napkin, and arranged knives, forks, and spoons for a regular course dinner. I had him place the table in front of the window, so that I might look out while eating. He put the Morro table to the rear, using it for a side-table, and stood up behind me, changing the plate as required. It seemed rather strange to have a course dinner in prison. There were seldom fewer than three courses: frijoles, rice, and beef, and sometimes sardines; then, for a long time, a bit of the guava jelly; and for a while fruit, which the British consul sent. When the courses were through,

the attendant cleared the table and served a small cup of hot black coffee. I would change my chair, take a rocker, and sip the coffee, looking out over the landscape, and for the time only the double row of bars told of prison. Those bars were a great nuisance. One series is bad enough, but two were

the service of the meals, and was most attentive and efficient. He was in the hospital service, and had had excellent training. He seemed to take pride in his assignment to look out for me, saying that he had been able to get it because he knew the British consul—"And a fine man that," he added, with an

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

MEMBERS OF THE "MERRIMAC" CREW BOXING IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CUARTEL.

utterly exasperating, as the eyes and head had to go through a course of gymnastics before a clear-away channel of sight could be had, and even then the slightest movement set a bar across one eye, and the effort to clear it threw a bar of the other series across the other eye; and all the while an enticing landscape lay beyond.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

AFTER carefully clearing up, the attendant left, asking at what time "señor" desired his coffee in the morning. He had henceforth entire charge of the room, as well as

emphatic shake of the head. He was, in fact, an interesting character in many ways, as I afterward found out. He was rather small and somewhat shriveled, and showed all his thoughts in his face. He had been instructed not to communicate to me anything of a military nature, and was faithful to his instructions; but he was as tender-hearted as an Irishman, and after the fighting began, I could tell each morning from the length of his face how matters had gone the previous day.

Just before dark the officer of the day brought in his relief and presented him, the

new officer of the day asking if there was anything that I needed, saying that he would be always at hand, and trusted I would call upon him without reluctance for anything whatsoever. Thus for thirty days each officer on duty would bring in and present his relief. They were all first lieutenants of infantry, and though a different one came every day, they were, with but one or two exceptions, kind, courteous, and considerate.

The lamplighter came and brought a lamp; but I preferred a candle, which I screened so that it would not be in my eyes as I walked up and down, which I did till about nine o'clock, thinking over the change in the situation and the problem of entering the harbor and destroying the enemy's fleet, indulging in vain pictures of early release and restoration to duty. My sleep was sound, and I awakened with a start at daybreak, hearing rumbling sounds like peals of great guns in the distance. It proved to be only the rumble of a cart in the courtyard. This noise, like the waves in the caverns at Morro, so resembled the roar of cannon that even to the end of our imprisonment I would start up at night and require some little time to distinguish the effect of the slow wheels on the cobbles. The barracks was like a great sounding-board, and generally sleep was out of the question after daybreak.

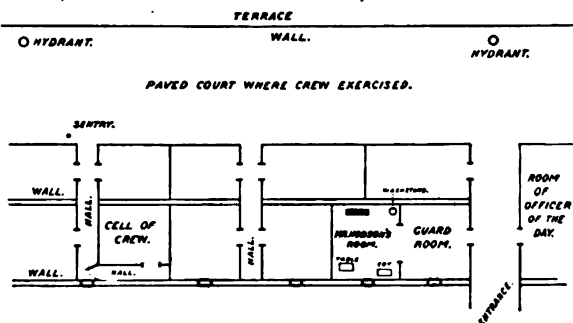
PROTESTS AGAINST THE TREATMENT OF THE CREW.

AFTER early breakfast I asked the officer of the day to request permission for me to go with the attending surgeon to see my men in their quarters. The request was granted, with the understanding that communication would be allowed between myself and the men only when specially required. I found them all together in one room of moderate size only, with a small barred opening in the door, which was kept closed, locked, and bolted, and guarded by a sentry on the outside. There was no other opening for light or air, and I feared these conditions would endanger their health if there should be any considerable delay in exchange, and spoke of this to Mr. Ramsden when he called next day. He was of the same opinion, and placed the matter before General Linares, but without effect, the general saying that there was absolutely no other place to put the men, and that his own soldiers were living under the same conditions.

BOXING-GLOVES AND READING MATTER.

THE men were cheerful, however, saying that the food was even better than at the Morro, a portion of beef having been added. Murphy had suffered no ill effects from the tramp, and none had caught cold from the shower. I impressed upon them the absolute necessity of taking every precaution for cleanliness, and directed them to go through the setting-up exercises, a kind of Delsarte, twice a day. They did this throughout, much to the amusement of the Spaniards, to whom the value of such exercise seemed never to have occurred.

Even with these precautions, I was not much surprised when, two days later, Phillips was taken ill and sent for me. He had stomach trouble, with low fever, and I wrote a letter to General Linares urgently requesting that amelioration be made—that if the men could not be given better quarters, they should be allowed at least an hour each day in the courtyard. The British consul supported the request, and after three or four days' delay the order was issued allowing them to go out from twelve to one, the least desirable hour of the day, with a vertical sun; but this was better than continuous confinement. It was interesting to see them, as I had occasion to, in crossing the yard, with a cordon of sentries all around on duty, yet admiring spectators. They made a great reputation for strength, the officers commenting on it. But what seemed most interesting was the boxing, taken up later. The British consul found two boxing-gloves in town, and though they were both for the left hand, the men managed to get first-rate exercise and fun from them. It was rather amusing when the gloves came. I sent them out to the officer of the day to give to the men. He did not know what they were, and sent them to General Linares's office, where the British



THE QUARTERS IN THE CUARTEL REINA MERCEDES.

DRAWN BY D. S. KEELER.

PLAN OF THE QUARTERS IN THE CUARTEL REINA MERCEDES.

consul found them two or three days later; and it was only after assurances that the men would be less dangerous with the gloves on than without them that the general reluctantly consented to their use. The same thing occurred in connection with reading matter. The consul, who was forbidden to send newspapers, sent in a good supply of old magazines, chiefly the "Strand Magazine" and THE CENTURY, and a number of novels, and I sent out a portion of them to the men. Mr. Ramsden found them several days later on the desk of General Toral, and no amount of persuasion would bring him to let them go to the men. "You can't tell me anything about such matters," he said. "I have been in prison, and tried it myself—marking certain words here and there which, combined, made up a message." He could find no words marked, but that did not make any difference; so the consul had to send a new batch direct to General Linares, who then sent them to the men.

PLANS FOR ESCAPE.

AFTER coming from the men's cell that first morning, I proceeded to arrange a program of my time so as to realize a maximum advantage from the situation. My thoughts were chiefly occupied with our release, the enemy's defenses, and our health and welfare. A methodical routine was made out that continued in effect, with but slight modification, till our troops landed, when the observation of active operations took up most of the time.

Regarding it as very desirable that we should get back to the fleet with our knowledge of the defenses at the entrance, I set to work upon the question of escape. The system of sentries made escape look hopeless from the first. There was a sentry at my door looking at me all the time, a second at the entrance, and at night-time a third at my window, besides the sergeant of the guard between my room and the entrance, and the officer of the day just across, carrying a revolver chained to his belt. When I had occasion to cross the courtyard, two and sometimes three sentries followed behind. All the guards for the seventy-five or eighty prisoners inside were available against me. Nothing could be done in the way of excavation or filing of bars under the eyes of the special sentry. My plan had to be reduced to one simply of perpetual vigilance, holding myself ready to seize any chance, keeping special lookout for the possibility of reaching a horse at the entrance, where horses were frequently hitched. In case of a suc-

cessful dash, I studied out my subsequent movements, whether by daylight or darkness, whether I should be afoot or mounted, and with reference to the topography. I felt that if I could once get into the high grass in the valley about three hundred yards away, I could, by throwing pursuers off the track, finally get to the mountains, and then, by making a long detour, seeking guides among the Cubans, could make my way to the coast, and there get off to the fleet in a small boat. I studied and arranged all the details to the minutest: how I might dash upon the outer sentry with body bent forward, seizing a chair or chairs to shove or throw, or else knocking him down by butting or tripping; then dodge the first shots by dropping behind a bank and a mulberry-tree; crawl on all fours across a small open space; rush with body bent forward to the fence beyond; take the fence and the barbed wire; and then follow up the valley in one direction and afterward turn about. But I watched for a chance in vain. When our troops finally arrived in front of the city, and I knew how valuable to them would be my knowledge of the defenses, particularly the location of the artillery, which I knew so well, the situation grew desperate, and I watched for even the faintest shadow of a chance. But no; the Spanish are passed masters in guarding prisoners, and I was doomed to see the pieces of artillery make their locations known by hurling death at our brave troops.

DESPAIR OF BEING EXCHANGED.

It was not long before the hope of an exchange also began to decline. At my repeated request the British consul brought the matter up with General Linares again and again; but each time the general said he could do nothing—that he looked for directions from the captain-general, and that the matter would probably be decided in Madrid. I asked the consul to urge the matter upon the State Department at Washington, and he did so by a cipher cablegram to the British consul-general at Havana; but no reply came. Finally, on the 15th of June, I requested him to send another cablegram to the State Department, again urging the matter, and requesting in my name information as to what was being done and what hope we might have; but not a word came in reply. Reason argued that everything would certainly be done, that the authorities must appreciate that I had valuable information; but the human feeling would rise, "Why can they not tell us if they are doing anything

or not?" Day after day still passed, and not a word came. In spite of reason, a bitterness began to set in—a kind of deep-seated resentment: "It is not right for our countrymen to forsake and forget us in this way." Little did we suspect what a kindly interest they were really taking. On the 18th the British consul came to say that Paris despatches stated that the Spanish government declined to exchange for the prisoners taken on the *Argonauta*. This at least gave the satisfaction of knowing that efforts had been made, though it portended gloomily for the chances of success. Finally, on the 23d, the consul said that Paris despatches stated that the Spanish premier, Sagasta, had refused entirely to make the exchange on account of

artillery, with a large force of engineers. The colonel of artillery at the Morro had told me that he had eight hundred artillerists at the entrance, and the outer defenses doubtless occupied a large force; but it became clear to me before very long that there could be scarcely more than forty-five hundred or five thousand troops of all arms actually in the city.

The conclusions drawn at the Morro concerning the appearance of the Spanish soldiers were confirmed by the larger observation from the barracks. What impressed me most, however, was the lack of vigor, the languid, tired look, and the sickly complexion. The clothing, too, seemed altogether inadequate against the changes of temperature

and humidity. On board ship we were careful to shift into blue wool at sunset, while the Spanish soldier wore the same thin checked-cotton stuff day and night, without underwear. It was, therefore, not surprising that many had colds and throat and lung troubles. About daylight there was a regular barking all over the barracks, and the cough of the consumptive was easily distinguishable. And during the day, if a group stopped for any length of time, I could perceive that a large part of the men had coughs. The endurance of these troops, however, was something to marvel at. When the city was finally invested,

DRAWN BY GEORGE WARREN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. G. ROOT.

ENTRANCE TO THE CELL OF THE CREW, FROM THE COURTYARD.

the information that the prisoners must have gathered. He gave this gloomy news in a call in the afternoon; but that morning I had heard firing down the coast, and I knew it meant the debarkation of our troops, and felt that a new phase was close at hand.

THE SPANISH SOLDIER AND HIS HORSE.

DURING this two weeks' period, however, the greater part of my observation and study had been given to the enemy's defenses. I would jump up at night to see any piece of artillery pass, or any squad or body of troops making noise enough to awaken me, and during the daytime not an officer or a private passed without my close scrutiny. It soon appeared to me that in the city there were only three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of

I saw them come in after being drenched in the trenches all night, utterly broken down, and scarcely able to get to barracks, and at once, upon an alarm, go out again without food, and remain on duty for hours longer. It was the same with the mounts. One would think them utterly used up—nothing but ponies, poor, half starved, stiff, many of them with sores; yet they would go off on a canter for hours, and never break down. When flour gave out, and bread became scarce, and the corn was reserved for meal, the horses were fed on the long grass, each trooper taking two bundles behind his saddle. Yet the poor animals endured to the end, after more than three weeks of such severe conditions. Probably no breed but the mustang can equal the en-

duration of the Cuban pony. I was early struck by the harsh treatment of these ponies by their riders, but soon came to see that all the lower animals received the same treatment.

STUDYING THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THE observation of the troops soon showed that, though the men and animals were run down and were in more or less wretched condition, the arms and military implements were of the best kind. I estimated that at least two thirds of the infantry were armed with the Mauser, with sword-bayonet, the remainder, to my great surprise, carrying the Remington, with specially long, keen bayonets. The moment firing began I saw that they had smokeless powder and apparently plenty of ammunition. What most attracted my attention, however, was the activity of the engineer force and the artillery. They must have known very early of our preparations for invasion, and seemed to expect that we would select the northeastern approaches, for long before our troops arrived they entered upon an extended system of works along the whole northeast front. Day after day the detachments with intrenching implements would pass out by my window early in the morning, returning late in the afternoon; and I saw trenches, rifle-pits, and artillery-pits growing under my eyes, this inner line of defenses passing not more than two hundred yards from the barracks. The locations were carefully chosen, and I noted with intense feeling the clever way in which earth, brush, and grass were utilized, and felt that there would be an awful sacrifice of life if we should attempt to take the positions by assault.

The observation of these military features added intensity to my study of plans by which the fleet might be destroyed and the city taken from the water side. The working hours, so to speak, of each day were given to this topic, and the plans were elaborated in detail. They consisted essentially in sweeping the channel ahead of the fleet by the use of small craft and auxiliaries. The study of the auxiliaries and their use brought out many features of inadaptability in the craft we had at hand, and emphasized the need of special craft, which should require only a short time in construction. The type of craft finally evolved was virtually the "unsinkable" spoken of at the beginning of this narrative in connection with a plan suggested for clearing Havana harbor for the entrance of the fleet—a species of vessel

armed with indestructible submerged spar-torpedoes.

THE QUESTION OF HEALTH.

THOUGH the conditions of health in the case of my men were not satisfactory, it seemed that nothing further could be done. It was with uneasiness, therefore, that I received report, on the 26th, that Montague was down with fever; and being allowed to visit the cell, I found his temperature high, while all the other men had grown pale, and I saw plainly that there was a general condition of low and ebbing vitality. When Mr. Ramsden called that day, we conferred on the matter, and he again made application for changes, which General Linares again declined. However, the surgeon consented to take Montague up on the next floor, and sent me reports three times a day as to his temperature; but when, on the 28th, Phillips too was taken down with fever, I became alarmed. The general's statement that no other place was available left only one other course practicable. I sent for Mr. Ramsden, and wrote an official request to General Linares that the men should be paroled, and carried out, under flag of truce, to the hospital-ship of our fleet, and placed aboard, without communication with any one but the surgeons and nurses, assuring him that the admiral would guarantee the parole. The consul was requested to inform our government of the condition of the men, and to request in my name that effort be made to have the parole measures carried out, if possible. The consul went to the general, who declined to consider the measure. The consul then told him in plain words that something had to be done. The final result was that two days later the crew were transferred to the regular hospital and placed in one of the best wards. I was not allowed to visit them, but the consul reported that the sanitary conditions were excellent, and assured me that the men were in no wise exposed to contagion or infection. Sure enough, they all began to improve. Montague and Phillips were soon well, and no one else was taken down. The main difficulty was an impairment of the digestion, due to want of exercise, lack of variety in food, and bad cooking. It was several months after our exchange before some of the men were entirely well.

My own conditions for air, light, and exercise were good from the beginning. I was not allowed to exercise outside, but the room was large, and I took exercise with the regularity of meals—going through setting-up exercises, fencing, broadsword, and boxing.

using the mosquito-bar for a pliable antagonist, a penholder for a small sword, and a broom-handle for a broadsword. The chairs answered for Indian clubs, and I would close with several minutes' double-time, remaining in place, and a rapid walk up and down the room. Mr. Ramsden had been able to get me a bath-tub, and a cold douche twice a day, with this exercise, kept my system in fine tone. As a matter of fact, the conditions were better than those on board ship, and I had more muscle and was in better form when I came out than when I went in; so that, on the day of our exchange, the ride from Santiago to Siboney, most of the way at a brisk trot, did not stiffen a muscle.

NATURE FROM A PRISON WINDOW.

EVEN if I had not been engrossed by observation and study of the situation, made keen by both the novelty of the Spanish soldiers and Spanish methods, and the ever-present thought of the impending struggle, it is difficult to conceive how time could have become oppressive with such a wealth of nature as spread out before my window. Tropical vegetation and long grass, spotted with trees, the stately palm in clumps being most conspicuous, stretched down the slope from the barracks, and up the slope across the meadow to an encircling ridge, that grew steep and wooded to the north and south ends—a ridge that I was to see wrenched from the enemy by the sheer individual valor of our troops. Beyond this ridge the tropical growth continued, but could be seen over the ridge only here and there, till it reached the base of the mountains. And such mountains! Rugged and furrowed as by the centuries, partly wooded, but with vast areas that seemed like lawn, which I found to be the same high growth of grass. The sky-lines of the tops were broken with peaks that made shapes suggesting huge creatures, one a crouching lion, as at Gibraltar, another a great alligator. One of the large palm-trees had its fans arching up on two sides, making the perfect form of an eagle alighting.

Nowhere have I ever seen a landscape so companionable. It was as much so as the sea, and had as many moods, varying throughout the day under the changing conditions of light, sky, and clouds: in the morning bright and animated as for work; as the afternoon advanced, growing thoughtful, listening, gentle, poetic; at nightfall reserved, mystic, even weird. The sounds, too, seemed to have the same moods, particularly

at night, when unknown insects and swamp animals were to be heard.

What delighted me most, however, were the storm effects, which came almost every day, usually in the late afternoon, but not infrequently at night, and sometimes in the morning. Then the mountains were at their best. They seemed to generate the storms, or, if formed elsewhere, they seemed to draw them. And what manifestations of power! What a tragic combination of the great storm background, steady black, muttering and menacing beyond the mountains, and the bright, mellow stretches of light breaking through the turmoil of the clouds and shifting on the mountain-sides! The whole environment was so interesting that, though confined in the same room for thirty days, I scarcely felt the need for books. After my study of the plans of attack was well along, I took up a novel, and finally finished it, more because of having begun it; but I did not care to take up another. It was more satisfactory to give an hour or two of the uninteresting part of the day, just after luncheon, to the magazines, and I probably finished the best parts of a dozen—all of the numbers of *THE CENTURY*, and most of the numbers of the "Strand," and several issues of the "Ilustración Artística" of Barcelona.

THE BRITISH CONSUL'S ATTENTIONS.

AMONG the brightest features of the imprisonment, however, were the visits of the British consul, which occurred about every three days. If the prisoners had been his own countrymen, even his own children, Mr. Ramsden could not have been more attentive to their wants, more thoughtful in a hundred delicate ways. Finding we needed fruit, he had the market searched, and kept a lookout to get us bananas and pineapples, though these had been almost entirely cut off. When the bread gave out, he shared with us the crackers he had saved for his own family; and long after the bakeries were closed and no flour could be had, his own cook made us bread from the small quantity of his flour that still held out, though he could not tell how much longer the severe conditions would continue. One day, when he had been inquiring about my fare, and I was telling him what we ate aboard ship, the major came in.¹ Mr. Ramsden made a reference to my having been accustomed to eggs, and asked if they could not allow me some for breakfast. "Oh,

¹ This was the major who had met me upon our arrival, and who, I found, was not the governor of the barracks, but, I think, the governor of the hospital.

certainly," said the major; "I will attend to it to-day." Accordingly, next morning the attendant brought two eggs; for luncheon he brought two more, and for dinner two. Six a day, in addition to the regular ration, at a time when eggs were twelve and a half cents apiece! This continued several days, when, as I understand, the hospital steward made an official report that the American officer was eating up all the eggs, that the supply was being cut off, and that soon there would not be enough for the sick. I thereupon told the attendant to inform the cook that I had had enough eggs for the present.

HIS NOBLE CHARACTER.

PART of Mr. Ramsden's visit was always spent with the men. He looked to all their wants—kept them supplied with coffee, sugar, and tobacco, sent them two packs of cards, and contributed in other ways to their health and comfort. We all owe him an immeasurable debt of gratitude. Upon being released, I made the matter the subject of an official letter to the admiral, to be transmitted to the Navy and State departments, and conferred with the chief of staff, Captain Chadwick, as to making some recognition of these courtesies. It was arranged that after the first opening of the channel I should take a steam-launch and get a load of the best things from the supply-ship, such as fresh beef and vegetables, canned asparagus, etc., and take them in to Mr. Ramsden at Santiago, and invite him and his family off to dinner on the *New York*, along with the British naval and military attachés. Alas! it was not to be. When the city fell, the consul was in the midst of his last great sacrifice, ministering to the wants of the wretched at El Caney. The day the channel was cleared, I was ordered North in connection with the efforts to save the Spanish wrecks, and was destined never to see him again. It was one of the bright expectations of going back to be able to see Mr. Ramsden and let him know the depth of our gratitude. But while I was still in the North news came of his death. His unceasing work week after week, night and day, under the severest conditions, was more than human strength could stand. He remained at his post of duty, refusing even the strongest appeals of his family, till the work was done. It was then too late; his strength was exhausted. He had given his very life in the service of others. With the sadness of personal bereavement, I hold sacred among my prison experiences the

privilege of having known this noble and splendid character.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

THE operations of the army and navy were, of course, of the keenest interest. I noted the fire of every gun from the fleet, and as far as practicable tried to judge of its caliber, location, and objective. With a small clock which had come in my box from the *New York* I noted the very minute of the opening gun. The various firings up to the 23d were evidently only bombardments of the entrance, none of them exceeding an hour, and all less animated than the three-hour bombardment of the 6th observed from the Morro. But on the 22d the firing to the southeast, opening at 9 A. M., convinced me, after a short while, that troops were being landed under cover of the fleet. Moreover, I observed couriers to and from the eastward during the day, and on the 24th I was not surprised to hear musketry-firing, more or less obstinate, far away to the south-eastward. There could no longer be any doubt: we were invading with an army, and our advance-guard had made contact with the enemy. I decided that the firing, however, came from our cavalry, not thinking that the infantry could have advanced so quickly, and I formed a picture of our superb horsemen, such as I had seen drilling at Fort Myer, near Washington, and our cow-boy riders engaging the Spanish troops. The firing did not seem to recede as it closed, and I was sure, though the atmosphere was not very clear, that the Spanish flag on a building where the firing had taken place had been replaced by the Stars and Stripes. My heart leaped with exultation, though I knew that pain and death must be there. It was the initial action at Sevilla.

I would have given a great deal for a sight of the special edition of the local papers which a newsboy brought in that afternoon. It made the soldiers about the entrance look serious. But I knew the story next day when a regiment of infantry came slowly down the road from Sevilla, and I saw a brigadier shake his head as he met an officer from the city. On that day there was artillery-firing to the southeast closer than on the day of the landing. I could not make it out, but learned afterward that it was the shelling of Aguadores, accompanied by the retreat of the Spaniards and the partial blowing up of the railroad-bridge. If there had been any doubt about Sevilla the day before, it was removed that

night when I saw our camp-fires spreading out, some of them nearer than the first flag.

For several days no further action took place, but our camp-fires continued to spread out to the foot of the mountains, and I knew that the army was coming up. The Spanish troops, on their part, were working like beavers on their intrenchments, and artillery passed which I concluded was being transferred from the entrance and from defenses in other directions. What gave me most concern was a pack-train of big mules with machine-guns. My intense anxiety to escape with the information I had made me almost desperate. The Spaniards seemed to know this, and watched me like a hawk. Before I would start to cross the courtyard, the officer of the day would call up two or three extra sentries. It was on the day of the landing that Mr. Ramsden had brought me news of the refusal to exchange, and then I knew that unless a chance to escape should occur we should have simply to await developments, in the attack on the city.

TWO RUSES.

I LOOKED for this attack to be from artillery, and planned, in the case of bombardment, to place my tables in front of the window, very much as at Morro, and to demand that my men be allowed to go into the courtyard to be clear of falling walls or roofs. When I went in to see Montague, I took the opportunity of informing the men of the situation while still appearing only to be inquiring about their health, in this fashion: "You still have some fever, Montague, and they have refused to exchange us, lads." The two clauses being spoken without pause, the officer suspected nothing. "None of you others have any, but our troops have landed." "Does your coffee keep well in that box, and if shells strike the building look out for the walls and for fire from above?" "Do you get enough air from the door here, and I shall ask for you to be allowed to go into the courtyard?" "Let me see your tongue, Montague. It is not so bad, and in the courtyard look out for brick and debris; take shelter by the stone steps." The men understood perfectly, and nodded their heads or answered without any sign of surprise and without a question.

I was rather surprised later to see the Red Cross flag hoisted on the barracks, one flag at each corner and one over the portal. "Do they imagine," I thought, "with troops going back and forth from the entrance, and the nature of the building evident, that the flag

is going to protect it from our fire?" I was interested to see what the abuse of the flag would amount to, and after our exchange I found that the guns of our artillery had been trained on the barracks from the beginning of the investment, while the flag was hoisted on almost every building of importance in the city. The barracks was close to the line of artillery-pits—was, indeed, the nearest structure, and would have been the first building to crumble. Our artillerists had seen the abuse, and had made out the hospital and other places to be spared, independent of the flag.

There was a sense of relief in the knowledge that the men were safe in the hospital before the fighting began.

THE BATTLES OF JULY 1 (EL CANEY AND SAN JUAN).

PREPARATIONS continued, apparently, on both sides until June 30, when a balloon ascended from our lines and remained high up for reconnaissance. I took this as indicating that active work was close at hand. Escape with information had continued impossible, and I waited with anxious mind, never doubting for an instant as to the issue, but fearing for our losses.

Sharp at half-past six next morning our artillery opened. I jumped to the window, and scarcely left it again all day, and being anxious to follow accurately every movement, took a pencil to jot down items. Mr. Ramsden had sent a note-book and stationery, but the authorities had declined to let them be delivered, fearing that they might be used to communicate with the Cubans. Whenever I wished to write a letter to the general or to the consul, an orderly would bring in one envelop and one sheet of paper, and that envelop and that sheet of paper had to go out or be accounted for. Paper was therefore lacking, as in the daily items I had used up the spare part of a sheet left in the Morro by the judge. Fortunately, I had put the draft of my reply to his questions into my pocket, and the back of the page was blank. On this blank side I jotted items of the battle, keeping the paper folded twice, in front of my body, and using a very short lead-pencil, to escape the notice of the sentry, who kept his eye on every movement, and doubtless wondered why I would turn so often to look at the clock. The items are scarcely more than words, and though making pictures to my own mind, they can hardly be intelligible to others, but as far as they are intelligible they may be taken as accurate.

July 1, 6:30. Heavy artillery opened on *fuerte* eastward and northward. Contains 3 pieces. Infantry fire soon afterward in same direction. Brisk for hour or two. Balloon reconnaissances.

About 9, General Toral and officers, apparently all infantry officers, meet at Cuartel Reina Mercedes. Draw over to houses to southeast, in rear.

Musketry at distance to southward and eastward opened about 9:45. Became general. Approaching. Enemy's artillery on flank opened. Enemy retreating. Advance upon his artillery. Either captured or retired about noon. Pause about 11 o'clock.

About 1, enemy rallied. Two small cavalry charges. First returned at once; second never returned.

About 2, fire with machine-guns to eastward began. Continued rest of day. Seem to engage men in bunch of palms.

Fire to northward and eastward again about 2 P. M.; off and on rest of day. Supported by heavy artillery fire.

Flank movement about 2. Heavy. Continued rest of day till about 6:30. Machine-guns firing. Pause about 4:40. Started again about 5:15. Heavy—close at outer fork of road. Machine-gun fire and artillery. Ended at dark.

The artillery fire that began the engagement came from a hillock out toward the base of the mountains. I jumped to observe the fall of the first shell, which, to my surprise, exploded far to the northeast, near a blockhouse dominating the village of El Caney. It was followed by another shot, then another, each one nearer, till one struck the blockhouse square. It was excellent target practice. I estimated the pieces to be about three miles from the barracks, and the range about a mile and a half. It was a fine sight to see the billows of smoke dart out of the hillock, and then, after an expected pause of five or six seconds, see the puff-balls of gas at the blockhouse; then came another pause of ten or twelve seconds, then the peal, followed shortly by a sharp, strong echo from the mountains behind, then another echo from the mountain behind El Caney, and then a series of echoes from mountains at greater distances. It was not long after the artillery opened that I heard the distant crack of a rifle, then another, then several in rapid succession, all in the direction of the village. I then knew that the artillery fire was preparatory to an advance of infantry. Some shells seemed to be directed farther down the slope, apparently ahead of the infantry, though the blockhouse still received attention. The musketry fire became general and drew toward the village. It continued unremittingly till it all came from the village, when it slackened. It had been a hotly contested advance, but I felt

that the village was ours and the north flank was secure, though firing continued off and on during most of the day and was very hot again in the afternoon. I felt all the while, however, that the movement on the village would be only a part of the advance, expecting the heaviest fighting to take place out to the east and southeast, in the direction of the road that led toward the building on which our flag had supplanted the Spanish flag, where the camp-fires showed our troops to be in force.

I was not surprised, therefore, when the balloon rose up in that direction, even before the firing died out at El Caney. Then, when there was a conference of officers—a general whom I took to be Toral, and twenty or thirty others—at the barracks in front of my window, and troops began to pour out from the city along the southeast road, I was certain that a general engagement was impending. The officers seemed to have misgivings as to the balloon, and drew over to some buildings about a hundred yards away, where they were screened from its view. The balloon came lower and began to change position. Musketry fire started up in its direction, and soon became general, and the artillery began to open. Before long I was convinced that the firing was coming closer. Soon there was no doubt of it. Our troops continued to advance until finally the fire became quicker and more concentrated, and I knew they were charging. Then came a cloud of smoke and the crash and explosion of shrapnel, followed by a sudden pause. I knew what the pause meant. Our men, who probably had never been under fire before, had felt the shock and for the moment forgot their firing. But almost instantly it started up again, faster than ever. Again the artillery crashed. Again there was a pause, and then again the fire started up with greater fury than before. Then the enemy began a series of volleys with their magazine-rifles, while their artillery crashed again, now from the flank as well as from the front, and a fearful machine-gun fire set in from a house on the flank. Our artillery seemed not to be in force. My heart sank as I thought of the unequal conflict with an enemy intrenched and supported by artillery. The victory seemed beyond human power. But still they came. Volley followed volley. The machine-guns swept the air with their keen swish. The artillery belched. A longer pause ensued. I felt the moment to be supreme. Had we fallen back? The question was soon answered by fire hotter than ever. It was the final charge. The fire slackened; the artillery ceased. The impos-

sible had been done! As sure as fate our unsupported infantry had taken the works, against intrenched infantry with magazine-rifles, supported by machine-guns and artillery.

Though the firing had been hottest in the direction of the road, it had extended more or less along the front to the eastward, and I knew when night set in and stillness came that we had advanced all along the line; and though no camp-fires told of our positions, I felt that we held the ridge encircling the city, and were working with all the energy left from an all-day fight to strengthen our new positions, while we would be ready to advance from the north flank. The matter of artillery had puzzled and disappointed me, as I had expected it to do the bulk of the fighting, believing that in the preceding days it was continually coming up. That night I thought surely it would be up before daybreak, and from the commanding ridge would shell the inner works in the morning. The inner works had been developed by our fire during the day only on the southeast; on the east and northeast they were still unrevealed; and I looked forward to the opening of an artillery duel at daybreak between our artillery on the ridge and the artillery-pits circling the barracks. To my disappointment, the fighting started up with musketry. Sure enough, we had intrenched ourselves along the ridge; but apparently no new artillery had come up.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHTING OF JULY 2.

FOLLOWING are my notes of the second day's fighting:

July 2, Saturday. Opened fire 5 A. M. Inner works. Brisk till 6. Pause, and then again—seem to fall back. General musketry and artillery both sides; continues. Turns to flank toward 7. Continues hot in flank—Spanish artillery opening on hillside on flank.

7:45, pause. 8:10, again in flank. Pause, 8:15. 8:30, again in flank in volleys of machine-guns. Artillery on hillside. Troops assembling near

fuerte—disperse. Desultory on flank. General pause. Major and boy orderly. Vessels' heavy guns at 6 A. M. till about 8 A. M. Lost calf. Captain and lieutenant, stragglers. Volleys about 9:20 in flank road. Machine-guns. Few shots artillery previous. Desultory. Seem to desist from heat. 9:45, up again. Desultory till 10:25. Few shots, Spanish artillery.

11:30, terrific on flank road—lasted 5 or 6 minutes. Then pause. Mocking-bird. Desultory. Scattering. Refugees. 12:15, another—lasted about 2 or 3 minutes. 12:30, general firing in road out to eastward—not last long.

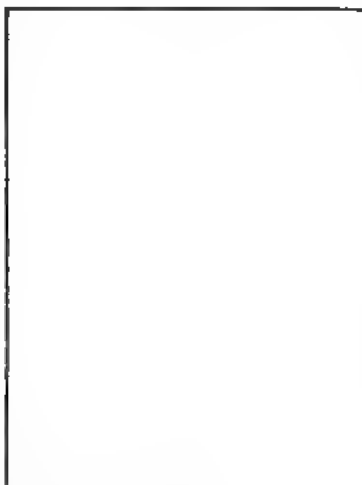
12:50, another—hot, general. Lasted 20 minutes—then out to eastward in palms. Pause general after 1:35. Heat. Buzzards. Desultory firing at intervals. 2:40, more or less general—farther out to southeastward and to eastward. Desultory in flank ditch till 2:45. Then Spanish artillery opened on southeast and caused pause, 2:50. Nature's artillery. Desultory firing, flank road. 3:15, heavy thunder-shower. Driving wind from northward, and Spanish artillery. 3:30, firing to eastward. 3:40, in heavy rain, firing in flank road and to eastward and more or less general. Then increased. Raining moderately. 3:45, terrific in flank road. Spanish artillery opens. Bullets buzz—lasted about 8 minutes. Then silence. 3:50,

firing, to northward continues. Close—volleys. Spanish artillery. 3:58, 2 pieces in northward pit and 2 pieces in eastward pit. Pause, 4:08. Rainbow to eastward—clearing. 4:11, opens to northward again. Movement. Partridge. Light on mountains. 4:20, opens to northward. 4:25, ditto.

4:35, general to southeast and flank—artillery. 4:45, rifle reply in pit to northward. General silence. Artillery desultory firing at a distance. 4:55, rifle reply in pit to northward. 5, ditto, and light firing in flank road. 5:05, transfer of 100 infantrymen to northward. Dead pig and smiling soldier. 5:20, horse and bullet. 6, rifle-firing in pit to northward. Echo to southward and eastward. 6:20, ditto. Spanish artillery. Silence. Sharpshooters.

9:45, magnificent assault.

"Flank road," as used in the notes, refers to the road leading out to San Juan, the portion that runs very nearly eastward making the southeast flank before turning. "Flank" used by itself refers to the southeast flank,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANKE.

J. E. MURPHY, MEMBER OF THE "MERRIMAC" CREW.

For portraits of the other six members of the crew, see page 435, January CENTURY.

DRAWN BY C. M. SELVÁ.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE SHORTLY AFTER THE SURRENDER.

VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE CUARTEL REINA MERCEDES.

In nature a considerable gap exists between the country covered by this view and the one opposite. They were taken at slightly different angles from about the same point.

or San Juan side. The fuerte is the blockhouse where the road forks.

This second day's fighting puzzled me very much. It extended virtually all the way around from the north flank to the southeast flank, and seemed to go by impulses, some of them violent, but all of them short. The use of smokeless powder made it extremely difficult to make out movements unless they were very pronounced, as in the first day's fighting. The advance down upon the north flank was clear enough, as many of our troops used smoke powder; it was not, in fact, until this advance set in that the artillery-pits close in front and to the north first showed themselves and demonstrated their excellent combination with the rifle-trenches, which gave out well-executed volleys. This movement stopped with the completed occupation of the ridge. But the firing along the eastward and southeast seemed incomprehensible. At first I thought we were advancing to the assault of the inner trenches, but I felt we would not be so scattering or so intermittent. Afterward I learned that the movements were efforts on the part of the Spanish to dislodge us from our positions. I cannot help believe, however, that in some of the repulses our troops pursued till it somewhat resembled an assault on the inner trenches, for the firing came close at hand in the flank road, only a few hundred yards away. Unfortunately, a row of houses cut off my view of this road.

It was singularly interesting, just after the terrific firing in the sally of half-past eleven, to hear a mocking-bird filling the interval of battle with its joyous trills. Along in the afternoon I heard quail calling, as usual, in the meadow between the positions of the two armies, and two doves flew by, apparently much frightened. In the very midst of the firing, a little calf not a week old came wandering along the road all alone, stopping here and there, and looking about with that stupid, awkward look that only a new-born calf has. It was pathetic to see it, unable to make out the situation, as it finally wandered off to the northeast, heading straight for the Spanish trenches. Later I saw a soldier coming along with a piece of pig meat, and then another, beaming with smiles, with a whole pig under his arm.

Though the day's fighting was not entirely comprehensible, it left me in a condition of expectancy. This was particularly the impression from the action on the north flank, where our troops came with the thunderstorm. The moment the driving rain cleared, the artillery in the two upper pits opened on the ridge to the north and northeast. But it was too late. A force of our daring fellows had arrived and had come down to the slope of the ridge with the storm, and the moment it cleared they opened on the pits and trenches at short range. Apparently the artillery prevented the reinforcing of this detachment, but the brave fellows remained.

VIEW FROM THE WINDOW OF MR. HOBSON'S CELL IN THE CUARTEL REINA MERCEDES.

It seemed to me that they were lying down on their faces in the gully of the ravine, and, as far as I could see, the artillery of the pits under fire could not be depressed enough to reach them, and seemed to depend more on the volley-firing by the riflemen in the pits and flanking trenches. The third pit, the one just in front of my window, fired over the others, trying to drop on them; but the fuses of the shell in this pit seemed defective, as scarcely more than one out of two exploded. It was most interesting to watch their firing, all the details of which could be seen. I was looking intently when a bullet cracked in the masonry just under my head, and a horse hitched at the entrance reared and plunged. One of our men, probably a sharp-shooter, had seen the Spanish officer who had galloped up a few moments before, and not getting a chance at the officer before he dismounted and went in, probably thought he would take a shot at the horse. During the firing of both days, bullets would come rather thick at times, particularly in the firing down toward the flank road. Some would buzz as they passed over; others would strike the side of the building and tear out little lumps of masonry; I thought two entered the window above mine. It was not long before I adopted the plan of using my pillow to soften the floor, and stooping down so as to have only my head above the window-sill, thus reducing the amount of exposure without losing any of the view.

When darkness finally set in, and our men had not been dislodged, I concluded it was

the prelude to a general assault—that our forces on the east and southeast had been only creating a diversion while the advance was coming from the north, and that then all was ready. I could not help thinking, however, of the trying condition the men must be in after two days' fighting and the drenching rain; for the Spanish soldiers who came in were utterly exhausted and forlorn, pitiable to look upon, though most of their work had been only defensive from stationary positions. But it is in such conditions that superiority tells.

Soon a bright light of large proportions shone from the mountain-side behind El Caney, then another, and I took them to be general signals, and went to bed with the full expectation of witnessing an assault before daybreak. I made all my preparations to leave, and thought over the best method of action, when our troops should reach the barracks, for the care of infantry or cavalry, as the case might be. I had been asleep only a short while when musketry fire set in on the south flank, and the artillery in that quarter opened. No pause, however, followed the artillery blasts, as in the day fighting, and the musketry fire became terrific. I had learned to distinguish between the crack of our rifles and that of the Spanish rifles, and now the two were all together, as if from the same spot. Fire opened on the north flank too, and I thought the assault was general. Soon the south-flank firing began to draw nearer, and it appeared to reach the flank road itself, when machine-guns began to

swish their showers, and a supreme effort seemed to come, like a great wave of firing. The machine-guns stopped, and I thought we had entered and were crossing the flank road, and had taken the machine-guns. I thought the clashing sounds indicated hand-to-hand conflict. The Spanish troops began to fall back. Many stragglers came running toward the barracks, individuals and squads retreating in confusion, and soon a whole company came back and sought refuge in the barracks. The firing continued to advance from the flank, and followed up the line of the inner trenches. The pit in front of my window belched up, it seemed, straight into the air. The moon had risen, and it was a glorious sight. Soon the firing ceased, except on the north flank, where, to my surprise, the men who had come down the slope had not been reinforced, and the firing was only a continuation of the firing that had stopped at dark. In addition, volley-firing out to the eastward continued for some time longer, as though one set of trenches had not been broken. Still, I did not doubt that the most of the inner trenches were ours, and though somewhat surprised by our stopping, I thought it was done to spare lives that might be lost in the tumult of a night occupation. I went back to bed with the full expectation of seeing our troops take possession in the morning. Twice during the night I got up to see two pieces of artillery being transferred to the north flank, and thought it rather strange that our troops in the captured pits and trenches took no action in the matter. I was utterly surprised and disappointed to be awakened, on the morning of the 3d, by musketry fire that soon showed we did not hold the inner works. Even the men who had come over the hill on the north flank slowly withdrew. "Why in the world," I thought, "have we abandoned the results of such magnificent work last night?" This was one of the first questions I asked after exchange, and I could scarcely believe that it was the enemy who made the attack in a sally and were repulsed. I am sure some of our troops must have pursued in the retreat. The Spanish themselves thought so, for, just after the retreat of the company that took refuge in the barracks, an officer galloped back from the mêlée, and came into my cell—a major, the real governor of the barracks (not the major whom I had taken for the governor), who, indicating the firing, said it looked as though our army had taken the place. He asked me, with great concern, if I thought our troops would kill the men found in the bar-

racks. He proceeded to assure me that it contained wounded and other prisoners, and that he had put up the Red Cross flag, and had given specific orders to the officer of the day to observe the regulations governing it. He sent that officer to get the order, and he read it to me. I assured him that he need have no fear provided no resistance were shown, that I had only to suggest that he see that none of the troops inside should appear with arms. He lingered in my room, and I invited him to join me in the interesting observation from behind the window-sill, as I did not wish to miss anything; and it was at that moment that the pit just in front belched up into the air, which I took to indicate its capture. The major withdrew with the understanding that the first American officer or petty officer to arrive would be sent direct to me. He did not come back, and before I went to sleep the refugees in the barracks went out again.

JULY 3: HEARING THE GUNS OF THE FLEETS.

It was with disappointment and depression that I watched the movements of the next day, July 3. My notes read as follows:

5:20, firing middle and southern pit and to E^d—S^d pit hot—volleys. Silence, 5:30. 5:40, again S^d pit. Silence, 5:45. 5:50, middle pit, then S^d pit. Machine-guns. Silence, 5:58. Soldiers cutting corn in private garden. 6, again in E^d and S^d pits. Silence, 6:07. 6:10, same. Silence, 6:12. 6:18, same. Silence, 6:20. Enemy's central rifle-pits were not assaulted. 6:37, scattering—general about 5 minutes. 7, quickened, especially toward flank—2 shots of field-pieces against hillside—about 10 minutes' firing out to S. E. 7:35, to N^d and N. E.—hot. Artillery and volleys from N. E. pit cease, 7:53. Again, 7:55 till 7:59, and to S. E. Field-pieces went out down S. E. road. Again firing 8, for 10 minutes. 8:12, slight. 8:15, heavy for 3 minutes to N^d. 8:22, general to S. E., 3 minutes. Wounded men passing. Shell S. E. pit fail often to explode. 8:35, general to S. E. for 15 minutes. Silence, 8:55 to 9, then desultory at 9:03, 9:05, 9:10, and 9:12. Shots from field-pieces on flank to S. E. Soldier with piece of hog flesh. The bullet from N^d came great force.¹ Partridges to E^d—good schooling for next sporting season. 10, vessels firing. 10:25, seemed

¹ Soldiers had come out and were picking up bullets along the road and sidewalk that had hit the wall and dropped or bounded back. I thought of the bullet that singed the horse, and looking close in front of the window, saw it. The officer of the day kindly sent out and brought it. Coming obliquely, the nose had rebounded, but the rear had struck with great force, tearing open the nickel casing and spreading the lead inside. I put it with the fragment of shell that came to my door in Morro.

to cease. 10:25 to 10:30, light firing to N^d and to S. E. 10:30, firing out to E^d died down, desultory, and ceased toward 11. Afternoon. Stillness. Cart with provisions, as before. To E^d seem to be burying the dead. Appearance of cross. Cart goes out with rags, bandages, etc., some with blood on. Overcast. Continuous. Forces out on horizon E. and S. E. of palms. Growing—look ominous. Distant "pops" about 3:50 to the N. E. To S^d of palms look like cavalry—to the N^d like infantry. Ours look dark—Spanish light. Cartful of rifles goes out. Stretcher-men, like firemen, 5, 5:30,

ceased, I decided it could not be the fleets, since, on so calm a day, when the water would not wash above the low armor-belt, it would be impossible, I estimated, to sink the Spanish vessels inside of two hours, unless they should come at once to close quarters; in fact, I considered two hours and a half a small time for the destruction of the *Colón*, and finally entirely put aside the idea that the fleets had engaged. No one suspected that we should be able to set upon the Spanish ves-

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

THE "MERRIMAC" PRISONERS LEAVING THE CUARTEL TO BE EXCHANGED, JULY 6.

etc. Thunder-storm rolling from N. E. Expectancy. Maneuvers of cavalry, apparently preparation for advance with rain. Rain begins 5:45. Nothing [disappointment]. Mother comes to inquire about her son. Full moon. Some firing away to N. E., as though troops moving. Company of Spanish traverse to S^d.

Thus passed Sunday, and on the whole the day seemed barren of incident. I did not know that it marked an event of the first magnitude that virtually decided the issue of the war. When the firing from the vessels began, which was a short time before ten o'clock (my entry above being made at the time when I came to the conclusion that the firing was from vessels), I paid, as usual, the closest attention, and soon knew that it was changing location. After a while I concluded, with all the sense of ill luck at being absent, that the fleets were engaging; but when in about twenty-five minutes the firing

ceased, in the element of fire, an enemy quicker and more terrible than the water of the sea.

THE FOURTH: DEPARTURE OF THE NON-COMBATANTS.

MONDAY, the Fourth of July, passed uneventfully, but with a deeper meaning as I thought of the work of liberation in which my country was engaged, and her mission in the cause of freedom and humanity. My notes for the day read:

Fourth of July, Monday. Quiet, clear. 7:30, troops out on palm plain—drilling? Another woman to ask about her son. Work on palm plain seems to be intrenching. Small movements of troops. Rain, 4:40. Flag of truce about 5:10 P. M. Gathering of troops at fuerte. Heavy smoke, 2 columns, in camp to N. E. Twilight. Transfer of troops to S^d. About 11 P. M., heavy gun-firing. About 11:45 to 12:30, continued firing at intervals—apparently siege-guns and blank charges.

I inferred that the flag of truce that went out was connected with a purpose to bombard the place, and when the guns opened about midnight, apparently with blank charges, I concluded that it was a warning for non-combatants to withdraw within a given time. Sure enough, when I looked out at day-break, a vast train stretched far out across to our lines. Nothing ever appealed to me more. Then I saw in all its force that cruel side of war, the suffering inflicted on the non-combatants—women, children, old men, invalids, almost all afoot, struggling to take along some needed article. Not till later did I see that other, most remarkable of all sights, the feeding of this population by our army, when the conditions for its own food-supply were of the most difficult. When, in all the history of the world, has a besieging army ever before relieved a beleaguered city of its hunger,—one of the strongest factors in a siege,—taking upon itself in a distant and invaded land the burden of relief? War is harsh, and must remain harsh; the righting of wrong will always entail harshness: but we have surely turned a new page in the methods of warfare.

An incident occurred in connection with the flight that stirred the very depths of my heart. The sergeant of the guard was married, and instead of receiving his ration cooked he apparently drew it uncooked, for his wife brought his meals. When she came with his breakfast that morning, he met her in front of my window, and nodding over to those withdrawing, told her it would be well for her to leave without much longer delay, giving some directions as to taking care of herself. She looked at him earnestly. The warning guns had shaken the whole city to its foundation. "No," said she; "I shall come and remain here and die with you." Since the world began, I thought, it has always been thus. Man may be devoted, man may have courage, but what are his devotion and courage to the devotion and courage of woman!

A BOLD REQUEST, AND EXCHANGE AT LAST.

MY notes for the 5th—the last I made—read:

Daybreak. Flight of non-combatants to eastward. Vast trains. Sergeant's wife wishes to remain and die with husband. Soldiers tearing down fences and outhouses; officers' effects being hauled to barracks. Squad at fuerte with Red Cross flag. Request for binoculars and to go to place to see bombardment.

The request for binoculars was made in the

morning, after it became certain from the flight of the non-combatants that bombardment was at hand. From my window the warning guns could not be seen; they sounded as though from the south flank. Up to this time I had seen all the artillery, and knew the location of all pieces mounted on the inner works, and I was anxious not to miss any of the bombardment. In the previous fighting it had been very difficult to see the troops with the naked eye, and I had followed their movements principally by ear. It seemed rather a bold request, but I finally decided to make it, and wrote to General Linares asking if he would allow my position to be changed to one commanding the view of the artillery that would make the approaching bombardment, and added a request that he would do me the personal favor to return the binocular glasses which I had surrendered when captured. In the afternoon Major Yrlés, General Linares's chief of staff, came on an official visit, to ask on the part of the general if I would not accept compensation for the glasses. I replied, by no means; that they were a perfectly legitimate capture as part of my military equipment, and that I had ventured the request only as a personal favor. "The truth is," continued the major, "the general has not been able to get the glasses,"—I looked surprised,—"for you remember you were captured by the navy, and the glasses were taken by the navy, and the general does not know if they have been lost or not. As to the other part of your request, to be allowed to take a position to observe the firing, it will doubtless be settled by negotiations now pending looking to your exchange." I made no remarks, and the conversation turned upon other subjects till he left, saying that he intended to visit my men. His information produced mixed emotions. The thought of exchange was gratifying, and I should be able to tell our general (I was in ignorance of the name of the general to whom our operations had been intrusted) about the inner works; but was it too late for work with the fleet? "My glasses were in the possession of the navy," I thought, "and General Linares does not know whether they have been lost or not!" It flashed upon me that the Spanish ships had left the harbor, and that the firing on Sunday had been between the fleets. I felt there could be only one result, but was in no wise prepared for the news of the marvelous victory which I received after reaching our lines.

As to the glasses, two months later, while we were working on the *Teresa*, they were

found ahead of her bow between the vessel and the shore, by the merest accident. I was passing around the bow in a surf-boat on an unusually calm day, and the man at the steering-oar saw an object on the bottom in about twelve feet of water. Our curiosity was excited. A diver went down, and I was utterly surprised to find that it was my own excellent new glasses, that had been "expended" from the *New York* for use in the *Merrimac* manoeuvre. As Captain Bustamante was not aboard the *Teresa* in the fight, it must have been either Admiral Cer-

of emotion, and I thought I detected the glisten of tears. I closed my own teeth hard, for a leaden feeling gathered in my chest, as when Mr. Ramsden had told me of Acosta's death. Captain Bustamante had climbed Morro hill three times to see me, and had been most kind, cordial, and considerate. I saw in him a fine type of the gallant and accomplished officer and charming gentleman.

GOOD-BYES.

WHEN Major Yrlés left, I asked for paper, and wrote parting letters of acknowledgment

DRAWN BY E. C. PEROTTE.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. BOWEN.

THE SURRENDER-TREE, FROM THE SPANISH LINES. SAN JUAN HILL IN THE DISTANCE.

Ceiba-tree near San Juan road, under which the *Merrimac* prisoners were exchanged, and the articles of surrender of Santiago were prepared and signed.

vera or his son who kept them, and discarded them before swimming ashore.

A LAMENTED ENEMY.

It was during this visit of Major Yrlés that I learned that Captain Bustamante had been grievously wounded in the groin, while gallantly commanding the naval battalion ashore in the battle of the 1st. Just before going North on the 17th, I heard again that he was very low. Three weeks later I learned from Admiral Cervera, at Annapolis, that he was dead. The admiral spoke of him in the tenderest terms, and looked out of the window meditatively, as if seeing distant scenes with Bustamante. His voice had a tremor

to Mr. Ramsden (whom there was no chance of seeing, as he had gone to El Caney), to General Linares, General Toral, and the governor of the barracks, and made the few preparations necessary for leaving. The major called again next morning, to ask whether I preferred a carriage or a horse,—the latter was my choice,—saying that we should leave probably in the early afternoon. The surgeon came for a perfunctory visit to make sure that I was well. The attendant served luncheon, the last meal, with a face long and glum, saying, "It is terrible in the hospital." The faces of all seemed more gloomy than usual. I understood afterward that the news of the destruction of the fleet had been passed

about. I could see the look of hopelessness—the feeling of being sacrificed without any possible result. The sergeant still looked resolute.

A SINGULAR CAVALCADE.

THERE was a pair of leggings in my box, and I had them on and was ready when Major Yrlés came in, about one o'clock,

the same way. The sergeant brought forward a pack of silk handkerchiefs, neatly folded. The major, with words of apology for the necessity, blindfolded me, and the sergeant and the corporal blindfolded the men. The major guided me out of the entrance, giving careful warning of the uneven places, and a soldier guided each man, with a guard bring-

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

RECEPTION OF MR. HOBSON AND THE CREW OF THE "MERRIMAC" BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

followed by my men and a guard. The men stopped and lined up in the guard-room. I came out and greeted them. The bright, buoyant look of regained freedom was in their eyes. Major Yrlés asked in a formal way if I was well and was content with the treatment received. I replied in the affirmative, and he asked if I would ask the same question of my men. They all answered in

ing up the rear. I mounted the horse, after feeling over him a little to make him out, and a soldier led him by the bit. The major and several other officers mounted and led the way, a soldier going ahead with a white flag, and we started off at a slow walk, rather a singular cavalcade.

It seemed a little tame, and I was disappointed at being blindfolded; but I kept the

bearing and knew just where we were for some time, for the handkerchief, raised up by my nose, permitted me to see straight down, and I had been studying the topography for weeks. As we crossed the trenches I had a good view of the ingenious way in which they had placed trees, limbs, etc., for barriers; but the most striking feature was the vast abundance of ammunition, all ready for the magazine-guns, piled up high every five or six yards along the rear bank. After exhausting the supply in their belts, the soldiers had only to turn to an almost inexhaustible supply. We had scarcely gone four hundred yards when we came upon the carcass of a dead horse, and a little farther on another, and another. Apparently the Spaniards had made no effort to remove or bury even those in the road, while the number was far beyond the capacity of the vast flock of vultures that swarmed on the battlefield. It was an initiation into the gruesome side of battle, as I felt that in the high grass in both directions there were doubtless many unrecovered corpses, each with its particular tale of death-agony.

We must have proceeded a half-mile or more when the major said we might remove the handkerchiefs. We were between the lines. Ahead on the ridge were our troops, the tops of the ridges dark with them. We turned out and dismounted, while the white flag continued on down the road. We waited some time for its return. It was a fine, wild, rugged country. My heart leaped as I looked over it. The ridge, across the ravine just in front, was steep, and I thought, looking up at our fine fellows, almost within hail, that, intrenched in that position, nothing could dislodge them. The major introduced the other officers, and we chatted. Soldiers held the horses while they grazed. Finally word was brought that the other party was waiting for us a short distance off. We got under way again, the major and I spurring on ahead. Turning through an opening in the hedge on the side of the wood, there before us, under a majestic ceiba-tree, stood two American officers with Spanish prisoners—three officers and a group of privates. We passed close at hand the squad that came as escort—magnificent-looking fellows! I saw at once that we had recruited from the very best manhood of the country, and all along, in my subsequent ride, marveled to see men with muskets whose faces spoke indubitably of the higher walks of life. But it was not until my subsequent mission to the front, when privation and hardship were at their

worst, that I came to appreciate fully the depth of their patriotism.

The two officers, who proved to be Lieutenant Miley and Lieutenant Noble, aides of General Shafter, came forward with a hearty greeting. I introduced them to Major Yrlés, and some pleasant words were spoken on both sides before the articles of exchange were drawn up, which was done by the official interpreter of General Shafter, under the direction of Lieutenant Miley and Major Yrlés. The articles were drafted in both Spanish and English, and during their preparation I plied Lieutenant Noble with questions as to the operations that had taken place, and it was only then that I learned of the naval victory of July 3 and heard that General Shafter was in command of our forces.

The two parties made an interesting group under this great ceiba-tree. Vultures were perched here and there on the branches, and sat motionless, seemingly looking with indifference upon this insignificant incident, sure of their due, whoever should win. What was most striking, however, was the contrast between the Spaniards and the Americans, whether officers or men. There was a wide discrepancy in stature and build, and a still wider difference in looks and general appearance. Three Spanish lieutenants had been brought, and Major Yrlés was requested to make his choice, which he did, having, in effect, instructions from General Toral to select a particular one. Lieutenant Miley told me afterward that he had brought all three to give in exchange, but as he found that the Spaniards were disposed to ask for only one, the single exchange was effected. This Spanish lieutenant was wounded in the upper arm or shoulder, and had on the same uniform in which he had bled. The men who were to be exchanged seemed much downcast. Apparently there was no vision of a happy return in their minds. Doubtless what they had seen of our strength and morale had convinced them that their fight was hopeless. In fact, I was informed that, excepting the one wounded lieutenant who was selected, they preferred to remain with us. It was impossible not to feel sympathy for these men in their dejection. The evidences of meager fare and hard service were plainly visible on their faces and through their dilapidated clothing, for, like all the Spanish rank and file, they wore no underclothing, but simply a calico or cotton suit. Their feeling was in great contrast to that of our

men, who were on the tiptop of exultation, with beaming faces.

The articles, when drawn up, were signed by Lieutenant Miley and Major Yrlés, and good-bys were said. The arrangement was concluded at about four o'clock, and it was agreed that the truce should end an hour later. An ambulance had come out to take our men, and I now exchanged horses with the Spanish lieutenant.

We started up the road, the two lieutenants and myself abreast. Ahead of us a vast throng of soldiers stood in the road and along both sides of it. A band started up a national air, then "When Johnny comes marching home," and a great hurrah went up such as we had never heard before. Such a welcome! It made our hearts thrill. We saw that we had not been forgotten, and felt as though we owed an apology for ever having entertained such an idea. The generous fellows pressed upon one another to greet us with hearty smiles and kind words. We had scarcely passed through the first press of men when, turning to the right, we stopped and dismounted, and started for a little fly-tent just under a hill. A white-haired officer came forward with a greeting that could not have been kinder had it been to his own son. It was General Joseph Wheeler. He asked me into his tent, which lay virtually under our trenches, astonishingly simple and unassuming, a small cot to sleep on, and a box, not even a camp-stool, to sit on. His son, Joseph Wheeler, Jr., came up to greet me. I had known him as a young artillery lieutenant at Fort Monroe, and was not surprised to find him on his father's staff. I soon found that the younger brother, an undergraduate at the Naval Academy, was on the *Columbia*, off Siboney, and learned also that the general's daughter was there with the sick and wounded. It was a remarkable picture of devotion, one of the most remarkable in history. This general, who with so much gallantry had led Confederate cavalry, was now in the front rank of the Union forces, and with him almost his entire family, all in trying positions, and braving the worst hardships. I had felt all the time that there was in the Southern heart nothing but the truest loyalty; the occasion for proof had at last come, the fulfilment of a long-felt desire, and henceforth the fact must be recognized by all parts of the country.

We started on, Colonel Astor joining us, and proceeded to General Shafter's headquarters, two or three miles farther back, receiving the same hearty welcome all the

way. It was indeed touching to see the kindly manifestations of the soldiers during this greeting. Some would have words and expressions; others would ask to shake hands: many would say, "I belong to such and such a regiment."

As we passed along, Lieutenant Miley told me of the heavy fighting that had been done at El Caney and San Juan, as seen from our side, and pointed out the positions where our losses had been heaviest. The devotion and heroism there displayed came home to me deeply as I saw a succession of graves along the roadside. Officer after officer, as we passed along, came up to give a hearty hand-shake. Not far on we met Captain Chadwick and Lieutenant Staunton of the *New York*, on horseback, on their way to the front. They gave us, if possible, even greater cordiality of greeting. Captain Chadwick was accompanied by Captain Paget of the British navy, whose pleasure seemed almost as great as that of our countrymen.

We finally reached General Shafter's headquarters, and found him seated under a tree. After saluting, I told the general that I had extensive information of the enemy's positions and force, and proceeded to tell him about the inner trenches and their strength on the north and east sides.

The Spanish fleet having been disposed of, the increased advantage of taking the city by vessels and, in general, of advancing from the south and weaker side had become more and more impressed upon me, and I ventured to suggest to General Shafter the advisability of refraining from assault on the stronger side and of advancing from the southern side after the army had reduced the batteries at the entrance, so that the mines could be raised and the vessels come in for coöperation. My words, however, seemed to make but little impression on the general, and I concluded that it would be best to urge the matter through the admiral.

The ambulance with the men came up just before we left, and I directed them to come out, line up, and salute the general. Lieutenant Miley and Lieutenant Noble remained at headquarters, but Colonel Astor continued with me to Siboney. We rode at some speed to make the landing before dark, and the ride was most delightful. We followed near the base of the mountains. They no longer had the veil of mystery worn at a distance, but their ruggedness was in full view. The tropical vegetation was magnificent, particularly along the streams. After the long confinement the vigorous riding through this

picturesque country, under such conditions, was exhilarating in the extreme.

We arrived at Siboney just before dark. Rounding a bluff, I saw the sea spread out, animated with transports and vessels of all descriptions. Colonel Astor had despatches to General Duffield, and I went with him to the general's headquarters, we being scarcely able to make our way because of the press of soldiers who came up with greetings and cheers. Having completed his mission, the colonel was free, and went off with me to the *New York*. We went in a boat from the *Harvard*, the midshipman in charge kindly offering its service. The ambulance had not yet arrived, and word had been left that the steam-launch would come in for the men.

By the time we reached the flagship, darkness had set in, and there was supreme silence on board as the boat pulled alongside. What was my surprise, on reaching the deck, to find the whole ship's company and all the officers assembled aft! The men covered the superstructure and the bridge and the top of the turret and every conceivable point close by the sea-steps, and the officers, who were standing on the quarter-deck, pressed about me. Three cheers went up, and my heart leaped. Everything looked so natural, and the faces were so full of kindness; there was a feeling as of the home-coming of one long absent. To be with

them once more was a supreme happiness to me. I inquired for the admiral; they told me he was ill in bed, but had sent word for me to come down to see him in his cabin. As soon as the hand-shakes were through on deck and I had introduced Colonel Astor to the officers, I went down to the admiral's cabin, where I found him in bed. He gave me the kindest welcome—a welcome that was like the parting in its nature, with few words, but those few meaning volumes. The admiral asked in a few general terms about the incident of the *Merrimac*, and I told him briefly all there was to say. I reported myself as ready for duty, and spoke of the magnificent conduct of my men, their absolute discipline in the face of trying conditions, and their excellent deportment during imprisonment. Without waiting for the question of a written report, I recommended that measures be taken to recognize the men's conduct, and that they be relieved from duty for the present until their strength could be restored. The admiral replied that this had been attended to; that every man had already been promoted in the highest degree practicable, and that their promotions were waiting to be delivered, adding that the greatest care would be taken of their health; and he added, "There is a letter for you." It was an appreciative letter from the Secretary of the Navy.



SCENES IN THE SPANISH CAPITAL.

BY ARTHUR HOUGHTON.

THE PATRIOTIC BENEFIT NIGHT AT THE
OPERA-HOUSE, MARCH 31, 1898.

NOTHING can be imagined more genuinely typical of Spanish life than the patriotic benefit night at the Madrid royal opera-house. War-clouds were on the horizon; public spirit had been much stirred by the press. A national subscription had been started to collect funds for the increase and improvement of the armada, upon which many hopes were then centered. Some artists and society leaders started the idea of a benefit at the Teatro Real. The suggestion was warmly taken up in literary

and artistic circles. The most popular actors of both sexes in the principal theaters volunteered to represent historical characters in the grand closing scene, and the singers promised to form unprecedented choruses. Well-known painters took charge of the stage-setting, working with zest many hours a day. There was much rivalry in all classes in purchasing seats for this benefit. The nobility mustered strong, led by men like the Marquis de Villamejor, who sent fifty thousand dollars for his box, and several grandees from ten to twenty thousand dollars each. The great banks followed in the wake of the Bank of Spain, which gave nine thou-

sand dollars. The clubs paid from five hundred to one thousand dollars for a single orchestra stall, and the Madrid Athenæum sent a veteran of the first Cuban war, one of its footmen, to occupy a seat worth one thousand dollars. The Queen sent ten thousand dollars for her royal box, and the ministers gave handsome contributions. It was not easy, when the day came, to find even an entrance ticket, for which one pays, on an ordinary night, thirty cents to be able to stroll about the opera-house and visit the boxes of one's friends. The Madrid opera-house, in a way, is a social institution, and has been so since it was opened in the days of Queen Isabella in the fifties. There the élite of society and politics, the world of fashion and the world of letters and art, the musical dilettanti, the financiers, and even the middle class, congregate five days out of seven in the week, Mondays and Fridays excepted, from the end of October until the week before Lent. Almost all the artists of fame in Europe have appeared in turn for forty-five years on this stage, before audiences that take pride in being severe and competent critics. Hitherto the call for seats, surpassing the supply, has obliged the amateurs to be content, unless they can pay a very exorbitant price, with what the natives call a *turno*, one of every three nights. This explains why a patriotic benefit was sure to cause an unusual application on the part of the many who wished to be present, or fancied it was "the thing" not to be absent on such an occasion.

It was a glorious sight. The whole of the floor of the house was full of well-dressed women and men in evening dress or uniforms, and the four tiers of boxes were closely packed. In the lower boxes and the great dress-tier over them there was a dazzling display of women in beautiful toilets, their faces beaming with pleasure and excitement, rivaling one another in a remarkable show of diamonds and precious stones. Most of the ladies wore the national colors on their dresses, or in sashes, waistbands, or rosettes. A few caused murmurs of approval by appearing with the national mantilla, with flowers matching the gold and red of the Spanish ensign. A glance about the house sufficed to show that the Spanish peerage had determined to be conspicuous in the demonstration.

When the Queen Regent entered her box with her eldest daughter, the Princess of Asturias, a fair and pretty girl of seventeen, with the same distinguished Austrian carriage as her mother, followed by the Infanta Isa-

bella and the lords and ladies in waiting, the orchestra struck up a few bars of the Spanish "Royal March." Her Majesty had waived the etiquette of the court to be present at this national celebration, though the royal family were in mourning.

The concert began immediately after the arrival of royalty. The audience from the first showed the suppressed patriotic feeling brewing under the surface. As the concert proceeded the splendid strains of Gounod's "Gallia" sent a thrill through the house, both the orchestra, led by the maestro Goula, and all the leading singers who composed the chorus, admirably executing their respective parts. Seldom had that grand and solemn musical dirge and patriotic lamentation, composed for the darkest hours of the history of a neighboring country, gone more to the hearts of another people.

This was an excellent preparation for the imposing finale. The curtain rose slowly, revealing at the back of the stage, in the distance, the three caravels, *Pinta*, *Niña*, and *Santa María*, that had taken over to the New World Christopher Columbus and Pinzón. In front was a monument surmounted with a sitting figure representing Spain, and guarded by a couple of sailors with rifles and fixed bayonets. Below, in the center, on a pedestal, was a large lion rampant, with his paw extended over the top of the escutcheon of Spain, that rested below on a trophy of arms and national standards. Right and left were, arrayed in the picturesque garb of many provinces or in historical costumes, the best actors and actresses of the Madrid theaters. Two hundred soldiers in heavy marching order formed a guard of honor to the principal group, and five military bands were on the sides of the vast stage. The artists had combined admirably everything that could exalt the enthusiasm of a sensitive, proud nation—recollections of military and naval glories of the past, recollections of the discovery, conquest, and colonization of the New World, souvenirs of campaigns in two hemispheres, the representation of that army and navy upon which they yet rested their hopes and illusions, the provincial records that are so popular with all Spaniards, associated as they are with their literature, the grand old flag that had floated for centuries over the empire, and, lastly, a touching homage to their widowed Queen Regent.

The audience almost immediately burst into loud applause. The maestro Goula gave the signal for the orchestra of the opera.

eighty musicians, and the five military bands to strike up the "Marcha de Cádiz," the modern national military air of Spain, and at the same time at the back of the stage a beautifully and curiously designed inscription appeared with the magic words "Viva España" flashed out by electric light. The whole audience rose to their feet with ringing cheers, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, the men applauding, the people in the upper galleries shouting themselves hoarse. The Queen herself, deeply moved, rose and stood for a while, with her daughter and her sister-in-law, and all their suite. On seeing this act of royalty, the chief of the orchestra made his bands play the "Royal March," upon which all the people in the house turned toward the royal box and gave the Queen and the princess a very hearty and loyal demonstration of sympathy. Her Majesty bowed again and again, her pale, fatigued face lighting up with satisfaction, until, overpowered with emotion, she carried her handkerchief to her eyes. By her side, the Princess of Asturias showed quite as much emotion, tears coursing down her youthful cheeks. Only the Infanta Isabella kept her composure. The audience then called once more for the "Cádiz March," and a voice came from the uppermost gallery asking for *la bandera nacional*. One of the sailors caught up a flag from the group near the emblematic Lion of Castile, and all the actresses of the stage rushed forward to seize it, and bore it to the footlights amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. The bands saluted the flag with the "Royal March," and everybody stood until the curtain slowly dropped, just as her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses retired from the front of the royal box.

THE OPENING OF THE CORTES ON THE EVE OF THE WAR.

A ROYAL pageant always attracts a Spanish crowd, but the opening of the Cortes on April 20, 1898, had more than usual fascination for Madrileños of every rank. They congregated in thousands on the Plaza del Oriente before the royal palace, in the streets near the opera-house, where the cortège was expected to pass, and all along the short way to the square where the Senate-House stands. The troops lined the route, the infantry in dark blue, with their colors uncased, their bands ready to play the "Royal March" as soon as royalty came in sight; the cavalry in bright red or blue with gold facings; the Hussars of the Princess and the Hussars of Pavia, the two crack corps, the officers

of which are all noblemen and hidalgos of ancient descent; the artillery in handsome dark blue, with their splendid teams of six mules to each gun and gun-carriage; and here and there the civil guards, or the gendarmes, like the rest in gala full dress. The task of the latter is not always easy, as Spanish crowds, though good-natured, docile, and well behaved, are so much accustomed to being treated in a paternal, free-and-easy way by their police that they push, jostle, joke, and break through the lines of soldiery and guards to catch a nearer glimpse of the show. They really behaved well on this occasion, and were less noisy and turbulent than usual. There was a singularly strange preoccupation, a touching anxiety, on many faces, as if not a few were haunted with the idea that their country and their monarchy were entering upon a critical stage of their annals. This was quaintly put in pithy exclamations about what would happen before another Cortes opened, and whether, indeed, they would ever witness such a scene again—a bright sky overhead, the balmy air of a lovely afternoon, and the splendor of this striking and solemn state ceremony.

I happened to select the square before the Senate to see the cortège arrive. The first to appear were the royal horse-guards; then came the royal carriages, with lackeys in glittering liveries, and filled with a host of ladies in waiting in beautiful toilets, and a crowd of grandees, chamberlains, and lords in waiting, all wearing gold-embroidered coats, knee-breeches, and buckle-shoes—the very costumes one sees in the pictures of the National Gallery or on the tapestries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. No court in Europe except Austria has kept up so much stately etiquette as that of the Bourbons of Spain. The very body-guard, the halberdiers who form the guard of honor at the door of the Senate, wear the full uniform of the old musketeers of Versailles and La Granja in the last century. The army bands massed in the Senate square struck up a lively march called "Marcha de las Infantas," when the carriage of the Infanta Isabella slowly wheeled into a small cleared space, and her Royal Highness stepped out, looking queenly and handsome, though her hair has turned gray. She stood in the doorway, close to the presidents, secretaries, and deputations of both houses, whose duty it is to meet royalty and conduct the royal personage across the floor of the house to the throne, placed on a raised platform at the far end

under a canopy. Once more the bands struck up, this time the solemn, slow strains of the "Royal March," the troops presented arms, the officers raised their swords, a thrill of curiosity ran through the immense crowd, and the guns of a royal salute were heard in the distance. A field-officer's escort of horse-guards preceded the magnificent royal carriage, surmounted with a globe and a crown, and drawn by eight fine cream-colored horses, flanked by footmen in gorgeous liveries. Right and left of the royal carriage rode the captain-general of Madrid, General Daban, and the general commanding the guards, followed by a numerous staff, and in the rear came a full squadron of the horse-guards. As their Majesties passed, the regimental colors were inclined, which Alfonso XIII recognized by a military salute to each flag. He wore the uniform of a cadet of the Toledo military academy, with the Golden Fleece collar about his neck. Though of slender frame and pale, delicate features, the boy-king looks well in uniform, and is developing decidedly Bourbon features—the heavy lower jaw, the large forehead with hair far back and curly, and the active, inquiring eyes, reminding one of the portraits of his ancestors in the Aranjuez and Madrid palaces. He does not resemble his mother as much as his sisters do.

It was toward the pale, care-worn, thoughtful face of María Christina that all eyes turned not unkindly, and from many women's lips went forth a respectful, touching word of sympathy for the widowed mother of their sovereign, that meant more, perhaps, than all the official greeting and bowing of courtiers inside the Senate-Hall.

There, too, the sight was grand and imposing. Every gallery was densely packed. Tickets had been in great demand, and officials of the Senate were harassed for days by the many who wished to be present at this famous meeting of Parliament. The display of toilets was exceedingly elegant, and most of the men wore evening dress or frock-coats. The floor of the house and the benches were occupied by senators and deputies in uniform or evening dress, and their breasts covered with crosses and bands. The courtiers and royal household officers slowly walked to their places near the throne, and, preceded by their ministers and the presidents and deputations of both houses, the King and the Queen Regent passed slowly up the whole length of the hall to the throne at the far end. The Queen's face looked grave and weary, but

she bowed graciously to her son's lieges, and to the ladies and the members of the corps diplomatique, who formed a picturesque cluster of exquisite toilets and white-lace mantillas in front of the various uniforms from many lands, including such contrasts as the Pope's nuncio, the Chinese and Japanese ministers, and the more military-looking representatives of the European powers. The American minister, General Woodford, had very properly abstained from appearing when the war-cloud was ready to burst over Spain.

Indeed, one could see in the faces of all in the peculiar solemnity of this gathering, that there was something unusual in the air. Nevertheless, there was a marked determination in the gallant way in which the regent raised her head and glanced about calmly as she received from the hands of her prime minister the last speech from the throne that she was destined to read in the Cortes before the war with the United States. She read it in a slow, clear tone, now and then putting a natural earnestness in certain passages that went to the hearts of her hearers. Her voice trembled a little when she uttered the words: "In acting thus in unison with the nation I not only perform the duty which I swore to fulfil when I accepted the regency, but I also seek to strengthen my mother's heart with the confident belief that the Spanish people will display a force which nothing can shake, until the time when it will be given to my son to defend in person the honor of the nation and the integrity of its territory."

Everybody noticed the anxious side glance that she cast toward the child-king. He once looked up askance at her, and she drew herself up, and went on with her speech. The young King had listened intently to the speech.

As their Majesties rose with the Infanta Isabella and their suites to leave the hall, the senators and deputies, no longer restrained by severe etiquette, cheered them all, and several times, "Viva Cuba Española!" The brilliant gathering in the Senate was more demonstrative in its loyalty than the people in the streets, who welcomed the royal cortège with weak vivas on the way back to the palace. The whole ceremony was over in less than an hour and a half.

LIFE IN MADRID DURING THE WAR.

As long as the popular demonstrations in the streets of the capital and other great towns were limited to patriotic expressions of opin-

ion, the government looked on and did not care to interfere actively. It dawned upon the authorities at last that these demonstrations were being used by wire-pullers for other than patriotic purposes. The civil governor of Madrid, Señor Aguilera, whose mission it was to race about the capital every evening from nightfall until a couple of hours or so after midnight, noticed unmistakable symptoms of mischief in the would-be leaders of the noisy and riotous crowds careering about the streets. He himself saw in several places noted Carlists, men who had been conspicuous partizans of the pretender in past civil wars and in the Cortes and the press, urging the mobs of students, workmen, and middle-class people to make violent protests against the powers that be. In other parts of the city he recognized advanced Republicans in the van of the street demonstrations, and, last but not least, persons that he considered most dangerous—friends of General Weyler and Señor Romero Robledo, unscrupulous political freelances, the very condottieri of Spanish politics, whose aims any one could guess. The civil governor very pluckily captured most of these birds of prey, and safely landed them in the dark, dingy cellars of his official residence, whence he had them marched next day—noblemen, gentlemen, journalists, political agitators, in couples with harebrained students, lively workmen, gambling-house supporters, and other scum of Madrid society—to the prison of common criminals. Señor Aguilera was successful at first with his good-humored dash and his paternal and familiar way of addressing the mobs and dispersing them after a few kind, warm, patriotic appeals that often elicited cheers and cleared the streets better and quicker than files of policemen or mounted civil guards.

But matters came to a climax when the war actually broke out, and the government could no longer let the capital of Spain be night after night under mob-law for hours, street traffic suspended in the main arteries of communication, shops and cafés hurriedly closed for fear of disturbance, and theaters nearly empty since the patriotic mobs had got into the habit of forcing their way into them to insist upon the bands playing the "Cádiz March," while all the audience stood and cheered in self-defense. The mobs grew nasty one night, and in the Sevilla and Alcalá streets, the Madrid Broadway, demanded that the American emblems be torn down from the fine offices of the Equitable Life Assurance

Society. Their cries were complied with. Everything American was taken away, and a notice put up warning all trespassers that the land and buildings were mortgaged as a guaranty specially for Spaniards whose lives were insured by this foreign company. The rioters then smashed the windows of the former offices of the late American dentist Tinker, whose successor, by the by, is an out-and-out Castilian, who will not get there for a cent of damages. The New York insurance office in the Puerta del Sol fared no better, and all outward signs of nationality had to be removed instantly. The papers, far from condemning these excesses, coolly said that the ire of the mobs ought not to be spent on American offices, but would far better be aimed at the well-known residences and persons of representatives of the American press in Madrid.

The government at last thought that the demonstrations might become very troublesome for the regency and for its ministers. It elected to put a stop to them one evening when, singularly enough, the mobs had not been so violent as usual; only they had thought fit to cheer themselves hoarse under the windows of General Weyler, the advocate of war to the knife, who boasted of having asked Cánovas del Castillo to let him remain in office long enough to exterminate the rebel Cubans and then invade the United States with fifty thousand veterans. From Weyler's home they attempted to go to the corner house of the Carrera de San Gerónimo, opposite the Cortes, where Sagasta had been living for some time. They hissed and yelled to their hearts' content at some distance, kept back by the police and the civil guards, who charged them with drawn swords. The mob made by side streets for the Calle de Sevilla, where they hooted Señor Aguilera. He had just left Sagasta, after obtaining the assent of the cabinet council to surrender his powers into the hands of the military authorities, as he confessed that he could no longer control the turbulent elements of the capital.

I went to the Puerta del Sol some minutes after the governor had been so roughly welcomed by the crowd in the Carrera de San Gerónimo. Right across the Sevilla street were fifty mounted civil guards like motionless statues, flanked by companies of foot-police, and beyond I could see the mob surging about the Cuatro Calles, where four streets meet. Hisses, whistles, and hooting rose on the night air. Every balcony was full of people. My tramway-car

soon pulled up opposite the Casino behind seven others, all whistling vainly for free way. The crowd of well-dressed people and better-class workmen would not disperse, and sulkily exclaimed: "Get out of the cars, and join us in showing your patriotic feelings against these governments." At last, when many of the occupants of the cars were looking nervous, a tramway conductor happily cried out, "The guards are coming!" and away rushed the patriots. I got down into the Puerta del Sol, and just as I neared the great red-brick building used as Home Office, I noticed that the people were staring at large bills that men were posting on the walls. It was the customary proclamation of the civil governor telling the inhabitants of the capital that, in consequence of the conduct of unruly disturbers of the peace, he considered the time had come to place the power in the hands of the military authorities. When I had finished reading this proclamation I saw standing a few paces off Colonel Morera, chief of the Madrid police, with two other officers of the force. I went up and asked him what the proclamation meant, and with a strange, grim smile and a military salute, the former Carlist officer replied curtly: "State of siege and martial law, señor. And look yonder." He pointed in the direction of the Arenal street, where the military governor of Madrid, in full uniform, with six staff-officers, appeared, followed by a squadron of Pavia Hussars in red jackets and blue trousers, their drawn swords in their hands. A trumpet sounded clear in the night; a staff-officer mumbled what was supposed to be the proclamation of the captain-general of Madrid, Lieutenant-General Antonio Daban, intimating that he had taken over from the civil authorities the management of the capital of his Catholic Majesty, and warning all loyal subjects of the consequences of aiding or abetting in any way the would-be disturbers of the tranquillity of Madrid. The Puerta del Sol and the streets so crowded an hour before were quickly deserted, and the Madrileños went home, thinking discretion the better part of valor from the moment that the military had sallied from their barracks to patrol the street.

Strangers and foreigners entering the capital of Spain of course fancied that there would be something peculiar in a city of half a million inhabitants under martial law, particularly so since they knew that the city was the capital of a country sorely tried by three years of colonial rebellions, and had been led into a great war with a powerful nation. They were

not a little surprised to see the busy and thronged streets of Madrid, the shops as brilliant as ever, the traffic not in the least diminished, the middle and lower classes attending to their business as of yore, and the governing classes more engrossed in purely domestic politics, rivalries, and local matters than in the great contest where imperial and national interests were so gravely at stake. This comparative indifference and self-possession of the majority of Madrileños were most striking after the hours of the day generally devoted to business and politics. The promenades and places of entertainment were as crowded as in the heyday of prosperity before foreign and colonial wars. At the beginning the theaters, the circus, and the popular places of entertainment were frequented by quite as many as in former years, and, it was noticed, by even a better class of audiences, as the war and the Cortes kept more of the upper classes in town. This was the case when the Jardín del Buen Retiro was opened, and became night after night, especially on Thursdays, the rendezvous of the world of fashion and politics, side by side with the middle classes and the demi-monde, that has become a feature of Madrid life of late years. From nightfall until a couple of hours after midnight your average Madrileño turns night into day from June 15 to September 10, when the thermometer averages from 35° to 41° C. in the shade every afternoon. Then all indulge in siestas of several hours, and government, municipal, and many private offices are closed from noon until twilight, the officials and clerks being kept at their desks from eight to twelve or one only in the mornings. Except on great and exciting occasions, these skeptical, light-hearted Southerners seldom allowed events to turn them away very long from their evening amusements and pastimes. This was particularly striking on fête-days, when bull-fights attracted the usual rush. No visible symptoms of the present crisis were perceptible on the surface of Madrid life during the war and the state of siege, except in the complaints of tradesmen, the despondency, panics, and anti-warlike feelings of the business men and Bourse people, and a decided lack of great social entertainments, balls, and theatricals in the houses of the nobility, gentry, plutocracy, corps diplomatique, and official world. Yet this lull was not absolutely due to the war with the United States, for it had begun about eighteen months before, in consequence of the colonial insurrections.

THE CAPTURE OF MANILA.

I. CROSSING THE PACIFIC AND LANDING NEAR MANILA.

BY FRANCIS V. GREENE, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. V.

ADAMIRAL DEWEY'S orders were to proceed to the Philippines and "capture or destroy Spanish fleet." These orders were carried out to the letter. Every vessel in the Spanish fleet was destroyed. It is to be hoped that Admiral Dewey will tell in his own language the story of this naval engagement, which, whether judged by the completeness of the victory or by its far-reaching political consequences, stands almost unique in naval history.

The close of the engagement left him master of Manila Bay, with the city at his mercy; but it also left him seven thousand miles from the nearest harbor in America, and almost without ammunition. He had barely sixteen rounds per gun left in his magazines. His instructions did not go beyond the destruction of the fleet, and he had wisely cut the cable, thus isolating the Spaniards in Manila, but at the same time cutting off direct communication with his own government. It was open to him, having completely carried out his instructions, to go to Hong-Kong for orders; but he decided to remain, anchored on the battle-field. On the day after the battle he sent the *McCulloch* to Hong-Kong with telegrams asking for more ammunition, stating that the city was at his mercy, but that he had not sufficient men to occupy it.

On receipt of his telegram, the President and the War Department, with that well-directed energy which, notwithstanding all criticisms, marked their entire conduct of the war, immediately made arrangements to send a land force to complete his victory and take possession of the Philippine Islands. So little did any one, either in or out of official life, at the beginning of the war dream of the possibility of our acquiring islands on the other side of the globe, that the Department of California was virtually stripped of all its military resources. General Shafter, who was in command at San Francisco, on the outbreak of the war had been sent across the continent to Tampa,

and had taken with him not only his entire staff, but everything connected with his headquarters which could by any possibility be of service in the campaign. The regular troops had all been ordered East, and on the entire Pacific coast, including Alaska, there was only one regiment, the Fourteenth Infantry. The colonel of this regiment, Thomas M. Anderson, was stationed in Alaska. He was immediately ordered to San Francisco. Two regiments of volunteers, the First California and the Second Oregon, were hastily collected in San Francisco, together with six companies of his own regiment, and with these he sailed for Manila on May 25, just three weeks after the news of Dewey's victory had reached Washington.

Meanwhile Major-General Wesley Merritt, the second general by seniority in the army, whose brilliant successes in the Civil War and in Indian campaigns naturally led to his selection, was directed to proceed to San Francisco, organize an army-corps composed mainly of volunteers from the Western States, transport it across seven thousand nautical miles of ocean, attack and defeat the Spanish army at Manila, and take possession, until further orders, of the Philippines in the name of the United States. It was the most novel, and in some respects the most interesting, enterprise in which United States troops were ever engaged.

It was my good fortune to command the expedition which sailed next after that of General Anderson. I was in camp at Lakeland, Florida, in command of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, when on the afternoon of May 29 I received a telegram from the adjutant-general stating that I had been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and directing me to report immediately to General Merritt in San Francisco. I left by the first train, and arrived in San Francisco six days later. At that time there were already encamped in the outskirts of San Francisco ten or twelve regiments of volunteers,—all, with one exception, from States west of the Mississippi,—two batteries of volunteer artillery, one troop of volunteer

cavalry, and parts of two regular infantry regiments. They were being organized into brigades and equipped as rapidly as possible under the immediate direction of General Otis. The government was woefully short of supplies of all kinds. In one company of regulars there were no less than six different kinds of tents. Every tent, every pair of shoes, and every poncho on the Pacific coast had been purchased, and telegrams had been sent to the East to hurry forward more of these, as well as of other classes of supplies, and rations and ammunition. Our shipping on the Pacific was limited in quantity, and the owners were reluctant to break up their commercial traffic and part with their ships at any price. It was only with threats of seizure that ships could be obtained. The force designated for the Philippines was twenty thousand men, or nearly as great as the entire strength of the regular army a few weeks previous. There was a prodigious amount of work to be done, but on the whole it was done systematically and effectively. Every transport was inspected by a board containing a line officer, a quartermaster, and a medical officer. The cubical air-space was computed, and the number of men for each ship limited accordingly. Extra galleys, sinks and wash-rooms, bunks, and electric lights were put in each ship. Summer clothing, underclothing, and helmets were purchased for the greater portion of the men. Each expedition took wall or common tents, and, in addition, shelter-tents, thirty days' rations, and four hundred rounds of ammunition per man. Undoubtedly in some respects the outfit was deficient. Some of the ships were too small, and none of them had been constructed with a view of being used as transports. Some articles of clothing and equipment were lacking, but they were not to be had. Such shortcomings are inseparable from a system of maintaining an army of twenty-five thousand men and attempting to expand it to ten times that number in the space of a few weeks. The wonder is not that there were some deficiencies, but that it was possible to accomplish the task at all. Whatever resources there were on the Pacific coast were fully utilized, and whatever human energy could accomplish was done. Many of the regiments had had little or no drill or organization before reaching San Francisco, and while awaiting their turn to sail the time was fully occupied in military exercises, as well as in organizing and equipping. Finer material for an army never existed, and what

the men lacked in military knowledge was in a large measure made up by superb enthusiasm. Every man was keen to go on the first expedition, and such influence, political or other, as was possessed by any one in a regiment, from colonel to drummer-boy, was fully utilized to secure its early departure. Sometimes this enthusiasm was misdirected, as in the case of a dozen men in one regiment who escaped from the contagious hospital, where they were sick with the measles, the night before our departure, and managed to conceal themselves on the ship with their regiment, spreading the disease throughout the ship, and partly throughout the fleet, during the entire voyage.

About the 14th of June four ships were ready, one of them a fine large ship (the *China*) which ordinarily carried passengers from San Francisco to Hong-Kong. Another ship was taken from the Australian trade, and the remaining two from the coast trade. The troops were selected from among those most thoroughly organized and equipped, and consisted of the First Colorado, the First Nebraska, the Tenth Pennsylvania, one battalion of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, one battalion of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, two batteries of Utah light artillery, and twenty men from the regular battalion of engineers; in all about thirty-five hundred men. Of these the *China* carried about thirteen hundred, the *Senator* about nine hundred, and the *Zelandia* and the *Colon* nearly seven hundred each.

We sailed from San Francisco on the morning of June 15, and eight days later reached Honolulu, where we stayed two days to coal the ships, and received a most hearty and generous welcome. In the beautiful grounds of the President's house, under the tropical trees, tables were set out, and a bountiful lunch spread for every man in the command. From Honolulu we kept on our westward course, stopping a few hours on July 4 to examine Wake Island, a diminutive desert which lies almost in the route from Honolulu to Guam (or Guajan), and which I thought might possibly be useful as a coaling-station or cable-landing on the long journey across the Pacific. On July 9 we ran along the coast of the little island of Guam, in the Ladrões, whither I had been directed to look for a convoy which might possibly be sent out from Manila. Finding nothing there, we continued our journey, and on the 15th of July reached the head of Luzon. Two days later we anchored off Cavite, in the midst of Dewey's squadron, and with the

wrecks of the Spanish vessels in view on all sides.

It was a stately procession as we moved across the calm and deserted Pacific, day after day, without seeing ship or land or sign of life. The fleet was formed in a double echelon, with the *China* in the lead, and the other vessels slightly astern of one another, and about twelve hundred feet apart. The speed was regulated by the slowest ship at about nine and a half knots, and the relative positions were maintained day and night. Signaling was kept up incessantly by flags during the day and incandescent torches at night, so that whatever occurred on one ship was promptly known on the others. The easterly trades followed us at about the same speed as the ships, and the weather was hot, the thermometer keeping quite constantly between 80° and 85°. Ample awnings, however, protected the men from the sun. The sea was remarkably smooth, and this made it possible for a great number of the men to sleep on the decks. The ship's routine was established after we were a few days out, and the meals, as well as reveille, retreat, and tattoo, and two drills per day, were all held at regular hours. Owing to limited space on the decks, the only drill possible was the setting-up drill. Target practice, both with field-artillery and with infantry, was carried on at frequent intervals, the superior speed of the *China* enabling her to run forward in the morning, place the target, allow the ships to fire at it as they passed, then pick up the target and rejoin the fleet before dark, all without diminishing the speed of the slowest vessel.

The monotony of the voyage was at last broken when, off the north end of Luzon, on July 15, being twenty days out from Honolulu, without having seen a sail, a man-of-war appeared on the horizon. If a Spaniard, there was nothing to do but to try to ram it; if an American, as there was every reason to believe it was, there was no occasion to stop: so the *China* went ahead at full speed, and the stranger proved to be the *Boston*, Captain Wildes, which had been sent up from Manila to meet us.

Leaving her to convoy the slower vessels, the *China* went ahead, and arrived at Manila Bay the following day, shortly after noon. The *Olympia* was anchored in about the middle of the battle-ground, and it was a rare pleasure that afternoon to sit under the awning on her quarter-deck and hear the admiral describe the fight, pointing in turn to each of the Spanish wrecks, and

describing how that particular vessel was destroyed.

We had been thirty days without news from the outer world. The *Boston* brought us the latest information by way of Hong-Kong, which was dated July 2, and consisted of a few brief telegrams, to the effect that Admiral Camara's fleet had passed through the Suez Canal, was coaling in the Red Sea, and as soon as this was completed would continue its voyage to Manila; and that General Merritt had sailed from San Francisco in the steamer *Newport* on June 28.

These telegrams showed that a most interesting race was in progress on two sides of the globe, each of the contestants with about seven thousand nautical miles to go. Camara was coming east, and Merritt was coming west; and the monitor *Monterey*, which we had left coaling at Honolulu, and the arrival of which was of such vital importance to Dewey, was also coming west, all having the same objective, Manila Bay. As we steamed down the coast of Luzon, I spent several hours figuring on a time-table to see who would come in first. Allowing the *Monterey* six knots, Camara's fleet ten knots, and the *Newport* twelve knots, I figured out that Camara would reach Manila July 26, Merritt July 28, and the *Monterey* August 4. Would Camara come straight to Manila? Would he sail east to intercept Merritt? Would his arrival be delayed beyond August 4? Would he come at all?

I handed the time-table to Admiral Dewey, and he spent most of the night and the following day studying over it. On the morning of the third day (July 19) he came to the *China* in his barge, and asked me to go ashore with him to see General Anderson, who, with the twenty-five hundred men of his expedition, was quartered in the barracks at Cavite. The admiral was convinced that if Camara continued his voyage he would reach Manila before the *Monterey*. Having no battle-ship in his command, he was out-classed by the *Pelayo*. The safety of the army and the transports, at such an enormous distance from America, depended entirely upon keeping his fleet intact. He therefore came to the determination, in case news was not received in less than a week that Camara had turned back, to take his fleet and the transports to the north of Luzon, and then to cruise eastward until he met the *Monterey*, and the *Monadnock*, which was following her; then he would return and destroy Camara's fleet. He felt reasonably confident that he would be gone not longer

than August 10, and he asked General Anderson, who was the senior officer, what he would do. The latter promptly replied that he would take thirty days' rations, march into the hills about twenty miles east of Cavite, intrench, and await the return of the fleet. My opinion was asked, and I fully concurred in the wisdom of the departure of the fleet, and the propriety of taking the troops inland to await its return.

If Camara's nerve had held out, the result would have been a very interesting campaign in the Philippines. Merritt arrived three days ahead of schedule time, and the *Monterey* arrived on the very day calculated, but Camara did not come at all. Definite information that Camara had turned back reached the admiral on July 22, just as it was becoming necessary to take steps to carry the above plan into operation.

On the morning after my arrival, Admiral Dewey furnished a steam-launch to General Anderson and me, and we steamed up to reconnoiter the Spanish position. We went toward Manila, well beyond their lines, and within easy rifle-range, but without drawing their fire. Dewey had sent word to the Spanish captain-general some weeks before that the first shot fired upon any of his ships or boats would be the signal for opening a bombardment, and this warning was carefully respected. Having obtained a fair idea of the Spanish position in the vicinity of the bay, we stopped on our return to find a site for a landing and camp, and picked out a flat field about four feet above tide, planted with peanuts, but otherwise entirely open. It was about a mile and a half long by a quarter of a mile wide, and inclosed on three sides by dense thickets of bamboo and other tropical trees and by rice swamps, and on the fourth side by the beach and a narrow fringe of large trees. It was sufficiently large to accommodate seven or eight thousand men, and its northern edge was just out of range of musketry, but well within range of the field-artillery in the Spanish lines. The beach was flat, of fine white sand, and landing was feasible in calm weather, but very difficult in high winds.

The existence of this field, so close to the Spanish lines, was a piece of good fortune for us, as subsequent reconnaissance showed the entire country about Manila to be composed of rice swamps and bamboo thickets, and there was not another place between Cavite and Manila where five thousand troops could be encamped in one body. Preparations for disembarking from the transports

and landing on the beach were begun the following morning.

The situation in the bay was very peculiar. Off Cavite Point, about nine miles in a straight line from the center of Manila, lay Admiral Dewey's squadron, our fleet of transports, and several colliers. Just off Manila lay at anchor a foreign fleet of about twelve ships—three Germans, two British, three French, two Japanese, and, I think, one Austrian. The Spanish troops, thirteen thousand in number, occupied the old fortifications in the center of Manila and a line of blockhouses and trenches thrown up around the city in a semicircle, with a diameter of about five miles. Just outside of the Spanish lines were barricades on every road, and a few small trenches between them, all occupied by an armed force of Philippine insurgents, said to number about ten thousand men. These blockaded the city on the land side to such an extent as to prevent the entry of any food. The insurgents had captured the waterworks and cut off the supply from the city. Within the city meat was very scarce, and the Spaniards were living on horse-flesh, which was regularly slaughtered and sold by the Spanish authorities every day, and the large Chinese population was eating cats and dogs. The city of Manila, with its church towers, yellow houses, and old gray fortified walls, was in plain view in the summer sun, not only from the squadron at Cavite, but also from all points of the curved beach. During the day everything was quiet, but at night the city was brilliantly lighted by electricity, and a sputtering infantry fire, with an occasional shot from a field-gun, usually broke out between the Spanish and the insurgent lines about ten o'clock, lasted for an hour or more, and then subsided until just before dawn, when it was resumed. At daylight the firing ceased by mutual consent. Two groups of combatants, the Spanish and the insurgents, were facing each other on the shore, and two groups of possible enemies, the American and foreign fleets, were in plain view on the water. Another element, the American army, was about to be added on the land.

Admiral Dewey controlled the harbor, and no ship entered or left without his permission, and without being boarded and examined by the small cruiser on guard-duty for the day. Some of the foreign naval commanders did not permit this without protest. More than one unfriendly message was exchanged, and once an incident occurred which was dangerously close to actual con-

flict. Dewey did not seek to bring on another war the consequences of which it was impossible to estimate, but he was fully prepared for it, and by being prepared he prevented it. At the same time, by his firmness and tact, he maintained all his rights as commander of the blockading squadron.

The difficulties of getting established on the shore were not slight. Not an animal or wagon of any description had been brought from America, and the native means of transportation were *caramattas*, or light two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by ponies, the largest of which was less than eleven hands high, and capable of hauling a load of not over five hundred pounds. In addition to these there was the *carabao*, or water-buffalo, an animal of great strength, dragging a heavy two-wheeled cart or a sledge through the mud. It was in the midst of the rainy season, and the roads were nothing but quagmires. Such little hauling as was done was usually on sledges drawn by buffaloes. On the water there were available only two small tugs, which had been captured from the Spaniards, and eight or ten *cascos*, or native lighters, somewhat resembling the Chinese junk, but without sails. Each of them was capable of carrying about two hundred men, with their shelter-tents, packs, and ten days' rations. As the landing-point was within easy range of the Spanish artillery, and the water was very shallow, it was thought best not to bring the transports up from Cavite. The rations were therefore placed in the *cascos*, and each loaded to its full capacity with the men, and a string of three or four of them was then towed up to the landing-place at high water, and left aground. The men jumped into the water and waded ashore, and as the tide receded, returned to unload their rations. Everything was carried into camp on the backs of the men. The first regiment was landed and established after dark, but the others on successive days in broad daylight. The Spaniards did not open fire or interfere in any manner. Fortunately, the water was comparatively smooth, and four thousand men were landed without loss or mishap of any kind, the last of them, with eight field-guns, getting ashore on July 22. General Anderson, with about two thousand men, remained at Cavite pending the arrival of the next expedition.

As soon as the first regiment was ashore, I started out to make a thorough reconnaissance of the Spanish position, and sent parties of engineers, of whom there were a great

many among the officers and men in the different regiments, to make reconnaissance maps of the surrounding country, which was entirely unknown to us. The situation was not altogether reassuring. The Spanish line began at the southerly edge of the suburb of Malate, and led up to a strong stonework called Fort San Antonio de Abad, mounting field-artillery of the same caliber as our own. This was situated on a peninsula formed by a stream which flowed out from the city; in front of the fort it was about one hundred feet wide, and it was reported not to be fordable. It was spanned by a stone bridge, with stone parapets backed with sand-bags; and beyond this stretched a strong line of field-trenches made with sand-bags, about five feet high and eight feet thick, and with heavy traverses at intervals of a few yards. This extended inland for about a thousand yards to a blockhouse of the familiar Spanish type, on a piece of hard ground commanding one of the roads which led in to town; the other road from the south leading directly past Fort San Antonio. From the blockhouse, the number of which, 14, was plainly painted on it, the line made a sharp turn to the north, and disappeared in the bamboo thickets. Within the city was a force of regular Spanish troops, reported to be ten thousand in number, although on the surrender they proved to be thirteen thousand, or more than three times my own force. They were armed with a better rifle than our own, had the smokeless powder, and an abundance of ammunition. At the surrender they still had on hand over seven hundred rounds per man, whereas we had been able to obtain in San Francisco only about four hundred rounds. The country outside of the peanut-field in which we were camped was a succession of rice swamps, through which led a few roads, almost impassable, on the borders of which were enormous clumps of tall bamboo poles, which were quite impassable. What little hard ground there was in the intervals between the swamps was cultivated with beans growing on high poles, and each lot or garden was surrounded by a dense hedge, through which a man could not make his way. The country was perfectly flat, and there was no point from which a general view of it could be obtained. The portion of the Spanish lines nearest the shore could be clearly made out from a white house, called by us (erroneously) the "convent," situated in a field near the beach, and a little less than one thousand yards from Fort San Antonio. This house was a fine target for the Spanish artillery, as well as for the

infantry, and was completely riddled by bullets and shells. Blockhouse No. 14 could be approached by crawling through the bean-fields and thickets to a peasant's house about two hundred yards distant from it. The slightest exposure at either of these houses instantly brought a rain of bullets. Off to the right there was a cross-road leading through about two miles of rice swamps to a slight hill just above the convent at San Pedro Macati, on the Pasig River. From this hill a fine view could be obtained into the back of Manila, and across the intervening rice swamps and thickets the blockhouses and adjacent trenches of the Spaniards on the east of the city could be distinguished.

Between my camp and the Spanish lines there was a body of insurgents, whose fighting qualities were uncertain. They occupied barricades on the roads and a few shallow trenches on each side of them. They had but little organization, and were young men and boys of slight stature, weighing from about one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pounds each, dressed in a uniform of striped blue cotton and a straw hat, without shoes. They were armed indiscriminately with Mausers and Remingtons, and took turns in serving in the trenches for a few days and then returning to their homes in the vicinity for a week to rest, their posts and arms being taken by others. They occupied the houses in the numerous villages in the rear of their barricades and trenches, and here their food, which consisted principally of rice, occasionally with a little meat, was cooked and then carried up to the trenches, where it was eaten with banana-leaves as a relish. They were constantly engaged in desultory fighting with the Spaniards, and when their ammunition was exhausted they would abandon a barricade in a body and go off to get more. If the Spaniards should mass a large force against them, they would have no trouble in running over them, and our camp was only three quarters of a mile in their rear. The Spaniard, like the Turk, is not given to offensive operations. His plan of warfare is to fight behind intrenchments, barbed wire, and blockhouses. Still, to guard against the contingency of the insurgents being driven in, and the Spaniards coming upon us unexpectedly, I kept about one fourth of my force on outpost duty just behind the insurgents. With these we would have ample notice of any attack.

I had brought from General Merritt in-

structions to General Anderson, as the senior officer, that if, in his judgment and that of Admiral Dewey, it was the obvious and proper thing for him to attack, he was at liberty to do so; but he was particularly cautioned not to undertake any operations that might result in disaster, and if success was not certain he was to await General Merritt's arrival. As the combined strength of General Anderson's brigade and my own was less than half that of the Spaniards, no offensive operations would have been justified under these instructions. All that could be done was to remain on the ground, thoroughly reconnoiter the country, and prepare plans of attack for the consideration of General Merritt on his arrival. General Anderson came over from Cavite and accompanied me on one of my reconnaissances, and two plans of attack were then discussed. One was to drag our artillery over the road through the rice swamps to the hill at San Pedro Macati. Here it would have a commanding fire on the Spanish lines east of the city, which were weakest at this point; and General Anderson favored making the principal attack from this direction. This, however, would take us away from our base on the shore, and we had no transportation except a few insignificant native carts. It would also take us away from any direct communication with the navy, whose one hundred and fifty-seven pieces of artillery, large and small, operating on the flank of the Spanish lines, would, in my judgment, more than counterbalance the disadvantage of attacking the strongest part of the Spanish position. While, of course, I was ready to carry out without question any orders that General Anderson might give, yet I expressed very strongly my opposition to his plan of moving away from close touch with the navy, and he declined to give any orders pending General Merritt's arrival.

Meanwhile, the men made themselves as comfortable as possible in camp. They had nothing but shelter-tents and one set of clothing. It rained on parts or all of every day, and the rain was of infinite variety, from a passing shower to an all-day-and-all-night storm, with a cool wind, and rain falling at the rate of from four to six inches a day. Immediate steps were taken to get the men off the ground by building beds of split bamboo set on posts from eighteen to twenty-four inches above the ground. On top of this the shelter-tent was perched; and while the rain went through the thin cloth of the shelter-tent, and was driven in at the end by the wind, so that the men were never dry

during the twenty-four days we remained in this camp, yet they did not sleep on the wet ground. I had caused every bottle of wine and liquor to be removed from all the ships the day before we sailed from San Francisco, so that the officers and men landed with their systems absolutely free from alcohol for thirty-two days. The water for drinking and cooking was obtained from wells sunk a few feet deep on the edge of the camp. It was abundant in quantity and apparently of good quality, but, as a precaution, every drop of it used for cooking or drinking was boiled. This was done in spite of the greatest difficulties, as fire-wood was extremely scarce, the bamboo poles and green trees in the vicinity of camp not being combustible. The company cook had a discouraging task. To be awakened at half-past three in the morning, in the midst of a drenching rain, at times with three or four inches of water over almost the entire camp site, and told to light a fire, and not only to make coffee and fry bacon, but to boil water for one hundred men, was to receive an almost impossible order. Yet it

was carried out, and with the utmost cheerfulness. The health of the men under these adverse conditions and extraordinary hardships was surprisingly good—so good that it was hard to account for it. The sick-list was seldom as high as three per cent. during all the time we were in this camp, and none of the sickness was of a serious character. Freedom from alcohol, sleeping above the ground, and boiling the water, were apparently the causes of good health; to which should be added the fine spirits and enthusiasm of the men, confident that in a short time they would take Manila, and proud that they were to have part in the success of so important an event.

General Merritt arrived on the afternoon of July 25, and sent a boat to take me to his ship and explain the situation. On the following morning he came back to camp with me, and I showed him such maps as I had prepared, and rode with him to points from which he could get views of the Spanish lines. He immediately decided that the attack would be made along the shore.

(To be continued.)

THE WOODHAVEN GOAT.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,

Author of "Two Runaways," etc.



MAJOR WORTHINGTON was smoking his pipe upon his broad back porch at Woodhaven and dozing in the balmy air of a faultless morning in May. His stout form was, as usual, spread over two chairs and the balustrade, and contentment rested upon him. Well might he be content. His broad fields were already ribboned with the pale green of young cotton, and all hands agreed that the "stand" was perfect. Peace reigned at Woodhaven, after many days of disquiet, and for all he had been once a man of war, no man at heart loved peace more than did this eccentric old planter. He had tried many experiments; he had run away and marooned with Isam in slavery-time, had fought a duel before the war, and had bravely worn the gray as commander of that renowned organization, the "Worthington Guards." When the unequal contest was ended, he had employed two of his conquerors with guns and blue uniforms to oversee his place, and with such success that prosperity smiled upon

him. All of which is now a part of the history of his country. To-day, the day of which the chronicler is called upon to write, no cloud dimmed the horizon of Crawford Worthington, late Major C. S. A., and still master of Woodhaven. But it was to be an eventful day. Isam was in the yard under a broad elm, sitting on the well-swept ground and busy cleaning the Worthington case-knives on a soft brick, an immemorial custom. His little black eyes, set deep within his wrinkled, complicated face, reflected the light flashed up by the polished steel, and he hummed softly a line from the old song, "My Gal's er High-born Lady."

Over in the orchard, at the far end of the broad back yard, an aged goat was browsing phlegmatically in the fence-corners, and near the triple rows of beehives that were terraced upon plank shelving close to the back yard a strutting turkey-gobbler drummed among his wives.

From time to time the goat ceased to chew and looked curiously upon the proud fowl. Possibly he wondered how anything could be

so small at one moment and so big at the next. Possibly he was wishing that this same swelling gift were his; for out in the grove there lived a gigantic ram, a bitter, uncompromising foe, and the conflicts always ended disastrously for the whiskered champion, mainly, however, because he had never been able to meet his antagonist under any recognized rules of the ring, his own inclination being to spar, and the other's to ride a tournament. Suddenly, as he gazed and reflected, every feather on the gobbler fell into place, the whole arrangement closing like Venetian blinds, and the fowl, dropping his head close to the ground, struck the back of it with first one and then the other foot. Then he hopped about six feet, and lifted both wings, again ducking and scratching his head. This he repeated rapidly, his wives joining in the gymnastics and uttering sharp, crisp clucks. Presently the whole flock scattered in a panic, ran with lowered heads to the limit of the orchard, rose on wing, and sailed away into the cotton-field.

The goat looked on this performance with great interest, until the last gray form had settled and passed from sight. He even uttered a queer little laugh that shook his whiskers. Evidently, however, the oddity of it all soon began to appeal to him, for he looked back inquisitively to the place from which his late associates had departed, his unwinking, glassy eyes full of amazement. There was no explanation in sight, nor was any suggested when he calmly went there and examined the locality more carefully. He did not even find one in the sky above, although he searched in that direction with equal deliberation.

It was while making this final survey that his attention was attracted by the low-hanging branches of a cherry-tree, deep green their verdure and seemingly succulent their leaves. He dismissed the turkey puzzle, and standing upon his hind legs, beckoned to the leaves with his long, flexible lip, a mute invitation that bore no results whatever. Jumping upon a lower hive, he rested his feet upon one above, and again strained his whole frame toward the aerial pasture. Then he mounted yet higher, and with his hind feet upon the topmost hive and his body perpendicular, reached the coveted prize.

It was at this moment that Isam, suspending work, fixed his eyes upon the picture, and keeping them there, began to feel about for the knives. His low, earnest voice broke the stillness:

"Mass' Craffud! Mass' Craffud!"

"Well?" The major mumbled the response from mere force of habit, his eyes still closed.

"Dere's gwine ter be trouble hyah, sholy. Ef dere's anyt'ing 'twix' you an' de back do' up dere, better move hit—"

"What are you talking about, you black rascal? Get up from there!"

"Mass' Craffud!"

"Get up, I tell you, and open that gate! Don't you see Jerry coming with the plow?"

"Mass'—"

"Get up!" the major thundered, and reached for his stick.

Isam darted to the gate and opened it. Jerry was on the way to plow the orchard, and the way led through the yard. Any attempt to continue the interrupted warning would have been useless, for the major discovered at that moment that the mule had been geared wrong.

"Put that back-band hook down lower, sir!" he shouted to Jerry. Jerry was excited by the old man's temper, and a natural awkwardness was against him. "Lower yet! *Lower!* Now shorten those traces! The next link! the next! The *next!* I tell you—the *next!* Don't you see you are going the wrong way? *Shorten* the chain—*shorten!* *shorten!*" Down went the chairs, and out came the major in a towering passion. He jerked the traces right and left, Jerry changing places with him about the pensive mule. Isam uttered a low cry and began to edge away. The goat, reaching too high, had upset the hive on which he stood, and sliding backward down the terrace, had carried several more with him.

A moment the surprised animal stood waist-deep in bees; then suddenly an electric shock went over him. He shivered, bit at his flanks, his hind leg and hip; then he jumped ten feet, and, if Isam's account of the tragedy may be accepted, swore a great shrieking oath as he began to make a rapid tour of the orchard. Round and round the goat went, praying, cursing, and crying, the crouching negro in the yard watching him with straining eyes through the picket fence. The major's attention was arrested. He looked at the negro and then at the goat.

"What ails him, Isam?"

"Say yo' prayers, an' say 'em quick, Mass' Craffud, for ef dat goat come dis er way ter git shet er es mis'ry, dere's gwine ter be trouble." He was edging away toward the kitchen as he spoke.

"Stop!" thundered the major. "What's all that stuff you are mumbling?"

"Pray fer him ter find er low place inter

de cotton, Mass' Craffud. Listen at dat! Don't you hyah 'im callin' you, honey? 'Mass' Craft-t-t!'" And Isam gave an excellent imitation.

The major did not have time to finish a laugh. A few scattering bees from the wrecked hives struck into the little group, and the mule, being the largest enemy, first received their attacks. He responded by launching out with his heels as fast as he could pick them up and put them

away the last vestige of the steps. Jerry had dived over the outer fence, and was viewing the drama from a constantly increasing distance.

No one responded to the major's stentorian commands to open the gate. Most of them were delivered at a disadvantage, for his head was bobbing in and out as the flying plow and his efforts compelled; but they were loud and fierce enough to be heard half a mile. When he began to call Isam, in

DRAWN BY EDWARD POTTHAST

"THERE WERE NO RESTS OR BREATHING-SPILLS."

down, gradually turning in a circle and becoming involved with the plow and lines. Presently he made a rush for the gate, and finding it closed, started on a wild career around the yard, gathering bees as he gathered momentum. Woodhaven for the time being had been converted into a two-ring circus. The goat, with his horns laid on his back, had the orchard, and the mule the back yard. As the mule came round, the excitement increased, for the plow was swinging out on the chain-traces, knocking over benches and tubs, skinning the shade-trees, and thundering against the weather-boards of the buildings. Cut off from the porch and driven from tree to tree by the plow, the major grew desperate. The detached kitchen, built on brick pillars, was the nearest shelter. Seizing an opportunity, he rushed to it, dropped on his knees, and crawled under just in time to escape the plow, which swept

particular, a groan behind him drew his attention, and looking back, he saw the whites of a pair of eyes gleaming in the shadow. A mighty and elaborate imprecation begun at that moment was never concluded. The goat came over the orchard fence, with a foot of space between him and the palings, —a comet from Capricornus, with ten thousand bees for a tail,—and after one frantic round in search of relief, dodged the flying plow and went under the kitchen. It was this circumstance that interrupted the major's effort to do justice to Isam's utter worthlessness.

When the goat went under the kitchen, the major retained his presence of mind, and Isam lost his. The former, knowing that bees, when angry, follow a moving object, fell upon his face, shielding it with his arms. Isam, on the other hand, rolled out from the dark corner into the yard, and was knocked over

as often as he attempted to arise, which was as often as possible; for to the infuriated goat all things were now explained: Isam was the cause of the dire disaster in which he had become involved. Therefore he fairly leaped in the air, and delivered his blows with a savage energy which would have proved fatal to any one except an African. Isam got his enemy by the horns and tried in vain to hold him; but there were no rests or breathing-spells—the bees attended to that. The man and the goat rolled over, half rose and fell, and mingled their voices like warriors of old engaged in deadly combat; but Isam's was not a defiance. In his dark hiding-place, the major, lifting his face a few inches, looked out through tears with a sudden delight at the negro's predicament, sobbing and choking with his emotion. When he heard the cry, "Help, Mass' Craffud! Run hyah, Mass' Craffud!" he frantically beat the dry soil about him with his fist for some moments.

"Better for one to die than two; it's a long sight better," the major shouted when he caught his breath. The memory of the famous conflict with the deer in the swamp had returned to him. And then he added: "Stick to him, Isam, stick to him!"

"Run hyah, Mass' Craffud! Help me turn dis goat loose!"

There was a sound as of a man choking to death under the kitchen; and then between many sputterings and coughings came a hilarious shout:

"Don't cuss, Isam, don't cuss! If ever a man had a call to pray, you've got it now. Stick to him, Isam, stick to him! Whoa, goat! Whoa, goat! Who-ee!" The major fairly rolled over on his back, and kicked the kitchen floor above him until exhaustion overcame him.

The fight outside was not as long as the memorable one with the deer. Covered with bees, man and beast broke away and disappeared from the scene. The mule had crushed down a panel of the fence, and the goat passed through the gap like a flash of white sunlight. In the grove he met his hereditary enemy, ready for a tournament. He only shed a couple of quarts of bees on him and passed away, leaving the ram to start a circus of his own, which he immediately proceeded to do.

Helen, who had made several brave efforts to go to her uncle's rescue, only to be driven back indoors, finally found the air outside clear enough of bees to permit her to approach the kitchen. She knelt there and looked under.

"Uncle—Uncle Crawford—where are you?"

She saw the old man still stretched out under there, sobbing like a child recovering from a fit of crying.

"Don't," he whispered, pushing a hand back toward her and keeping his face averted—"don't speak to me! I am just grazing apoplexy—"

"But where is Isam, uncle?"

The portly form writhed in a sudden convulsion.

"Don't, I tell you!" he thundered. "Tell me something sad—tell me bad news. Go away—go away!"

Helen obeyed the final command. After a while the major crawled out and came limping across the yard. Helen covered her face and turned away suddenly.

"Don't, my child, don't!" he pleaded. "If I laugh standing up, I'm gone. What? Can't find Isam! Why, I hear his voice—"

"I do, too, uncle, but we have searched high and low in vain for him."

"Nonsense; he can't be far away if we can hear him. Find him; he must be badly stung, to say nothing of—" He stopped and pressed his sides, while he clenched his teeth.

But Helen could not find Isam. That plaintive, pleading voice seemed everywhere, and the owner nowhere. It was as though all of him had been lost but voice, and go where she might that seemed to recede.

The mystery was at last solved. A negro came into the yard for water. Presently he cried out in amazement: "Dah now! Laws-a-mussy! Hyah he, Miss Helen—hyah he down in de well!" And so it was. The desperate man had performed a very timely although very perilous feat. Maddened with pain, covered with bees, and fleeing from the face of the awful goat, he had leaped upon the well-curb, grasped the chain, and rattled down into the cool waters. He was triumphantly hauled up again; but he refused to leave his place of refuge until assured that the war was entirely over. A little vinegar and soda soon restored him to his usual size.

It was many weeks before the goat could be tolled back into the yard. He would approach within three hundred feet, point his whiskers at the house for five minutes, and then go sadly away. But Isam never could, afterward, pass him in safety without a club.

One day, however, the hungry animal came gingerly into the yard, and accepted some cabbage-leaves from the cook. Un-

fortunately, little Henry Clay had tied a string to a leg of one of those iridescent beetles commonly called June-bugs, and released him to hear the "zooning" noise of his wings, so pleasant to the ears of Southern children on a plantation. The beetle made one rush for liberty, reached the end of the thread, and curved past the goat's ear with the speed of a rifle-ball. Have goats

memory? It is likely. This goat went through the fence, taking six palings with him, ran headlong into a horse-stall, and hid in a dark corner. He came no more to the house.

"I know des how dat goat feel," said Isam, in describing the incident to his Miss Helen: "fus' time de chile zoon dat bug aroun' me, I was half-way ter de well 'fo' I cotch' mer bref. An' dat 's er fac'."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"American Common Sense."

THOSE who are keenly alive to any of the evils which exist in our body politic, and which threaten the welfare of the nation, are sometimes met, in what passes for argument, by a cheerful statement of a firm belief in "American common sense," as if the magic of American common sense were sure to avert calamity, and as if he were a traitor to his country who seemed to throw any doubt upon the workings and the everlasting efficacy of this peculiar magic.

But one may confess to a goodly share of optimistic patriotism and yet may be well aware of certain actual facts and patent tendencies. There was doubtless a vast amount of American common sense in the United States in the years 1860 and 1861, and yet all this common sense was totally unable to bring about a settlement of the questions at issue without a long and bloody war, followed by the disastrous carpet-bag régime. That war had good effects, aside from its main result, but common sense ought to have been able to bring about the advantages to the country which came from the arbitrament of arms without such costly sacrifice of blood and treasure. If all our leaders North and South had possessed the common sense of Abraham Lincoln, surely war would have been averted. Yet any one who declared before the Civil War that common sense, acting through peaceful methods, would do the work, was counting altogether too largely on a single element in American character.

Up to the present date what is the connection between American common sense and the conduct of the consular service of a great business community, like the United States, on absolutely unbusinesslike principles? Mr. McAneny, in his article in the February CENTURY on "How Other Countries Do It," shows conclusively, on the basis of reports made to our State Department on the subject, that other countries do it better; that in our consular service "appointments are made virtually without regard for technical training and without the requirement of either a know-

ledge of languages or the possession of a degree or diploma of any sort; that advancement or retention depends generally on political or personal favor; and that with each change of the party in power, or about as often as the new consul, through training, becomes fairly useful, there comes the inevitable 'clean sweep,' and the appointment of a new set of hastily selected and usually green men." To say nothing of Great Britain and other experienced countries with admirable consular services, "Japan, the newest of civilizations, and Brazil, the newest of republics, have each an admirable system." And yet only the other day a majority of congressmen voting were in favor of killing even the civil-service reform that we have, although on a formal ballot the cowardly vote was reversed.

We ask, "Up to the present date" what is the connection between American common sense and the conduct of our consular service? because we believe that consular reform and reorganization are even now on their way, hastened by the new relations of the nation with affairs abroad. Here is a field for American common sense to do valuable work on a great scale; and we confess that we are "optimistic" enough to think that it will avail itself of the opportunity.

The State of Pennsylvania is one of the great business States of the Union. It is running over with American common sense. And yet the scandals in the political life of that State are so towering that, like the success of Tammany in New York, they discredit with many the entire American system of government. It is not that one distinguished corruptionist has so long dominated the affairs of the commonwealth, but that, according to the statement of Mr. Herbert Welsh, in a recent speech at the City Club of New York, the bosses are simply the weather-vanes showing which way the wind is blowing. "They represent the powers which are behind them and which are mightier than they." Mr. Welsh, in exact and eloquent language, described as an undisputed expert the notorious fact of the alliance in Pennsylvania of great corporations with corrupt and subservient

bosses, looking to a government not by and for the people, but by corporations in their own selfish interest. At this same dinner other speakers showed that in New York and elsewhere in the Union the common sense of the American people had not yet prevented the seizure by private corporations of public franchises, or the abuse by officials of the functions of government and its powers of taxation in the corrupt interest of individuals.

There is a truly "imperial" field for the application of American common sense in the conduct of the affairs of the tropical islands which, for good or evil, for a limited or for a perpetual period, are on our hands. In this number of *THE CENTURY* Mr. James Bryce shows, in a highly interesting way, what British common sense has accomplished in the solution of similar problems. President John R. Procter of the United States Civil-service Commission said recently that we had made a good beginning in sending men like General Wood to Santiago and General Ludlow to Havana; at the same time, he held up the example of Great Britain in the successful management of distant dependencies through the application of the merit system, to which the government was driven by the very necessity of the case. In India only one soldier is now required for every thirty-eight hundred inhabitants, and Mr. Procter declared that under the English system the same ratio in the Philippines would call for an army of only twenty-one hundred men. He added: "Whether we will be able to govern the Philippines with this relatively small force, as the English have Ceylon and India, will depend upon whether we apply the English system of colonial government, or a modified form of the old Spanish spoils system." The English system so much praised is, indeed, merely a system of common honesty and common sense, and ought not to be impossible of emulation by a people which prides itself on its skill in meeting emergencies and on its common, sometimes called horse, sense.

American common sense has certainly been of great service to the American people in many past crises. We have rushed at times apparently to the brink of disaster, and common sense has swerved us away from the precipice. But common sense has not prevented the long existence of many evils which it has at last cured. It was only the other day that American common sense put to work an American of uncommon sense really to clean the streets of the American metropolis. Common sense permits to-day many evils which it ought to bring to an immediate end. In fact, American common sense needs to be saved from old-fashioned American complaisance; it needs to be quickened by American conscience, and to be pushed forward by American energy, and to be kept going by American "drive."

No American has a right to bring American common sense into his argument if he does so in a light and over-egging spirit. He has no right to fall back on the common sense of his country-

men unless in fact his own common sense and patriotic fervor are leading him to do his full share in abating the evils and averting the dangers which he, with all good citizens, sincerely deploras. Things never go right of themselves. According to the best teachers of ethics, Providence has always shown a preference for being "assisted."

A Lesson from Alexander.

IF Alexander the Great had not by his magical career given a new impetus to civilization, future generations would still have remained under lasting obligations to him for the manner in which he taught posterity the value of discipline and skill. For of all the lessons which every generation must learn anew for itself, that is the one which is most slighted by impatient humanity and is the most difficult to realize in practice.

At the battle of Issus, which Professor Wheeler describes on another page, the youthful king with his thirty thousand men rushed at Darius's host of six hundred thousand, with the temerity of a pygmy fastening on the legs of a giant. He knew that if it were merely a matter of butchering six hundred thousand men, his thirty thousand, though they were invulnerable, would fall from exhaustion before the field would be strewn with their lifeless foes. But with panic for an ally the enemy might be left mainly to destroy themselves. He need not dread that panic, the prime dissolvent of armies, would join his own ranks: discipline tempered by experience had made the companion cavalry and the phalanx impenetrable to fear. Yet panic might be ineffective as an ally unless set loose at the very core of the dense Persian array. That was where Darius sat in his chariot, walled about by an unwieldy horde. Alexander himself led the thrust which, with genius-like skill, first parted the Persian flank and then drove at the startled monarch. The moment Darius sought safety at the rear, panic, the infection of mind and heart, spread with the quickness of thought, and six hundred thousand Persians became a fear-stricken mob.

Thus discipline and skill gained on the narrow plain of Issus, between the walled mountains and the deep sea, the greatest victory of the ages. Every feature of the situation would have acted as a disadvantage to a less resolute commander; but Alexander, with sheer intellect, which is the essence of discipline and skill, made of his critical position a supreme opportunity and triumph. The narrow field rendered the Persian mass unwieldy and a ready victim to Alexander's plan of battle; but on the level plain of Gaugamela, where Darius had plenty of room and a million men, and Alexander under fifty thousand, the mighty Persian host was overthrown by the same general plan adapted to the differing conditions. Though Gaugamela was in the sense of bigness and conclusiveness a larger victory than Issus, the latter was the supreme test of Alexander's greatness as a soldier.

OPEN LETTERS

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

"THE GOLDEN GALLEON," BY ROSS TURNER.

ROSS TURNER was twenty-nine before he seriously began the study of art; then, in 1876, he left America, and after some drifting settled down in Munich. There he had little or no regular academic study, the schools being not greatly to his taste, and as an artist he is in the main self-educated, if one can be said to be self-educated who has had the benefit of a residence in the great Bavarian art center and of intimacy with its host of artists and art students, and the help and guidance of Chase and Duveneck, to whom Turner affectionately confesses his indebtedness. Later he spent some years in Italy in study of the great masters, and from them, I suspect, he drew many of their secrets of composition and color. While in Munich he won the friendship of the Greek artist Constance Bolouachi, whom he describes as "a wonderful marine-painter and a generous friend." In 1883 he returned to America, and settled in Boston. Since then he has made many trips abroad, and has sketched much in Bermuda and Mexico.

I am told that, while yet a boy in his father's printing-office, Turner qualified himself for a position as mechanical draftsman, and later, in 1875, he became an adjunct of the Patent Office in that capacity. It is difficult, however, to believe that the mechanical can have any part in his composition, for means, formula, the academy, are never obtrusive in his work. He seems to paint as the birds sing. To be sure, his note is not the nightingale's, full, resonant, voluptuous, but rather the sweet, low, gentle cadences of the English linnet, heard while the hawthorn in the hedges is in bloom. One thing, however, is certain: it has none of the sophistication of the caged canary. Above and beyond any other qualities he possesses, and they are many, Ross Turner is a colorist. His is the rare sense which discriminates between "colors" and "color." I remember a little canvas of his, exhibited perhaps

ten years ago at the Boston Art Club, of a few white chrysanthemums on a white cloth—white only upon white; and yet the little bit of canvas glowed and scintillated with color, pearly and waxy grays, subtle suggestions of pinky and violet tones, of yellows and greens, the thousand and one broken tones which lay hidden in the semi-transparent petals of the flowers, contrasted with the dead, cold white of the woven cloth upon which they rested.

But even were he not so good a colorist, his pictures would win by their quality of distinction. There comes to my mind in this connection a picture of his of a white tramp steamship with red funnel floating in the Venetian lagoon, weather-beaten and battered, the white paint of her hull stained and marred; but the old tramp sat the water as gracefully as a swan, and seemed to protest with a languid, well-bred air against her inglorious ease in the mud of the Venetian lagoon.

Ross Turner's inspiration for "The Golden Galleon," reproduced in tint as the frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*, was in the main derived from one of Lockhart's Spanish ballads, "Count Arnaldo's Galley":

Sail of satin, mast of cedar,
Burnished poop of beaten gold,—
Many a morn you 'll hood your falcon
Ere you such a bark behold.

Sails of satin, masts of cedar,
Golden poops, may come again,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To yon gray-haired sailor's strain.

Stately galley! glorious galley!
God hath poured his grace on thee!
Thou alone mayst scorn the perils
Of the dread devouring sea!

Ross Turner is vice-president of the Boston Art Club and a member of the American Water-color Society, New York.

W. Lewis Fraser.





IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Secret Woe.

A GIBSON Girl was hanging in a frame upon my wall;
She was exceeding graceful, she was exceeding tall.
I suppose I must have dreamed it, though I thought I was awake,
But that Gibson maiden softly sighed, and then she softly spake.
Her voice was low and lovely, her diction was correct,
Her language such as from a Gibson Girl one might expect;
But she seemed a bit unhappy, and a tear was in her eye,
So I sympathetically begged that she would tell me why.
She smiled a little sadly, and in a wistful tone
She rather intimated she had troubles of her own.
Then she folded her long Gibson arms and shook her Gibson head,
Tossed back her wavy Gibson hair, and this is what she said:
"I know that I am stunning, I know I'm chic and swell;
My costumes are perfection, and I pose extremely well.

A Child's Primer of Natural History.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD.

(FIFTH SERIES.)

The Sloth.

THE Sloth en-joys a life of Ease;
He hangs in-vert-ed from the trees,
And views life up-side down.
If you, my child, are noth-ing loath

To live in In-do-lence and Sloth,
Un-heed-ing the World's frown,
You, too, un-vexed by Toil and Strife,
May take a hu-mor-ous view of life.

I can play at golf or tennis, I can skate or swim or ride;
 I've been admired in every rôle from débutante to bride.
 I look charming in a shirt-waist, and I'm given every chance
 To display my Gibson shoulders at a dinner or a dance.
 My features are patrician, and my figure is n't bad;
 I'm never out of drawing, and I am the present fad.
 And yet—I know I'm silly, but I'm longing to be short—
 A little doll-faced girlie of the airy, fairy sort;
 To be caressed and petted, called Bébé and Petite;
 To be told that I have tiny hands and Cinderella feet;
 To be shielded and protected lest I overtax my strength;
 To wear skirts and coats and dresses of an ordinary length.
 And besides,—her sweet voice faltered, and her Gibson eyelids drooped,
 And round her fingers nervously her handkerchief she looped,—
 "I met my fate this summer,—I did, really,—and you see
 I'm awfully in love with him, and he's in love with me.
 He's the dearest man in all the world, but he is n't very tall,
 So that's another reason why I wish that I were small.
 When I think of all my Gibson beaus of six feet eight, or more,
 I marvel that I've given my heart to a man of five feet four."
 She said no more, but silently she hung there in her place;
 A Gibson impassivity stole o'er her perfect face:
 And I love her and admire her as a clever work of art,
 But I pity that poor Gibson Girl, because I know her heart.

Carolyn Wells.

A Whale.

THE con-sci-en-tious art-ist tries
 On-ly to draw what meets his eyes.
 This is the Whale; he seems to be
 A spout of wa-ter in the sea.
 Now, Hux-ley from one bone could make
 An un-known beast; so if I take

This spout of wa-ter, and from thence
 Con-struct a Whale by in-fer-ence,
 A Whale, I ven-ture to as-sert,
 Must be an an-i-mat-ed squirt!
 Thus, chil-dren, we the truth may sift
 By use of Log-ic's Price-less Gift.

A Calculating Bore.

My friend Bings is one of those habitual calculators—one of the kind that says if all the teeth that have been extracted since the first dentist began business were to be used for paving purposes in Hades, the good-resolutions contractor would be out of a job for ten thousand years. He thinks in numbers, and if he were a minister he would get all his texts from the same source.

The other day he saw me first on a ferry-boat, and immediately buttonholed me. Said he: "How sad it is to think that so much labor goes for naught!"

I knew that I was in for one of his calculations; but I also knew that it would be useless to try to head him off.

He stroked his beard, and said, with an imitation of thoughtfulness:

"Every day in this Empire State one million human beings go to bed tired because you and I and the rest leave butter on our plates and don't eat our crusts."

I told him that I was astonished, but that he would have to elucidate.

"The farmers sow 8,000,000 bushels of useless grain,—grain that eventually goes out to sea on the refuse-scows,—they milk 50,000 cows to no other purpose than to produce sour or spilled milk, they allow their valuable hens to lay 1,654,800,001 eggs that will serve no better purpose than to spatter some would-be Booth or lie neglected in some out-of-the-way corner, while their wives are making 1,008,983 pounds of butter that will be left on the edges of plates and thrown into the refuse-pail. If they did n't sow the useless grain, or fuss over the hens that lay the unused eggs, or draw the milk that is destined to sour, or make the butter that is to ornament the edges of the china disks, they would be able to go to bed merely healthily tired instead of overworked, and fewer farmers would commit suicide, and fewer farmers' wives would go insane." His eyes gleamed, and I knew that, as he would put it, his pulse was going so fast that if it were revolutions of a locomotive-wheel it would take only so long to go somewhere.

"And what is your remedy for all this?" asked I, with becoming, if mock, interest.

"Let us help ourselves to no more than we want at table, buy our eggs a week earlier, drink our milk the day before, eat our bread before it is too dry, and in six months' time there will be a reduced State death-rate, more vacancies in the insane asylums, 1,456,608 rosy cheeks where to-day there are that many pale ones—"

Just then the ferry-boat's gates were lifted, and as we went our several ways, in the hurry that is characteristic of 7,098,111 Americans out of eight millions, I thought that, if all the brains of all the arithmetical cranks were used in place of wood-pulp to make into paper, we writers would get our pads for nothing.

Charles Battell Loomis.

In Sutherland.

THE miles are lang in Sutherland, and oh, the fowk are few;

Gin ye miss your road in Sutherland, it's a' the waur for you.

Ye may travel mony a weary mile, and ne'er a body see,—

Neither man nor wife to speer at,—and sae it fell wi' me.

For Inch-na-damph intending, I was walking a' my lane;

The whaup was a' the companie I had forby my ain.

Now the help that's in a willie-whaup to travelers is sma',

And whatna gate to gang, that day, I didna ket ava'.

But I gaed and better gaed—for what use in standing still?—

Until I saw a farmsteading betwixt me and the hill;

There was neither beast nor body I could see upon the muir,

But up the brae I tuik the way, and chappit at the door.

I chappit at the door, and out there cam' a lass: Swift and sudden through my heart I felt her beauty pass.

"Your hair's sae bonny-black," thocht I, "sae bonny-gray your e'e—

There's fowk aneuch in Sutherland as lang's there's you and me."

Henry Johnstone.

The Dream-God.

ADOWN the winding thoroughfare

The rosy dream-god came.

"Here's dreams for sale!" rang on the air—

"Ho! dreams of wealth and fame!"

The throngs they wavered round him there

Like eddies on a stream;

The old and sear, the young and fair,

All strove to buy a dream.

"Ho! dreams for sale, for one and all!

Old maid, here's youth again;

Here's beauty, for a pittance small,

That made you loved of men!

Old man, here is a dream for you,

A brimming cup of joy;

Lift to your lips the magic brew,

And be once more a boy!"

Youth bought "To-morrow" dreams, Old Age

Bought dreams of "Yesterday";

The fool was there, so was the sage.

Each took a dream away.

And, Sweetheart, prithee let me add

That, ere he passed from view,

I gave him all the gold I had,

And bought a dream—of you!

Harold MacGrath.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

STABLE INTERIOR. PAINTED BY GEORGE MORLAND.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

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2

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FRANKLIN AS PRINTER AND PUBLISHER

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,

Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc.

"VIRTUE and a Trade, are a Child's best Portion," said Poor Richard, and he not merely claimed, "He that hath a Trade, hath an Estate," but "He that has a Trade has an Office of Profit and Honour." Through all Franklin's life, he never missed an opportunity to praise the workman, be his calling what it might, and nowhere did he show more pride than in his own particular handicraft.

Printing was not a family "mystery," as it was then termed, of the Franklins, they having hitherto been blacksmiths, dyers, or soap-makers. But Josiah, with ten boys to place in the world, had to seek other crafts, and James Franklin was sent to London, presumptively to his uncle Benjamin, and there apprenticed to a printer. His time out, he purchased a press and types, and returning to Boston in March, 1717, established "his Printing House in Queen Street, near the Prison," otherwise described as "over against Mr. Mills Schools." Thanks to his English training, probably, he was a good workman, and the issues of his press rank among the best of American printing of his time. From the first he seems to have prospered, and within a year needed an appren-

tice, who was easily found in his brother Benjamin, though not so easily bound, for the lad had a "hankering for the sea," and so objected to being apprenticed to the more humdrum life of printer's devil. "I stood out some time," he relates, "but at last was persuaded and signed the indentures when I was but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business and became a very useful hand to my brother." It was certainly good fortune which secured him the instruction of a master printer of London training instead of some slovenly self-taught colonial, for, as Poor Richard remarked, "Learn of the skilful: He that teaches himself hath a fool for his master."

It is to be questioned if the first years of the apprenticeship were of any particular value to Benjamin, save on their mechanic side, for the product of James Franklin's press is a dreary lot of "gone-nothingness." A few of the New England sermons of the day; Stoddard's "Treatise on Conversion"; Stone's "Short Catechism"; "A Prefatory Letter about Psalmody," in defense of

church singing, which many Puritans still held to be unholy; an allegory styled "The Isle of Man, or, Legal Proceedings in Man-shire Against Sin"; Care's "English Liberties"; sundry pamphlets on the local politics of the moment, such as "A Letter from One in the Country to his Friend in Boston," "News from the Moon," "A Friendly Check from a Kind Relation to the Chief Cannon-neer," and "A Word of Comfort to a Melancholy Country"; two or three tractates on inoculation, and one aimed half at the Boston clergy and half at the fair sex, entitled "Hooped Petticoats Arraigned by the Light of Nature and the Law of God," were the chief output of the new printer during the years his brother served him.

In 1719 a more interesting job was undertaken, for the postmaster of Boston employed James Franklin to print for him the "Boston Gazette," the third paper issued in America. The contract was a short one, for the appointment of a new official led to other changes, and the printer, having supplied his office with what was needful for a newspaper and trained his men in the work, found himself left in the lurch. Partly in retaliation, and partly to utilize this experience and

material, James Franklin, though "dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America," on August 7, 1721, issued the first number of "The New England Courant," which he promised should "be published once a Fort-night, and out of meer Kindness to my *Brother-Writers*, I intend now and then to be (like them) very, very dull; for I have a strong Fancy, that unless I am sometimes flat and low, this paper will not be very grateful to them." The dullness was to be only one feature of the new venture, however, for the "*Publisher earnestly desires his Friends may favor him from time to time with some short Piece, Serious, Sarcastick, Ludicrous, or otherways amusing; or sometimes professedly Dul (to accomodate some of his Acquaintance) that this Courant may be of the more universal Use.*"

This prospectus was taken in bad part by the already established journals, and one irate rival addressed an open letter to "Jack Dullman," taking him to task for his "very very frothy fulsome Account of himself": a reproof the printer acknowledged in a joking poem which still more deeply stirred the objector, and led him to reply to what he termed "Franklin's hobbling Verse," which came not "from Parnassus; but as a little before the Composure you had been rakeing in the Dunghill, its more probable the corrupt Streams got into your Brains, and your Dull cold Skul precipitated them into Ribaldry."

In his appeal for subscribers, "The Undertaker" of the "Courant" pledged himself that nothing should be inserted "reflecting on the Clergy (as such) of whatever Denomination, nor relating to the Affairs of Government, and no Trespass against Decency or good manners." As already told, however, the "Courant" was quickly breaking lances with the most prominent of the Boston clergy, and within a twelvemonth of its beginning it printed an article which by implication threw discredit on the civil authorities. For this "Scandalous Libel" James Franklin was, by order of the council, taken into custody, publicly censured, and imprisoned for four weeks. Moreover, an attempt was made to pass a resolve that "no such Weekly Paper be hereafter Printed or Published without the same being first perused and allowed by the Secretary," but this was rejected as too extreme.

The reproof and punishment were ineffectual, and the authorities complained that the



DRAWN BY S. WEST CLINEHART.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

IN WATTS'S PRINTING-HOUSE—"SUCCESS TO PRINTING."

(SEE PAGE 817.)

"Courant" continued "boldly reflecting on His Majesty's Government and on the Administration of it in this Province, the Ministry, Churches and College; and it very often contains Paragraphs that tend to fill the Readers minds with vanity, to the Dishonor of God, and disservice of Good Men." Finally, a particular issue of the journal had so strong a "Tendency" to "Mock Religion and bring it into Contempt," and so "profanely abused" the Bible, and so "injuriously reflected on the Reverend and Faithful Ministers of the Gospel, and His Majesty's Government," that James Franklin was "strictly forbidden" to "Print or Publish" the "Courant," or "any Pamphlet or Paper of like Nature, except it be first supervised by the Secretary of this Province."

This inhibition brought the prentice, whose share at first had been "to carry the papers thro' the street to the customers," more to the fore. In the trial of James Franklin, Benjamin was "taken up and examin'd before the Council; but, tho' I did not give them any satisfaction, they content'd themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me perhaps, as an apprentice who was bound to keep his master's secrets." Upon his brother's imprisonment, Franklin, though but sixteen, assumed the management of the paper, and when the order was issued that James Franklin should no longer print the "Courant"

There was a consultation held in our printing-house among his friends, what he should do in this case. Some proposed to evade the order by changing the name of the paper; but my brother, seeing inconveniences in that, it was finally concluded on as a better way, to let it be printed for the future under the name of Benjamin Franklin; and to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might

fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture should be return'd to me, with a full discharge on the back of it, to be shown on occasion, but to secure to him the benefit of my service, I was to sign new indentures for the remainder of the term, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper went on accordingly, under my name for several months.



FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.
GOVERNOR KEITH.

United as the brothers might be in their fight with church and state, there was serious disagreement between them, and

At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming that he would not venture to produce the new indentures. It was not fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first errata of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me, when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natur'd man; perhaps

I was too saucy and provoking. When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing-house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refus'd to give me work.

Failing to secure employment in Boston, Franklin became the runaway prentice so frequently advertised for at that time. Sneaking on board a sloop, "in three days I found myself in New York, near 300 miles from home, a boy of but 17, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket." However, "At the workingman's house hunger looks in, but does not enter," and "having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offer'd my services to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford." From him he obtained no direct aid, but he was told of

a possible place in Philadelphia, and at once set out for that city. Here he obtained a job from Samuel Keimer, one of the two printers of the place, and worked with him till a more ambitious opening offered.

By chance a letter of the lad was shown to the governor of Pennsylvania, Sir William Keith. From it he inferred that Franklin was "a young man of promising parts, and therefore should be encouraged," for the "printers at Philadelphia were wretched ones." He advised, therefore, that the newcomer should start in business on his own account, "making no doubt I should succeed," and hinted that "he would procure me the public business, and do me every other service in his power." Keith came to the printing-office to see the young journeyman, which made his master stare "like a pig poison'd," and took him off to a tavern, where "over the Madeira he propos'd my setting up my business," and was so eager to bring it to pass that he wrote a letter to Josiah Franklin, recommending him to advance his son the necessary money. The father, however, with more prudence, or possibly from lack of the means, disapproved of the scheme.

Sir William, despite this damper, still stuck to his suggestion, and offered to loan Franklin the needed funds. "Give me an inventory of the things necessary to be had from England," he told the young fellow, "and I will send for them." When made out it amounted to about one hundred pounds sterling, and, "at the governor's suggestion," it was decided that Franklin should go to London to make the purchase, because of the advantage of "my being on the spot . . . to chuse the types and see that everything was good of the kind."

Never dreaming of bad faith, Franklin got him aboard ship, and on Christmas eve

of 1724 reached London. It proved a sorry holiday time to him, for here it was that he first learned that he had been deceived with false promises and hopes, and that the governor's name would not have procured him the necessary credit to purchase the outfit, even had he fulfilled his word. It was a bitter disappointment to the lad, whom Poor Richard had not yet taught that "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn at no other."

Once again Franklin had proof of the value of a trade, for "I immediately got into work at Palmers, then a famous printing-house in Bartholomew Close, and here I continu'd near a year," lodging meantime in "Little Britain at three shillings and sixpence a week." It was in this establishment that Franklin set up and printed for himself his "wicked tract," and however much he may have later thought it "an erratum," the pamphlet is typographically anything but that, and as a piece of book-making shows him already a most admirable "brother of the type."

Leaving Palmer's, in the hope of bettering himself, Franklin went

to "Watts's, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a still greater printing-house," and "here I continued all the rest of my stay in London." At first "I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of bodily exercise I had been us'd to in America, where press work is mixed with composing."

Watts, after some weeks, desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the pressmen; a new *bien venu* or sum for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid below; the master thought so too, and forbade my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private mischief done me, by mixing my sorts, transposing my pages, breaking my matter, etc., etc., if I were ever so little out of

MR IN? BASKERVILLE. of Plymouth.

the room, and all ascribed to the chappel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted, that, notwithstanding the master's protection, I found myself oblig'd to comply and pay the money, convinc'd of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually.

I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquir'd considerable influence. I propos'd some reasonable alterations in their chappel laws, and carried them against all opposition. . . . My

tempted Franklin into leaving the printing-office and England, and in less than two years from the time he had sailed he once more landed at Philadelphia. Only three months later his employer sickened and died, and for a third time he was without a livelihood. But his London training had taught him much of his trade, and to that extent he was the richer.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER ATKIN, AFTER THE PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF CLARENCE W. BEMENT.

WILLIAM STRAHAN.

constant attendance (I never making a St. Monday) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon all work of dispatch, which was generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably.

At the end of eighteen months a good business offer from a Philadelphia merchant who had come to London to purchase goods

In throwing up his job at Watts's establishment, Franklin "took leave of printing, as I supposed for ever." Acting on this conclusion, "I tried for farther employment as a merchant's clerk." Not succeeding, Keimer's lack of a skilled workman and Franklin's lack of work brought the two together. His old employer "tempted me, with an offer of large wages by the year, to come and take his

printing-house, that he might better attend to his stationer's shop," and Franklin "clos'd again" with him.

Franklin found in Keimer's employ a number of green hands whom "he had agreed with at extream low wages per week, to be rais'd a shilling every three months, as they would deserve by improving in their business; and the expectation of these high wages, to come on hereafter, was what he had drawn them in with."

I soon perceiv'd that the intention of engaging me at wages so much higher than he had been us'd to give, was, to have these raw, cheap hands form'd thro' me; and, as soon as I had instructed them, then they being all articulated to him, he should be able to do without me. I went on, however, very cheerfully, put his printing-house in order, which had been in great confusion, and brought his hands by degrees to mind their business and to do it better. . . .

Our printing-house often wanted sorts, and there was no letter-founder in America; I had seen types cast at James's in London, but without much attention to the manner; however, I now contriv'd a mould, made use of the letters we had as puncheons, struck the matrices in lead, and thus supply'd in a pretty tolerable way all deficiencies. I also engrav'd several things on occasion; I made the ink; I was warehouseman, and everything, and, in short, quite a factotum.

But, however serviceable I might be, I found that my services became every day of less importance, as the other hands improv'd in the business; and, when Keimer paid my second quarter's wages, he let me know that he felt them too heavy, and thought I should make an abatement. He grew by degrees less civil, put on more of the master, frequently found fault, was captious, and seem'd ready for an out-breaking. I went on, nevertheless, with a good deal of patience, thinking that his encumber'd circumstances were partly the cause. At length a trifle snapt our connections; for, a great noise happening near the court-house, I put my head out of the window to see what was the matter. Keimer, being in the street, look'd up and saw me, call'd out to me in a loud voice and angry tone to mind my business, adding some reproachful words, that nettled me the more for their publicity, all the neighbors who were looking out on the same occasion, being witnesses how I was treated. He came up immediately into the printing-house, continu'd the quarrel, high words pass'd on both sides, he gave me the quarter's warning we had stipulated, expressing a wish that he had not been oblig'd to so long a warning. I told him that his wish was unnecessary, for I would leave him that instant; and so, taking my hat, walk'd out of doors.

One of Keimer's workmen, Hugh Meredith, came to Franklin in the evening and suggested that when his "time was out" they

should form a partnership, his father to advance the money needed to obtain the press and types. "The proposal was agreeable, and I consented."

I gave an inventory to the father [Franklin continues], who carry'd it to a merchant; the things were sent for, the secret was to be kept till they should arrive, and in the mean time I was to get work, if I could, at the other printing-house. But I found no vacancy there, and so remain'd idle a few days, when Keimer, on a prospect of being employ'd to print some paper money in New Jersey, which would require cuts and various types that I only could supply, and apprehending Bradford might engage me and get the job from him, sent me a very civil message, that old friends should not part for a few words, the effect of sudden passion, and wishing me to return. Meredith persuaded me to comply, as it would give more opportunity for his improvement under my daily instruction; so I return'd, and we went on more smoothly than for some time before. The New Jersey jobb was obtain'd, I contriv'd a copper-plate press for it, the first that had been seen in the country; I cut several ornaments and checks for the bills. We went together to Burlington, where I executed the whole to satisfaction; and he received so large a sum for the work as to be enabled thereby to keep his head much longer above water.

It was in the summer of 1728 that the firm of "B. Franklin and H. Meredith" set up their "New Printing-Office near the Market," and

We had scarce opened our letters and put our press in order, before George House, an acquaintance of mine, brought a countryman to us, whom he had met in the street inquiring for a printer. All our cash was now expended in the variety of particulars we had been obliged to procure, and this countryman's five shillings, being our first-fruits, and coming so seasonably, gave me more pleasure than any crown I have since earned; and the gratitude I felt toward House has made me often more ready than perhaps I should otherwise have been to assist young beginners.

Another friend helped them by procuring

From the Quakers the printing forty sheets of their history, the rest being to be done by Keimer; and upon this we work'd exceedingly hard, for the price was low. It was a folio, pro patria size, in pica, with long primer notes. I compos'd of it a sheet a day, and Meredith worked it off at press; it was often eleven at night, and sometimes later, before I had finished my distribution for the next day's work, for the little jobbs sent in by our other friends now and then put us back. But so determin'd I was to continue doing a sheet a day of the folio, that one night, when, having impos'd my forms, I thought my day's work over, one of them by accident was broken, and two pages re-



PAGE OF "THE NEW ENGLAND COURANT." FROM ORIGINAL IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.

duced to pi, I immediately distributed and composed it over again before I went to bed.

Franklin was not the kind of man to depend on his friends for work, or even to sit still and let work come to him. The public printing, always a profitable matter, was in the hands of Andrew Bradford, and in December, 1728, he printed the usual "Speech of the Governor" at the meeting of the Assembly, "in a coarse, blundering manner; we reprinted it elegantly and correctly and sent one to every member. They were sensible

of the difference: it strengthened the hands of our friends in the House, and they voted us their printers for the year ensuing." A little later, for a timely pamphlet of his own writing, on a projected issue of paper money, his friends in the Assembly "thought fit to reward me by employing me in printing the money, a very profitable jobb and a great help to me." In 1732 influence secured him the printing of an issue of paper money for Delaware, "another profitable jobb," as well as of the "laws and votes of that government, which continu'd in my hands as long as I follow'd the business." So, too, he obtained the public printing of New Jersey.

The first book published by the young firm was an impression of Watts's "Psalms of David," a writer for whom Franklin had the greatest admiration, so much, in fact, that in his last hours "he repeated several of Watts's Lyric Poems and discanted upon their sublimity." Apparently the people of Pennsylvania did not share this liking, for when Franklin some time after was criticized for printing a particular broadside, in his defense he urged that if printers occasionally "put forth vicious and silly things, not worth reading, they do so, not because they liked such things themselves, but because the people were so viciously educated that good things were not encouraged."

For instance, an "impression of the Psalms of David had been upon my shelves for above two years," yet he had "known a large impression of Robin Hood's Songs to go off in a twelvemonth."

Even before Franklin had printed this first volume, an inception of far more importance was in his thoughts, being a project to start a newspaper—a germ, probably, of his experience with "The New England Courant." But he had not yet learned from Poor Richard that "Three can keep a secret if two are

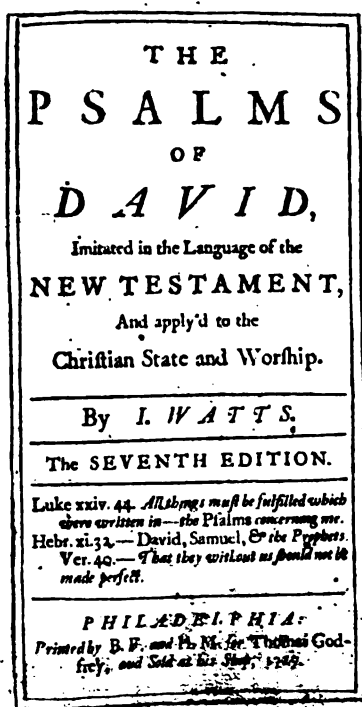
dead," and so he confided his scheme, before it was well matured, to one of his former fellow-workmen, George Webb. By this means Keimer heard of the project, "immediately, to be beforehand with me, published proposals for printing one himself," and late in 1728 issued the first number of "The Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences, or, The Pennsylvania Gazette." Despite its formidable title, its publisher claimed that it had attained the gigantic circulation of two hundred and fifty copies by its thirteenth issue, which meant a profit to him of at least sixty pounds a year. But already Franklin's old master was feeling the competition of the new firm, and when No. 27 of the paper was due there was a week's

Report." Clearly this was not altogether a novel experience, for he styles himself "the Shuttlecock of Fortune . . . the very But for Villany to shoot at, or the continued Mark for Slander and her Imps to spit their Venom upon," and marvels that "a Person of strict Sincerity, refin'd Justice, and universal Love to the whole Creation, should for a Series of near twenty Years, be the constant But of Slander, as to be three Times ruin'd as a Master-Printer, to be Nine Times in Prison, one of which was Six Years together, and often reduc'd to the most wretched Circumstances, hunted as a Partridge upon the Mountains, and persecuted with the most abominable Lies the Devil himself could invent, or Malice utter."

FRANKLIN'S OLD BOOK-SHOP, NEAR CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

delay in its publication, which, Mr. Keimer presently explained to the public, was occasioned by the fact that he had been "awak'd when fast asleep in Bed, about Eleven at Night, over-tir'd with the Labour of the Day, and taken away from my Dwelling, by a Writ and Summons, it being basely and confidently given out, that I was that very Night about to run away, 'tho' there was not the least Colour or Ground for such a vile

Released by the forbearance of his creditors, Keimer struggled along with his paper until No. 39 was reached, when he sold it to Franklin and Meredith for a small price, having then only ninety subscribers. Under the new management the absurd title was curtailed to "The Pennsylvania Gazette," and the paper otherwise improved. With the fourth issue Franklin announced that "Instead of Publishing a *Whole Sheet* once a



TITLE-PAGE OF "THE PSALMS OF DAVID," IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Week, as the first Undertaker engag'd to do in his Proposals, we shall continue to publish a Half Sheet twice a Week, which amounts to the same Thing; only it is easier to us, and we think it will be more acceptable to our Readers, inasmuch as their Entertainment will by this Means become more frequent." This made it the first semi-weekly ever issued in America; but the printers were in advance of their public, and after issuing a few numbers they changed it back to a weekly.

Franklin's editorial share in the paper is described elsewhere, but one phase is more properly mentioned in considering him as a printer. Every one who has had to do with publishing in any shape has learned, as Cartagena remarked, that "Unto those Three Things which the Ancients held impossible, there should be added this Fourth, to find a Book Printed without erratas"; but few have learned to turn them to so good an account as Franklin, and his explanations and apologies are among the most entertaining contributions to the paper. In one case his "papers were wrought off" with a bad transposition. But "the judicious Reader will

easily distinguish accidental Errors from the Blunders of Ignorance, and more readily excuse the former which sometimes happen unavoidably." On another occasion, when Franklin had gone to New Jersey to print the paper money of the colony, he availed himself of the popular liking for more currency by the announcement that "The Printer hopes the irregular Publication of this Paper will be excused a few times by his Town Readers, on consideration of his being at Burlington with the press, labouring for the public Good, to make Money more plentiful." Again, he addresses a letter to himself under a feigned name, with the motto, "Printerum est errare" :

SIR, As your last Paper was reading in some Company where I was present, these Words were taken Notice of in the Article concerning Governor Belcher, (After which his Excellency, with the Gentlemen trading to New England, died elegantly at Pontack's.) The Word did should doubtless have been dined, Pontack's being a noted Tavern and Eating-house in London for Gentlemen of Condition; but this Omission of the Letter (n) in that Word, gave us as much Entertainment as any Part of your Paper. One took the Opportunity of telling us, that in a certain Edition of the Bible, the Printer had, where David says I am fearfully and wonderfully made, omitted the Letter (e) in the last Word, so that it was, I am fearfully and wonderfully mad; which occasion'd an ignorant Preacher, who took that Text, to harangue his Audience for half an hour on the Subject of Spiritual Madness. Another related to us, that when the Company of Stationers in England had the Printing of the Bible in their Hands, the Word (not) was left out in the Seventh Commandment, and the whole Edition was printed off with Thou shalt commit Adultery, instead of Thou shalt not, &c. This material Erratum induc'd the Crown to take the Paper from them which is now held by the King's Printer. The Spectator's Remark upon this Story is, that he doubts many of our modern Gentlemen have this faulty Edition by 'em, and are not made sensible of the Mistake. A Third Person in the Company acquainted us with an unlucky Fault that went through a whole Impression of Common Prayer-Books; in the Funeral Service, where the Words are, We shall all be changed in a moment in the twinkling of an Eye, &c., the Printer omitted the (c) in changed, and it read thus, We shall all be hanged, &c. And lastly, a Mistake your Brother News-Printer was mentioned, in the Speech of James Prouse written the Night before he was to have been executed, instead of I die. Protestant, he has put it, I died a Protestant. Upon the whole you came off with the more favourable Censure, because your Paper is most commonly very correct, and yet you were never known to triumph upon it, by publicly ridiculing and exposing the continual Blunders of your Contemporaries.

porary. Which Observation was concluded by a good old Gentleman in Company, with this general just Remark, That whoever accustoms himself to pass over in Silence the Faults of his Neighbours, shall meet with much better Quarter from the World when he happens to fall into a Mistake himself; for the Satyrical and Censorious, whose Hand is against every Man, shall upon such Occasions have every Man's Hand against him.

It was not in his paper only that Franklin the editor blamed Franklin the printer, for in Poor Richard, after mentioning "a few Faults" in a previous year's issue, which he declared were "Mr. Printer's Faults," he continued: "These, and some others, of a like kind, let the Readers forgive, or rebuke him for, as to their Wisdom and Goodness shall seem meet: For in such Cases the Loss and Damage is chiefly to the Reader, who, if he does not take my Sense at first Reading, 't is odds he never gets it; for ten to one he does not read my Works a second Time."

In the hands of its new manager the "Gazette" thrived. It quickly secured the largest circulation of any paper in America, being distributed from Virginia to New York. It led, too, in advertising patronage, and this resulted in an almost continuous enlargement of its size. Franklin himself was a born advertiser, not merely of what he had to sell, but of anything which could be made the excuse for an advertisement, and some issues of his paper contain as many as seven of his own. From a few can be gleaned some of the difficulties under which the publisher labored:

This present Paper, No. 303, finishes the Fifth Year, since the Printer hereof undertook the Gazette; no more need be said to my generous Subscribers, to remind them, that every one of those who are above a Twelve-month in Arrear, has it in his Power to contribute considerably towards the Happiness of

his most obliged humble
Servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

This Gazette Numb. 564. begins the 11th Year since its first Publication: And whereas some Persons have taken it from the Beginning, and others for 7 or 8 Years, without paying me one Farthing, I do hereby give Notice to all who are upwards of one Year in Arrear, that if they do not make speedy Payment, I shall discontinue the Papers to them, and take some proper Method of Recovering my Money.

B. FRANKLIN.

To this advertisement was added an N. B. to the effect that "No new Subscriber will be taken in for the future without Payment for the first half Year advanc'd," which, so far as known, is the first instance of the now universal system of prepayment.

Yet, despite these delinquencies, the "Gazette" was for its time a wonderfully profitable paper. When his partner eventually bought Franklin out, and there was a final settlement, the statement shows the profits from 1748 to 1766 to have been over twelve thousand pounds for subscriptions and over four thousand pounds for advertisements, Pennsylvania currency; and though this account was settled at the time, as late as 1785 Franklin still had "an old account to settle . . . as regards a particular article of some importance about which we were not agreed. . . . It was the value of the copyright in an established newspaper of each of which from eight to ten thousand were printed," and he asks a printing friend to arbitrate the matter, because "though I never differed . . . and never should if that good honest man had continued in being, to prevent all dispute on the above points with his son it is that I now request your decision, which I doubt not will be satisfactory to us both." So far as can be learned, Franklin was never compensated in this matter, though the paper continued to be printed until 1821, making it the longest-lived paper ever issued in this country.

The "Pennsylvania Gazette" was apparently not sufficient outlet for the active and energetic printer, for three years after he became its publisher he began the issue of a paper in German, designed to supply the

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE FIRST FOREIGN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN
THE UNITED STATES. IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Palatinates and other Germans who were then immigrating in such numbers to Pennsylvania, and from this time he printed many pamphlets in German.

Before this enlargement and success were achieved, Franklin had separated from Meredith. In his autobiography he remarks:

I perceive that I am apt to speak in the singular number, though our partnership still continu'd; the reason may be that, in fact, the whole management of the business lay upon me. Meredith was no compositor, a poor pressman, and seldom sober. My friends lamented my connection with him, but I was to make the best of it. . . . But now another difficulty came upon me which I had never the least reason to expect. Mr. Meredith's father, who was to have paid for our printing-house, according to the expectations given me, was able to advance only one hundred pounds currency, which had been paid; and a hundred more was due to the merchant, who grew impatient, and su'd us all. We gave bail, but saw that, if the money could not be rais'd in time, the suit must soon come to a judgment and execution, and our hopeful prospects must, with us, be ruined, as the press and letters must be sold for payment, perhaps at half price.

"In this distress," Franklin relates, "two true friends, whose kindness I have never forgotten, nor ever shall forget while I can remember anything, came to me separately, unknown to each other and without any application from me, offering each of them to advance me all the money that should be necessary to enable me to take the whole business upon myself." Meredith, who was "often seen drunk in the streets, and playing at low games in the ale houses," had ceased to take an interest in his work, and it was finally agreed that, if Franklin would assume the debts, return Meredith's father the hundred pounds he had advanced, and pay Meredith a small sum, he would relinquish the partnership; and on these terms Franklin became sole owner of the printing-office.

Though the bulk of the issues of Franklin's press are of little moment, there can be no doubt that as a whole they contain more of genuine merit than those of any printer of the same or previous periods in the colonies, the amount of doctrinal and polemical theology being a minimum, and bearing a less proportion to the whole mass than can be found in the books of any other American printer. In the earliest years of the venture he took the risk of printing two little volumes of American poetry, as well as reprinting other verses of European origin. In 1741 he published the earliest American medical treatise, Colden's "Essay on the Iliac Passion," and four years later the second Cadwalader's "Essay on the West India Dry Gripes." From his press came the first two pamphlets against slavery. In 1744 he reprinted Richardson's "Pamela," the first novel printed in America. Despite his personal disregard of the classics, as early as

1735 he printed James Logan's translation of Cato's "Moral Distichs," the first Latin work to be both translated and printed in America, which he prefaced by the remark:

In most Places that I am acquainted with, great is the present Corruption of Manners, that a Printer shall find much more Profit in such Things as flatter and encourage Vice, than in such as tend to promote its contrary. It would be thought a Piece of Hypocrisy and pharisaical Ostentation in me, if I should say, that I print these Distichs more with a View to the Good of others than my own private Advantage: And indeed I cannot say it; for I confess, I have so great Confidence in the common Virtue and Good Sense of the People of this and the neighbouring Provinces that I expect to sell a very good Impression.

Apparently in this he was not disappointed, and nine years later he published a second translation of Logan's, believing "it to be in itself equal at least, if not far preferable to any other Translation of the same Piece extant in our Language," which he printed

In a large and fair Character, that those who begin to think on the Subject of OLD-AGE, (which seldom happens till their Sight is somewhat impair'd by its Approaches) may not, in Reading, by the Pain small Letters give the Eyes, feel the Pleasure of the Mind in the least allayed.

This particular book Franklin always considered the finest product of his press, and so proud was he of it that he sent five hundred copies to London, where they were put into the hands of Mr. Becket for sale—without much profit, as it would appear, for nearly forty years later Franklin wrote to ask if he could obtain a copy, and casually mentioned that he "never had an account of their being sold." His greatest publishing success, Poor Richard's Almanac, and his greatest publishing failure, the "General Magazine," are treated elsewhere. In all these new departures Franklin was something more than the mere printer, and he offered Colden to print "your piece on gravitation" "at my own expense and risk," adding:

. . . If I can be the means of communicating any thing valuable to the world, I do not always think of gaining, nor even of saving, by my business; but a piece of that kind, as it must excite the curiosity of all the learned, can hardly fail of bearing its own expense.

A Scotch journeyman, David Hall, whom Franklin took into his employment in 1744, was admitted to a partnership five years later. He "took off my hands all care of the printing office, paying me punctually my share of

the profits"; and Franklin, in congratulating a friend on a "return to your beloved retirement," wrote with evident pleasure that he, too, was "taking the proper measures for obtaining leisure to enjoy life and my friends more than hitherto, having put my printing-house under the care of my partner, David Hall, absolutely left off bookselling and removed to a more quiet part of the town, where I am settling my old accounts, and hope soon to be quite master of my own time."

"This partnership continued eighteen years, successfully for us both," at the end of which time Hall became the purchaser of the outfit.

This did not mean that Franklin wholly retired from his connection with printing, for long before this he had established a number of printing-offices in other towns. For instance, in 1733 "I sent one of my journeymen to Charleston, South Carolina, where a printer was wanting. I furnish'd him with a press and letters, on the agreement of partnership by which I was to receive one third of the profits of the business, paying one third of the expense." The partnership in Carolina having succeeded, "I was encourag'd to engage in others and to promote several of my workmen who had behaved well by establishing them with printing-houses in different colonies, on the same terms as that in Carolina." One of these was James Parker, whom he established in New York, and by 1743 he had "three printing-houses in three different colonies, and purpose to set up a fourth if I can meet with a proper person to manage it, having all the materials ready for that purpose." Five years later he sent an outfit to Antigua, in the West Indies, under the charge of a journeyman who had "worked with me here and in my printing-house in New York three or four years." He was also interested in print-

ing-offices in Kingston, Jamaica, and, as already noted, he took two of his nephews as apprentices, and when they were trained helped them to establish themselves as printers. "Most of them did well, being enabled at the end of our term, six years, to purchase the types of me and go on working for themselves, by which means several families were raised. Partnerships often finish in quarrels; but I was happy in this that mine were all carried on and ended amicably."

Nor did his retirement from active printing lessen his interest in his trade, and every possible improvement in the art received attention from him. In 1753, for instance, he suggested that his London agent should "persuade your press-maker to go out of his road a little" in making a press, in order to include certain improvements that Franklin had invented, since with these it "never gruels; the hollow face of the ribs keeps the oil better, and the cramps, bearing on the larger surface, do not wear, as in the common method. Of this I have had many

years experience." When Cadwallader Colden conceived the idea of stereotyping, and wrote to Franklin about it, the new invention received his prompt attention, he conducted a series of experiments designed to test its value, and it is supposed that he communicated it to Didot when in France.

On a somewhat kindred subject he wrote to John Walter, who afterward became famous as a founder of the London "Times," that he had read his "Introduction to Logography," which he thought "extremely ingenious"; and "I like much the idea of cementing the letters instead of casting words of syllables, which I formerly attempted and succeeded in having invented a mould and method by which I could in a few minutes form a matrice, adjust it to any

Just Published,
And to be sold by B. FRANKLIN, the follow
ing BOOKS,

I. **T**HE POCKET ALMANACK,
for the Year 1745.

II. **P**AMELA or VIRTUE rewarded. In a
Series of FAMILIAR LETTERS
from a beautiful young Damsel, to her Parents.
*Now first Published, in order to cultivate the
Principles of Virtue and Religion in the Minds
of the Youth of both Sexes.*
*A Narrative which has its Foundation in Truth
and Nature; and at the same time that it a-
greeably entertains, by a Variety of curious
and affecting INCIDENTS, is intirely divested
of all those Images, which, in too many Pie-
ces, calculated for Amusement only, tend to
inflame the Minds they should instruct.*
Price 6 s.

III. **A** Preservative from the Sins and Follies
of Childhood and Youth, written by way of
Question and Answer. To which are added, some Religi-
ous and Moral Instructions, in Verse. By I. Watts, D. D.
Price 8 d.

ADVERTISEMENT OF "PAMELA." IN THE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

word in any font at pleasure and proceed to cast from it." Though this scheme of Walter's proved a failure, it was another step toward the modern system of stereotyping.

As the printer was interested in shortening the processes of composition, so he was interested in typography, and a friendship that he quickly formed in England was with John Baskerville, the famous type-maker. When a critic told Franklin that the founder's letters "would be the means of blinding all the readers in the nation," Franklin endeavored, without success, to "support your character against the charge" by argument. Not succeeding in this, when the fault-finder again called upon me,

Mischievously bent to try his judgment, I stepped into my closet, tore off the top of Mr. Caslon's specimen, and produced it to him as yours, brought with me from Birmingham, saying, I had been examining it, since he spoke to me, and could not for my life perceive the disproportion he mentioned, desiring him to point it out to me. He readily undertook it, and went over the several fonts, showing me everywhere what he thought instances of that disproportion, and declared that he could not then read the specimen without feeling very strongly the pain he had mentioned to me. I spared him that time the confusion of being told that these were the types he had been reading all his life with so much ease to his eyes, the types his adored Newton is printed with, on which he has pored not a little; nay, the very types his own book is printed with (for he is himself an author), and yet never discovered this painful disproportion in them, till he thought they were yours.

Furthermore, Franklin endeavored to get him orders from America by distributing specimens of his "letters" among printers.

Interest in good type meant interest in good printing, and Franklin followed the improvements in books with closeness. While minister in France, he noted that

A strong emulation exists at present between Paris and Madrid, with regard to beautiful printing. Here a M. Didot *l'aîné* has a passion for the art, and besides having procured the best types, he has much improved the press. The utmost care is taken of his presswork; his ink is black, and his paper fine and white. He has executed several charming editions. But the "Sallust" and the "Don Quixote" of Madrid are thought to excel them. Didot, however, improves every day, and by his zeal and indefatigable application bids fair to carry the art to a high pitch of perfection. I will send you a sample of his work when I have an opportunity.

Franklin was not, however, too much of a printer ever to forget the reader, and in the last years of his life he made some criti-

cisms on his craft which are as true to-day as when he wrote them. "By a fancy of printers," he complained, they have "suppressed the capitalizing of all substantives" with the idea of showing the "character to greater advantage; those letters prominent above the line disturbing its even, regular appearance," which he very properly remarked was "a gain in appearance at the expense of the reader"; and any one who has read eighteenth-century books before "the invention of that pretended improvement" had been made will agree with him. Furthermore,

From fondness for an even and uniform appearance of characters in the line, the printers have of late banished also the italic types, in which words of importance to be attended to in the sense of the sentence, and words on which an emphasis should be put in reading, used to be printed. And lately another fancy has induced some printers to use the short round *s*, instead of the long one, which formerly served well to distinguish a word readily by its varied appearance. Certainly the omitting this prominent letter makes the line appear more even, but renders it less immediately legible; as the paring all men's noses might smooth and level their faces, but would render their physiognomies less distinguishable.

Add to all these improvements *backwards*, another modern fancy, that gray printing is more beautiful than black; hence the English new books are printed in so dim a character as to be read with difficulty by old eyes, unless in a very strong light and with good glasses. Whoever compares a volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, printed between the years 1731 and 1740, with one of those printed in the last ten years, will be convinced of the much greater degree of perspicuity given by black ink than by gray. Lord Chesterfield pleasantly remarked this difference to Faulkener, the printer of the *Dublin Journal*, who was vainly making encomiums on his own paper, as the most complete of any in the world. "But, Mr. Faulkener," said my Lord, "don't you think it might be still farther improved by using paper and ink not quite so near of a color?" For all these reasons I cannot but wish that our American printers would, in their editions, avoid these fancied improvements, and thereby render their works more agreeable to foreigners in Europe, to the great advantage of our bookselling commerce.

Franklin always credited his knowledge of good book-making to his experience in Watts's printing-house, and it is stated that "at every entertainment which he gave his workmen during the life of Watts the health of his old friend and master was one of the toasts." When, too, he went to England in 1757 as agent for his colony, one of the first things he did was to seek out his old employer; and

it is related that with him he went to the composing-room where he had formerly worked, voluntarily contributed the *bienvenu*, or sum for drink, he had once so persistently refused, and proposed the toast "Success to Printing."

A London printer with whom an even greater friendship existed was William Strahan. The acquaintance started merely as a business connection in 1748, but with Franklin's next visit to London it quickly became a personal one, and ripened to such a degree that the two men agreed upon a marriage between their children. Strahan used his utmost influence to get Franklin to settle in England permanently, not merely proposing "several advantageous schemes to me," but writing urgently to his wife. In time Strahan became printer to the king, and eventually was elected to Parliament. In this body he was an adherent of the government, voting for most of the measures of which America complained, and this drew from Franklin the letter which has become so famous, written in a moment of bitterness upon hearing of the battle of Bunker Hill, but which was never sent to his friend. Even through the Revolution a frank correspondence was maintained, differ as they might in opinion, and a satiric description Franklin gave of the condition of England at the end of the war is well worthy of quotation. Alluding to the general scramble there for office or money, he said: "To speak in our old style (brother type)," these "may be good for the *chapel*, but they are bad for the master, as they create constant quarrels that hinder the business. For example, here are two months that your government has been employed in *getting its form to press*; which is not yet fit to *work on*, every page of it being *squabbled*, and the whole ready to fall into *pi*. The fonts, too, must be very scanty, or strangely *out of sorts*, since your *compositors* cannot find either *upper* or *lower case letters* sufficient to set the word ADMINISTRATION, but are forced to be continually *turning for them*. However, to return to common (though perhaps too saucy) language, do not despair; you have still one resource left, and that not a bad one, since it may reunite the empire. We have some remains of affection for you, and shall always be ready to receive and take care of you in case of distress. So if you have not sense and virtue enough to govern yourselves, e'en dissolve your present old crazy constitution, and send members to

Congress." With even greater cleverness of metaphor, Franklin later told him:

I remember your observing once to me as we sat together in the House of Commons, that no two journeymen printers within your knowledge had met with such success in the world as ourselves. You were then at the head of your profession, and soon afterwards became a member of Parliament. I was an agent for a few provinces, and now act for them all. But we have risen by different modes. I, as a republican printer, always liked a form well *planed down*; being averse to those *overbearing* letters that hold their heads so *high* as to hinder their neighbors from appearing. You, as a monarchist, chose to work upon *crown* paper, and found it profitable; while I worked upon *pro patria* (often indeed called *foolscap*) with no less advantage. Both our *heaps hold out* very well, and we seem likely to make a pretty good day's work of it. With regard to public affairs (to continue in the same style), it seems to me that the compositors in your chapel do not *cast off their copy* well, nor perfectly understand *imposing*; their *forms*, too, are continually pestered by the *outs* and *doubles*, that are not easy to be corrected. And I think they were wrong in laying aside some *faces*, and particularly certain *head-pieces*, that would have been both useful and ornamental. But, courage! The business may still flourish with good management; and the master become as rich as any of the company.

Nothing proved better the printer's attachment for his calling than an amusement of his during his diplomatic service in France. In his own home he set up a press and types, all of which he or his servants cast, and with them occasionally printed little bagatelles and skits of both his friends' writing and his own, usually in very small editions. These "printing materials, consisting of a great variety of fonts," he brought with him on his return to America, and sold "fifteen boxes of type" to Francis Childs, the New York printer, and still more to Matthew Carey. The remainder he used to establish his grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, in "business as a printer, the original occupation of his grandfather."

Despite the many honors that had come to him, to the last he held himself to be first and foremost a printer, and began his will, "I, Benjamin Franklin, Printer, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Court of France, and now President of the State of Pennsylvania." It was at his own request that "the Printers of the city, with their Journeymen and Apprentices," were given a prominent position in his funeral procession.

THE FAMOUS SIEGE OF TYRE.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: SIXTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
Professor of Greek, Cornell University.



URING the four months which intervened between Alexander's hasty departure from Ancyra (July, 333) and the battle of Issus (November), the old world of Greece and the Ægean, upon which he had so coolly turned his back, went on its own way and even essayed to construct a play of its own, with *Hamlet* left out. As summer passed into autumn and the consciousness quickened that the ambitious young *Störenfried* was now well out of sight and reach behind the Taurus, opposition took breath again and began to gather its strength and lay its schemes in hope of the final disaster that Darius's overwhelming armament might well be counted to have in store for the harebrained intruder.

The Ægean was still in control of the Persian fleet. Alexander had not ignored the fact or its significance. He knew well enough that the embers of the opposition slumbering behind the ashes of temporary defeat waited only for encouragement to burst again into flame, and that some decided action or some striking success on the part of the fleet might furnish such encouragement; but when, late in the spring, the news came to him at Gordium of Memnon's death, he recognized, with his quick power of summarizing a situation, that no central personal force was left to give coherence to the elements opposed to him, and so he took his risk and turned eastward, determined to win what further recognition he was to receive at home by quick and decided success in the far outer world.

The various movements of the Persian fleet which began in midsummer and were continued throughout the autumn we have referred to incidentally in the foregoing, but it is well to summarize them here, so far as the scattered references of the historians, made without much suggestion of chronology, permit it to be done. The siege of Mitylene in Lesbos, continued after Memnon's death (February, 333), resulted in the capture of the city,

and Tenedos, an island off the entrance to the Hellespont, soon after submitted to superior force. There was no land force coöperating with the Persians, and so their field of action was limited to the islands, except that here and there a descent upon some coast town served their purpose for foraging, plunder, and destruction. Nowhere, however, did they gain, or apparently seek to gain, a foothold on the mainland. An expedition of ten ships under Datames's command, which during the summer had slipped across the sea and anchored by Siphnos, as if to test the temper of the Greeks and give some chance encouragement to the anti-Macedonian elements in the coast cities, or perhaps enter into dealings with the Spartans, who through it all had remained open opponents of the league with Macedon, had come to grief, and eight of the ships had been captured by a Macedonian squadron organized at Eubœa, to the north. Hegelochus was by this time getting together a Macedonian fleet in the Hellespont, and when a portion of the Persian fleet ventured to extend its operations in this direction it was driven back. The Macedonians could not afford to have the main route cut that led from Macedonia into Asia. In the early autumn Hegelochus and his fleet grew bolder, and venturing out of the Hellespont, recaptured Tenedos; but when, in their assurance, they assumed so much control of the waterway as to lay embargo on Athenian freighters that brought the precious cargoes of grain down from the Black Sea, they drew forth a storm of resentment from Athens that for the moment menaced outright war. It had been already voted to send a hundred ships to defend Athenian interests in the Hellespont, and a rupture that would have cost the Macedonian interests sore and given the Persian fleet its perfect opportunity was all but completed, when diplomacy and worldly wisdom prevailed, and Hegelochus released the ships in question. How near at hand the materials for an explosion lay, this incident, coupled with minor indications af-

forded by stray allusions in anecdotes and speeches of the time, amply suggests. These were the days when Æschines and his partizans of Macedonian sympathizers were "jollied" about their long faces and their gloom as they strolled among the gossipers of barber-shops and market-place, and when men of the other persuasion felt fine and fit, and looked at one another with mysterious, knowing looks; for had they not got the straight tip from their leader, the grave and reverend Demosthenes, who always had "inside" news and knew it as it was, and now had letters to show, that told how Darius was on his way from Babylon with a force so mighty that Alexander's little band of marauders would be trampled out of sight under the horses' hoofs? And the "water-drinker" himself had relaxed somewhat from his owl-like seriousness, and had taken on a buoyant, jaunty air, yes, even joined a bit in the jests of the market-place at Æschines's expense.

In the midst of it all news came that a hundred ships of the Persians had crossed the sea and lay in the harbor of Siphnos, ninety miles to the south, ready to take advantage of the expected event. Agis, the wily old Spartan king, sailed over to them with a single trireme, and laid before them, like many a Spartan king before him, a plan for saving Greece, themselves, and sundry other things, by giving him much gold and many ships. No one may say in what the conference might have ended, for while it still was pending came hurrying across the seas the grim tidings from the field of Issus. Instantly the whole scene changed. Complicity with Persian interests lost all charm. The Athenians might well deem themselves fortunate that they had gone no further toward the brink of revolt. For the Persians it was only a question whether they could save what they now had, and Pharnabazus, taking with him fifteen hundred mercenaries, hastened back with ten ships to head off a possible revolt at Chios. The rest of the fleet soon followed, distributing itself among various stations on the coast of Asia Minor,—Agis, of whom and of whose mischief-making we shall hear more later on, going with it,—then with the spring it began to melt away. The Cyprians and Phenicians belonging in the fleet could not be retained after Alexander's advance down the Syrian coast once began directly to threaten their own homes. Thus step by step Alexander was winning the Ægean by fighting his way on land around its coasts.

On the night of the battle of Issus, Alexander, returning from the pursuit, found the

luxurious camp of Darius awaiting him, and in the Shah's tent he dined and made ready to pass the night. The booty left behind was far less than it would have been, had not the march over the mountains caused the Persians to discard much of their paraphernalia. All the grandees except the Shah had sent their harems to Damascus, where also a vast mass of treasure had been collected, together with the heavy baggage. Still there was left enough of the luxurious appointments of the camp to dazzle the eyes of Macedonians and Greeks, and three thousand talents of gold, found with the rest, was not the least acceptable surprise.

Plutarch tells this story: "Here when Alexander beheld the basins and water-pots and bath-tubs and ointment-flasks, all of gold, wondrously wrought, and smelled the divine odors with which myrrh and spices filled the room, and from thence passed into a pavilion marvelous for its height and breadth and for the magnificence of its couches and tables and the feast that was spread, he turned to his companions, and said: 'Well, this, I take it, is royalty.'" Darius, too, in his haste, had left behind in his camp wife, mother, and children. The various stories of Alexander's treatment of them, as told in the different ancient accounts, are all of one tenor, different as they may be in detail. The consideration shown the women and the self-restraint exhibited by the young soldier were novel things in those days, but they were sure marks of a nobility which all contemporary opinion united in recognizing.

The simplest account is that given by Arrian, as embodying the statements of his highest orthodox authorities, Ptolemy and Aristobulus: "Some of the biographers of Alexander say that on the very night when he returned from the pursuit, after entering Darius's tent, which had been apportioned to his use, he heard the wailing of women and other like noise not far from the tent. On inquiring who the women were, and how they happened to be in a tent so near, he received the following answer: 'King, the mother and the wife and the children of Darius, since it was told them that thou hast the bow of Darius and the royal mantle, and that the shield of Darius has been brought back, are lamenting him as slain.' When Alexander heard this, he sent Leonnatus, one of the companions, with a message to them: 'Darius is living; in his flight he left in his chariot his arms and his mantle: this is all that Alexander has.' Leonnatus entered the tent and told them the message about Da-

rius, and added that Alexander would allow them to retain the retinue becoming their rank, and other forms of state, as well as the title of queens; for not out of personal enmity had he made the war against Darius, but he had conducted it in a regular manner for the empire of Asia. These are the statements of Ptolemy and Aristobulus." Plutarch gives essentially the same account, with his usual moralizing embellishments, subsidiary to which the following is added: "Nevertheless, Darius's wife is said to have been far the most beautiful of all princesses, just as Darius himself among men was the handsomest and tallest; and the two daughters were worthy of their parents. But Alexander, as it seems, esteeming it more kingly to govern himself than to conquer his enemies, neither touched these women, nor indeed had intercourse with any other woman before marriage, except with Barsine, Memnon's widow, who was taken prisoner at Damascus."

Arrian adds with some hesitation another story, which with greater profusion of details is also told by Diodorus and is referred to by Curtius Rufus and Justinus. This represents Alexander as having visited the tent of the women on the following day, in company with Hephæstion, and given them personal assurance of his protection. Diodorus goes so far as to give his professions the somewhat aggressive form of a promise to see the queen's daughters better married than if Darius had attended to it himself. Darius's little son, only six years old, he is said to have noticed; he kissed him and gave him the time-honored assurance that he was a fine boy. But Arrian's doubt about all this seems well founded. Plutarch quotes from a letter of Alexander to Parmenion, written later, in which he says that he had "not so much as seen or desired to see the wife of Darius, no, nor suffered any one to speak of her beauty in his presence." Hansen's, and even more particularly Pridik's, careful examination¹ into the authenticity of these frequent citations from letters of Alexander has tended to give them enhanced authority, and the fact that it is not until later in Alexander's career that Hephæstion appears as his intimate serves to confirm Plutarch's quotation by throwing suspicion on the story of the visit to the tent.

The day after the battle was devoted to burying the dead with full honors of war. The loss Diodorus gives as 450 killed; Curtius Rufus, 452 killed and 504 wounded;

Justinus, 280 killed. Arrian tells only that in the struggle between the Macedonian phalanx and the Greek mercenaries opposed to them in the Persian line 150 Macedonians fell. This lends confirmation to the figures given by Diodorus. The number of wounded, 504, as it stands in the present text of Curtius, appears small, and a slight correction would enable us to read, as the editor Hedicke has done, "4500." This figure is in itself more reasonable, but the next sentence of Curtius is discouraging: "At so small expense was a mighty victory won." Ancient statistics regarding the number wounded in battle are rarely given, and must, in the nature of the case, be incomplete and unreliable, as there was no regularly organized hospital service. The ratio of wounded to killed in modern battles General Dodge gives as about seven to one, and the ratio in ancient battles he believes to have been considerably higher, perhaps ten to one. Though this is, by reason of the weapons used, inherently probable, it must be confessed that the scanty data we have are indecisive. Thus, during the night sortie at Halicarnassus, the Macedonians lost 16 killed and 300 wounded; in the siege of Sangala, 100 killed and 1200 wounded. In both cases, however, the conditions were probably abnormal. In the battle of Parætacene, on the other hand, Eumenes lost, according to Diodorus, 540 killed and 900 wounded, while Antigonos, who was defeated, lost nearly as many killed as wounded.

In respect to the number killed, the loss of the defeated army was, in ancient battles, out of all proportion to the victors' loss, on account of the massacre which followed the unprotected retreat. At Granicus, Alexander lost 115 killed in an army of 35,000, while the Persian cavalry of 20,000 lost 1000 men, and the division of Greek mercenaries, 20,000 in number, was entirely scattered and destroyed. At Arbela, Alexander, from an army of from 45,000 to 50,000 men, lost from 300 to 500 killed, while the loss of the Persians was so enormous as to leave room only for the wildest estimates. Curtius sets it at 40,000, Diodorus at 90,000, and Arrian reports a hearsay estimate of 300,000! Their army numbered, by concurrent testimony of Arrian and Diodorus, about 1,000,000. Of the 600,000 Persians engaged at Issus 100,000 were slain, against 450 of the 40,000 or 50,000 Macedonians. In the battle of Megalopolis, two years later (331), the defeated Spartans and their allies lost 5300 of their 22,000 men, while the victorious 40,000 Macedonians lost only 1000 (Curtius). A loss of one man in four, such as the Spartans

¹ Hansen, R., "Philologus," xxxix, 295; Pridik, E., "De Alexandri Magni epistularum commercio" (1893).

there suffered, is a terrible ratio, but one to be expected among Spartans, if defeated. At Leuctra they lost from four battalions, numbering about 2400 men, 1000 killed, and of 700 Spartiate—i.e., genuine Spartan citizens—400 were killed. So at Lechæum they lost 250 out of 600. While ancient battles, therefore, contrast a loss of from one to two and a half per cent. among the victors with one of, say, from ten to twenty-five per cent. among the conquered, modern battles with their completer organization show a much closer relation of loss. Thus, for instance, at Gettysburg, the Union army numbered about 93,500 men, of whom about 89,000 actively participated in the fighting. The Confederate force was about 70,000. The former lost 3072 killed, 14,497 wounded, 5434 missing; the latter, 2592 killed, 12,709 wounded, 5150 missing, making the proportion of killed for the Union forces three and five tenths per cent., for the Confederates three and seven tenths per cent. At Waterloo the French and the Allies each lost about five per cent. in killed.

Among the dead, after the battle of Issus, was Ptolemy, son of Seleucus, commander of one of the infantry divisions. Alexander himself had been slightly wounded in the leg. He was, nevertheless, able, the day after the battle, to pay his visits of sympathy to the wounded, and of congratulation to the victorious camps of his troops. Gifts of money were distributed among those who had distinguished themselves in battle, the dead received heroes' burial, and as monuments to their sacrifice and memorials of victory altars were erected on the river-bank to Zeus, to Hercules, and to Athena.

Without attempting to pursue Darius, Alexander adhered to his original plan of campaign and kept to the coast, for the Ægean was still controlled by the Persian fleet. He sent Parmenion, however, with the Thessalian cavalry and other troops, around behind the mountains to occupy Damascus, two hundred and fifty miles to the south, and seize the royal treasure deposited there. His own march led him first to Marathus, on the coast opposite Cyprus.

While Alexander was here, Darius sent ambassadors to him, asking for the return of his wife, his mother, and his children, and offering him his friendship and an alliance. He reminded him of the friendship which had existed between the two countries under Philip and Artaxerxes, and of the way in which that friendship had been gratuitously broken by Philip after Artaxerxes's death, and how now without any rea-

son Alexander had entered his domain with an army and wrought much damage to his people, stating that his own appearance in the field against him had been merely in defense of his country and for the preservation of the empire of his fathers.

Without making oral answer, Alexander sent the following letter, the authenticity of which there is no good ground for calling in question: "Your forefathers came into Macedonia and other parts of Greece, and did us harm, without any previous injury from us. Now I, having been appointed leader of the Greeks and having a mind to punish the Persians, have crossed over into Asia, after hostilities had been commenced by your people. For you and yours sent aid to the Perinthians [on the Sea of Marmora], who were dealing unjustly with my father, and Ochus sent an army into Thrace, which was under our sway. My father was killed by conspirators whom your people instigated, as you yourselves have boasted to everybody in your letters; and after you, Darius, had slain Arses with Bagoas's help, and wickedly and in defiance of all Persian law seized the throne, yes, and wronged your subjects, you go on to send unfriendly letters about me to the Greeks, urging them to make war upon me, and send money to the Spartans and to other Greeks as well, though none of them took it, except the Spartans. Then, as your agents had corrupted my friends, and were trying to disrupt the peace which I had secured for the Greeks, I took the field against you—you who had begun the hostilities. Now that I have conquered in battle, first your generals and satraps, then you and your army, and am by gift of the gods in possession of your country, I am giving protection to those of your men who escaped from the battle and have taken refuge with me, and they of their own accord stay with me and have joined my army. As, therefore, I am lord of all Asia, come to me; but if you are afraid you may be harshly treated in case you come, send some of your friends to receive pledges of safety from me. Come to me, then, and ask for your mother and your wife and your children, and anything else you will. You shall have it. Nothing shall be denied you that is just. And for the future, whenever you send, send to me as the King of Asia, and do not address me as an equal; but if you have need of aught, speak to me as one who is lord of all your possessions. Otherwise I shall conduct myself toward you as an evil-doer. But if you dispute my right to the kingdom, stay and fight on

for it; do not play the runaway, for I shall march against you, wherever you may be."

While at Marathus he learned of the success of Parmenion's mission to Damascus. He had taken the city and overhauled the fugitive Persians under Kophen, who were carrying off the baggage and treasure of Darius. Curtius Rufus reports that there were captured 2600 talents in coined money, 500 talents of silver, 30,000 men, 7000 beasts of burden, besides masses of valuables and fair women without number. Athenæus quotes from a letter of Parmenion to Alexander on the occasion: "I found flute-girls of the king, three hundred twenty and nine; men who plait crowns, six and forty; cooks, two hundred seventy and seven; boilers of pots, twenty and nine; makers of cheese, thirteen; mixers of drinks, seventeen; strainers of wine, seventy; makers of perfumes, forty." This serves as an expression of the wonderment which filled the eyes of the victors.

From Marathus the army proceeded to Byblus and Sidon, which gladly surrendered, in hatred of the Persian. Their hereditary kings, in accordance with Alexander's principle of local government for cities, were left in power. At Tyre a determined resistance was met. At first the city offered to surrender, but when Alexander expressed his desire to enter the city in order that he might worship in the temple of Hercules (Melkart), whom he claimed as ancestor, the answer was returned that the city would obey any other command of Alexander, but would admit within its walls neither Macedonian nor Persian. It was the pride of the city, and one that its position had made it possible to assert, that it had never admitted foreign troops at its gates.

Twice for long periods (701-697 and 671-662) the Assyrians had beset the city in vain, and a century later Nebuchadnezzar the Babylonian had for thirteen years (585-573) maintained a fruitless siege. Securely placed on a rocky island a little over two miles in circuit and less than half a mile from the mainland, it had, from the earliest dawn of history down to the time when Greek energy in the seventh century asserted its right, controlled the trade of the Mediterranean. When in the twelfth and eleventh centuries the first Greek settlers came to the Asiatic coast and to Cyprus, it was with Phœnician traders who had been there at least three centuries before them that they came in competition, and it was from them that they learned trade, seamanship, arts, and even the art of writing. Greek competition in

the Ægean drove them out into the wider field of the Mediterranean. Sicily, southern Spain (Tarshish), and the northern coasts of Africa became their markets. Their roamings marked the wanderings of their national god Melkart (Hercules), and at Cadiz (Gades) were the "Pillars of Hercules." Utica, Lep-tis, and Carthage, in Africa, were their colonies. Throughout all the period of the Phœnician bloom, from 1200 to 700, Tyre was the Phœnician metropolis. Sidon, though the older city, played the second rôle. All the commodities of the world tributary to the Mediterranean passed in those days through the hands of the Tyrian traders as distributing agents.

Though writing in the days of Tyre's decline, the Hebrew prophet Ezekiel (586 B. C.), who, like the other Hebrew prophets, forgetting the old-time friendship between Solomon and Hiram, King of Tyre (969-936), now looks upon Tyre, the world's Vanity Fair, with all the aversion that the man of the prairie can in this day spend on the bankers of Wall street, tells in his curse the story of its greatness: "O thou that dwellest at the entry of the sea, which art the merchant of the peoples unto many isles, thus saith the Lord God: Thou, O Tyre, hast said, I am perfect in beauty. Thy borders are in the heart of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. They have made all thy planks of fir-trees from Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make a mast for thee. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars; they have made thy benches of ivory inlaid in boxwood, from the isles of Kittim [Kition in Cyprus]. Of fine linen with brodered work from Egypt was thy sail, that it might be to thee for an ensign; blue and purple from the isles of Elishah [coast of northern Africa] was thine awning. The inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad [Sidon and Aradus] were thy rowers: thy wise men, O Tyre, were in thee, they were thy pilots. . . . Tarshish [Spain] was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches; with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded for thy wares. Javan [Ionia, Greece], Tubal, and Meshech [modern Armenia], they were thy traffickers: they traded the persons of men and vessels of brass for thy merchandise. . . . And in their wailing they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and lament over thee, saying, Who is there like Tyre, like her that is brought to silence in the midst of the sea?" This twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, from which we cite, contains among all the records of the past

the fullest and most accurate account of the trade and the trade relations of the famous city. It was written during Nebuchadnezzar's siege of Tyre, and while Ezekiel was a captive at Babylon. The doom which the prophet saw impending over the city was fulfilled, not through the hosts of Nebuchadnezzar, but by the arms of Alexander, and more yet by the city which he built to be its rival and successor, Alexandria in Egypt. Though Nebuchadnezzar's siege had not resulted in the capitulation of Tyre, a compromise had been made by which the city retained its entire autonomy while recognizing the supremacy of Babylon. Thus the nominal relation of vassal to the Babylonian empire, continuing after that empire passed into the hands of the Persians, had made the fleets of Tyre and of the other Phœnician coast cities a main dependence of the Persians in asserting their Mediterranean influence. The relation had been, on the other hand, of great advantage to the trade of Phœnicia, particularly of Tyre, which during recent years, and especially since the downfall of the Athenian maritime empire, had stood in trade as mediator between the great domain of Persia behind it and the open Mediterranean before it.

Alexander's theory of his campaign came here to the test. To attempt the capture of Tyre seemed, in the light of historical experience, quixotic. To leave it behind untouched meant to leave the Persian fleet its best rendezvous and, in the Phœnician ships, its central strength. The capture of Tyre would disable the Persian fleet, throw Cyprus into Alexander's hands, and make the occupation of Egypt an easy sequel. The Mediterranean would then be Macedonian, and the hope of sedition represented in Greece by Sparta would lose its last support. Secure thus in the rear, the army could then turn with confidence to its final work, strike into the heart of the continent, and march toward Babylon. It was determined, therefore, cost what it might, to take this city by force.

The time was now January (332). The siege lasted until August. Of the ten brief years which Alexander had allotted him for his conquests in Asia, more than half of one was thus devoted to the capture of a single city. If it had meant the city alone, it would not have been worth while, but the result proved the wisdom of his general plan, and brought the reward to his patience and thoroughness.

The island upon which the city was built was separated from the mainland by a chan-

nel about twenty-five hundred feet wide, near the shore shallow and swampy, but over by the city reaching a depth of eighteen feet. Being without ships, Alexander proceeded to build a dam, or mole, across the channel by driving piles and filling in with earth and stones. Diodorus claims to know that the mole was given a width of two hundred feet. It remains to this day, broadened out by the silt of the sea into the isthmus that joins the little modern city of Tyr to the mainland. The story goes that the king himself carried and threw in the first basketful of earth; then amid shouts of enthusiasm the Macedonians, men and officers, laid hand to the work. The abandoned houses of old Tyre, situated on the mainland opposite the island, provided a convenient quarry, and the hills of Lebanon, hard by, furnished timber for the piles and the siege machinery. At first the work went on well, until it came into deep water and closer under the walls of the city, and so within range of its artillery.

The ships of the Tyrians, too, had now become a factor. Manned with archers and slingers, they swarmed about the head of the pier, driving the laborers from their work. Battle took the place of building. The work went slow. Barricades were built to shelter the workmen. Great towers, filled in all their stories with catapults and mechanical bows, and protected against missile and torch by thick layers of hide, were set to hold the ships at bay; but against these the fertile devices of the Tyrian seaman found resource. A monster scow, which had served as a transport for horses, was fitted out as a fire-ship. It was filled with the dry twigs pruned from the vines and with fagots of pitch, and its bow, boarded up high, was loaded with bundles of straw and shavings and fagots mingled with masses of brimstone and pitch. Two derrick-like masts mounted on the bow carried long yards upon which hung caldrons filled with oil and molten pitch. Then loading the stern heavily down with ballast so as to throw the bow high out of water, they pushed it in before the favoring west wind by vessels made fast to the after-sides, and running it well up on to the mole, set fire to its load, swung the yards out forward, emptied the caldrons upon towers and stockade, and made off in boats or by swimming as best they could. The Macedonians who essayed to check the flames were a helpless target, for the fire poured in upon them from the ships that hung about the pier. In an hour the whole work of weeks and months

was undone. Towers and stockade were destroyed, the head of the pier dismantled and scattered, and the hope of the builders dismayed. But Alexander's energy was undaunted. He saw only the need for larger and more determined effort. First of all, he planned to lay a wider mole capable of supporting larger works of defense, but without the aid of a fleet he saw that even this was vain. So leaving his engineers to begin the larger work and rebuild the towers, he hastened off with a body of guards to see what could be done at Sidon toward collecting a fleet.

Fortune favored him. Spring was just opening, and the Phœnician ships that had been with the Persian fleet in the *Ægean* were beginning to desert, and taking advantage of the weather, were finding their way back home. Issus was beginning to bear its fruit on the sea. First came to Alexander's standard the ships of Aradus and Byblus and Sidon, cities that had long before opened their doors to the conqueror. Then came ten from Rhodes, three from Solæ and Malus, Cilician towns, and ten from Lycia; but best of all came sailing into the port of Sidon a little later one hundred and twenty ships with which the kings of Cyprus expressed their anxiety to get upon the winning side. "Unto him that hath shall be given," and Alexander found himself now suddenly possessed of a superb fleet from two hundred to two hundred and fifty strong. From this time on the siege of Tyre became a different undertaking. Heretofore Alexander could approach it only by land, and even that he had to make. Now he could outmatch Tyre in ships and could blockade it, chief city of ships as it was.

While the ships and the engines of war were being prepared for the new campaign, Alexander utilized the time for a ten days' raid through the mountains of Antilibanus, which lay between Sidon and Damascus, and which, stretching for eighty miles in a line parallel to the Lebanon range from Mount Hermon, source of the river Jordan at the south, commanded the highways leading from *Cœle-Syria* to the sea. The *Ituræan* tribes who inhabited the region, and who, under the name of Druses, have maintained a distinct existence down to the present day, readily submitted to the Macedonian sway, and assured it thus a widened hem of conquered coast. Minor enterprises like this of Alexander show not only how unremitting was his zeal, but how methodically thorough his conquests were. In a picture of the whole

the brilliancy of hazard and hap yields homage to a central scheme on which the genius of plan and forethought has set its stamp. On his return to Sidon a welcome surprise awaited him. Cleander, who more than a year before had been sent off to the *Peloponnesus* to enlist mercenaries, had arrived with four thousand soldiers, a timely reinforcement for the little army of invasion.

The day on which Alexander set forth from Sidon with his newly acquired fleet marked for him a new era in warfare. Thus far he had reached in conquest only what his footing on the solid land allowed; now he stood upon the seas as well. A few hours' sail brought the fleet off the northern harbor of Tyre. There it halted, drawn up in full array, challenging to battle. The Tyrians had been preparing to meet it, but when from the battlements they counted the number of the ships, they saw, to their surprise and dismay, for they had not reckoned on the accession of the Cyprian ships, that they were outmatched. Then it became for them merely a matter of deferring their harbor, and they hastened to block the mouth with triremes set closely side to side and facing the sea. Three of these that protruded beyond the rest were rammed and sunk in the onset of Alexander's ships, but that was all. The newcomers now withdrew to moorings along the shore of the mainland on each side of the mole. Tyre had two harbors, two almost circular pools with narrow entrances, one at the north called the Sidonian harbor, the other at the south called the Egyptian. The Cyprian ships of Alexander were moored now by the shore to the north of the mole to watch the northern harbor, and the rest of the fleet to the south to guard the other.

Meantime the preparations for the siege were pressed forward with renewed vigor and on a vastly greater scale. Mechanicians and engineers had been summoned from all Phœnicia and Cyprus; great engines of war of every description and device were in construction; the mole was widening and pushing up closer and closer toward the city walls. Under protection of the fleet the workmen were safe from attack by sea, and the work thrived. Already they were coming almost under the shadow of the massive eastern wall; its battlements lifted themselves in dizzy height one hundred and fifty feet above the water's edge; above these rose the mighty towers. The walls were of hewn stone set in cement. Thousands of armed men swarmed the top and manned the

ALEXANDER IN THE TENT OF DARIUS.
(SEE PAGE 819.)

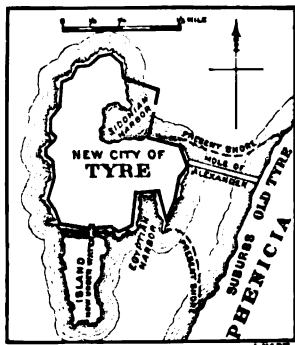
towers. Engines of war, the crude artillery of the time, were set to hurl their missiles of death—great stones, iron-shod shafts, balls of fire—down upon the workmen and their works. Now the besiegers began to ply the rams, great, metal-weighted beams that swung out across the water-gap and thudded against the solid masonry. Every day the battle drew closer its lines. Not only from the head of the pier were the siege-engines brought against the beleaguered town; great scows and transport-boats were used as floating foundations for siege-towers and -engines. These the Macedonians tried to push close to shore under the walls, but great boulders pitched down from the walls blocked the channel and forbade approach. Ships with wrecking apparatus, lifts, and derricks were sent to remove them, but Tyrian triremes, covered with leather screens to protect their men from missiles, slipped in and cut the cables, leaving the ships to drift away before the wind. Then the Macedonians set a line of like leather-armored ships as a barrier before those that were clearing the channel, but still the Tyrians found a way. Divers swam under the barricade of ships and cut the cables. Then chains of iron were used instead of cables, and slowly the work went on. One by one the boulders were lifted with cranes and discharged into the deeper water, and finally an anchorage was cleared close under the walls. At a dozen places now instead of one the wall was beset. Every day the zeal of battle grew, every day the hope of the beleaguered sank. In vain they strained their eyes each morning to see against the western horizon the sails of the promised Carthaginian fleet of rescue. At last came only one ship bringing the thirty commissioners who were to offer the annual sacrifice in Melkart's temple and pay the honors due the mother-city—vain honors now, when help was needed. But Carthage had her excuse: her hands were full at home. She was beginning to feel the competition of Sicilian Syracuse, which two decades later was to become a peril.

As thus one by one every hope and device failed before the persistent energy of the besieger, the Tyrians determined in last resort to try issue with the fleet. Their ships, divided between the two harbors at extreme ends of the city, could not be massed for united action, neither could they, except at great disadvantage, venture out through the narrow mouth of either harbor. They awaited, therefore, an opportunity when the enemy were off their guard. One noonday,

when the Cyprian ships that guarded the northern harbor were moored over by the mainland northeast of the city, and many of the sailors had gone ashore in quest of water and provisions, and off to the south of the mole, as men could see from the city wall, Alexander had retired to his tent, no doubt to enjoy his siesta, it seemed clear that the Tyrians' chance had come. Thirteen of the best ships,—three quinqueremes, three quadriremes, seven triremes,—manned with the pick of the oarsmen and the best-armed fighting men, lay ready at the harbor's mouth. Smoothly, silently, without boatswain's pipe, they glided out in long single file straight to the north. Not till they had swung about toward the east in battle front, and, scarcely more than half a mile distant from the Cyprian ships, broke the silence with creak and splash of hurrying oars, and shriek of the pipes, and shouts of the men who cheered the rowers on, did the men by the shore take the alarm. Five minutes, and they were there. At the first onset the Tyrians bored through the great five-banked galley of Pnytagoras, King of Cyprian Salamis, and sank Androcles's ship and that of Pasocrates of Curium. Others were driven ashore against the rocks. Some of the one hundred and twenty ships were entirely empty of men. The Tyrians scurried over the sides of their ships to slash and batter and scuttle their helpless prey. The work of destruction went merrily on. But quickly the sailors who were left with the fleet rallied to hold them in check; others came hurrying back from the land, and help, too, was already coming—the fleet on the south. Alexander, after retiring to his tent, had not, it seems, remained there long, but for some reason, and contrary to his wont, had returned to the ships by the shore. When the alarm was given he was ready to act. With a few quinqueremes and five triremes he immediately pushed out upon the sea, ordering others to follow as fast as they could be manned. The mole intervened between him and the scene of action. So he sailed out to the west to make the circuit of the city, determined at the least to cut off the retreat of the enemy. He had about two and a half miles to go before reaching the mouth of the northern harbor. In twenty minutes he could do it. The Tyrians, who crowded the battlements of the city walls to behold the spectacle, saw the movement of Alexander's ships and appreciated its purpose. They saw, what they had not expected, that Alexander was in person present. Exultation turned to dismay. Hundreds of voices

THE SIEGE OF TYRE.

were raised to warn the Tyrian ships of their danger and call them to return, and "as their shouts could not be heard for the din of those engaged in the fight, by various signs and signals, first this, then that, they urged them to come back" (Arrian). Too late the men saw their danger. They hurried back toward the harbor, but Alexander caught them off the entrance. Many of the ships were shattered or sunk by ramming; their crews jumped overboard, and most of the men escaped by swimming ashore. A



MAP OF ANCIENT TYRE, INDICATING THE PRESENT SHORE-LINE.

few of the ships slipped by into the harbor, but one quinquereme and one quadrireme were captured outright in the very mouth of the harbor. All of this happened within an hour, inside a petty area scarcely two miles wide, and

immediately under the eyes of besieged and besiegers; but it was the last dying struggle of the Phenico-Persian power in the Mediterranean, and it was Alexander's *only* sea-fight. He made on land his conquest of the sea.

With nothing longer to fear from the Tyrian fleet, the besiegers now more boldly than ever pushed their attack upon the walls. The engines on the end of the mole still made poor headway against the massive walls which there confronted them; the walls at the northeastern corner proved equally invulnerable against the transport-engines concentrated there: but a weak spot was found one day in the southern wall hard by the "Egyptian harbor," a narrow breach was opened, and an attack was made by a storming-party, only, however, to be sharply repulsed. The breach had not been wide enough; the attack had been made on too small a scale. The Tyrians hurried to cover the breach from within, but the vulnerable spot had been found, and Alexander awaited only the opportunity of fair weather and a quiet sea to renew the onslaught, and this time to support it by a general attack at every available point in the circuit of the wall.

On the third day the opportunity came. The main attack was directed against the southern wall. Here the engines soon tore

and raked a wide, yawning gap. The moment their work was complete two great ships crowded with armed men pushed their way in to displace the engine-transports. In one was Alexander himself and the light guards called the hypaspists, whom Admetus commanded; in the other were picked men from the phalanx. Long bridges like gang-planks were thrown across from the decks to the debris of the ruined wall. In an instant they swarmed with hurrying men. Admetus was the first to reach the wall, and, transfixed with a spear, the first to die. Sharp and bitter was the struggle. From a handful the intruders grew to scores and hundreds. They fought to avenge their slain captain, and the presence of their king inspired them. The Tyrians fought for the last hope of their homes. Never before had foeman set his foot on the island soil of Tyre. Step by step the besiegers won their way. Some scrambled up the ruin and gained the battlements of the wall at the right; others followed, and with them Alexander, at the head, pushed on along the rampart platform toward the north, till, reaching the palace, which communicated with the wall, they found a way down by its stairways into the heart of the city.

Meanwhile the city had been attacked on every side. Vessels equipped with artillery and filled with bowmen and slingers had sailed up to close range under the walls, and poured their fire in upon the defenders of the walls, distracting their attention and dividing the defense. Simultaneously also the entrance of both harbors had been forced by the fleets, and the Tyrian ships shattered, scuttled, driven ashore. From the northern harbor, where the defense was weaker, the approaches to the city had been captured, and here a force of soldiery entered to join those now pouring out through the palace doors into the narrow alleys of the town.

The Tyrians, who had now forsaken the wall, rallied for their last stand before the shrine of Agenor, and here the battle resolved itself into massacre. The rest of the story may follow in Arrian's own words: "The main body of the Tyrians deserted the wall when they saw it in the enemy's hands, but rallied opposite what is known as the Agenor shrine, and there faced the Macedonians. Against these Alexander advanced with his hypaspists, slew those who fought there, and pursued those who fled. Great was the slaughter also wrought by those who had already entered the city from the harbor, as well as by the detachment under

Coenus's command; for the Macedonians spared nothing in their wrath, being angry at the length of the siege, and particularly because the Tyrians, having captured some of their men on the way from Sidon, had taken them up on the top of the wall where

expected. This is evident from an anecdote of Plutarch's: "One day when Alexander, with a view to resting the great body of his army from the many hardships recently incurred, was bringing only small bodies of troops against the walls, and that more to

BUST OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, IN THE LOUVRE.

This marble, called the "Hermes Bust of Alexander," was discovered in 1796 on the Tiburtine estate of the Cavaliere d'Azara, afterward Spanish ambassador to France, and by him presented to Napoleon I. This bust, inscribed, "Alexander, son of Philip (King of the Macedonians)," in Greek characters of the Augustan age, was long the only means of identifying any other portrait of the conqueror. It has been mutilated by long immersion in wet soil, and has been subjected to modern restoration in places.

it could be seen from the camp, and there had slaughtered them and thrown their bodies into the sea. About eight thousand of the Tyrians were slain; of the Macedonians, besides Admetus, twenty of the hypaspists fell during the assault, and in the whole siege about four hundred."

The city was at the end captured more easily and quickly than the Macedonians had

keep the enemy busy than with any prospect of advantage, it happened that Aristander, the soothsayer, was engaged in sacrificing. After inspecting the entrails he announced to the bystanders with all assurance that the city would be surely taken within that month. This produced considerable merriment and derision, for the day happened to be the last day of the month. The king, see-

ing the embarrassment of the soothsayer, and being always anxious to maintain the credit of the predictions, gave orders to set the calendar back one day, and sounding the trumpets, made a more serious attack than had been originally planned. So brilliant was the assault that the other troops in the camp could not deny themselves joining in; whereupon the Tyrians gave way, and the city was taken that day."

Though many of the inhabitants had left the city, a great many—according to Diodorus more than half the population—escaping to Carthage, there was left a great mass of old men, women, and children to pass into the hands of the slave-dealer. Diodorus says thirteen thousand; Arrian, who reckons men and mercenaries too, and

magistrates, as well as the Carthaginian envoys, were given their freedom. After sacrificing to Hercules, and dedicating to the god the engine with which the wall had been battered down, and the Tyrian sacred ship, which had been captured, Alexander celebrated his victory with a grand military parade and naval review and with the inevitable athletic sports and torch-race—all this in honor of Hercules (Melkart), Tyre's patron saint, an old friend of Greeks and Macedonians, now found again, and this time on his native heath.

Some time before the capture of Tyre, Darius had sent a second embassy to Alexander, making more attractive propositions than the first. They included offers to cele-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

VIEW OF MODERN GAZA.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

all territory west of the Euphrates, to pay the sum of ten thousand talents, to give the hand of his daughter in marriage, to become an ally and friend, while all that was asked was the return of his wife, mother, and children. When these proposals were first announced in the council of the companions Parmenion is reported to have been greatly impressed and to have said: "If I were Alexander, I should be glad to secure peace on these terms and end the continual risk." To this Alexander replied: "So should I, if I were Parmenion; but as I am Alexander, my answer is what it is." When Darius received the answer, which was virtually a repetition of the former one, he saw there was no hope of coming to terms, and so began fresh preparations for war.

Alexander, however, continued his plan of keeping to the coast, and advanced into Palestine. Here all the cities readily submitted except Gaza, which prepared for determined resistance. This city, one of the five ancient cities of the Philistines, about one hundred and fifty miles south of Tyre, was located about two miles back from the sea, on the old trade-route between Syria and Egypt, and was, as it is to-day, one of the most important points in Syria. It was garrisoned by a body of Arabian mercenaries, and provisioned for a long siege. Built as it was

upon an elevation in the plain, its walls rising from an artificially prepared foundation sixty feet above the level of the adjacent terrain, it appeared impossible to bring the siege-engines to bear. Alexander's experts informed him that on this account it would be impossible to take the city by force.

The conqueror of Tyre and candidate for the world-empire could not afford to recognize an impossibility. He therefore proceeded to construct on the south side, where the wall appeared weakest, a gigantic mound from which to operate the siege-engines. This mound was carried to the astonishing height of two hundred and fifty feet, to support which a breadth of twelve hundred feet was given it at the base. During a sally made by the defenders in order to destroy the siege-engines, Alexander was severely wounded by an arrow from a catapult, which passed clean through his shield and his cuirass, and penetrated his shoulder, but spared his life. Gradually the wall was battered down or undermined. Three assaults were repulsed, but finally, after two months of siege, the city was taken. Nearly the entire male population perished fighting to the death. The women and children were sold into slavery. The city was repeopled from the neighboring population, and made a permanently garrisoned fortress.

(To be continued.)

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. WILLIAM RAWLE.
(SARAH COATES BURGE.)

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. WILLIAM RAWLE (SARAH COATES BURGE).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

IN the beautiful face of Mrs. Rawle, as delineated by Stuart, are seen the traits of mildness and tranquillity instilled into the minds of Friends; for Sarah Coates Burge was the daughter of an old-time Philadelphia Quaker merchant, Samuel Burge, and his wife, Beulah Shoemaker. On her twenty-second birthday, November 13, 1783, she was united in wedlock, by Friends' ceremony, to William Rawle, then, at the age of twenty-four, just returned from his studies in the Middle Temple, London, and admitted to the Philadelphia bar, of which he subsequently became one of the acknowledged leaders.

This portrait, painted, on panel, while Stuart resided in Philadelphia, has a precision in the drawing of the features and a completeness in the rendering of the hands and details very unusual in Stuart's later work. It has the same charm of simplicity found in all of Stuart's portraits, and which Mr. Wolf has preserved with his usual ability in the engraving; but the subtle expression in the face, which is so attractive in the painting, is somewhat lost in the print. This fine picture is owned by the subject's grandson, Mr. Francis Rawle of Philadelphia.

With the success of the whole-length portrait of Mr. Grant skating, Stuart was launched upon the sea of prosperity, and to himself alone, and not to want of patronage or lack of opportunity, is due his failure to provide against old age or a rainy day. For a while he lived like a lord, in reckless extravagance. Money rolled in upon him, and he spent it lavishly, without a thought for the morrow. His rooms were thronged with sitters, and he received prices for his work second only to those of Reynolds and Gainsborough. He was on the best footing with his brethren of the brush; and in collaboration with Gainsborough, his senior by more than a quarter of a century, he painted a whole-length portrait of Henry, Earl of Carnarvon, in his robes, which was mezzotinted by William Ward, with the names of the two painters inscribed upon the plate. This alone shows the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries, and it would be interesting to know which parts were the

work of Stuart and which the work of Gainsborough.

Boydell was at that time in the midst of the publication of his great "Shakespeare Gallery," to which the first artists of the day contributed, and Stuart was engaged by the ex-alderman to paint for the gallery portraits of the leading painters and engravers who had helped in the work. Thus, for Boydell he painted the superb half-length portraits of his master West and of the engravers Woollett and Hall, now in the National Portrait Gallery, St. Martin's Place, London. He also painted, for Boydell, his own portrait, and portraits of Reynolds, Copley, Gainsborough, Ozias Humphrey, Earle, Facius, Heath, William Sharp, Boydell himself, and several others. He was an intimate friend of John Philip Kemble, and painted his portrait several times; one is in the National Portrait Gallery, London, and another, as *Richard III*, which has been engraved by Keating, belongs to Sir Henry Halford.

Other prominent sitters to Stuart in London were Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, the Lord Percy of the battle of Bunker Hill, Admiral Sir John Jervis (afterward Earl St. Vincent), Isaac Barré, Dr. Fothergill, and the Dukes of Manchester and of Leinster. From these names alone it can be seen that Stuart was in touch with persons of the highest consideration, and they were not only his patrons, but his friends. He kept open house, dispensing a princely hospitality. The story is handed down that he led off with a dinner of forty-two, composed of the choice spirits of the metropolis. He was so charming as a host, and had gathered together such delightful guests, that the suggestion was made that they should meet frequently, which Stuart accepted by arranging that six of them should dine with him each day of the week without special invitation, the six first arriving to be the guests of the day, until the entire forty-two had again warmed their legs under his mahogany. Such prodigality as this, for a young artist, shows what Stuart's temperament was, and points as surely to the pauper's grave, as though it was there yawning open before him.

JACK.

BY ABBE CARTER GOODLOE.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

JACK was seated in a most precarious position on the top of a small yellow wagon, and was lashing out furiously at her *ponokomitax* with a wooden-handled, two-thonged quirt which she had just got from a Peigan Indian in exchange for a blue-silk handkerchief. Her cayuses were two chairs securely strapped to the wagon with various parts of her bridle, the light-yellow one, with both arms missing, representing to her lively imagination a fine buckskin steed; the other, which had originally been a respectable piece of walnut furniture, but had apparently stood the stress of much bad weather, until it had assumed a mottled, degraded aspect, doing duty as a vicious, unmanageable pinto.

Jack and her spirited team were drawn up comfortably in the parallelogram of shade before the shack, and from time to time, during her imaginary race over a prairie infested with hostile Indians, she would let fly an arrow from the bow which was her latest treasure, shriek out delightedly and blood-thirstily, "Another Indian bites the dust!" and then fall to lashing her steeds more furiously than ever in her attempt to escape her pursuers.

There may be misguided people who think that a little girl only seven and a half years old and of exceptionally aristocratic lineage should have been engaged in more ladylike pursuits—playing with dolls, for example. It is true that Jack had dolls, but she never played with them. Ignorant and unthinking but kindly relatives in England had sent her dolls from time to time,—dolls with beautiful flaxen hair and languishing violet-blue eyes,—but they were all carefully put away, and were regarded by Jack with either unconcealed contempt or perfect indifference. Jack was not that kind of little girl. She was as straight and lithe and active as a boy, and her big gray eyes looked out curiously and fearlessly from a tangle of short, dark-brown hair on a world all level prairie, and towering Rockies, and Indians, and orderlies in scarlet tunics, and ponies, and government traps, and Lee-Metford rifles. Her baptismal

names were Jacqueline Alberta Marjoribanks. She had been offered up, when too young to protest except by unintelligible screams, at the altar of her ancestors, and had been basely imposed upon and made to bear the names of people who were absolutely unknown and uninteresting to her. No one stopped to consider that because her mother's grandmother had been a noted French beauty—Mlle. Jacqueline d'Erlinot—that was no very good reason for naming after her a helpless English infant, who was certainly no beauty at that early period of her career. They simply told the officiating clergyman, and he poured a silver goblet of water over her convulsed countenance and inexorably announced that her name was Jacqueline. Her mother, having thus established a claim for her side of the family, gave way to her husband, and Captain Eviston put in a counter-claim for his family by annexing "Marjoribanks" to "Jacqueline." "Alberta" was a joint concession to the reigning family and an official recognition of the fact that Jacqueline rejoiced in the same birthday as the Prince of Wales. This magnificent profusion of names was luckily reduced in daily practice to "Jack," which was a most happy and appropriate name for her. Life was too short and exciting in that little out-of-the-way corner of the Canadian Northwest Territory to waste time in bestowing majestic appellations on any one. The *gon manqué* effect about Jack impressed every one. She could ride as straight and almost as far as her father, never rising to the trot to ease her tired little bones, but sitting proudly and firmly in her boy's saddle; and she had a way of cantering wildly and carelessly down hills, and of urging her fourteen-hand pony, Nellie, across swift little mountain streams, and up and down impassable trails, that was decidedly masculine and caused the grown-ups with her to shudder as they followed unwillingly. Broken toys had no place in her existence, but a lame pony was a calamity of moment, and to be obliged to go in the trap instead of being allowed to ride her bronco when her father

went on one of his forty-mile drives to an outlying detachment was one of the greatest sorrows that life held for her.

She observed certain proprieties in her riding which were rather puzzling. Although she loved her boy's saddle to the utter exclusion of even the most fascinating of pig-skin side-saddles, yet she scorned to be seen riding in knickerbockers. They were, usually, modestly hidden under a full kilt of blue serge. That fact, however, did not prevent her appearing at any time in a pair of gorgeous buckskin shaps, embroidered up the sides and adorned with innumerable ermine skins. There seemed to be a subtle difference between knickerbockers and shaps that appealed to Jack.

Jack knew a great many things that older people were ignorant of. She possessed a fund of miscellaneous information, and there was an odd sort of reliability and steadiness about her that struck one as quite wonderful, and grown-up people were continually startling themselves by discovering that they were talking to her and consulting her as if she were as old as themselves. It seemed quite natural for Jack to know that common bluing was better than lime for a saddle-gall, although one would not ordinarily expect children of her age to have ideas on such a subject; and no one seemed to think it was asking a great deal of her to suggest casually that she should go forth on her pony, bareback, and scour the surrounding prairie for the riding-horses, and drive them into the corral. She was also allowed to go back and forth to Highwood, the nearest village, quite alone, and entirely unchecked by the fact that she was almost certain to encounter wild cattle and roving Indians. Indeed, Indians were her special delight. She had numberless friends among them, and had picked up a colloquial knowledge of the Blackfoot language, and was always flatteringly interested in pony-races and horse-swapping expeditions. The Indians, on their side, were gravely polite to Jack, and would say "How!" impressively when they met on the trail; and they would offer to let her ride their tricky little ponies while they waited to see the inspector, and would applaud her pluck and laugh delightedly when she would fearlessly mount one and go bucking and plunging about the inclosure. Unless such good times were summarily cut short by the appearance of her mother on the veranda, Jack would enjoy herself hugely, and would ask innumerable questions of the Indians, and inform herself thoroughly as to the

movements of the different tribes: just when the Stonies would come to trade with the Peigans, and when the Kootenais might be expected to visit the Bloods, and other kindred topics of burning interest.

The Peigan scout and the half-breed interpreter of the post were special friends, and usually acted as umpires in any bargaining difficulties. As scarcely a day passed that she did not add to her store of Indian treasures by exchanging penknives and sashes and ribbons for porcupine head-dresses and fire-pouches and charms, their services were often in demand. The disappearance of various articles of civilized and luxurious childish apparel simultaneously with the appearance of evil-smelling Indian trophies was the cause of much woe to Mrs. Eviston.

"What can Jack want with them?" she would ask her husband plaintively. "I can't go around the corner of the shack but I see some dreadful-looking Indian hanging over the inclosure and dangling an embroidered belt or a coup-stick or a bead charm before Jack, who seems perfectly fascinated with the horrid things. And how she ever makes them understand passes my comprehension. But she seems to talk their impossible language quite intelligibly, and it is really very convenient when they come around with berries and things, and Doyle happens to be away. But I wish she would study her arithmetic."

Doyle was the orderly, and a cockney of the deepest dye, who, in spite of his difficulties with his own language, had managed to pick up a very fair acquaintance with the Blood and Peigan dialects of the Blackfoot tongue.

"But she really ought to be punished," Mrs. Eviston would continue, sadly shaking her head. "She is getting too big to go tearing over the country with Jim [the interpreter] or Many Feathers [the scout]. And really, Arthur, you *must* get her a side-saddle the next time you go East; she is getting outrageously bow-legged."

"Oh, nonsense!" the captain would object amiably. "She is n't eight yet, and she's more like a boy than a girl anyway, and I won't have her spoiled. There'll be plenty of time for her to get delicate and young-ladylike and silly, and her toes will turn out all right when we have to send her East to school"; and he sighed as he thought of the years of separation before them.

So Jack continued her evil ways, and rode, and talked Blackfoot as of yore, and gathered together so much Indian paraphernalia

that one day she got herself up in full costume,—head-dress, shape, bow and arrow, moccasins, and all,—and frightened her mother almost to death by appearing suddenly and noiselessly before her and demanding in Peigan unlimited *sixikimmi skoonataps* and *napaïen*. Mrs. Eviston said, "Goodness gracious!" and then alternately kissed and shook Jack, and when she had sufficiently admired her, called Captain Eviston from his study to come out and see "the little Indian brave."

After that triumph Jack grew more unmanageable than ever, and consorted more and more with irresistible Indians, who seemed to be forever dashing up to the inspector's quarters on endless pretexts, and was known and adored of them far and wide.

After a while Jack got tired of shooting imaginary Indians with arrows which *would* fall out in the hot sunshine beyond the shadow of the shack, and even the most spirited of wooden pintos and buckskins pall quickly on one accustomed to the real thing. The times seemed out of joint to Jack. She wondered disgustedly what she should do to amuse herself. She had already tried the house, but her mother was very busy entertaining several ladies who had driven up in two traps early in the morning, and her father had the men of the party in his study, where Jack astutely guessed that they were drinking cool things and smoking, so that no one had paid much attention to her. She had been very anxious to know what was happening, and where her mother, who was pinning on a sailor hat securely, was going, and had unhesitatingly inquired. She noticed with surprise that the ladies stopped laughing, talking, and arranging their veils and hats, as if in some embarrassment, and that even her mother was evidently confused.

"We're just going for a long drive, dear," she said, rummaging in her drawer for more hatpins, and not looking at Jack, "and you must be a good little girl this afternoon and not get into any mischief, and—"

Jack turned on her little heel and marched proudly to the door. If her mother did not want to tell her where she was going, and did not want her along, that was all right, but she did not want any pretending.

So she played with her bronco and pinto and murderous Indians, but somehow they seemed uninteresting. After a while she sat down dejectedly on the door-step of the shack and looked out over the hot prairie.

"There does n't seem nuffin' for a little

girl to do," she soliloquized mournfully. "It's awfully hot to ride, but I would 'a' gone on Nellie and not taken up the least little bit of room in the trap." She looked across to the far side of the inclosure, where she could just make out, in the dim coolness of the stables, Doyle rubbing down the horses for the trap, as he whistled "God Save the Queen." Jack would have liked most tremendously to go over and sit down in the door of the stables, and talk to the orderly, and offer advice on the currying of horses; but there was a coolness existing between Jack and Doyle—a coolness occasioned the day before by Jack's having laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks at the sight of the orderly being gracefully bucked clear over the head of an unmanageable little buckskin pony which he had recklessly bought of a horse-trading Kootenai. That was the worst about Jack—people got angry with her or liked her or held her responsible as if she were quite grown. Doyle could not have felt more offended if one of his brother privates had made fun of him. This unfortunate event had been followed by another peace-destroying episode. Jack was struck with a sudden desire to see how Nellie would look with a real trooper saddle on her, so she had borrowed Doyle's,—without mentioning it,—and just as she was in the act of mounting, Doyle came upon her. Unfortunately for Jack, Nellie's girths were several inches smaller than the trooper's, and so it happened that when Jack seized the pommel to climb, the saddle turned gracefully under the pony, and Jack came down with a most unnecessarily hard thump to the ground; and when she opened her eyes after an interval of dazed consciousness, she looked upon Doyle standing grimly surveying the scene. Their relations for eighteen hours had been very strained.

So Jack went disconsolately into the shack and tried to amuse herself by putting on every bit of Indian toggery she possessed, and when she had finished she would have passed muster very successfully as a little Indian boy. But there was no one to see her, and, as most women know, dressing up for one's self is not a very exhilarating performance. So she seated herself again on the step of the shack and looked longingly over at Doyle. Doyle was a man,—he was any man, it was true, but he was better than nothing,—and so Jack determined to put her pride in her pocket and go over and dazzle Doyle.

She marched straight over to the stables.

Her soft moccasins made no sound on the hot prairie-grass, and Doyle started perceptibly when he saw the strange apparition in the shadow of the doorway, and heard a thin, small voice with an accent of forced indifference remark:

"Hello, Doyle! How does Jim like his rubbin' this mornin'?"

"Hm!" grunted Doyle, dusting Jim so violently that that patient animal wheeled about in indignation and pulled viciously at his halter. "Scarin' the 'oss!" exclaimed Doyle.

Jack seated herself calmly just inside the door, in the shade, and out of reach of Jim's heels.

"You 've left a little tiny speck of mud on his hock."

Doyle made a surreptitious dash at it with his vulcanite scraper under cover of the dusting-cloth.

"Hit 'll be more than 'is 'ock as will 'ave mud on hit when 'e gets back," he grumbled forebodingly.

Jack curled herself up comfortably and surveyed the strange horses in the stalls.

"It's like a sort o' party to-day," she ventured. "Where 's everybody goin', Doyle?"

"You 're so clever, I thought you 'd 'a' knowed," remarked Doyle, sarcastically.

"Seems like nobody 'll tell a little girl," said Jack, plaintively and craftily. "I thought *you* would tell me."

Doyle was mollified.

"Well, I don't just know meself, an' p'r'aps I ought n't to tell any'ow," he remarked illogically, as he led Jim into his stall and tied him. "There! heat your hoats; you 'll need 'em," he said jocosely to the horse, giving him a friendly slap on the flank. He went into the next box and untied the other team-horse. "Come along, Bill, an' get yerself made pretty. You 're goin' to carry two ladies an' the hinspector this hafternoon. Well, as I was sayin',"—to Jack,—"*I* don't just know meself, but I think we 're all goin' to see some barbarous Hindian celebration—some dance or hother."

Jack sat up very straight and interested. So it was a party going to see an Indian dance, and *she* could not go. The iron sank into her very soul.

"Hit 's the worst of all their murderin' dances, Many Feathers says," pursued Doyle, complacently scratching away at Bill, "an' I suspect hit 'll turn me stummick an' make me wish I'd never come to this 'eathen country. Hit 's the sun-dance, an' by the looks of the sun," he went on, turning a blinking eye for an instant on that luminary, "they 'll

only 'ave to provide the dance—there 's plenty of the hother thing."

Jack stifled a groan. She was a blood-thirsty little pagan. To miss the worst Indian dance was too much.

"But don't you go an' tell, young 'un," went on Doyle, impressively. "I believe hit 's a kind of secret, because the hinspector his n't rightly supposed to know about this dance, an' if they did n't tell you hit 's because they did n't want you to know."

Jack's lip trembled.

"Don't you think I can go, Doyle?"

Doyle shook his head doubtfully. In spite of Jack's cruel behavior of the day before, he felt very sorry for her. In his heart he admired her and thought her the pluckiest little girl in the world, and that it was a piece of unmerited hard luck that she should not have been a boy, and he usually treated her as a comrade and an equal.

"I hain't got no horders to that heffect," he said kindly, "an' I say, young 'un, hit 'll be much too 'orrid a sight for a little girl, an', besides, hit 's too far for you to go; hit 's nineteen miles from 'ere if hit 's a foot, an' there hain't no room in the trap for you."

Jack turned scornfully upon the orderly.

"As if I could n't go on Nellie!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Where 's it goin' to be, Doyle?"

Doyle began to loosen Bill's halter.

"Oh, nineteen miles down the trail to Macleod," he said carelessly; "just this side of the creek, to the north a bit, up past Lecouvreur's. There 's a big level piece of prairie just off the trail, with a lot of cottonwoods all haround it."

Jack got up softly and meditatively, and went out into the sunshine, leaving Doyle to rub down the strange horses and harness the traps by himself.

It was about an hour later, after an early luncheon and much iced lemonade had been disposed of,—lemons are a luxury in Alberta,—that the men and the women emerged from the inspector's quarters and stood waiting on the veranda for the carriages. Doyle, looking unnaturally spick and span in a new scarlet tunic, "pill-box," and pipe-clayed gloves, sighted them from the stables, and precipitating himself into the government trap, drove proudly up. Captain Eviston caught the reins, and stood waiting with a foot on the hub of the near fore wheel and a rather worried expression on his face, while Doyle raced back to the stables for the other teams. Every now and then the captain gently

flecked his riding-boot with the whip and glanced absently and anxiously at the women, who were talking and laughing rather nervously together. It suddenly struck him that there were a great many of them and only four men besides the orderly. His wife and a young cousin of hers, Miss Kenwood, from Montreal, who was seeing the great Northwest Territories for the first time, were going in his trap with him, with Doyle to drive. In the next trap was Carlington, the owner of the largest ranch in Alberta, his wife, and her two nieces, the Hon. Adelaide and the Hon. Beatrice Pembroke, typical English girls, just over from London, and anxious to see everything there was to be seen. Their brother, the Hon. Hugh, was in the last trap with Stirling, a young Scotch Canadian, his pretty American wife, and her young sister, Miss Page, who was spending the summer with her.

Captain Eviston stopped whipping his boot and took to pulling his mustache.

"You know you really ought not to be going," he said hesitatingly, as the English girls climbed into the trap. "I think I am doing wrong in taking you, or even in going myself—"

Mrs. Eviston interrupted him hastily.

"Now, Arthur, don't have any death-bed repentance! We've decided to go, and if we faint away or the new braves eat us up, or anything else disagreeable happens, we will not blame you."

Miss Kenwood looked up anxiously.

"You don't think it will be so *very* dreadful?" she asked.

Captain Eviston nodded his head decidedly.

"It will be very dreadful indeed," he said briefly. "I am quite sure you women have no idea what is before you. There may be trouble, too. It is n't too late even now to decide not to go—"

There was a little feminine chorus of protestation and disappointment. Pembroke and Carlington left their traps, and came over to hear what Eviston was saying.

"What! not go now?"

"It's this way, Pembroke," went on Captain Eviston, turning to the disappointed-looking youth with a worried frown on his face. "You know the agents on nearly every reservation in this country have stopped the sun-dance, and only the Lord and the powers that be at Ottawa and Regina know why orders have n't been sent to these Indians not to hold theirs this year. In fact, I strongly suspect that orders are on the way now, and this sudden setting forward of the

date by the Indians was done only to get ahead of the authorities. As it is, this dance will probably be the last one held anywhere around here, and naturally the Indians are all mad over it. There will be an unusual number of candidates to be made braves, and I am very much afraid that it will be a very sickening sight, and possibly—" He stopped and looked expressively at Stirling, who had joined the group.

Miss Page leaned forward in her trap and laughed excitedly.

"I would n't miss it for anything!" she exclaimed. "What ignominy to go back to the States and say you had n't seen a sun-dance! And the fact that it is the last one only makes it the more interesting. Captain Eviston, I shall tell every one that you were afraid, if you don't take us."

Captain Eviston laughed a little ruefully. "That would n't be quite untrue," he remarked quietly. "But the less you say about me in this matter the better. It would sound well for the 'Gazette' or the 'Herald' to announce that 'Captain Eviston and a party of distinguished guests recently attended the disgusting and brutal Indian ceremony called the sun-dance.' I am afraid it would go on to remark that 'we fear Captain Eviston does not know his duties as an officer of the Northwest mounted police.' You see, he went on, "the Great Mother, in her infinite wisdom, not only provides, through her government, reservations for the Indian, and farming implements and food and cattle and missions and schools, but tries to inculcate beautiful morality by the noble example of her agents and the annihilation of all picturesque customs and usages peculiar to the Indian, because they do not happen to be those of the Saxon race. The sun-dance and the making of a brave are being conscientiously and thoroughly done away with. Why the British government does n't let the Indian prove his bravery after his own fashion, and turn its attention to some of its own evils,—to liberating the British soldier from the daily martyrdom which his uniform inflicts on him, for example,—something which is too deep and beautiful, illogical for a common mortal to contemplate with calmness. However, 'theirs is to reason why.' Shall we go or stay?"

"Oh, I say, Eviston," exclaimed Pembroke, "really it will be too bad, you know, not to see it! All you've said has only made us the more anxious to go."

The Hon. Adelaide put up a handkerchief and wiped away an imaginary tear.

"I don't see why it is n't all right," she protested. "You have n't received any orders to stop this dance, so you are *dans votre droit*. And you don't really believe in stopping it anyhow, so your conscience won't hurt you the least little bit," she went on cheerfully.

Eviston shrugged his shoulders.

"Too late now, Eviston," put in Stirling, laughing. "You ought to have said all this to Mrs. Eviston before she invited us."

Carlington moved over nearer to the officer, and tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"You mean there may be trouble?" he asked in an undertone.

Captain Eviston frowned. "Yes," he said shortly. "That is, of course it's very unlikely, but one never knows what the Peigans are up to in these infernal, howling dances of theirs, and I am quite sure we will be the only whites there; this sudden change of dates has thrown the authorities off their guard. We are probably the only people besides the Indians themselves who know that the dance is to be held to-day. Oh, bother! it's all right, I suppose," he added. "I'm getting as cranky and nervous as a woman." He looked at the others waiting expectantly. "We'll go," he said grimly. "You seem determined to see this sun-dance, so I take it there is nothing more to be said."

He jumped lightly into the trap beside Doyle, who gathered up the reins with an odd expression on his sunburnt face.

As they drove out of the inclosure, Mrs. Eviston stood up in the trap and looked on every side for Jack.

"I wonder where she can be, Arthur?" she inquired anxiously. "I have n't seen her for ever so long. I meant to tell her that she must not go out riding on Nellie this afternoon, but stay with Rafferty [the other orderly]. I'm afraid I did n't tell her good-by, either, poor little chap." She sighed a little. "Well, she always knows how to amuse herself, and that's a mercy, but we will have to be very careful and not talk of the sun-dance before her. She will be terribly disappointed to have missed anything like this. Really, though, I suppose it's no sight for a child, eh, Arthur?"

Captain Eviston's shoulders gave an expressive shrug, but he ventured no remark.

The reason that Mrs. Eviston could not obtain a view of Jack was a very simple one. That young lady was at the farthest end of the pasture, behind a big cottonwood, with a pair of oats in one hand and a halter grasped firmly in the other, enticing Nellie, who was somewhat shy of the sumptuous Indian tog-

gery, to come nearer and let herself be caught.

A good team of government horses with a fairly light trap to draw over prairie land will trot ten miles an hour without once changing gait or speed, and as regularly as clockwork. So Captain Eviston knew without consulting his watch that it was just one o'clock when Doyle turned the horses up the creek past Lecouvreur's, and he saw before him a level stretch of land with cottonwoods surrounding it on three sides, and the open approach from the creek swarming with Indians and ponies. As the traps threaded their way slowly through the moving mass, the Indians fell back on each side, scowling and muttering at sight of the officer's black and the private's red tunic.

In the middle of the clear ground was a circular lodge at least ninety feet in diameter, the sides formed of poles twenty feet tall, set near together and interlaced with boughs of cottonwood and pine, held in place here and there by leather thongs. The roof, which slanted upward, was formed in much the same way, the cross-poles all converging at the center and fastened to the tall central lodge-pole. The boughs which were strewn thick over the roof stopped at about four feet from the top of the lodge, leaving a circular open space through which the sun beat fiercely.

Doyle halted the horses on the edge of the clear space in front of this lodge and waited for orders. Captain Eviston swung himself down from the trap and looked narrowly at the group of Indians about him as he waited for the others to come up. Pembroke was the first.

"I say, we are in great luck. Plenty of time. It does n't seem to have commenced yet," he shouted.

The inspector nodded.

"All right—so far," he added under his breath.

Miss Page jumped lightly down from her seat in the trap and came over to him.

"Isn't this perfect!" she exclaimed, breathing quickly in her excitement. "Think of missing *this*! How awfully picturesque they are in their paint and feathers! I wish I had brought my camera."

"Perhaps it's just as well you did n't," remarked Captain Eviston, coolly. "There was a man torn to pieces down near Medicine Hat last year for photographing some Indians who did not happen to want to be photographed. It's all very well if they come and ask you to do it, but I would n't photo-

graph them en masse and when they are wrought up at a dance, unless I was especially requested to do so."

"Where shall we leave the traps, Eviston?" demanded Carlington, coming up.

Captain Eviston looked about him quickly.

"Doyle will put them in that grove," he said, indicating a small alley of trees near the entrance to the lodge. "But," he added, turning to the orderly, "you will not stay with them, but come with us." He beckoned to an Indian leaning against a little buckskin popy and regarding him disapprovingly. "Doyle," he said, "tell that Indian, Black Tongue, to get us places in the lodge if possible."

Black Tongue was a notoriously bad Peigan, and had been up twice before Captain Eviston for horse-stealing; but there was not another Indian in sight that the inspector knew by name, and, besides, he thought that Black Tongue, remembering his experiences in the guard-room, would be inclined to be obliging. Black Tongue came forward reluctantly.

"How!" he said in a surly tone.

Doyle waved aside any such politenesses.

"Napiake, assopotsists, puskan," he said largely and disconnectedly, with a sweep of his arm toward the women.

The Indian threw out his hands with an almost Gallic gesture of impotence, but moved softly and quickly across the grass to where an old Indian, evidently his chief, stood talking to a group of young braves. The older man listened intently to the few quick words Black Tongue poured into his ear, and turning to where Captain Eviston and his party stood, bowed gravely, and motioned them toward the lodge. Black Tongue preceded them swiftly, and led them to places on the farside of the tepee and directly facing the entrance, from where they commanded a view of the whole interior. Captain Eviston mentally noted, with a shrug of disgust, that when the lodge was filled they would be in the very center of the mass of Indians and as far as possible from the only exit. For the time being there were only thirty or forty Indians sitting about. They took very little notice of the white visitors, and either moved noiselessly about, looking up from time to time at the flood of sunlight streaming through the opening in the top of the lodge, or else sat quite still, seemingly plunged in a stupor. The air was oppressively hot, and but for the tepid, pungent odor distilled from the pine boughs would have been unbearable. Outside and from a

distance came intermittently the monotonous sound of a tom-tom. Through the chinks in the latticework of boughs could be seen indistinctly the restless, moving groups of Indians and ponies.

The Hon. Beatrice gave a nervous little laugh.

"I can't stand much more of this," she whispered to Mrs. Carlington. "If something does n't happen soon I shall run away through sheer nervousness."

Captain Eviston leaned forward toward the ladies.

"I think it will be better for us not to laugh or look amused, or alarmed, at anything that may happen," he said. "You know it's rather cheeky, our being here; we have n't been urged to come, and I don't think we would care especially about having *them* come to our weddings or funerals, or whatever corresponds in seriousness among us to this dance of theirs, and so we had better be as quiet as possible."

Miss Page shot an amused glance at Pembroke over Eviston's bent head. It struck her that this English officer was most particularly fussy and nervous beneath his calm exterior. Miss Kenwood looked alarmed.

"I don't believe I like this at all," she sighed. "Either my eyesight is deceiving me or there are at least five thousand blood-thirsty-looking Indians out on the prairie; and it's awfully warm and stuffy in here, and I wish I were back at the detachment."

Stirling chuckled noiselessly.

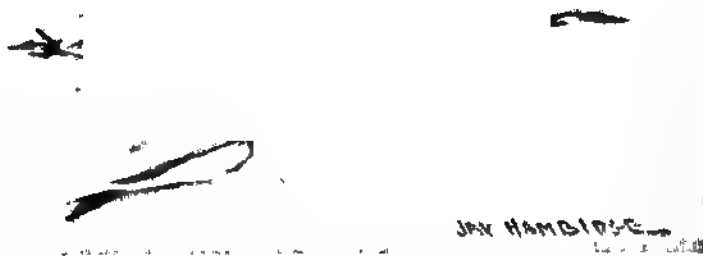
"Not more than five hundred, I should say, Miss Kenwood. However, five hundred Indians are equal to five thousand ordinary men when it comes to tomahawking and scalping, you know," he concluded cheerfully.

Mrs. Stirling put her hand over her husband's mouth.

"Don't jest about such horrid things, please," she said.

There was another long wait, and the sun beat down more fiercely than ever, and the guttural murmur from the groups of Indians scattered over the open space of ground grew louder and more excited, and the sound of cayuses plunging and galloping about came nearer and fiercer. They had been waiting fully three quarters of an hour when suddenly the Indians nearest the lodge fell back and seemed to shift themselves into kaleidoscopic figures of brilliant hues, and there rose a soft patter of moccasined feet that beat time restlessly to the quick throbs

of a tom-tom borne by an Indian who came slowly down a hill a little to the right. He was dressed most gorgeously in painted buckskin shaps and crimson-flannel shirt, an eagle, and a necklace of vivid blue-glass beads. On his head was a beautiful coronet of many-colored porcupine quills that rippled in the hot air, and from the center of which



JACK.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. W. WELLINGTON.

over which were hung innumerable relics—long plaits of hair beaded at the top and fitted into little leather sockets, the claw of a rose an eagle's feather tipped with narrow scarlet ribbon. Across his forehead extended a broad yellow band of paint. A knee-rattle



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"A KNEE-RATTLE DANGLED AGAINST HIS SIDE."

dangled against his side and jingled as he stepped lightly, raising each foot very high and bending the knee as a horse does in parking. Behind him streamed a throng of painted, fantastically dressed Indians. Suddenly the Indians nearest the leader burst into a wild, high song that hung quivering and shrill on the hot air and then dropped suddenly to a low key, only to break forth terrifically again on the high note. With the beginning of the song a sort of agitation passed through the mass of Indians, and every moccasined foot was raised and brought down with a double stamp upon the hot, dry grass, which crackled and twisted under the blows. As the heaving, flashing

procession neared the lodge, a dozen medicine-men emerged from the group nearest to the entrance, and joined the chiefs, who walked behind the musicians. Although the day was intensely hot with the short, fierce heat of the Canadian summer, the medicine-men wore long robes of fur that almost completely enveloped them, and from out of which their pallid faces appeared glistening with great drops of perspiration. Around the neck or carried in the hand was the medicine-bag. At the door of the lodge, each Indian threw up his head for an instant as if to take a last look at the sun before entering. The leader took his stand near the central lodge-pole, in the full blaze of the

sunlight, which streamed through the opening, and continued beating furiously upon his tom-tom, while the Indians seethed past him in their endeavors to get places from which to see the dance well. As they closed about Captain Eviston's party the women shrank back rigidly from contact with the

the chiefs and medicine-men ranged themselves. Back of these were massed the young Indians and squaws.

Suddenly there was a lull. The slender sticks fell from the hands of the Indian with the tom-tom, the beating feet were still, and there was a moment of almost perfect

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE

AN INVOCATION TO THE SUN.

supple, dark-hued bodies. After a little, a narrow space was left free about the group, and they breathed more easily, and leaned forward with pale, expectant faces.

Of the five hundred Indians fully three hundred crowded into the lodge, the rest massing themselves at the entrance and around the sides, wherever they could see. In the center of the lodge, about the pole, was left an open circular space, around which

silence. Then from the group of medicine-men one rose up, and advancing to the center of the lodge, raised his eyes to the blaze of light and addressed an invocation to the sun. As he spoke, the muscles of his face twitched, his lips became ashy, and his eyes wavered in their intent gaze. The words seemed to fall involuntarily from his lips. Suddenly he flung up his hands toward the sky, and reeling, fell backward among the

other medicine-men, who, wrapped in a sort of trance, took very little notice of him. The silence that followed lasted for only a moment.

Then out of the mass of motionless figures there emerged at different points three young Indians, tall and magnificently formed. Beneath the clear, dark skin, which had been oiled and rubbed until it glistened like burnished copper and stretched like rubber, one could see the play of the powerful muscles.

Pembroke leaned over to Eviston.

"Gad!" he said excitedly. "Look at the tallest chap. Look at those muscles over the shoulders and in the back. If he had been a Trinity College man last year, I rather think we'd have won."

"He's my favorite," put in Carlington; "I'll back him to see the dance through. I've seen him before; his name is White Eagle, and he's a fine Indian."

"They all look game," remarked Stirling; "they must be the pick of the tribe. The one with the red brow-band looks wicked, though. I rather hope the torture will be a little too much for him."

The three Indians were moving noiselessly around the ring, keeping perfect time with one another as they raised and lowered the foot with a double blow on the ground, showing their intense excitement only by their flashing eyes and the quick, nervous movement of their limbs. Six medicine-men arose slowly, two approaching each of the three Indians. They stood for a moment muttering some incantation, and then motioned the young Indians to lie down on the ground. They then stationed themselves on the right and the left of each, and began gently to rub the heaving chests. It was like the even, practised work of a good masseur, only there was no varying of the stroke or position. The spot on each breast that they kneaded and rubbed could not have been larger than a silver dollar. As they worked, the Indian with the tom-tom began to beat again, but very softly, and there ran a subdued, sympathetic murmur through the crowd. From out on the prairie one could hear now and then the short, fierce whinny of a bronco, and the sun beat down on the pine boughs more hotly than ever, and they gave forth a faint, refreshing odor.

Captain Eviston turned uneasily to the women.

"You'll be awfully sorry you came in about a minute," he remarked. "Perhaps you had better not look—"

He might as well have spoken to stone walls. The eyes of the girls were fastened on the

prostrate Indians as though held there by a magnet, and their breath came in quick, uneven gasps. They did not even hear him. So he turned again to look, and as he did so he saw the medicine-men draw from their bags sharp little knives like scalpels, and make two parallel incisions in each benumbed breast. Not a drop of blood issued from the wounds, and the sinews thus laid bare were drawn out carefully and skilfully, and short pieces of wood passed beneath them, to each end of which a lariat was tied. The medicine-men then took each Indian by the shoulders and helped him to his feet. As the young Indians stood upright, facing the excited, restless throng, they gave one triumphant, scornful look about, and then moved forward until each had taken up a position beneath a cross-beam, and about equally distant from one another. So far they did not seem to be at all affected by the torture, except that the pupils of their eyes had contracted to pin-points, and there was a peculiar rigidity about their limbs. They were the picture of proud unconcern while the lariats were being thrown over the cross-beams and fastened there, and they put the shrill little whistles, which they were to blow while they danced, to their mouths with as much indifference as though they had been cigarettes. When all was ready, and the medicine-men had stepped back, suddenly the tom-toms burst out with a terrific rattle; the young Indians began to dance back and forth at the ends of their lariats, with long, sweeping lunges, as though they would quickly tear the sinews from their breasts; the whistles shrieked, the masses of Indians broke into a wild shouting, and the medicine-men, lifting up their hands, prayed aloud to the Great Manito. A sort of frenzy seemed to communicate itself to every Indian in the lodge. Their faces turned ashy, and their muscles quivered as if they were undergoing some intense physical strain. The restless heels beat the ground in double throbs that shook the whole tepee. The swarthy faces, which an hour before had been only vacantly good-natured or sullen or stoical, were now full of passion and wildness. An Indian beside Miss Page sprang into the air as though some devil within him had broken loose. The young girl shrank back faintly toward Pembroke, who was slightly behind her. The men had put the women in the center, and were trying to protect them from the crowd of Indians pressing in on all sides; but it was quite impossible to make them keep back or appeal to them in any way.

"This is awful; it must be worse than a prize-fight," the young girl said, with an unsteady little smile at the Englishman.

Pembroke smiled back sympathetically and looked over at his sisters anxiously. Being English girls, they were taking things calmly, though there was a hot spot of red in each cheek, and their blue eyes looked almost black from the intensity of their excitement.

Suddenly the Indian "candidate" nearest them dropped his whistle, and with a low groan fell forward on his face in a dead faint. His attendant medicine-men sprang forward, released the lariats, and pulling the thongs

The orderly was tugging at his gloves and looking very uncomfortable.

"'E says we 'ave given 'im 'bad medicine,' sir, an' that 'e his goin' to get a Blood Indian conjurer 'e knows to make us all cripples."

"Stay by us and translate all they say," commanded the officer, calmly.

Throughout this episode the tom-toms and shoutings had not ceased for a moment, nor had the other two dancers stopped an instant in their frantic attempts to break their sinews and so be proclaimed "braves." They leaped and swung from side to side, keeping time

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THEY THEN STATIONED THEMSELVES ON THE RIGHT AND THE LEFT."

from the sinews, spit upon his chest, rubbing the wounds, and murmuring incantations over him. After a long time he slowly opened his eyes. When full consciousness returned to him and he realized that he had failed in the ordeal, he sprang to his feet in a frenzy of disappointment and rage. As his eyes fell upon the little group of white people opposite him, a wilder gleam of anger lighted up his face, and pointing a shaking finger at them, he shrieked out some imprecation. As he staggered backward, the medicine-men grappled with him and bore him panting and shouting from the ring.

Captain Eviston turned to Doyle.

"What did that Indian say, Doyle?" he asked quietly.

with the beat of the drum, while the musicians sang "The Song of the Brave":

I sing, I sing under the center of the sky,
Under the center of the sky;
Under the center of the sky I sing,
Under the center of the sky.

The birds of the brave take flight around the sky,
A flight around the sky;
The birds of the brave take a flight, take a flight,
The birds of the brave take a flight.

The spirits on high repeat my name,
Repeat my name;
The spirits on high, the spirits on high,
Repeat my name.

First one set of musicians would sing, and then another set would take up the words, like the antiphonal chorus of a cathedral choir, while the two dancers swung staggeringly around the open space, now forward as if walking uphill, now sinking and slipping backward as the earth reeled under their trembling limbs. The sweat was running down their rigid bodies like rain, and their sinews were pulling far out from the panting chests and snapping back again in a horrible way, as the agony made them give to the lariats.

Miss Kenwood covered her face with her handkerchief and began to cry softly. The men moved restlessly and cast anxious glances at one another and the women. Stirling put an arm around his wife.

"I suppose it's impossible to get out of this," he ventured.

Captain Eviston shook his head.

"Quite impossible," he returned grimly.

He had hardly spoken when, with a cry of mingled fear and rage, the evil-looking Indian with the red brow-band bounded forward from the other side of the opening and held up the broken ends of his lariat. The rope had parted—the worst medicine that could happen to an Indian. The medicine-men, terror-stricken, sank to their knees, but the young brave stood up defiantly, although he reeled from faintness. Staggering across the open space with his broken lariat dragging after him, he paused on the edge of the circle, just below the little party of whites, and turning his back to them, he began to harangue the Indians. He looked like some devil as he stood there, his wicked face bedaubed with paint and showing ghastly, even under the red, with agony and wild rage, his bloodshot eyes rolling from side to side, his breast crimson with the blood that now flowed freely from the lacerated flesh, and the quivering nostrils and upper lip telling even better than his words the wrath that alone was keeping his trembling limbs from sinking under him. His voice, in spite of his faintness, was strong enough to make itself heard above the din by those nearest him.

"I, Yellow Wolf, am brave and fearless," he shouted; "I do not fear death or any kind of torture; but who can prevail against evil powers, that come no one knows whence? Our medicine-men are powerful, and they have propitiated the Manito of the Indian, but they had not thought to propitiate the Manito of the white man. Why is the white man here? Why is our lodge invaded,

our dance made public? Why are the children of the White Mother permitted to come thus among us? Have we lost all freedom, all courage? Did they not exercise an evil influence over the Beaver, who lies fallen and helpless, he who was so strong—" The words died away in an unintelligible murmur as he fell, half fainting, to the ground.

"What does he say, Doyle?" demanded Captain Eviston once more.

Doyle, looking more unhappy than ever, translated freely, shifting himself uneasily from one foot to the other.

"E says, sir, that we 'ave 'oodooed 'im, same as the hother Hindian, an' that we hought n't to be 'ere."

Captain Eviston looked thoughtfully before him a moment, regretting most keenly the feeling of delicacy which had prompted him to come unarmed to the dance. He had thought that such a course would appeal to the Indians. Unfortunately, they had apparently not noticed or appreciated that piece of refined sentiment. He aroused himself from his little reverie to find the eyes of all the Indians in the tepee fixed scowlingly or threateningly upon him and his guests. There was a suppressed excitement and antagonism about them, which would have been sufficiently unpleasant if he had been there with fifty good privates at his back. As it was, the absolute hopelessness of his situation made him perfectly cool. Four men and an orderly with seven women to take care of could not hope to contend successfully against five hundred maddened Indians.

While Yellow Wolf still lay moaning and struggling on the ground, an old chief seated near him, and who had heard what he had said, arose, and spreading out his hands toward him, began to speak soothingly, as if to a child.

Captain Eviston recognized him as Pretty Feathers, one of the friendliest and most sagacious of the Peigans.

"My son," said the old man, softly, "arise: be comforted. Cease thy complaints—the complaints of a child who knows not how to take punishment. Why shouldst thou think the Manito of the white man has interfered with thy destiny? Has the Manito of the Indian never visited thee before with his displeasure?" He turned to the rest of the Indians, who were listening, and raising his voice, cried: "Yellow Wolf has spoken words of foolishness in his anger. Let us forget them, as he will forget them, and us"—significantly—"as the white man will forget them."

There was a murmur of disapprobation as

he seated himself, but many of the Indians looked less aggressive, and many once more turned their attention to the circle where the last Indian, White Eagle, still danced. He was almost spent, and the quavering, faint notes of his whistle told how little breath and life were still in him. His face was gray-white, and a light froth flecked his lips. His body was covered with blood and great drops of perspiration, and his lower limbs, which had at first been unnaturally rigid, now bent and twisted and doubled under him as he leaped back and forth. It was evident that unless the sinews soon burst he would faint from pain and loss of blood, and all his agony would count for nothing.

Suddenly a young and pretty squaw sprang up from the mass of Indian women crouching near the edge of the circle, and forcing her way frantically through them, rushed forward with a terrible cry, and throwing herself with all the strength of her young body against White Eagle, forced him back until the sinews of his chest snapped like whip-cords, and with a groan he toppled over backward.

Immediately the medicine-men sprang forward to him, the musicians set up a yell of triumph, and every Indian in the tepee began to shout at the top of his lungs. The terrifying noise was at its height when suddenly another squaw walked forward to the center of the lodge until she stood directly beneath the opening. Behind her came four medicine-men bearing upon a buffalo robe an Indian who seemed to be dying. His pallid face, as they laid him in the sunshine, took on a more ghastly hue. The closed eyelids quivered an instant, but could not open. At sight of the dying man, the frenzied Indians ceased howling, and in the silence which followed, the Indian woman, standing motionless, the blazing sun beating down on her bare head and uplifted face and hands, began a mournful sort of chant or invocation to the sun, and a prayer for the restoration of her husband to health. When she ceased speaking she sank down beside the man, but still held her eyes turned to the light. Yellow Wolf crawled over to her and whispered fiercely in her ear for an instant. A look of terror and despair settled on her face, and she turned her eyes for an instant on the white women, who, with pale and drawn faces, were watching her. Yellow Wolf sprang up with all the strength that was left in him, and facing the Indians, cried: "Do you think the Great Father will hear her or you while these

evil spirits are with us? I tell you, Great Hawk will die. Do you hear?" he screamed. "Great Hawk will die, and if he does, it is the whites who killed him."

The Indian Black Tongue edged his way through the crowd to Yellow Wolf's side.

"It is true what Yellow Wolf says," he yelled. "Have they not given bad medicine to the Beaver and Yellow Wolf? And did they not try to give bad medicine to White Eagle? Only because he is all-powerful did he prevail. Can Great Hawk, who is ill and helpless, overcome these evil spirits?"

There was a fierce howl from the now half-crazy Indians. Some of them broke through, and would have leaped into the open space had they not been restrained by the older chiefs and the medicine-men.

Pretty Feathers stood up and waved his hand for quiet, but only a few of the howling, maddened Indians would listen to him.

"What are you doing?" he shouted. "Would you turn against the Great Mother's children? You are fools, madmen! Are you so fond of the guard-room, of the gallows? And have they not been our friends? Answer!"

Yellow Wolf stood up again.

"Friends!" he cried back scornfully, "friends! They are our masters. Pah! you old men are fearful. We young men ask but to fight, to kill. We shall exterminate them. We shall be free. Do they not bring trouble? Look at Gold Eagle, at the Sword. Look at the Beaver and Yellow Wolf, fallen. Listen," he cried in a penetrating voice that reached even the Indians farthest off, "listen! If Great Hawk does not die, I will eat my hot words—I will say that I, Yellow Wolf, knew not what I spoke; but if the Manito refuses to hear me, then shall we know that these whites have brought us trouble and evil and deserve death." He dragged himself forward, panting and screaming, and raising his eyes and hands to the sunlight, began a fierce, wild prayer.

The Indians, half crazy with excitement, scarcely knew what was happening. They looked irresolutely at their chiefs and the medicine-men, uncertain what was expected of them or how or why they were to act. They were in a state of supreme agitation and irresponsibility, when anything was possible to them. A silence, like the silence that falls on a mob just before the first stones are hurled, settled on the throng of maddened Indians. The little party from the detachment waited breathlessly, the women trembling and terrified, and even the men

white under their tan. They fully realized how impossible it was to make any attempt at resistance, hemmed in, surrounded by five hundred half-crazed Indians. Five unarmed men with seven women to protect were helpless. Even had the men been armed it would have been madness to fire. Captain Eviston told himself that there was not a single ray of hope, that nothing short of a miracle could save them. He had kept the expedition so quiet that his soldiers, who alone could have aided him, did not even know where he was. And although he had spoken of possible trouble, in his heart he had had no fear of it, and this uprising of the usually peaceful Indians came to him as an almost unrealizable shock. A lifetime of suspense was contained in that instant of silence. Captain Eviston turned to the orderly:

"For God's sake, Doyle, talk to them. Say something to quiet these fiends."

Doyle shook his head hopelessly.

"They would n't listen to me, sir," he said, "and, besides—"

His words were drowned in a half-smothered shriek of terror from Mrs. Eviston. Raising his head, he heard the quick rush of a pony's hoofs, and saw a narrow lane opening up through the dense mass of Indians, and far down it, uncertainly, miles off seemingly to his bewildered eyes, he saw a little bronco bedecked with painted feathers and scarlet ribbons, whom he had once, ages before, known as Nellie, making her way into the lodge, and on her back Jack, in all the glory of her Indian paraphernalia, casting cordial glances and nods to the Indians, first on one side and then on the other, flecking some particular friend lightly with her little whip, or calling to another familiarly and condescendingly as she rode through in triumph.

Mrs. Eviston laid her hand on her husband's arm. "Arthur," she said faintly, "Arthur—" She pointed to Jack, and her lips moved unintelligibly.

Doyle leaned down eagerly.

"For the love of 'Eaven, Mrs. Eviston," he gasped softly, "leave 'er alone. They won't touch 'er, an' she 'll fix 'em—she knows 'em."

When Jack reached the center of the lodge, she reined Nellie in, aware all at once that she might be interrupting the proceedings, and a little puzzled at the strange and sudden silence. She looked about her, smiling brightly and fearlessly, though she was a trifle bewildered, and then down at the irresolute faces turned up to her.

"Satsit, nitsitafflake!" ("Behold, I am an Indian also!") she said gaily, pointing to her fantastic dress and feathers. Suddenly something seemed to give way in the crowd. With a roar of delight and childish amusement the mercurial Indians rushed forward to Jack, pouring into the dancing-circle and surging about her, laughing and clapping their hands.

"Ninspaupit!" she said magnificently from her lofty position on Nellie, and cracking her quirt to keep them at a proper distance.

Pretty Feathers came leaping and pushing his way to her through the crowd.

"Puksiput!" she called out delightedly to him. He was her special friend among the chiefs.

"Kitaipuksapato," he answered hoarsely; and reaching her side, he sprang up behind her on Nellie. Standing upright on the astonished little pony, he called to the laughing, gesticulating, excited Indians.

"Behold," he cried, "here is the proof of the friendship of the Great Mother and her children for us! Here is the idol of the white man's heart, who comes among us, not as a stranger, but as one of ourselves, who loves us and talks the speech of the red man. She does not harm us, and therefore fears no harm. O fools! what would you have done? Yellow Wolf would have persuaded you to your death. His voice glided to your ears, and you listened. You would have broken the bonds of friendship with our Great White Mother and her sons. She has never broken them with us. The heart of the Indian has become bad. During the long winter he has dreamed evil dreams, and they would blossom into evil deeds under this fierce sun. His blood boils like the water which the Kootenais tell us springs up in their country. Fools! Listen to your wise men, not to the counsels of the young and foolish, such as Yellow Wolf and the Beaver. Be calm, and bid the sons and daughters of our Great Mother to go in peace and forget the evil thoughts of the Indian!"

He sprang down from the horse, and waving aside the now pacified Indians, threaded his way to Captain Eviston.

"Go in peace," he said in his soft guttural English, hesitating over the unfamiliar words. And then he added rapidly in Indian to the orderly:

"Tell them to go quickly—now while my Indians are under the spell of this child whom they love. And tell them that it was she who saved them. Tell them that Pretty

Feathers grieves for the evil his people would have done, and that, whether Great Hawk lives or dies, he and the other chiefs will hold a council to punish Yellow Wolf for his wicked words."

When they were all safely outside the lodge, Jack became more puzzled than ever. The Indians had acted strangely enough, she thought, but she could not understand at all why the young ladies were crying and the men white and silent, nor the unexpected and effusive affection of which she was suddenly the object. She disliked very much being kissed and petted and hugged by people who earlier in the day had paid so very little attention to her. Indignation at having missed the great dance, and fear that she had displeased her mother by coming without permission, were also battling together within her and making her very miserable, though still unregenerate.

"I'm a naughty girl, I know," she began defiantly, sitting up very stiffly on Nellie. "but I'm glad I came, 'cause you went of an' left me; an' I caught Nellie, an' I rode as fast as I could, but course I could n't keep goin' like Bill an' Jim, an' now I've missed the dance—" Here she broke down and wept. "Nex' time you oughter take me—" Jack found herself unable to continue, because she was being hugged and having her tears wiped away simultaneously by seven excited and affectionate young ladies.

Pembroke walked over to Jack and stood beside her pony, waving aside the women impressively.

"I promise you jolly well, Jack," he said solemnly, "that none of your people will ever go to another Indian dance without you, and as for myself, nothing that I can now think of would ever induce me to forego your company on such occasions."

THE FLOWER OF FAME.

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

I.

HE sought it before the billow of spring on the meadow was seen,
When only the flush of the willow was tracing the river with green;
He scanned to the edge of the fraying snows that dappled the mountain slope
And ever too late the March sun rose: for he searched the world with hope.

II.

I saw him at noon of the summer day, and that was the favorite hour
To one who had hunted from March to May, and never had found the flower.
For the light was full, as though the sun were aiding his eager quest,
And there were no warning shadows to run o'er his path from east or west.

III.

And still in September's purple and gold he was hunting the grudging ground.
But not with the steady eye of old or the springtime's joyous bound;
If he stopped in his feverish roaming, 't was to question the darkling air;
Too early came the gloaming: he was searching with despair.

IV.

And while, for a chance of the rarest, he wanders in storm or heat,
He is blind to the charm of the fairest; he is crushing beneath his feet
The Flower of Every Valley, the Flower of All the Year,
Deep in whose broken blossom the dew lies like a tear.



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THE GREEN BODICE. BY J. ALDEN WEIR.

("THE CENTURY'S" AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES.)

AMERICAN DISCOVERIES AT CORINTH.

INCLUDING A RELIC OF ST. PAUL.

BY RUFUS B. RICHARDSON,

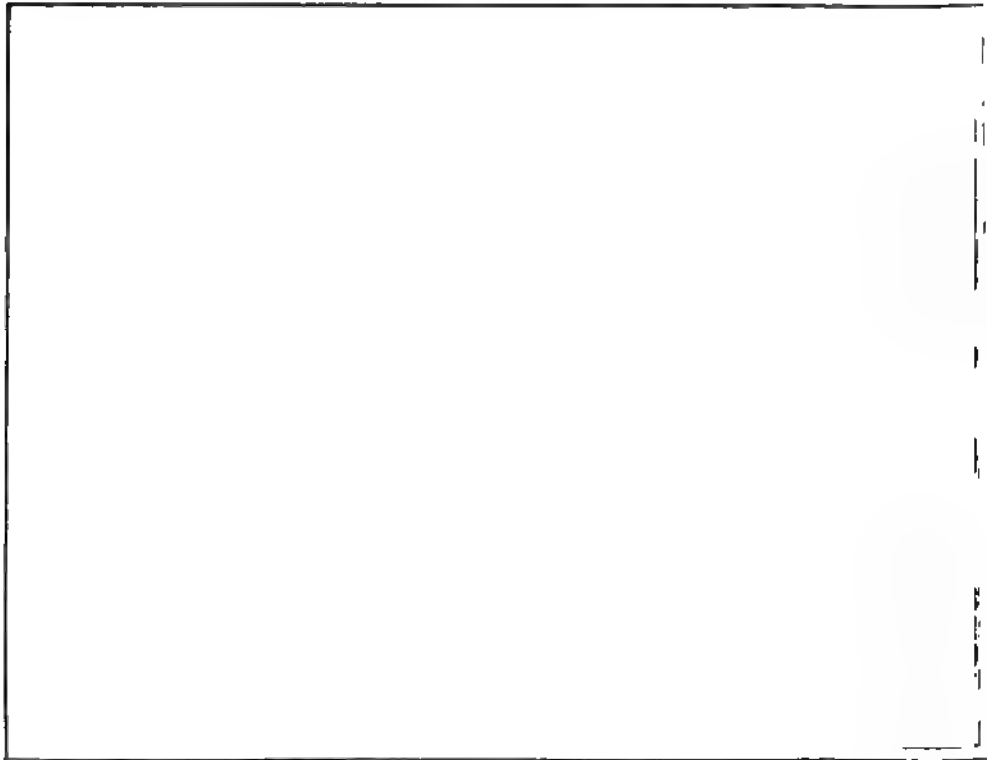
Director of the American School at Athens.

AS Athens was known by its Acropolis, so "brilliant," "wealthy" Corinth was known by its famous fountain. Euripides speaks of the elders of the city as "playing checkers around the august water of Pirene"; an oracle from Delphi, cited by Herodotus, calls the Corinthians "the dwellers about Pirene"; Pindar, who was careful to choose significant epithets, praises "the city of Pirene"; and Simonides probably had the same famous fountain in mind when, in the epitaph composed for the Corinthians who fell at Salamis, and found there about a year ago, cut in clear letters of the Corinthian alphabet of the fifth century B. C., he speaks of them as "dwellers in the well-watered city of Corinth."

Pirene was the making of the city and the center of its life.

Had anybody foretold, when we began excavating at Corinth in 1896, in absolute ignorance of the location of one single object mentioned in the description of Pausanias, that at the end of the first campaign we should have the theater, and at the end of the second, Pirene, I should have said that it was too good to be true. In excavation, as in fishing, luck plays a great rôle. As the archaeologists in Athens are felicitating the American School on its luck, we may well rejoice openly. I would rather be the discoverer of Pirene than "take Quebec."

Perhaps, however, we ought to be a little



DRAWN BY C. H. REEVE.

PIRENE IN COURSE OF EXCAVATION.

HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. GELLEN.

ashamed of not having made the discovery sooner. Near the close of the first year's work, when we were dealing largely in dry wells with lateral passages leading off to other dry wells, our foreman, Friedrich Leuz, came back one day covered with mud from one of these wells, twenty-five feet deep, and reported a side passage in which water flowed along a façade with columns. His report seemed a tale of the "Arabian Nights" order, especially as we had found virgin soil at a depth of ten feet in a trial trench just south of the well. This was the only subterranean passage found that year into which some member of the school did not descend.

Last year, as we were working near this well, we went down and saw with our own eyes a series of six rooms opening upon a passage. Wading in water sometimes breast-high, we explored and measured an extent of three hundred meters of rock-cut channels, mainly in two arms, which brought the water down to this point from the direction of Acro-Corinthus.

The first sight of the rooms was enough to make me say with bated breath, "We have the Piræne of Pausanias." His description is as follows: "The spring is adorned with marble, and there are chambers constructed in the manner of caves, from which the excellent drinking-water flows out into an open-air basin." And here we had before our eyes chambers that were at the same time caves.

Approaching Old Corinth from the gulf, one sees confronting him a continuous layer of conglomerate broken at its edge and tumbling downhill; and just at the entrance of the village is a similar layer. The first is the edge of the lower, and the other of the upper, of the two terraces on which Corinth stood. Under each of these layers of conglomerate is a deep deposit of clay, solidified into what may by courtesy be called rock. Piræne was laid out at the lower edge of the upper terrace, at the point where it bends inward in a great curve just east of the temple. The soft clay rock was cut away from under the conglomerate ledge, and cross-walls were inserted, forming chambers with the rough rock for a top. Each cross-wall terminated in an anta, and the back of each

chamber consisted of an Ionic column between two antæ, supporting an entablature with moldings and a row of dentils. No more fitting phrase could be chosen to describe the arrangement than "cave-like chambers."

So far we had seen only the backs of these chambers, by passing from the well, which came down in front of the fifth chamber (reckoning, as the water here flows, from the west), through that chamber into the passage behind, through which water once flowed abundantly, but now dry, except as water trickled out of a rickety tile aqueduct and flawy dam farther up. We could see their fronts only when we had cleared away the superincumbent mass of earth. We trusted that when we had done this we should make our identification complete by finding the marble ornamentation mentioned by Pausanias; and in this we were not disappointed.

DRAWN BY E. C. FELDHOFF. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.
STAIRWAY LEADING UP THE VALLEY TOWARD THE AGORA.

We had begun work March 23, 1898, in the valley, at a point due east from the temple, because we had found there two years ago, in a trial trench, a broad street paved with white limestone, with watercourses on each side of it, which gave a hope of finding near at hand the agora, a second topographical center, still more important than the theater, which, with Pausanias's description, would enable us to lay out a map of the ancient city, even if it still lay under fathoms of earth.

In the one week's work which the war allowed us in 1897, we had accomplished little more with our twenty carts and fifty men than scratching the surface. Last year we went to work with a track and twelve cars borrowed from the French at Delphi. With this apparatus we carried the earth to a field lower down, having first made trial trenches to be sure that we were covering up nothing of importance. The owner of the field gladly let us cover it ten feet deep, on condition that we would spare him for this year his threshing-floor, which the government had already bought for us.¹ We have the promise of another field for this year; but how different are our conditions from those at Delphi, where the French have right at hand the gorge of the Plistus, big enough to hold a good part of Parnassus, if one could only throw it in!

In moving up the valley, at first in ignorance of our true goal, which was less than two hundred feet away, we found walls of great interest on the side of the valley toward the temple, and a broad marble stairway of over thirty steps, continuing the line of the paved street, and leading up toward the agora, as we now know. Near the top of the stairway on the west side was a large marble base, and we rejoiced to think that now we should have an inscription to tell us where we were; but some rascal, or perhaps

some rascal-hater, had carefully chiseled out an inscription of five lines. Even the treatise of the learned German Zedler, "*De memoriæ damnatione*," containing a roll of hated emperors and magistrates of antiquity, will not help us to find out what was once written here. On the other side of the staircase an enormous marble block, apparently a lintel, had one of the regular Roman tablets for inscription carved on its face; but no inscription had ever been cut in it.

To balance this bad luck, we had the happiness of finding an inscription which, by what it suggests, more than outweighs all that carelessness and malice had been able to put out of our way. To most people the

DESIGNED BY C. A. VANDERHOOF

SYNAGOGUE INSCRIPTION.

name "Corinth" does not conjure up a picture of its ancient and honorable history from the time when it founded Syracuse and Corcyra until it was destroyed by the Romans: it is rather the place made sacred by the residence and loving labors of St. Paul.

In our first year's work, while excavating a house evidently of the Roman period, we had sportively called it the house of "Sosthenes, the brother," little expecting that we should ever come upon anything which we

¹ In this country threshing is done by driving horses over the grain as it lies on a circular pavement of rough cobblestones. It is regarded as a great improvement to attach to the horses a sledge with teeth

like those of a Yankee "cultivator." The winnowing is done by tossing grain and chaff into the air with forks when there is a strong wind.

could attach to the great apostle except by the slenderest cord of fancy. Accordingly, it was rather startling to find, on turning over a block of marble found at a depth of about ten feet, an inscription of Roman times, rudely cut and broken at both ends, running: [συν]αγωγή 'Εβρ[αίων], "synagogue of the Hebrews." The thought arose, and would not down, that this stone was a part of the very synagogue in which Paul "reasoned . . . every sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks," when "he continued there a year and six months, teaching the word of God among them."

The block was elaborately carved on one side with a row of dentils and higher bands of moldings both above and below it, and had undoubtedly formed a part of a fine entablature of a building in the older city destroyed by Mummius; but in the synagogue it had been used as the lintel of a door. Its show side, with the elaborate carving, had been turned downward, so that it could be seen by looking up as one passed through the door, while the inscription was cut in the edge now brought to the front, which, being plain, was well fitted for the purpose.

We have not been able to identify any of the walls found near by with the synagogue from which the block came, although we may subsequently give it such a setting; nor can we say with certainty that the inscription is not later than the time of Paul. But the probability is the other way, and it is at least not unlikely that he passed and repassed under this very block. We could hardly have found anything more closely associated with him.

Indisputably, our most important single find, from an archæological point of view, was a geometric amphora found beside a grave just east of the white-limestone pavement and at a depth of two meters lower than it. The fact of a grave in the heart of the city seven centuries or more before the Christian era—for such a date the style of the vase demands—is important. Its depth also suggests to us the duty of breaking up both the limestone pavement and the marble staircase, as a Roman affair, in order to lay bare the Greek level.

Even if we did not concentrate all our energies upon approaching Pirene until well on into May, our time and labor were not wasted. Besides the interesting results gained by the way, we were making the approach at a level which would allow the proper drainage for the winter rains when

our work was done. But when, after the descent into the well, we did so concentrate, knowing that we were near the goal, we first tried to approach through a high door to the east of our track, thinking—and, it now appears, correctly—that this was Pausanias's "entrance to Pirene." But since the lintel was cracked in the middle, and no covering at all appeared behind it, but only a mass of loose earth and stones, we did not dare to tunnel there, but turned to the left and flanked it. Here we were almost immediately stopped by a mass of Roman brick and mortar, which we at last broke up with dynamite. We next committed an archæological crime: coming to a wall about ten feet in advance of the line that we were seeking, we broke through it, and found afterward that we had broken into a sort of wing, or parascenium, thrown out in advance of the façade.

On May 10 we reached, by clearing out this parascenium, the wall which we were seeking, to the west of the series of chambers, and found in it a door leading into the passage in their rear, to which we had hitherto had access only through the well. Our task now was to proceed eastward along the front of the chambers. For this purpose I had to buy a part of the garden of Gregory Tsellios, which covered the greater part of the façade. The regular process of expropriation by the help of the government was too slow to allow us to win our prize that year, and so I had to make the best terms I could with a man who knew my extremity. I paid him nearly seventy dollars for a piece thirteen meters square; and as this contained three fine trees, in a land where trees are scarce,—a fig, a pomegranate, and a walnut,—this would not seem exorbitant, according to American notions; but to the neighbors it seemed so high that Gregory became envied and hated by all. As a part of the bargain I also agreed to furnish him some substitute for his well, which was simply a shaft tapping the shallow stream which flowed out of the fifth chamber through the mouth of the tile pipe, and then went on its way through a covered canal to the square of the village.

This was not an easy thing to do, and it was only after a long series of trials, some harassing and some ludicrous, that I finally delivered the pump, the first pump in Old Corinth, to Gregory, and said: "These men are witnesses that I leave this pump in your hands in good condition and have fulfilled my promise. It is yours to guard as well as to use. If it is smashed now it is not my

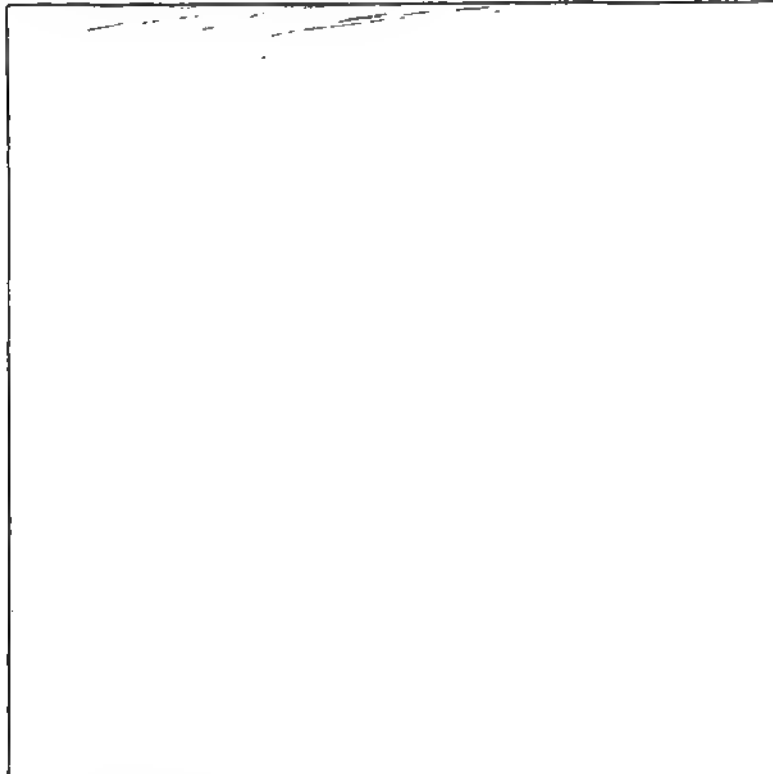
affair." That night, for the first time in a fortnight, I slept all night; and the next day we proceeded to tear out with all our might the earth which still hid the fronts of the fifth and sixth chambers.

That day, toward evening, the king came with a considerable retinue, including two of his sons, closing his long and wearying tour of hand-shaking all Peloponnesus with

the conversation he said, "But you must *finish* all this: it is a great work."

The king's visit magnified the importance of Pirene in the eyes of the crowd; and I, who for an hour had stood in a blaze of glory, while I interpreted to him our works, carried something like a halo into the workaday world.

But *atra Cura* was still hovering near



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

PIRENE, WITH PERIBOLUS OF APOLLO, AS LEFT AT CLOSE OF EXCAVATION.

a visit to the now famous Pirene. He devoted nearly an hour—fully two thirds of his stay in the village—to the excavations, and with the greatest interest inquired into all the details of our discoveries. No reporters got within ear-shot; but one Athenian journal, in order to have something to say, reported that "the king proved himself a conspicuous archaeologist, and in a close discussion convinced the director of the American School that a certain inscription was cut according to the dictation of the Apostle Paul." The extremely cordial and almost intimate conversation which he held with each one of us goes far to explain how his journey just closed had turned the hearts of his people to him. Three times during

Our aqueduct was accessible through the arches of Pirene, and it was necessary to protect it against the crowds which came from all the country round about on Sundays and holy days, of which the Greek year is full, to see the wonders which we had brought to light. Furthermore, our friends kept telling us that there were men—"not men, but beasts"—who had sworn to break the aqueduct, little caring if they did cut off the water from the village, if they could only get "the company," as they called us, into trouble. I had just been called to Nauplia to testify in court in regard to the conduct of four men who had, two years ago, started a strike because I had hired some outsiders, and who had consequently come into the

hands of the chief of police from New Corinth. After answering questions put to me, I had said to the judge that, as the case was two years old, I preferred that, so far as it depended on me, the prosecution should be dropped. The judge replied, with an air of great severity: "Great is your goodness, Mr. Richardson; but even if you are willing to forgive, the *law* must be satisfied." In fifteen minutes after I had left the room he gave the offenders, on account of my intervention, as their lawyer told me, six days instead of the six months which he had expected for them. But at the end of their six days they had come back to Corinth, not mollified by my "great goodness," but "breathing out threatenings and slaughter."

It was reported to me late one evening, when I was known to have with me money for the payment of the workmen, that one of the jailbirds had been heard to declare in a wine-shop that they were going to raid the company that night. I believed the report all the more as this man had, the evening before, made a bad use of his newly gained freedom by nearly killing an old woman who was on her way to New Corinth to lodge a complaint against him for killing her goat. But, with a sentiment and tradition brought with me from my days of military service, I determined not to let the company be raided without getting in some shooting on its side. Mr. Brown got out his big revolver, which revolved rather uncertainly, and I my small one, in which I had confidence; and we slept on our arms. In the morning we found that two soldiers with rifles had spent the night in our yard. Perhaps that was a more efficient terror to evil-doers than our small arms. Heaven bless the military police of Greece, which some are so anxious to abolish! Without it, excavations, in a village at least, would be beset with difficulties. Not only did these soldiers watch that night without being called, but during the two weeks that our aqueduct lay exposed, one or more of them slept at night under a fig-tree near at hand, besides keeping the crowd at bay on Sundays and holidays. It cost something for tips, but it was worth while to have such auxiliaries.

When we had laid bare the fifth chamber and a little of the sixth and last, we came upon a real trouble. The high bank of rather soft earth to the east was getting too nearly perpendicular to be quite safe. We could not risk killing any of our workmen, and it was certain that when the winter rains came on the bank would fall, and

carry away a surface that we had not bought. In our purchase we had not allowed for the necessary slant for a depth of twenty-five feet of soft soil. To buy another field at rates like those already paid, and work two weeks more, was likely to bring us over our money limit. Besides this, it was well on into June, and growing very hot. The members of the school, who had been as faithful and efficient supporters as one could ever hope to find, did not wish to stay longer than was necessary. Furthermore, the façade bulged outward near the fifth chamber, and threatened trouble.

I decided to confine myself to rendering safe what we had already gained. After consultation with the engineer of New Corinth, we built a scarped retaining-wall twenty feet high against the threatening bank, and buttresses against the façade where it bulged. We also took the precaution to wall up the back of the chambers, precluding access to the iron pipe and the reservoir, except through a stout door.

The effect of the façade is impaired by all of these works, especially by the scarped wall, which covers the openings of the fifth and sixth chambers; but this year, with little labor and expense,—for the government will buy the land,—we shall expose the total front, probably with two *parascenia*.

In the architecture of *Pirene* three periods are plainly discernible. In the first period the chambers alone constituted the whole façade. Their cross-walls, terminating at the front in modest *antæ*, had beauty enough to suit Greek taste. The column, *antæ*, and entablature at the back of each chamber were as much in evidence as the front. The rough edge of the conglomerate layer was not, perhaps, thought inappropriate in a fountain-house. This adjustment does not, perhaps, date further back than the fourth century B.C. It may quite probably be assigned to the Macedonian period.

Next there was added a façade in two stories, with arches as entrances to the chambers, and, between these, half-columns, which extended up into the second story, now badly broken away. The work here is rude compared with that of the previous arrangement. It seems, for example, a pity that such *antæ* should be hidden by so rude a covering. But this rudeness was certainly covered up with a revetment of thin plates of marble, as is attested not only by numerous holes in the stone, but by a quantity of fragments of marble slabs found near by, on one of which, found in a Byzantine

church built up against the first and second chambers, was inscribed ΠΙΡΕΗ, evidently "Pirene." The arches and marble revetment, as well as the coarser quality of the work, leave no doubt that this façade belonged to the Corinth that was rebuilt by Julius Cæsar. Romans were not satisfied with the simplicity of the Greek. This was the Pirene of Pausanias.

Lastly, and perhaps much later, a still more pretentious front was made by adding marble columns about six feet in front of the façade of Pausanias, with marble blocks extending back from them and let into the façade with very rough hewing. The columns, only two of which are still *in situ*, are of various sizes, and so were probably taken from different buildings. The blocks resting upon them, and perhaps supporting a balcony, were surely taken from some other building and roughly hewn for this second use. We found one which had not been submitted to this rough treatment. It is of such size and beauty as to suggest that when we find, as we surely shall, near by, the building to which it originally belonged, it will be worthy of respect. That this last reconstruction was Byzantine is made sure by a sort of florid palm-branch carved on the front ends of the badly treated marble blocks.

Back of this series of three periods was something still older. While we were clearing out the deposit of earth in the passage back of the chambers in order to lay firm supports for our iron pipe, we came upon the top of an arched passage extending directly back from the second chamber at right angles to the series. The top of this arch cut in the clay rock was lower than the bottom of the columns at the rear of the chambers. By probing with a long iron rod in front of the arch we found that the mud was here ten feet deep. A little removal of this deposit down to where the arch passed over into perpendicular lines started a slight movement of water, and fearing that we might divert the supply from the modern reservoir by opening an ancient course at a lower level, we stopped the arch with dry earth after one of us had crawled into it a distance of thirty feet and inspected its

carefully cut, polished surface. Through this passage, ten feet high and six feet broad, long before the chambers were laid out, and when the ground all about here was at a much lower level, gushed out water which gave drink, probably, to the contemporaries of Periander.

About fifty feet in front of Pirene we excavated a semicircular building which is probably the "peribolos of Apollo," mentioned by Pausanias as "in front of Pirene." On the lower courses of stone, which are better laid than the others, are abundant traces of red stucco, on which may well have been painted the pictures of Ulysses slaying the suitors, said by Pausanias to be in the peribolos. In a later restoration, to which the upper courses belong, a marble lining was added, as is shown by holes.

The results of our work are not fully told when we say that we have discovered the most famous fountain of antiquity. The deductions to be made from its location are quite as important as the fountain itself. We now know that the agora is only a little way back from it, toward Acro-Corinthus, since, according to Pausanias, Pirene was not far from the agora, on the road to Lechæum, and we have the road to Lechæum in our broad street with the limestone pavement. The elders, then, played checkers within hearing of the agora. An enormous column drum about six feet in diameter, found in 1896 just outside Gregory's garden, now falls in line as the base of the bronze Hercules, the first object mentioned by Pausanias after leaving the agora to go toward Lechæum. The agora itself has probably been tapped in two trial trenches dug farther south. Some magnificent walls found in the easternmost of the two will probably be shown to be on the border of it or inside it. But we must be contented to wait for a full demonstration. Meanwhile we have already given a name to the venerable ruin which survives from the Corinth of Periander, so long well known under the name of the "temple of Corinth." It is the temple of Apollo, the first object which Pausanias mentions on the right of the road leading from the agora toward Sicyon.

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

BY J. JAMES TISSOT.

WITH PICTURES FROM THE AUTHOR'S "LIFE OF CHRIST."

NOWADAYS one arrives in Jerusalem direct by rail from Jaffa in three hours, a journey at once more picturesque and naturally much less fatiguing than coming by way of the old Latroum route, which required two days of tiresome horseback travel under a burning sun. On alighting from the train, you take a cab, which carries you to your hotel, one of those situated, most probably, in the neighborhood of the Jaffa Gate.

Before studying in detail the city proper it might be found both interesting and instructive to make a few excursions in the immediate environs. For this purpose one may always hire a donkey and a donkey-driver, the latter usually being an intelligent gamin who speaks a smattering of English or French, and who will thus be found useful in pointing out the various objects of moment. The best place to secure your mount and escort is at the Jaffa Gate. Near by is also a sort of open-air restaurant,

protected from the sun by an awning, under which the proprietor and his assistant roast little squares of meat on skewers over a quick fire. About the place surges a picturesque and animated crowd, half urban, half rural, most of whom are smoking their narghiles in true Oriental fashion.

As you leave the city for an expedition to the surrounding districts, accompanied by your dragoman and your little caravan bear-

ing tents and provisions, you are, in the eyes of the motley crowd seated about on the low taborets, a veritable nobleman of the Occident departing on voyage. Good wishes and God-speeds are showered upon you, street Arabs toss miniature bouquets of flowers at

you, while the restaurant-keeper, bowing low and smiling blandly, empties cup after cup of coffee in the tracks of your horses, aiming to signify, by this expressive pantomime, that he trusts peace and plenty may accompany you, and that riches and happiness may follow in your wake. Touched by the delicacy and seductiveness of this action, you straightway fancy yourself every inch a sultan, and scatter about you handfuls of coin, thus responding royally to the cordial demonstrations made in your honor. Do not imagine for an instant that it has all been but a clever Oriental trick to relieve you of your spare cash. Not in the least; you are merely in the land of Saladin,

A TYPICAL JEW OF JERUSALEM.

of the "Thousand and One Nights," of opera bouffe, and you must cheerfully abide by the consequences.

Soon after leaving the city gates, on one of these excursions, I followed a road descending into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. There I discovered the remains of thousands on thousands of tombs hewn out of solid rock, some disfigured by age, and others whiter and less overgrown with that sparse

vegetation which serves as pasture for the countless donkeys browsing thereabout. In this somber, savage valley I heard the sound of female voices chanting in short, measured cadence. The music was first sung by about nine voices, and was then taken up and repeated by a like number.

Struck by the strange, almost epic lilt of this haunting melody, the strains of which carried me back to the days of the daughter of Jephthah and her virgin attendants, I set about finding the singers. I finally discovered, among the maze of dwellings which dotted the countryside, a sort of open-air platform which, in harvest-time, was probably used as a threshing-floor. On this platform were dancing a group of women, with white veils and blue robes, striped with red, green, or yellow. Barefoot they danced three and three, advancing nimbly, and then moving diagonally to the right in order to make room for the next group, who followed after the

same fashion, crossing now to right, now to left, and each time describing small circles. They sang and danced in this manner hour after hour. Seated on the ground about the platform were a score or so of men, clad in white-and-black costumes, idly watching them. Now a faint breeze would waft tones shrill, savage, or joyous across the intervening space, and again the sounds would fall softly or with sadness upon the ear. In endless litany they thus sang the praises and prowess of some Mussulman sheik long since laid to rest.

Back into the city again, in the vicinity of the post-office, there is a busy, bustling crowd. It is Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. Note that old Jew with such a hirsute head-dress; he has a letter in his hand, which he may not open on this holy day, for the law forbids work of any description. What is he to do about it? He simply lies in wait for the first passer-by who looks like a Christian, and accosting him quickly, asks him in his strange Hebrew jargon if he will not spare him the committing of a sin. The other good-

naturedly tears open the letter, hands it back, and passes on his way.

Let us now turn down into the Jews' quarter and go to the Wall of Lamentation. Friday is the best day to choose for this, because on that day the Israelites are there in greater number, and one thus has a wider variety of types at hand. All along this old Solomonian wall, every stone of which is of the greatest antiquity, are leaning crowd-

of men, most of whom are clad in more or less shabby fur great-coats. The majority of them seem to be poor, but one must not be certain as to that point. Some hold their heads in their hands and press their brows against the wall, others read. From time to time one will sob, whereat all the rest begin to weep and wail in the most doleful manner. I noticed one fellow in particular, who was as fat as though he had been fed from birth on sauer-kraut and had drunk nothing but beer his whole life-long. He swayed to and

fro and nearly choked himself in his efforts to provoke a few reluctant tears. He struggled vainly, making all manner of piteous and frightful faces; he then began moaning in a feeble voice, and finally, at the crescendo, the climax, of his fictitious grief, he bellowed at the top of his lungs and shook from head to foot. His antics so disgusted me that I was forced to change my place. Notwithstanding such exhibitions as this, I saw among those present many who had real sorrows, profound griefs, several of whom were fine, dark Jewish types, and who, I learned, had come from Portugal. What touched me most deeply, however, and that which at the same time caused the tears to dim many an eye, was the sight of a group of Jewish women, who were easily distinguishable by their costume, the striking features of which consisted of a black-velvet bandeau about the brows and a yellow shawl thrown over the head and shoulders, half veiling their faces. They were moving slowly away, with tears streaming gently down their cheeks.

A TYPICAL JEWISH ARMENIAN.

they murmured softly to themselves or were quite silent. They would walk a few paces, then turn gracefully about, and drawing their hands from their black mitts, they would throw a good-by kiss, a last adieu, to their beloved wall—their consoler, their confidant, their true friend. "For," said an honest Jew who often acted as guide for me in my many wanderings about Jerusalem, "this wall is a friend to whom we confide all our sorrows: it has known our fathers when they were happy and prosperous; it sees us now in our misery and many troubles; it links us with the past, it consoles us, it comforts us, and we go through life aided, sustained, and uplifted by it."

One of the best and most satisfactory ways of seeing the Jews is to stroll some Sabbath along the Jaffa road, where they are in the habit of taking their Sabbath promenade, which, on this sacred day, the law restricts to a thousand cubits. Dressed in their best clothes, of which they are often patently proud, they are a sight well worth seeing. One of them wears a

A TYPICAL JEW OF JERUSALEM.

beret of black velvet edged with cats' fur dyed black; his face is pink and white, and is covered with a fine down which promises later to develop into a bristling red beard. Alongside of each ear dangles a corkscrew curl well oiled, or perhaps greased, which falls down about his neck—a fat, feminine-looking neck, protected by a broad white collar. His lips are thick, blood-red, and smiling, and he has the typical nose of his race. He wears a *geba*, or undergarment, of lemon-yellow with little white stripes, held in place by a sort of cashmere belt delicately rainbowed in various colors. Over this fairly gleams in the bright sunlight an astounding robe-de-chambre of violet-rose velvet of the most dazzling hue, trimmed with red-fox fur. The upper part of the costume is in good condition, but about the bottom is a solid fringe of dry mud, which the wearer had doubtless not dared to remove; for one is forbidden to work on the Sabbath, even to the extent of brushing off a soiled garment. Moreover, the lower part of the body belongs to the impure world, and no one is suffered to cast so much as a

glance at it in any event. So the hardened mud has held fast, and the soft velvet has given way in places, making a fringe of little slashes or tears all about the bottom hem.

Taken as an ensemble, the crowd presents a gay appearance. Pink, yellow, bright greens, and rich reds striped with white, predominate in the undergarments, while blacks, faded greens, browns, and yellows are usually worn outside. These costumes are always capped by the traditional square, heavily fringed scarf, which not infrequently comes from Manchester and is often only a common comforter. Some such scarf is, however, invariably worn over Jewish shoulders. As one watches these fellows strolling slowly along, they vividly recall those old men who promenade about on the ramparts of the town in the opera of "Faust."

The synagogues, which are all grouped together on the slopes of Zion, are very curious and interesting, several of them, notably that of the Maugrabins, being of great antiquity. In one are packed away countless rolls of parchment, well-nigh as old as the world itself. They are

all kept tightly rolled up and placed parallel-wise in venerable-looking cases covered with dark-red velvet ornamented with silver trinkets. These cases are often surmounted with miniature towers, steeples, arches, pendants, and bells, which tinkle when they are carried from the cabinets in which they are kept across to the high desk in the tribune where they may be read. Alongside the desk is the marriage bench, where young couples sit under garlands of flowers on their wedding-day. Against the walls stand numerous Jews deep in prayer. From time to time they rise on tiptoe, and lifting their hands, palms upward, they thus pantomime their prayers, signifying, "We lift up our hearts to thee, O Eternal One, that thou mayest see and judge our actions." In one corner is a deep hole into which they descend in order to say, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord." In view of which it is not hard to see that in these synagogues the letter of the law is quite as faithfully observed as is its spirit.

longer, until, at last, fully assured that something had really befallen their pontiff, and not daring under any pretext to enter the sacred precincts, they would pull gently at the cord. The weight of the inert body would unmistakably indicate the true nature of events: beyond a doubt he had met his doom at the end of the rope would be the lifeless body of the high priest.

The rabbi's account of the origin of the peculiar black head dress worn by the Jews is not less curious and interesting in itself, besides accounting for the prevalent Greek priests' coiffure. During the fifteenth century a certain sultan, growing weary of the continual complaints of the Mussulmans, decreed that, in order to distinguish the elect from the profane, Jews and Christians alike must wear black turbans. The Maronites and the Jews obeyed, but the Greeks strove to evade this law. Not wishing to be taken for Jews, they simply took off the stuff out of which the turban was made, and kept only the *boosh*, or main coiffure, around which would wound the material for those monumental turbans, examples of which are preserved in pictures by Giovanni Bellini, executed on his return from the East, where he was once court painter to the sultan.

More curious by far than the Jews or the Greeks are certain of those numerous heretical sects which also contribute to the astounding variety of types one meets with in Jerusalem. Among these is a sect living near the Damascus Gate, numbering seven hundred, and newly arrived from America. Their belief is that the millions of simple-minded folk who have gone before were all wrong, that they, and they alone, are in possession of the Truth and are the only ones who will be ready to welcome the millennium. A hundred times a day they gaze out of the windows over the city, saying, "What a beautiful sight it will be when Christ comes! And when he does come, we shall be in the best position to see the procession!" Countless other mild lunatics have also sprung up here and there, including several warm English and American partizans of the New Golgotha, some of whom are even forming a company with the idea of erecting a New Golgotha Hotel.

Beyond question the whole character of Jerusalem is changing rapidly. Numerous educational institutions are building, and in view of the fact that there are not enough children to fill the empty desert of schools thus created, it has been found necessary to bring pupils from far and near; for

AN ARMENIAN.

One rainy morning I visited an old rabbi who was connected with one of these synagogues. He was very deaf and very venerable. Through my interpreter I asked him several questions concerning the ancient costumes of his sect. He told me many curious things. For instance, he said that the high priest's robes were embroidered with little gold bells and small balls of the same metal shaped like pomegranates. "Why the bells?" I asked. It appears that when the high priest wished to enter the Holy of Holies (separated from the holy by a curtain half a cubit thick, which completely screened it in) he was first obliged to step over a low wall on the right, pass behind this curtain, and then quickly behind another to the left, which still further kept out the light, for the sacred spot ever remains in complete obscurity. As he advanced into the Holy of Holies and knelt before the stone which once surmounted the sacred arch, there trailed behind him a long cord which was attached to his belt, the other end of which remained in the holy, where one could easily hear the tinkling of the little bells attached to his robe as he busied himself with the sacred offices. Whenever the sound of the bells ceased, those without grew nervous, and fearful that something unusual had happened to the priest—that he might have fallen dead, or have been mysteriously stricken down by the Most High. They would wait awhile

teachers must have something to do, and dormitories must be occupied.

One day, just as I was finishing a sketch which I had been making along the road leading from Gethsemane to the village of the Ascension, on the Mount of Olives, I saw coming up the hill toward me a young peasant girl who was tripping along in her babooshes, or slippers. She was clad in the colored gown of the country districts, and her head was covered with the usual silver ornaments and the obligatory veil. On her head she carried a wicker basket filled with fruit. Here, thought I, comes a woman who is really typical of the country; she bears the true stamp that there is no mistaking. Imagine my astonishment when, on drawing near, she greeted me with: "Good day, sir. How are you, sir? Fine evening, sir." Much interested, I inquired how she happened to know a foreign tongue so well, and learned that some Englishwomen had taken her to live with them and had taught her to speak their language fluently.

A moment later, while on my way down, I came across a bright little fellow who, with perfect self-possession, planted himself in my path and began repeating, "Donnez-moi la plume, je donnerai la plume," etc. I afterward learned that he was the son of a village sheik who lived on the top of the Mount of Olives, and that he was then on his way home from school. Pushed ahead in this manner, these poor children easily learn to speak four or five languages, and what famous *maitres d'hôtels* and dragoons they make a few years later! Their accomplishments in this line are about on a par with the music furnished by the bands attached to most of the principal hotels. How loudly the neighboring valleys resound with scales practised on the trombone, the mournful wails of ophicleides, or the shrill shrieks of clarinets! All of which is, alack! far enough away from being good local color. If, however, one hotel has its band, the others must have theirs.

Many of the older characteristics of the place are fast being stamped out of existence. The younger generation is being literally pulverized under the hammer of European education. It is impossible to say what will be the result of all this. One must wait and see, but, while waiting, one's enjoyment of the country is certainly handicapped in many ways.

Before taking leave of Jerusalem one must on no account fail to follow the Via Dolorosa,

the windings of which every faithful or even casual Christian visitor invariably pursues from beginning to end. It begins at the pretorium, near the ruined walls of the tower of Antonius, traverses the present city almost diagonally, and comes to an end on Calvary, at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

What sorry folk we are, and how given to exaggeration! How many fools, or at least ecstasies, have frantically followed the way of the cross, clad in strange garments, or wearing the sort of costume that they fancy

A TYPICAL YEMENITE OF JERUSALEM.

Christ might have worn! Barefoot, with wooden crosses over their shoulders, haggard, wan, and crowned with thorns, they have filed along this traditional route from time immemorial. Twelve years ago there was a certain individual who actually went through this performance every Friday; he has, however, since disappeared. In my own time I remember an English monomaniac who actually wrote on the corner of every wall in the city the number 666, and alongside of it the letters AN. DOM., in order to better promulgate his belief, and also thoroughly to prepare the world for the advent on that date of the Antichrist! In addition to such creatures there are thousands of poor deluded beings, numbers of whom have been crazed by merely sojourning in a place where so many tragic events have occurred. Perhaps I am one myself. If I seem so to some folks, so much the worse—for I find my madness a mild, soothing one; one which has softened my nature and tempered the asperity of my character; has made me, I believe, a better man.



CITIES OF HELL.

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS,

Author of "Christ in Hades."

I.

I FELL into a trance: my spirit passed
Beyond the boundaries of the earth, until
I paused upon some dismal height, and gazed.
Beneath, the vast and various cities lay;
Cities of earth they seemed, resurgent here.

II.

Familiar, as I gazed, they grew, and clear:
London discoloring the rolling clouds;
Next Paris in sunbeams, then moonlit Rome;
Last Babylon abandoned to great stars:
These I beheld rebuilt upon space.

III.

Down to that other London with slow pace
Venturing, I into a chamber came,
Where breathed a man, as after murder, fast,
In fury bent above a woman; she,
New-murdered, listless to me turned her head.

IV.

Then said I to the woman: "Being dead,
Why in this tragic London chamber still
Linger you?" She made answer: "He who stares
With everlasting fury in my face
Within this room in frenzy murdered me.

V.

"Such power hath passion upon stones that he
Transported into space the very walls,
The hour, the room, this bed where still I droop.
Hither at death he naturally came,
Inheriting the home that moment built.

VI.

"Nothing is changed—nothing; his furious guilt
Detains this chamber fast, and bids it stand.
Ah, God! the twilight star without, the branch
Rustling, the long white cloud upon the sky,
By his magnetic rage do still cohere.

VII.

"Listen, sweet friend! Dost thou not even hear
The running of the river through the arch,
The very breeze with gentleness of rain?
Then, how it sighed! Now it hath passed away.
The softest noises of that hour endure.

VIII.

"Our spirits to these walls hath he bound sure;
We, murderer and murdered, private live.
Millions have hither hurled the hour, the place,
The scenery of their sins: so rises here
Another London and a second Rome.

IX.

"Oh, if thou marvest at this earthly home,
This rustle of earthly foliage after death,
This pattering of rain beyond the grave,
Then tremble! Nothing done, or said, or thought,
Shall ever perish; none can ever die."

X.

"Is there no hope, then? Must you two," said I,
"Spend in this earthly room eternal years?"
"I have forgiven him; my part is done,"
She answered: "if but once his rage subside,
Straight would these walls dissolve, releasing us."

XI.

Listless again, when she had spoken thus,
She grew; that other breathing fast I heard.
Then sudden as a child I cried for earth:
Rushing, I was aware at last of waves,
Then spires; and to the body I returned.

GENERAL SHERMAN IN RUSSIA.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.



SEBASTOPOL, Wednesday, April 24, 1872. The town of Sebastopol, which before the siege contained eighty thousand people, is in ruins, and now contains barely eight thousand. A few houses have been rebuilt, but Sebastopol probably will never regain its lost grandeur. The ground occupied by the English and the French during the siege was high, and completely overlooked the town, so that their shots from the first must have done great damage to the buildings; but the Russian fleet lay comparatively sheltered until the "approaches" came close. On the fall of the Malakoff, the place necessarily fell, but Todleben, the engineer, had gained a reputation almost as great as if he had succeeded in holding the place. It was at Sebastopol that it was first demonstrated that earth is the best material for resisting heavy shot. All masonry within reach of the heavy artillery of the English and French crumbled under the effects of their shot, whereas earth was invulnerable, and each night was repaired the damage done during the daytime.

There is little to be seen here that we have not already seen—only to study more in detail the old works, now in ruins and decay, that were used in the great siege of Sebastopol. The weather is very fine, sun warm, and atmosphere like that in New Mexico.

TIFLIS, IN THE CAUCASUS, Sunday, May 5. On Friday morning, April 26, Mr. Curtin, Audenried, and I, accompanied by a Major Rochemoff, started early in a post-carriage by land from Sebastopol for Yalta. Fred Grant and young Mr. Curtin remained behind to follow in the steamer. A colonel, Prince Dolgoruki, and Mr. McGahan of the New York "Herald," who had come from Odessa, accompanied us in another carriage. We drove out by the Balaklava road, across the battle-field of Balaklava, following the course of the Tchernaya to the Baidar Pass. From Alupka we continued by the splendid turnpike road to Yalta, meeting several carriages, in one of which rode the Empress of Russia and her daughter, a young lady about nineteen. We did not recognize the

imperial party soon enough to form an opinion of any one.

The next morning, Saturday, April 27, there was a heavy fog, and we had begun to fear for our steamer when she gradually loomed up out of the mist and was moored to a buoy. . . . Friday, at 4 A. M., we started and entered the river Rion at the town of Poti, reaching the wharf about 8:30 A. M. The train was to start toward Tiflis at eleven; so the mayor, a regular Yankee, took me in hand and drove me all over the town, which is of modern origin and looks exactly like one of our Western Cities. The site is absolutely flat and subject to overflow. Everybody has the fever and ague, yet it is the point selected as the place of departure for the railroad now in progress from the Black to the Caspian Sea. Prince Dolgoruki was still with us, also another officer, who came to us at Poti from Count Levisoff, the general commanding at Kutais. It was by Levisoff's invitation, almost by his command, that we stopped over at Kutais. At the depot we found carriages and drove up to Kutais, which is a large town. After dinner Mr. Curtin and I called on the governor, also his wife, who spoke English well, and of them we gathered much information of value to us. I was informed that the orders of the Grand Duke Michael were that we were to be shown everything we wished to see, but not to be oppressed with civilities that could not but be unwellcome. The count said the railroad toward Tiflis was in a state of rapid progress, but still so unfinished that he advised us to trust to carriages and post-horses beyond a station about thirty versts above Kutais. As the ordinary carriages were unfit for use, some had been sent down from Tiflis for us, but he was sorry that there were places only for four, and he would send forward one of his own carriages. Mr. Curtin proposed then that I should go on, and he and his son could follow one day behind us. Accordingly yesterday morning at eight Count Levisoff drove me down to the railroad, and Audenried, Fred Grant, Prince Dolgoruki, and McGahan followed. A special train was waiting. On leaving Kutais, the count asked

me to stop and look at a company of native militia in service. I found them drawn up in line, armed with old-fashioned percussion muskets, and each man clothed in the habiliments of his country—a kind of hood made of cloth wound about the head as a turban, a close-fitting wadded silk jacket, and a voluminous sash of variegated colors in which were inserted a sort of bowie-knife, and a flint-lock pistol, both highly ornamented with silver. The trousers were close-fitting, ending in shoes. All were fine-looking young fellows, some swarthy, and others with fair hair and blue eyes.

The company was filed out into the road and acted as our escort. We moved at a trot, and the men kept up for a time, but we gradually drew ahead. Our road was macadamized and had a wide turn; these men followed at a sort of trot, and we reached the depot—seven versts, equal to four and a half miles—in forty minutes. Two of the men had reached it before us, and all the rest came tumbling in, so that within fifty minutes of starting all were in their places. This was to demonstrate their ability to travel fast. They were not much blown, and made four and a half miles at about the rate of five and a half per hour, and seemed to regard it as good fun. They were good-natured young fellows, perfectly tractable and easy of discipline, but utterly careless and thoughtless. They clung to their knives and flint-lock pistols, though it was plain they were simply an encumbrance. The Circassians all wear their cartridges in a row across the breast, high up; but I examined a good many, and the cartridges were represented by an empty reed joint. I asked if the habit of carrying knives and pistols did not result in disorder and violence, but was answered no; on the contrary, such a thing as the use of knife or pistol was rare, so that, though every Circassian seems armed like a guerrilla, it has long ceased to have any meaning, but is simply a fashion to which the natives cling as all that is left to them since the influx of the Goths of the North, namely, the Russians.

I understand that the Russians have one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers in the Caucasus, but thus far I do not notice more on the roads or in the towns than we saw in France or Italy.

Our special train left the station at Kutais about 9 A. M., and we ran rapidly up the valley of the Rion for about forty versts, where there is a break caused by a land-slide, which is now being converted into a tunnel. We found there a close carriage and a calash

waiting for us; but Mr. Preston, an Englishman engaged in building this railroad, had prepared a locomotive and a car just beyond the break, and insisted upon our riding on his road some forty versts farther, and letting our carriages follow. This we did, the road ascending rapidly and by sharp curves through a narrow valley, a ravine of picturesque beauty, till we came to a stop at the end of the rails. Here we partook of a lunch we had brought along, and waited for our carriages, which came in very soon. Our baggage was put in a springless wagon, drawn by four horses abreast, and to each of our carriages were hitched four horses abreast, and off we started.

The road was very good, ascending to a summit, and then descending, and we changed horses every eighteen or twenty versts, equal to about twelve or fourteen miles. At the second station we again encountered a finished railroad, but it so happened that there was no engine, and though Mr. Reed, the superintendent, wanted us to wait a couple of hours, when he would send us to within twenty miles of Tiflis by rail, I preferred the road, and we pushed on two more stations to Gori, which carried us a couple of hours into the night. Gori is on the north side of the valley of the Kur, and the stage-station is on the south side, and as the keeper of the station could give us supper and some hay for a bed, we concluded to spend the night there and make an early start. We got a fair supper and slept on hay on the floor, covering ourselves with coats, the night being cold. We rose at 4 A. M., got some coffee, and made a start at five. Thence we drove down the valley of the Kur, the country becoming more dry and arid, save in the valley, till we reached Tiflis at 11:30 A. M.

These fellows drive like Jehus; I think we made the last twenty versts in one hour, all the way over a fine macadamized road, at a full run. Indeed, we found all the road from Kutais here a good one; but as the railroad will be finished in July, the road will be neglected and fall into disuse. The houses and villages by the way are generally very poor, and the amount of cultivated land is small. The mountains crossed yesterday are the dividing-line between the waters of the Black Sea and the Caspian, and are well wooded with oak, beech, and many familiar trees and bushes; but on descending toward the Caspian the country loses its vegetation and assumes more and more a rugged, barren type. Yesterday and to-day, though good weather for traveling, the high

mountains to the north and the south were hidden from view, though occasionally we caught glimpses of snow. The air was chilly, especially after dark last night.

We entered Tiflis about noon to-day, Sunday, and we soon perceived that it was generally recognized as a holy day, for all the stores were closed, and well-dressed people were seemingly coming from church. There are many large and handsome houses, and we are now at the *Hôtel d'Europa*, which seems much like similar establishments in Europe. We got as good a breakfast as we could have got in Italy, but all speak Russian, certainly the most incomprehensible language possible. In all other languages, such as French, Spanish, Italian, I can make out at least what a servant wants to say, but in Russian I can make no head or tail; I cannot possibly remember the name of a person, town, river, or anything else for five minutes. Fortunately for us, the Prince Dolgoruki was with us and did our talking and bargaining by the way.

The building of the railway from Poti up, the wooden houses and embryo town of Poti, the character of the trees and trains of carts by the way, all remind me of our country and the Pacific Railroad, though the difference is very marked. The proximity of the Caucasus range, the narrowness of the valleys, the excellence of the turnpike road, the rapidity of driving, and other like things, are very different, though I cannot but liken the natives of this country to our Indians or New Mexicans.

While we were at breakfast, the aide of the Grand Duke Michael called to present the compliments of his Imperial Highness and to know if he could do anything for us. I explained that we had just arrived, and were tired, but would like to call and be presented to-morrow. He mentioned that the grand duke intended to hunt for ortolans to-morrow, but would be back by 2 P. M., by which time he would notify me.

At this moment, 5 P. M., all my party is asleep, but a company of Russian officers with a band of music are having a good time in the *salle à manger*, the same in which we had our breakfast. By the character of the music I infer that they are having toasts, speeches, etc.

May 6. Mr. Curtin and his son arrived about 10 A. M. to-day, so that our party is together again, and we are discussing the time of starting and the route of our progress. We find travel by Petrovsk, the Caspian, Astrakhan, and the Volga subject to so

many chances of delay that we now incline to taking carriages for Taganrog, on the Sea of Azov, where we come to the railroad which connects with Moscow. The distance, according to my map, is five hundred and twenty-two miles, and we think the journey can be made in five days, or six at the most.

The Russian language is simply incomprehensible. It has thirty-six letters, and some of them, though like ours, differ in meaning.

May 8. Yesterday at half-past twelve we called in full uniform on the Grand Duke Michael at the palace. We were received at the main entrance by a kind of chamberlain in rich uniform or livery, who showed us up the grand stairway into a waiting-room. There we waited a few minutes, and then passed into a hall, round the sides of which were arranged all the general and staff officers of the grand duke, in full uniform. Soon Mr. Curtin and I were ushered into an inner room, a sort of office, where the Grand Duke Michael met us. He was in full uniform, frock-coat of dark green, with many military orders displayed on his breast and neck. He seemed much younger than I had supposed, and is a fine-looking man about thirty-six years old, six feet two inches in height, and rather slim. He spoke English well, and his manner was friendly and good. He asked me if I would see the troops, to which I consented; and this morning was appointed for the hour, and our visit closed with an invitation to dinner at half-past five to-day.

After the review we visited the military academy and a school for the instruction of soldiers, somewhat like our artillery school, but the arrangements for physical instruction, sword exercise, and climbing surpassed anything we have in our country.

After this we visited the staff corps, where we saw some handsome maps in process of execution. About a hundred officers seemed to be detached for this purpose, and are employed in reconnoitering and making maps, and I noticed that their explorations extended in the direction of the Persian Gulf. I should not be surprised, after all, if the Russians reach for the Persian Gulf rather than for India, as is generally supposed from their reaching out for Bokhara. I must doubt, however, if Russia gains actual strength by spreading herself over these Asiatic lands. Her expenditures of men and money must tax Russia proper, and in case of a European war she could not withdraw these forces, as the natives would surely rise. That the Caucasus is benefited by

Russian annexation seems to me plain, for all roads and houses here are modern and good, and are the result of Russian labor. Then, Russia has consolidated into one state what formerly was composed of about a dozen small principalities, all more or less hostile to one another.

The expenses of travel are heavy, made the more so by telegraphing ahead, without our knowledge or consent, for special carriages and accommodations. We had intended to go by post to Petrovsk or Baku, on the Caspian, thence by steamer to Astrakhan, and up the Volga to Nijni-Novgorod; but we find so many difficulties and delays that we have resolved to turn for Moscow by way of Taganrog, and Audenried is now making the arrangements. We propose to start at 8 A. M. to-morrow, and will cross the Caucasus range by the highroad at the Dariel Pass. We dine this afternoon with the grand duke, and then prepare for the journey. The weather is fine, somewhat like our own at this season, and I recognize almost every tree here as being like ours in Ohio, namely, cherry, apple, peach, apricot, poplar, horse-chestnut, walnut, alder, ash, maple. The fruit-trees are in bloom, and the deciduous trees in full leaf. I see but few pines or cedars.

TAGANROG, SEA OF AZOV, May 15. We left Tiflis on the 9th, at 8 A. M., by post. Our party consisted of Mr. Curtin and his son, Colonel Audenried, Fred Grant, and myself, Mr. McGahan, and Prince Dolgoruki. We had a carriage with seats for two behind and one with the driver, drawn by four horses abreast; another carriage that held four besides the driver, and a spring-wagon for the baggage, the two latter drawn by six horses, four abreast at the wheel and two leaders, the off-horse leader ridden by a postilion. The day was fine, and we got a good start, provided with a lunch and an order for post-horses as far as Rostoff, on the Don, a distance of nine hundred versts, or six hundred miles.

Our route ascended the Kur for twenty versts, and then up a branch of it straight from the Dariel Pass of the Caucasus range. There was a good, well-constructed, macadamized road, with post-stations in every twenty versts. The first day we reached the summit of the mountain, and slept on straw at a station. The night was cold; snow covered the mountains all about us, and even lay unmelted in the shady parts about the station. The second morning was very bright and clear, affording us a splendid view of the

Kazbek Mountain, which is over fifteen thousand feet high, and next to Elbruz in height, belonging to the Caucasus range. All along the road were castles and garrisoned stations for the protection of passing travelers, though at this time there is not a particle of danger.

The second day of our journey was down a steep mountain valley, opening more and more till we reached Vladikavkaz, really a pretty town, growing up under Russian occupation to guard the pass. We were met by an escort of Cossacks some twenty miles above the town, and escorted all the way in, and in the heat and dust it was suffocating. About ten miles before we reached Vladikavkaz a company of mounted Cossacks met us and escorted us to the town, charging forward on both sides of the roadway and performing their usual tactics and feats of horsemanship. Their horses were small, but hardy; the bridle is nothing but a common, light, single-reined snaffle, and the saddle something like the McClellan tree, with a pad on top. The Cossacks wore the usual hat or cap, with a long coat, full trousers, and shoes. About the waist was a gaily-colored sash, inside which they carried a knife and a flint-lock pistol; slung behind their back was a cover for their single-barreled flint-lock shot-gun.

Thus armed and equipped, they would dash forward, load their guns, and fire; the same with pistols. They would hang down so as to pick up a cap on the ground, rise almost to their feet in the saddle, and perform a number of feats more curious than useful. They reminded me of the Californians in the days of 1847, and their riding resembles that of our Comanche Indians. Indeed, in many respects the Cossacks resemble our Indians, and I doubt whether they would equal the Indians as enemies. They seem slow to adopt approved arms, for their pistols and guns are antiquated and very inferior, though handsomely ornamented.

Thus attended, we entered Vladikavkaz at a furious run and covered with dust. We were received by the governor and the military authorities, and after washing up we sat down to a really excellent dinner, with wines and all the regular courses. The governor toasted the President of the United States and me, and in due season let us off, when we resumed our journey, escorted by the Cossacks, who repeated their violent exercises and continued them for about ten versts. Thence for one or two stages more we were attended by a smaller escort, till I

begged Prince Dolgoruki to ask the officers to excuse us for declining escort farther.

We rode that night to Mosdok, making about one hundred and seventy versts that day. The first day's ride had been only one hundred and fifteen versts. The turnpike road ceased at Vladikavkaz, and thence all the way the road was such a road as exists in Kansas, only the telegraph goes all the way. The third day we made about one hundred and sixty versts, passing through many Cossack villages of unpronounceable names, among them Georgiwich, or Georgiwisk, and sleeping on straw or hay at an inferior station. These stations are peculiar to Russia, and are built by the government for the accommodation of a contractor, who binds himself to furnish the number of horses and drivers to meet the requirements of the road. The stables are very poor,—not much better than we used to have on our overland road,—and the station-houses have neither beds nor accommodations. We managed to pick up on the road about one meal a day, and slept usually on hay brought into the station-houses, and were covered with our own coats.

The fourth day we passed through a large town or city, Stavropol, of thirty thousand inhabitants, and got there a good dinner, and had a chance to put on some clean clothes. The fifth day we reached a place on the border of the Caucasus province, and the sixth day, yesterday, we came to the end of our journey by post, Rostoff, about eleven o'clock, and at ten minutes to one last night took the train for this place, Taganrog, which we reached about daylight. Everybody was tired out and went to bed. We are regularly lodged in the Hôtel de Odessa, and our rooms are very good; but the Russian language is so utterly incomprehensible that I can make no head or tail to it. I got up and dressed about 9 A. M., and managed to make myself understood so far as to get a cup of coffee, and now at 1 P. M. we are waiting for breakfast.

The whole part of the province known as Caucasus, namely, from Vladikavkaz north, is known as the "steppe," but it is as much like our Western plains as possible. I could hardly realize that we were not in Kansas, except when we reached the Cossack villages, composed of straggling rows of single-story huts with thatched roofs. There is an absolute want of fuel, and I saw girls manufacturing a sort of adobe out of manure, trodden with bare feet and molded into forms, which are dried in the sun and afterward used as fuel. We saw innumerable flocks of sheep, goats, cattle,

and horses, and a good deal of wheat growing—of course without fences. The wheat was thin and poor in appearance, but we passed thousands of wagons loaded with wheat coming to the Don for a market. Mr. Curtin tried to count the wagons, and I am sure that we passed five thousand in the last two days of our journey. These wagons have four small wheels, often without tires, and a small body, containing, I should suppose, about a ton of wheat in sacks and covered with mats. Each wagon is drawn by a single pair of oxen, and four such wagons seem to be managed by one man. They camp out at night and at noon, just as our trains do on the plains. Some of the wagons were drawn by single horses, with shafts and a bow peculiar to Russia, as seen in the pictures of the droshky. The river Don was full, and in size not inferior to the Ohio at Cincinnati. The north bank is high, but the south is low and overflowed. We crossed just after dark, but with a beautiful moon, and there we encountered the railway, which the agent wished us to take; but as we had paid to Rostoff, some seventeen miles farther, we concluded to keep on in our post-carriages, which we did, reaching there at 11 P. M., and here at 4 A. M.

After breakfast we called on the governor, and drove all about the town, which has wide and improved streets. In the afternoon we visited the house of a lady who spoke English well, and who has a very handsome house and garden. She was very polite and conducted us all over the house, showing her pictures and jewels. I could not remember her name, which was Russian, but she was said to manage several large estates with wonderful skill.

Moscow, Saturday night, May 18. At four on Thursday morning, at Taganrog, we were called, and proceeded in an omnibus to the railway-station. The train was due at about 5 A. M., but did not arrive till seven, when we were supplied with a fine compartment equal to half a car, furnishing ample room to lie down and sleep on the seats. For the whole day there was no variation in the face of the country, no more than occurs in our prairies in western Kansas, yet the soil was black, without gravel, and very rich. Flocks of sheep and cattle also were seen, but always guarded, as not a fence occurs in the whole country, save about the railway-stations, which were all new and very good. At night we passed the town of Kharkoff, but I could see nothing. The only villages I saw the first day were near water,

and composed of single-story mud huts thatched with straw.

During Friday the same steppe, or prairie, continued, but we had some showers of rain, which made the fields and prairies look greener and brighter. The weather was warm and close. During the day we passed several villages such as I have described, with occasionally what seemed the country-seat of some proprietor, with gardens and orchards; but the general appearance of the country was very similar to Iowa and Kansas, only with less wood or timber. At Kursk we changed trains, but we were provided with good compartments in a first-class car. We also passed by day the considerable town of Orel.

This morning there was a change in the soil, which was more sandy, with a growth of birch and asp, or poplar, and, as we neared Moscow, a few pines. We reached Moscow at 9:30 A.M., and found our secretary of legation, Mr. Schuyler, waiting for us with carriages, who brought us to this hotel, Duseaux, close to the Kremlin. As we approached Moscow, its numerous gilded spires, like the Mussulmans' minarets, glittered and sparkled in the sunlight, and the green roofs and green trees made the city look very fine.

We were just fifty hours in coming from Taganrog, a distance of eight hundred and twenty miles. The road in its whole extent seemed well graded and well managed. It is a single track, with plenty of turnouts, and the stations were well furnished in all respects. Each one seemed to have an excellent restaurant, and the train made long and frequent stops, so that the passengers had ample time for meals. The distance could be accomplished in twelve hours' less time, but the managers of this road have no competition and run no risks. The trains as far as Kursk had some seven or eight carfuls of passengers, and at Kursk we lay two full hours, and then took the Odessa train, which was twice as large. There seemed to be a large business done by the road in passengers and freight, and the country through which we passed is said to be about the best wheat district of Russia. I saw no Indian corn, and little else growing but wheat, rye, barley, and such small grain. I doubt not the day will come when our Western prairies will be cultivated to the same extent as southern Russia. We passed coal-mines in the flat, open prairie about forty miles back of Taganrog, but the locomotives use wood brought from this end of the line.

We had not been at the hotel long when we

received a message from the governor of the district, Prince Dolgoruki, that he would be engaged to-morrow with the Emperor, and he would like us to call before 3 P.M. Accordingly, at 2 P.M. we dressed in uniform and called on him at his official residence. He is a short, thick-set man, about sixty, dressed as a general officer; speaks French, but not English. He explained that the Emperor would start from St. Petersburg to-night for Odessa and Yalta, to visit his family at the latter place; that he, the governor, would have to meet him at the border of his district and attend him to its end; that the Emperor would come back here about the 1st of June to attend the fair, for which extensive preparations are being made, and that the "Heritier"¹ would receive us at St. Petersburg. Our visit was short, and he almost immediately returned it.

Taken as a whole, Moscow is more attractive than Rome or Constantinople. Its Asiatic character is represented in the architecture of its churches and in the appearance of its people, though the stores, hotels, palaces, and many private houses are of a European type. Among the people also are many with really white faces and fair hair.

We propose to spend four days here and then go to St. Petersburg.

Monday, May 20. Yesterday was a beautiful day, with a bright, warm sun and pleasant breeze. Early in the morning an aide came from the governor, Prince Dolgoruki, saying that the Emperor would reach the depot at 2:15 P.M. and had telegraphed his wish that Mr. Curtin and my party would meet him there, as he proposed to stay only a few moments and then go on to Yalta. Of course we were punctual, and found at the depot a number of Russian civil and military officers in full uniform; also some ladies, two of whom spoke English well. We all waited for the arrival of the train, and punctually the whistle announced its approach. The platform was covered with strips of red carpet, and among the crowd were the two younger sons of the Emperor, Sergius and Paul. The elder is a fine, manly boy of sixteen, about five feet nine inches high, and resembles his uncle, the Grand Duke Michael. The other was only about ten years old, smaller in proportion, but a fine-looking little fellow. Both wore uniforms and spoke English perfectly. We were introduced to them and to their "governor," a naval officer, who also spoke English. We talked about our visit to the Caucasus and

¹ Czarevitch.

of the Grand Duke Alexis's visit to America. As the train approached, we were assigned a place close to the spot where the Emperor was to stand on the platform. As the train stopped, he was on the rear platform, and his two children passed with him into his saloon-car, where they remained some time. When the Emperor came out again, he stepped on the platform and spoke to several of the older officers there, and then he came straight to us. He was dressed in a dark-green military frock, with only two decorations on his breast, a pair of dark-blue trousers with a red cord down the seam, and a flat cloth cap with large vizor; he had a mustache and side whiskers, and resembled exactly an old officer of the army of the United States some twenty years ago—somewhat like Colonel Reeve or General Mason. He addressed Mr. Curtin, and expressed a hope that he would remain at St. Petersburg long enough to see him on his return before taking his final leave, Mr. Curtin having resigned his post as minister.

Mr. Curtin then presented me, Colonel Audenried, and Fred Grant. The Emperor shook me warmly by the hand, bowing to the others. We then engaged in a general conversation, in which I spoke of the courtesies shown us by the Russian officials since our arrival at Sebastopol, and especially of our present tour of the Caucasus. The Emperor then turned to the many officers on the platform, talking with each for a few minutes, and then seemed to question his boys and their tutor in a pleasant strain. He is fifty-five years old, strong, healthy, but care-worn, and on the whole a fine-looking man. Mr. Curtin speaks of him always with great respect as an able sovereign. After about twenty minutes he resumed his place on the rear platform of his car, gave the signal to start, and the train moved away slowly, the crowd cheering lustily both on his arrival and his departure.

We all soon returned in our carriages to our hotel, and changed our dress. Then resuming our carriages, we drove out to the "Sparrow Hills." This is simply a point of the high surrounding prairie which is made a bluff by the action of the river Moskva, from which bluff is had a fine view of the whole city. It is said that Napoleon first looked down on Moscow from these hills and spent the night there before making his formal entry. After spending about an hour there we returned to the city by the Smolensk road, the same by which the French entered in 1812.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 24. The train-master gave us a car to ourselves with the secretary of legation, Mr. Schuyler, who accompanied us, and we had a pleasant run to St. Petersburg—four hundred miles of the best road in the world, straight, level, and smooth. The country intervening is level, and covered in great part with a growth of birch and poplar, with occasional small pines; but the absence of any farm-houses except the poor thatched cottages, such as occur throughout the whole of Russia, continued quite up to St. Petersburg. We found Mr. Curtin and his son waiting for us, and they conducted us straight to the hotel. We attended the ballet last night, and it was very fine indeed, theater very large, and audience good; but the remarkable feature was that we went at 7:30 P. M., when the sun was shining brightly, and we came away at half-past ten, still twilight. The latitude of St. Petersburg is such that in June it will be all day and in December all night.

Saturday, May 25. Yesterday after breakfast Mr. Curtin, Audenried, Fred Grant, and I called on the Prince Gortchakof, prime minister of Russia. We found him in his palace, quite old and ailing. It was a great favor for him to see us, and he did so most courteously and kindly. He spoke of his seventy-three years of hard public life, but he looks eighty. He rose to his feet with difficulty, and as we took leave he coughed a good deal. Mr. Curtin esteems him among the first statesmen of the world, and he spoke most flatteringly of Mr. Curtin, saying that if the matter of Minister Catacazy had been left to Mr. Curtin at himself by our State Department, no feeling could possibly have arisen. Fred Grant got off punctually in a steamer which sails for Stockholm at 4 P. M., whence he goes by rail to Copenhagen.

This morning proved rainy, but the Prince Heritier had fixed our reception at the palace, Scarskoe-Selo, at 11 A. M. Accordingly, Audenried and I were at the depot at ten, taking Mr. Curtin's man John along. The cars started punctually at ten, and made the twenty-five versts (sixteen and two-thirds miles) in half an hour, and found the carriages with liveried servants in waiting. They drove us to the palace, which is about half a mile from the depot, in a fine park. We passed into a reception-room which was hung with pictures, mostly of soldiers, and where an officer conversed with us in French for some time. At last we were shown into a handsome reception-room.

where we were graciously received by the heir to the throne of Russia, Alexander, eldest son of the Emperor, and his wife, the Princess Dagmar. The former is a strong, healthy man, of about twenty-six, with an attractive face, and very Russian. His wife is rather delicate, but very clever. Both spoke English well and inquired about our trip through Russia, and afterward of the

and another whose name we did not catch, who said he had accompanied the Grand Duke Alexis to America, to Cheyenne, Denver, and as far as Havana, from which point he had come home. From Princess Dagmar I learned that Alexis had been heard from at Rio Janeiro.

From their presence we passed to what is called the arsenal, a detached building

EMPEROR ALEXANDER II OF RUSSIA.

visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to America. We stood during the interview, I first talking with the Princess Dagmar, and Audenried with the Heritier; and when the prince turned to converse with me, the princess very prettily passed round to talk to Audenried, which pleased him much. We both agreed that she was, besides a princess, an accomplished lady. Her face does not entitle her to the compliment of being the handsomest princess of Europe, but surely her manners do. She was dressed simply and well. The prince was dressed in military uniform, and said he commanded a division of the guard. He is said to be very outspoken against the Prussians, but this did not manifest itself. We took our leave, and in the anteroom found the same officer who had received us,

within the grounds of the Scarskoe-Selo, in which are kept in fine condition arms, armor, swords, saddles, and equipments of all kinds, of the richest and most unique patterns. An old gentleman, who spoke of his thirty years' charge of this building, pointed out with great minuteness the various objects of interest; but the eye and my mind tire of contemplating these rich and useless objects of the past.

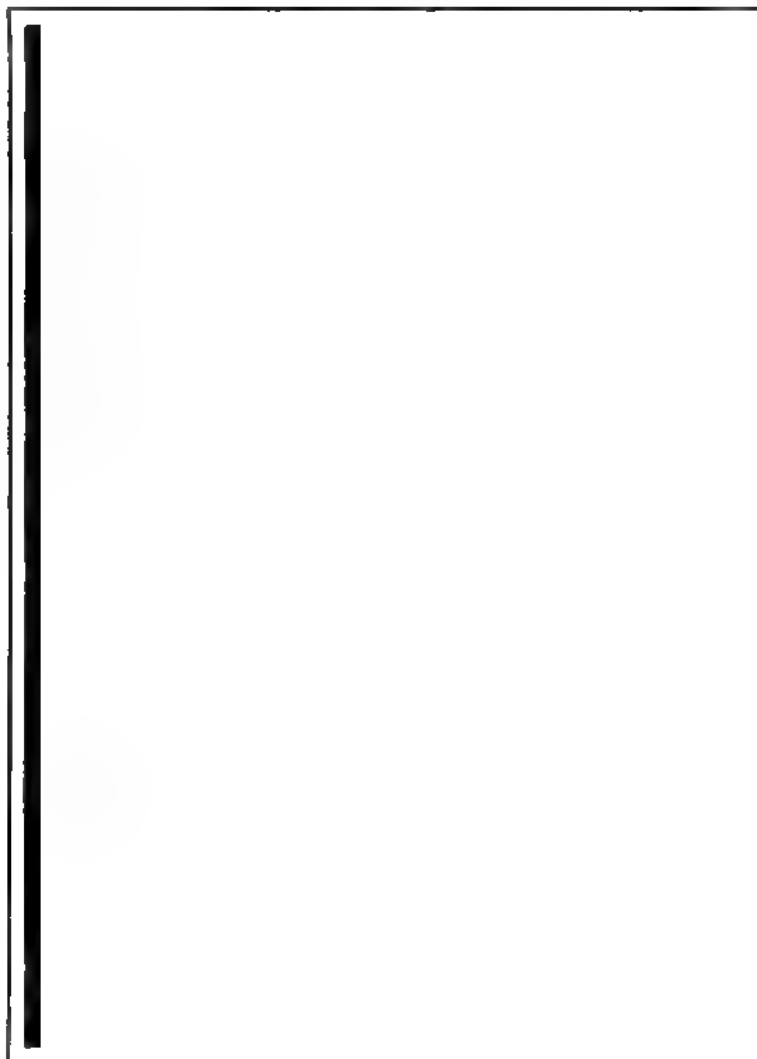
Thence we passed to the Grand Palace itself, which is fifteen hundred feet long and consists of three stories. In this palace are comparatively few statues and pictures, but such as there are are very good and are modern—none of the antiques that crowd all the palaces of Italy. After having seen this general palace we were conducted to

a room where an excellent breakfast was served, after which we rode back to the depot, and returned to the city at 2:30 P. M.

May 27. After breakfast Mr. Curtin, his son, General Pomutz, Audenried, and I went to see the Hermitage. This is a part of the

and the dogs that attended him, all of them being stuffed. A papier-mâché figure clothed in his court dress showed him to have been a man of large stature and frame. This collection surely is worthy of preservation.

This morning, Monday, May 28, at eleven,



GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER, AFTERWARD ALEXANDER III, AND THE PRINCESS DAGMAR.

grand winter palace of the Czar. The paintings, on the whole, though numerous, are not equal to those of Madrid, and of the collection I preferred those by Russian artists, whose fame has not passed out of this empire. The Hermitage contains the tools with which Peter the Great worked, turning-lathes, clocks, watches, snuff-boxes, and everything identified with the founder of the city, even the horse he rode at Pultowa

Audenried and I called by appointment on the Grand Duke Nicolai, commander-in-chief of the imperial guard. We found him with his brother Michael, a tall, handsome, military man, who spoke English with emphasis, but hesitatingly, and expressed regret that our arrival here was too late for the spring reviews, which have passed, and too early for the summer exercises. Nearly all the troops have gone out of the city to their summer

camps. As soon as we made this visit we passed to the yacht of the Grand Duke Constantine, which was waiting for us just below the great bridge, in charge of a prince, an aide-de-camp, whose name I cannot remember. Mr. Curtin and his son were also there. We went on board, and at once began steaming down the Neva for Kronstadt. I do not think ships drawing more than twenty feet can reach Kronstadt, and nothing drawing over ten feet can enter the Neva.

The whole harbor is inferior to what I had supposed, and the forts, though very large and strong, seem small in that large sheet of water. We got back from Kronstadt about 8 P. M., and came to our hotel; the sun did not set till about nine, and now, half-past eleven, there is sufficient light to read by. From this cause we experience real difficulty, for one can hardly sleep and rest with daylight all the time. We realize that it is night only by the quiet of the streets.

May 29. After leaving the Academy of Mines we visited the Academy of Fine Arts, a handsome building across the Neva, just above the iron bridge. Two sphinxes from Egypt mark the wall in front of this building. We found a fine display of pictures, large and small, mostly sent there for exhibition and sale; but the prices seemed quite as high as in New York, and I saw nothing better than is common with us, excepting some small war pictures which could not be priced till the Emperor could make up his mind as to the purchase. As a whole, I think the Russian artists display sense and talent in painting horses more naturally than our artists do, and their war pictures generally are better, for the reason, I suppose, that the Emperor and all the imperial family are officers and feel

a personal interest in such pictures, and they are the best patrons of the artists, while with us the contrary is the case: the officers are too poor to buy pictures of merit, and the rich citizen does not like to waste his money on paintings the scenes of which have no personal or professional attraction for him. I have seen more pictures of horses and soldiers in action in Russia than elsewhere in Europe, and they strike me forcibly and favorably.

Yesterday at 6 P. M. there dined with us in our hotel Admiral Lessoffski of the Russian navy, who was with Admiral Porter on the Mississippi, and used to visit our camps at Memphis in 1862-63. He seems to retain a clear memory of what he saw there, and showed a most friendly interest in the persons he met. There also dined with us the prince who is naval aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine, and who is the same officer who escorted us to Kronstadt yesterday.

After dinner Mr. Curtin and I rode to the park, meeting and passing many carriages, though it was near ten at night, and at eleven it was twilight. After returning from our ride Mr. Curtin and I sat up talking and gossiping till half-past one, when we observed the daylight, and thought it full time to retire, which we did.

To-day 2 P. M. is fixed to receive the American residents in St. Petersburg, of whom there are about twenty, and then we will prepare to resume our journey toward Germany, starting at 1 P. M. to-morrow for Warsaw. The streets, parks, bridges, and river of St. Petersburg begin to look familiar; even some of the incomprehensible signs are distinguishable, and the people look more human and natural.



CONSOLATION.

BY IDA AHLBORN WEEKS.

ONE day a friendship died:
No wrong was done;
It simply ceased to be
Beneath the sun.

Two bent above the grave
With idle tears,
And slowly went apart
In doubt and fears.

One day a friendship new
To one was born;
That ancient grief became
A thing outworn.

Say what we will, the child
Upon the breast
Consoles us for the one
In dreamless rest.

ABSOLUTE ZERO.¹

THE SCIENTIST'S ULTIMA THULE.

BY WILLIAM CLARK PECKHAM.

IN scientific research there is a pole toward which the investigator has pressed his way with the same energy and enthusiasm as has the explorer of the earth's surface toward the earthly poles. Thus far, too, his quest has failed equally with that of his sailor brother, and it would seem as if the terrestrial search might be crowned with success sooner than the scientific.

Converging lines of proof indicate the possibility of removing all the heat from matter and thus producing absolute cold. When Fahrenheit, about 1714, devised the scale of our common thermometer, he seems to have thought that with salt and ice he had taken all the heat out of mercury, and so named the point thus attained zero; but temperatures have been found in Siberia 90° lower than this, and mercury freezes at -39°.²

To the scientist heat is the energy with which the molecules of matter vibrate. More heat, more rapid vibration; less heat, a slower vibration; no heat, no vibration. Every particle of matter is in motion so long as it contains any heat, and the only way in which absolute rest of matter can be had is to remove all the heat from it and thus reduce its energy to zero. The absolute zero is the temperature at which the heat-energy of matter becomes zero. It is -459° F., or 491° below the freezing-point of water. It is supposed that this is the temperature of space beyond the earth's atmosphere.

The absolute zero is not a creation of the imagination. It is a fact which must have great significance that all gases expand and contract alike upon being heated and cooled. Of very few liquids or solids is this true,—these present the widest diversity,—but if a gas be heated or cooled one degree from the freezing-point its volume is changed almost exactly $\frac{1}{273}$ part of its volume at the freezing-point; that is, 491 cubic inches will expand to occupy 492 cubic inches, if heated one degree above freezing; or, if cooled the same amount, will contract to 490 cubic inches. From this it follows that if a quan-

tity of gas be taken at freezing and cooled, it will shrink degree by degree in the same ratio as it is cooled, until it has been cooled 491°, at which point it can shrink no more. It can be cooled no more; all its heat is gone: its temperature is zero, absolute zero. It would also have shrunk to nothing, provided it could remain a gas through this entire range of cooling; but long before any given gas reached this point it would become first a vapor, and next a liquid, and then the law of its contraction would change.

Every substance may exist in the solid, liquid, and gaseous forms. Which one it will assume depends only upon its temperature. Iron is at present a gas in the sun. Many of the solids and liquids about us were liquids or gases when the earth was much hotter than now. The water and many other substances were once above the firmament, so that neither sun nor stars appeared, and each substance came down like rain whenever its temperature of condensation, or boiling-point, was reached. If the earth continues to cool, as it must under present conditions, the time will come when all things will be solid and dead, as they are now on the moon, which is a dead, cold planet, a cinder floating in absolutely cold space.

The scientist is attempting to produce this condition in his laboratory—to reach absolute zero, if possible. His method is to liquefy the gases of the earth and freeze the resulting liquids. It is not a new investigation. The name of the great Faraday is associated with its earliest stages, and the Royal Institution in London was then, as now, its principal theater. Here, or at the Academy of Sciences in Paris, nearly every step in advance has been first publicly announced. Faraday liquefied chlorin in 1823, a long lifetime ago. On the 11th of May, 1898, seventy-five years from the beginning, it was flashed under the ocean that Professor Dewar, Faraday's successor, had, at the Royal Institution, liquefied hydrogen and

¹ The photographs which are used in this article were made in the laboratory of Mr. Charles E. Tripler.

² All temperatures are given in Fahrenheit, since they are more intelligible to the general reader. Degrees

below ordinary zero are indicated by the minus sign (-). The data cited are from various authorities, principally the Smithsonian Physical Tables, Gray, 1896, and more recent articles in scientific periodicals.

helium, and in so doing the last gas¹ known on the earth had been reduced to its liquid form. We were taught in our college days to call oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and a few others less common, "permanent" gases; and so great an authority on this subject as Clerk-Maxwell "had doubts as to the possibility of ever liquefying hydrogen." Alas! how much that was taught as *permanent* then has been swept from under our feet by ruthless progress in our knowledge of things!

It is necessary, before entering upon a description of the processes by which these substances were reduced to the liquid form, to give the general reader an idea of what a gas is. The fundamental difference between the solid, liquid, and gaseous condition of a substance lies in the amount of cohesion holding its particles together. In a gas cohesion is altogether wanting, and the molecules fly apart as if repelled by their kind. In a gas, then, the distances between the molecules are the greatest possible in the space it occupies, and a gas cannot become a liquid till its molecules have been

brought into close contiguity, and have become so accustomed to one another, so to speak, that they will stay there under the conditions of the place where they are.

This may be made clear by an illustration. Picture to your mind a room in which there are small balls all alike, each ball endowed with bitter hatred of all other balls of its own kind, and an intense desire to get as far from them as possible. The balls will assume positions equidistant from one another in every direction, and the outer ones will press against the walls of the room with all the force they may possess in their effort to get away from their kind. If more balls are forced into this room, all the balls must readjust their positions and come nearer to one another. The result of forcing them nearer together will be to produce a greater tendency to go farther apart, and greater pressure against the walls of the room.

The balls represent molecules of gas—for example, oxygen. The gas presses against the walls of its retaining-vessel because of the repulsion between the molecules. This

¹ Since this date Professor Nasini of Padua, Italy, has reported to the French Academy his discovery of coronium among the volcanic gases at Pozzuoli. This substance has heretofore been known only by a spectrum line in the corona of the sun; hence its name. It is

supposed that this is much lighter than hydrogen, which is by far the lightest gas with which we are familiar. The claims of at least three other new gases to be admitted to the list of components of the atmosphere are under consideration.

repulsion is their heat-energy, and the mechanical work of forcing more gas into a certain space produces more heat, thus producing more pressure. If the heat is removed the pressure ceases; the molecules no longer tend to separate themselves from one another.

The problem of changing a gas into a liquid resolves itself into bringing the molecules near to one another and removing from them their heat-energy while in that position, so that they will remain there. Compression and cooling are the means of liquefaction. Of the two, cooling is to a certain degree the more necessary. Faraday saw this. In a paper read before the Royal Society, in 1845, he speaks of a temperature at or above which "it is not likely that any means of pressure, except perhaps one exceedingly great, would convert a gas into a liquid."

In 1869, two years after Faraday's death, Dr. Andrews demonstrated this fact, and gave the name "critical temperature" to the point above which no amount of pressure will reduce a gas to a liquid; and the pressure which will liquefy a gas at its critical temperature is called the critical pressure. A gas above its critical temperature may be compressed until it is denser than its own liquid form without showing the slightest sign of liquefying. Thus air has been compressed until it was denser than water, and it was still a gas. Liquid air is about nine tenths as heavy as water. Wroblewski, the Russian chemist, found the critical temperature of oxygen to be -171° , and the critical pressure fifty atmospheres, or seven hundred and fifty pounds per square inch.

Faraday tried to liquefy oxygen, but his pump, which would compress nitrogen to fifty atmospheres, would compress oxygen to only twenty-seven atmospheres. In 1885, Professor Dewar, at the Royal Institution, reduced oxygen to its critical temperature with the same means which Faraday had at his disposal, thus showing that the liquefaction of oxygen had been delayed forty years by a leak in a pump. The interest in this lies in the trivial character of the impediment to success. Nor is this the only instance of its kind in scientific investigation. The discovery of the Fraunhofer lines of the solar spectrum depended upon using a narrow slit before the prism. With a slit

Newton might have seen them; but Newton used a circular aperture in viewing the spectrum; so that the simple difference between an auger and a saw may have delayed astronomical progress in this direction for a century.

Before the invention of the steam-pump,

POURING LIQUID AIR OUT BY THE QUART.

investigators were limited to hand-power in the amount of pressure they could exert, and to freezing-mixtures in the degree of cooling at their command. Fortunately the pressure required diminishes as the ability to produce lower temperatures increases. Thus carbonic acid requires seventy-seven atmospheres to liquefy it at 88° , while it requires only thirty-six atmospheres at 32° , twenty atmospheres at -10° , and at -112° it will freeze in the open air.

Pressures beyond the power of the pump were at first produced by chemical action, by generating the gas in a strong receiver. Faraday employed this method. Its extreme hazard is obvious. Several lives have been lost by the breaking of carbonic-acid receivers under the immense pressure, though they were of cast-iron and as heavy as small cannon.

The degree of cold produced by freezing-mixtures was very limited, the lowest hardly reaching the freezing-point of mercury. Faraday's first apparatus was simply a bent

glass tube, closed at both ends. The heat of an alcohol-lamp generated the gas in one end, and the other end of the tube was packed in a freezing-mixture. Very few gases can be liquefied in this way. Faraday's lowest temperature was about -166° . By such a simple apparatus he liquefied chlorine, cyanogen, carbonic acid, and ammonia.

A principle of heat-energy now came to the assistance of the investigator. When a gas is compressed it is heated, and if then allowed to do work in expanding, the same amount of heat is given off again. This may be shown in a rough way with a bicycle pump. A common thermometer, bound upon the tube connecting the pump to the tire, rose 10° while the tire was being inflated. If a ther-

produced by chemical action, as in Faraday's early experiments, but their vapor was pumped off as fast as it formed, so that a vacuum was maintained and evaporation was very rapid. In the outer tube, liquid sulphur dioxide, the gas to which the pungent odor of an ordinary match is due, was evaporated, producing a temperature of -60° . Within this was a tube containing solid carbonic acid, the evaporation of which lowered the temperature to -220° . This tube surrounded and cooled the gas to be tested, which was under great pressure. After it was cooled as much as possible it was allowed to escape in a small jet into the open air, which cooled it still further, and, if possible, liquefied it. A jet of oxygen escaping under a pressure of forty-eight hundred pounds per square inch was shown by polarized light to contain solid particles. The work of both these men was reported at the same meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, on the day before Christmas, 1877.

This is accepted as the first liquefaction of oxygen; but even if these experiments did produce liquid oxygen, it was impossible to collect it or determine its qualities in the liquid state. They were merely scientific curiosities—valuable, surely, as steps in the pathway of progress. By their means, however, a large amount of data was collected regarding critical temperatures and pressures which is of the highest value.

In 1883, Wroblewski and Olzewski, Russian chemists at Cracow, were the first to liquefy the air. Later improvements have largely increased the efficiency of this process, principally by the use of both the compressing and exhaust-pumps, by means of which the gases can be carried through their change over and over again, and by the use of gases which liquefy at still lower temperatures—especially liquid ethylene, the boiling-point of which in vacuo is -238° .

At this temperature the air liquefies at the moderate pressure of three hundred pounds per square inch. This probably represents the best possible results of the process. By it liquid air evaporating in vacuo is cooled to about -346° and frozen. By Olzewski, in 1892, produced liquid nitrogen and then froze it by evaporation at -320° . Professor Dewar has employed this method at the Royal Institution.

Dewar's work has been so rich in results as to merit more than a passing notice. Money has been spent most freely upon it. The Goldsmiths' Company made one subscription of five thousand dollars. Mr.

A REPRODUCTION OF FARADAY'S APPARATUS OF 1822.

meter be held in a stream of air escaping from pressure, it will show a fall of temperature. The amount of these changes of temperature is a subject of mathematical calculation, which is out of place here.

This principle, coupled with that of cooling by evaporation, admits us to the process of liquefying gases, even the most obstinate. As it was first applied, the gas was compressed and cooled as much as possible and then suddenly released into the open air. In this way Cailletet, in 1877, saw oxygen escaping from a pressure of forty-five hundred pounds to the square inch "become opaque like a fog." Pictet at the same time was working on a larger scale and in a better manner. He used two gases in series to act upon the gas to be tested. These were

BURNING AN ELECTRIC-LIGHT CARBON WITH LIQUID OXYGEN IN A TUMBLER MADE OF ICE. BETWEEN THE CARBON AND THE OXYGEN ARE 3300 DEGREES, YET THE ICE IS NOT MELTED.

times this sum has doubtless been used in his experiments. The appliances are those of the machine-shop rather than of the laboratory. Heavy steam-engines, driving powerful compressors and exhaust-pumps, with their auxiliary wheels, shafts, and belts, by which the gases are driven through their ceaseless round of compression, liquefaction, evaporation, and expansion, remind one of any place rather than a scholarly retreat. Professor Dewar is quoted as saying at one time that a quart of liquid air would cost twenty-five hundred dollars. Probably he had never had so much when he made the statement.

In his apparatus were three tubes, one within the other, into each of which a gas is compressed and from it evaporated continuously. Nitrous oxid in the outer tube, evaporating under a pressure of fourteen hundred pounds per square inch, liquefies ethylene under a pressure of eighteen hundred pounds per square inch, at -150° . The evaporation of the liquid ethylene reduces the temperature to -240° , at which temperature oxygen in the inside tube under fifty atmospheres is liquefied. When the tap is opened to draw off the liquid oxygen, at least nine tenths of it is lost by evaporation. This produces such a cooling that the temperature is reduced to -294° , and the oxygen remains liquid at atmospheric pressure. With liquid oxygen Dewar, in 1895, worked upon hydrogen, and secured what was considered to be a jet of

liquid hydrogen, which could not, however, be retained in liquid form. This jet of hydrogen froze oxygen, and also the air, into a snow-white solid! Olzewski claims to have produced the same results, and the question of priority is not settled. The temperature reached in these experiments is rather uncertain, but it is about -346° . Low as it is, it is still 115° above absolute zero, the cynosure of the scientist.

Could a lower point than this be attained, or must man mark this as the shore-line of a deeper than arctic waste which he cannot enter? It seemed certain that with these appliances little more could be hoped for. At the best, all this machinery gave only samples of the substances operated upon. No practical applications could be made of them. They were as yet without commercial value. Nor must this be construed as in the least disparaging the work which had been done, or belittling the grand results which had already been obtained. It is simply to say that no one could see how to go farther by this method of working. There was a very general opinion that some entirely new process must be found before larger results could be gained.

The new process was indeed found while the results just described were being attained, and by a step so simple that the wonder is that it was not taken long before. This step is the basis of the apparatus invented

MERCURY FROZEN BY LIQUID AIR USED AS A HAMMER TO DRIVE NAILS.

and used by Mr. Charles E. Tripler of New York. The action is simple. If the expansion of a gas under pressure lowers its temperature, why not make the expansion continuous and thus secure a continuous lowering of temperature? The air is compressed to between two thousand and three thousand pounds per square inch, and cooled by water flowing around the pipes. No ice or other cooling substance is used. By a peculiarly constructed device, the proper proportion of the compressed air is allowed to escape continuously, and flows back over the outside of the coil through which it has just come. The pressure in the system is maintained all the while by the pump. The apparatus is packed with felt to prevent the entrance of heat. The air which escapes expands, is cooled, and cools the inner coil of pipe. The result of this continuous flow is a continuous fall of temperature within the pipe, till the air within it is liquefied at -312° . This is a very simple process. Mr. Tripler's "scrap-heap," that cemetery for an inventor's hopes, testifies to his long and patient efforts. His aim was to liquefy the air directly, without the use of any other gas as an intermediary. In this he is successful.

Although Mr. Tripler's latest form of machine is what he calls a "laboratory

have taken it as a joke. It is, however, a sober fact. The writer bought the first liquid air ever sold in America, and three gallons were delivered to him in a tin can. Professor Dewar went on to say that his assistants "not to be beaten, had prepared for his use that evening, some two and a half gallons of liquid air." But what is this when compared with a barrelful any day?

Two other experimenters, Dr. William Hampson of London, and Dr. Carl Linde of Munich, in 1895 brought out apparatus which operates on the same principle. A large number of sets of Linde's apparatus has been sold in Germany. One machine of one hundred and twenty horse-power is soon to be installed at Aix-la-Chapelle, for use in the manufacture of chlorine.

Mr. Tripler's machine produces liquid air in virtually unlimited quantities, so that the marvelous effects of such intense cold may be illustrated on a scale never before possible. Popular knowledge of the phenomena of liquid air in America is due entirely to Mr. Tripler. Frequent papers before scientific societies in Europe have kept the scientific world informed of what has been accomplished; but not until Mr. Tripler liquefied air by the gallon, and gave numerous exhibitions of its properties by well-devised

experiments on a large scale, did the American public know anything about it. These marvelous experiments appealed at once to the popular fancy, and had liquid air been as easily made as X-rays, there would have been much the same excitement over it as there was produced three years ago.

It certainly is surprising to see the liquid air poured upon ice fly off hissing like water from hot iron; to see when one reflects that the ice is 344° hotter than the liquid, it does not seem so strange; or to see one's breath, blown into an open can of the liquid, set

model," it will produce from thirty to forty gallons of liquid air in ten hours. In fifteen minutes after his engine is started, liquid air can be drawn off.

On April 1 1898, Professor Dewar began a lecture at the Royal Institution by saying, "It is said that our American cousins purvey liquid air in milk-cans." He seems to

back instantly, its moisture congealed into a miniature snow-storm. A jet of steam is frozen as quickly, for steam in the open air is only 114° hotter than the breath, while from the temperature of steam to that of liquid air is a terrible drop of 524° ! In the freezing effect probably is found the greatest obstacle to the use of liquid air as a me-

HAIR-PELT BURNING PIERCELY IN LIQUID AIR

tive power. The moisture of the air is deposited rapidly as ice upon the machine, especially around the orifice from which the jet of extremely cold air emerges. This soon closes the orifice completely and stops the machine.

Another surprise is given when the experimenter puts his hand directly into the liquid for a moment. But the sensation is only as of a soft cushion of air about the hand. Such it really is. The heat of the hand forms a layer of vapor or air about the hand, and the liquid air does not come in contact with the flesh. Should the liquid actually touch the flesh, a severe injury like a burn results, which sometimes is months in healing. In a few seconds an egg is frozen so that it requires a hard blow of a hammer to break it. Probably its germ of life is extinct. Seeds of grains and vegetables have been tested in liquid air. These were all natives of the temperate zone, the seeds of which will pass the winter in frozen earth without loss of vitality, such as barley and oats for grains, and pease, cucumber, and squash for vegetables. They were kept for one hundred and ten hours at 312° below zero, and then slowly thawed for fifty hours. After this treatment they were still alive. On being planted, they germinated and grew.

The liquid air boils in a dish till it has cooled the dish to its own temperature. Its boiling-point is 312° below zero. After this the vapor of air which covers the liquid so retards evaporation that it may be kept eight or ten hours in a can packed only in felt. It has in this way been carried two hundred and fifty miles from the place of manufacture. The cooling effect upon the air of the room is very marked. The writer gave two lectures in one afternoon with liquid air. Said a lady of the second audience, as she entered the lecture-room, "How cold your room is!" The temperature had been lowered 10° or 12° by the evaporation of the air used in the first lecture.

All other liquids are frozen when put into liquid air. Mercury becomes like iron, so that it will drive a nail, hold up a weight, or serve any other purpose as a metal, so long as it is kept frozen. Absolute alcohol soon becomes solid. A tube of liquid air dipped into a glass of water rapidly converts the water into ice. By removing the ice from the glass and the tube from the ice, there remains a dish of ice into which liquid oxygen may be poured. A steel pen tipped with a match, or an electric-light carbon red-hot at its tip, will burn in this with intense heat

and light. Between the liquid oxygen and the burning steel are about 3300° , and yet the ice-tumbler is not affected. Of course the oxygen is turned into a gas before combustion begins. Liquid oxygen cannot support combustion.

Many gases may be liquefied directly at atmospheric pressure by liquid air. Most of

KETTLE OF LIQUID AIR BOILING ON A CAKE OF ICE.
THE ICE IS 344 DEGREES HOTTER THAN THE
LIQUID AIR IN THE KETTLE, WHICH IS
SOON COVERED WITH FROST.

the components of street gas are easily liquefied. A most striking experiment is performed by placing over a fire of coals a tea-kettle in which is a quantity of the liquid air. The heat of the fire evaporates the liquid, and a stream of vapor of air shoots out of the spout to a great height. It looks like steam from a kettle of boiling water. In a very short time water poured into the kettle may be taken out as ice, and the bottom of the kettle is found to be coated with solid carbonic acid, frozen from the fire, which glows intensely a hand's-breadth away. Yet liquid air will boil with apparently the same violence if the kettle is set upon a cake of ice.

But the chief interest for the scientist lies in the study of the properties of matter near the absolute zero which is thus made possible, and here remarkable facts are disclosed. Iron and steel become as brittle as glass,—the ladle used in dipping the air is shattered to bits by striking it on the table,—while gold, silver, platinum, copper, and

aluminum retain their pliability. Lead becomes stiff and elastic like steel. The tensile strength of metals is greatly increased by cooling. A wire which broke with fifteen pounds held twenty-seven pounds in liquid air. A rubber ball cooled in liquid air is as fragile as an egg-shell, but leather remains flexible at that temperature.

A most curious effect is produced upon ivory and a few other substances by cooling in liquid air. A billiard-ball so cooled, and held in a strong light, is seen in the dark to glow with a brilliant phosphorescence for several seconds. On the other hand, tungstate of calcium, which is strongly phosphorescent in Röntgen rays, loses that property completely at the temperature of liquid air.

The effects upon chemical affinity are equally remarkable. The indications are that all chemical action ceases at absolute zero. Sodium, cooled in liquid air, will not take fire in water till it is warmed again. Fluorin is the most intensely active of the elements. It combines rapidly with other elements, excepting oxygen, gold, and platinum, and explosively with many. It burns flint with a brilliant glow, and charcoal and silicon with fiery scintillations. Iron exposed to it is heated to an intense white heat. But Professors Dewar and Moissan liquefied fluorin at about -336° , and lo! it was shorn of all its strength. It retained its activity for compounds of hydrogen only, and hydrogen has a lower boiling-point than fluorin.

The change in electrical properties is none the less marked. A large number of tests

made by Dewar and Fleming show that at absolute zero all pure metals would cease to offer resistance to the electrical current. Perhaps electrical waves traverse external space without loss of energy.

Much interest has been shown in the test of the explosive power of liquid air when mixed with other substances. Liquid air cannot of itself explode. It is as harmless as water so long as it is not confined. Its nitrogen cannot be set on fire, and its oxygen, though the agent of all combustion, cannot by itself burn. Its explosive force is due simply to its expansion. Since about one hundred cubic feet of ordinary air are condensed into one gallon of the liquid, there will be an expansion of about seven hundred and fifty times in its return to its former volume. For this reason the liquid cannot be inclosed air-tight in a vessel. A small quantity in a tube will expel the tightly driven plug with a loud detonation, sending it several hundred feet into the air. If this force could be confined and controlled, it would give an immense amount of power. Iron and copper tubes are rent to shreds by

The oxygen can easily be separated from the nitrogen of the air, since the boiling-point of nitrogen is about 13° below that of oxygen. By a process of fractional distillation, the nitrogen evaporates first as it stands in an open dish. The proportion of oxygen rises rapidly in a dish of the liquid air reaching even seventy-five per cent. If a wad of cotton in which charcoal dust has been incorporated be saturated with liquid oxy-

gen, and set off by a spark, a very powerful explosion ensues, which is claimed to be comparable to that of dynamite. Practical use has been made of this for blasting in a coal-mine in Germany. Should a charge fail to explode, in a few minutes all danger is past. It is only cotton and coal-dust when the oxygen has evaporated. This is a valuable feature of its use, since many lives are lost every year in attempting to remove charges of gunpowder which have failed to explode.

Now comes the last chapter in our story of the exploration of this frigid zone of science. There still remain hydrogen and helium to be reduced to liquid form. The critical temperature of hydrogen is -389° at a pressure of three hundred pounds per square inch, which is 45° lower than had been attained. Its temperature of liquefaction in the open air is -396° . Professor Dewar attacked the problem with characteristic determination. For this special work a much larger plant was built. Over a year was given to preparation.

Finally, on May 10, 1898, with this machine hydrogen was cooled to -337° , and put under a pressure of twenty-seven hundred pounds per square inch. It was then allowed to escape from a nozzle in a coil of pipe into a vessel surrounded by a vacuum and kept below -330° . In about five minutes there dropped from this dish into another, similarly constructed, two thirds of an ounce of liquid hydrogen, the first ever collected in the state of a quiet liquid in the open air. The experiment was stopped by the moisture of the air freezing upon the nozzle and closing its narrow orifice. Into this liquid a tube closed at one end was introduced, and it was soon filled with liquid air, condensed from the atmosphere with the same apparent ease as steam from the spout of a kettle.

Professor Dewar then placed in the liquid hydrogen a tube containing helium, which at that moment was the only gas known which had never been liquefied, and it, too, condensed into its liquid form. Helium has been supposed to liquefy at -443° ; but the fact that it liquefied in liquid hydrogen indicates that the two gases have nearly the same boiling-point.

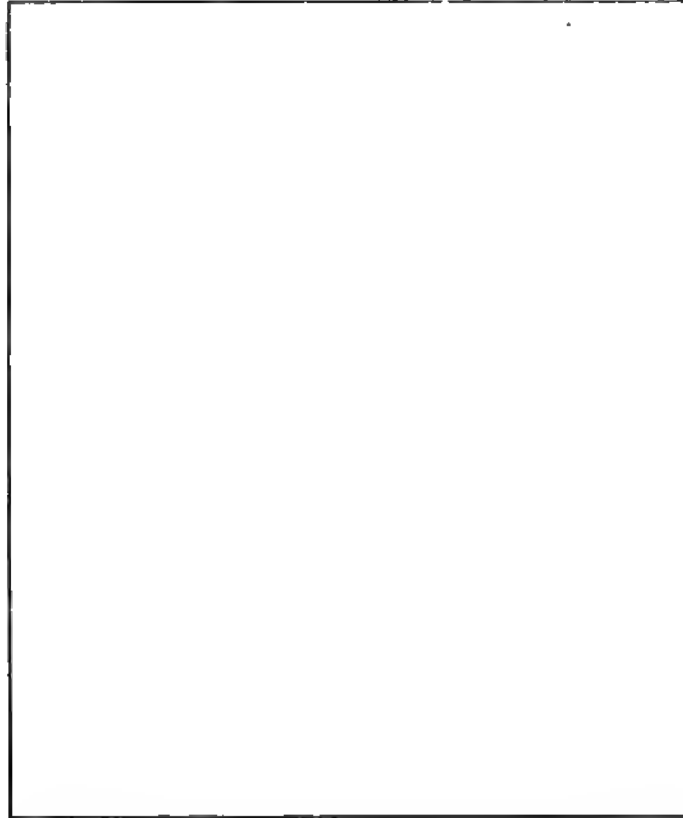
That was a proud moment for the investigator when the last known gas yielded to his power. By boiling liquid hydrogen in a vacuum, he may approach within 40° or 45° of absolute zero. But unless some new and

more subtle gas can be found in considerable quantities, or some new mode of working be invented, there is little hope of crossing this narrow intervening space.

But the practical man demands, as always: "What is all this worth? What is the use of it?" We answer, if nothing could result from this long and most costly search but the ammonia and dry-air processes of refrigeration,—

A SPIRAL OF LEAD WIRE COOLED IN LIQUID AIR
BECOMES AS STIFF AS STEEL.

—by one of which ice is made even in the tropics, and perishable goods preserved almost indefinitely, and by the other meat is carried fresh well-nigh half-way around the globe,—it were enough. Many branches of manufacture find these processes indispensable. Cold-storage and refrigerating plants are everywhere, and not one could exist had not ammonia gas been liquefied as a scientific feat, with no reference whatever to the practical use of the product. Truly the scientist labors, and other men enter into his labors. Nor will it rest here. Eager minds are striving to invent grander uses for the greater forces which the recent results place at our disposal, and some think they can foresee the day when the power stored in these abysses of cold will enable man to do that which is now looked upon as impossible or at least chimerical.



DESIGNED BY DELA PRATT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY ENRIQUE HULLER.

BRONZE FIGURE OF VICTORY ON THE BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS."

This figure, which is of heroic size, is placed between the forward turret-guns.

THE ATLANTIC FLEET IN THE SPANISH WAR.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U. S. N.,
Commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic Squadron.

THE START.

ON the 21st of April, 1898, the day of the declaration of war by the United States against Spain, I had been for several weeks in command of the North Atlantic Squadron, which was then at Key West, and which gradually had been increased to twenty-six ships. No branch of the public service was so well prepared for war as the navy. We could not muster such extensive squadrons as England can send to sea for manœuvring, and thus could not practise the larger problems of strategy and tactics; but, under both my predecessor and myself, the fleet had been engaged assiduously in appropriate manœuvres and in drills and target-practice, and as far as possible all the ships were filled with coal; so that at six o'clock of the

evening of the 21st, when the Navy Department telegraphed me instructions to establish the blockade of certain portions of the Cuban coast, the fleet hurried out of the crowded harbor of Key West, impatient to obey orders. It was daybreak of April 22 before all the ships had reached their positions in the prescribed formation. As the sun rose, that beautiful morning, the first prize of the war appeared on the western horizon. On her showing the Spanish colors, the *Nashville*, the nearest ship to her, was ordered to seize her and take her back into port, all hoping that her name, *Buenaventura*, might prove a good omen for our cruise. Another vessel flying Spanish colors was taken that evening, and then our ships were distributed to their blockading stations, from Cardenas on the east to Bahia Honda on the west. My

intention had been to begin the war by an attack on Havana, and battle orders had indeed been prepared, but it was thought best by the department not to expose the fleet to serious damage from batteries before meeting the enemy's vessels.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BLOCKADE.

FEW people realize what an extended coast was to be blockaded by these twenty-six ships at the outbreak of the war. Although there are many excellent harbors in the island, the lack of inland communication, though it aided in making the blockade effective, also made it necessary to cover many points. Nearly two thousand miles of coast had to be watched. Before the war was over the number of our blockading vessels, including colliers, was increased to one hundred and twenty-four; but they had to guard as large a reach of coast as that which during the War of the Rebellion kept six hundred ships well employed.

On all the northern coast of Cuba the people never speak of the war, but of the blockade. To perceive how far-reaching and overwhelming was its influence, one has only to visit the island, even at this late day. Had Cuba been defending itself against an entirely foreign foe, it would not have suffered a tithe of what befell it. Spaniards and Cubans, between them, had destroyed nearly every growing thing. Weyler, by his abominable scheme of reconcentration, had left neither men, women, nor children to cultivate the soil, which asks little help to produce bountifully. Thus, when the blockade began, the already starving people lacked not only provisions, but even the promise of a harvest. Moreover, supplies introduced at one point are not easily distributed over the length of the island; for the railroads of Cuba are few and short, and, because of the formation of the mountain line, mainly run at right angles to the coast; so that when a provision-laden ship did elude our vigilance, it relieved the distress of only the neighboring locality.

One thing of great credit to the navy during the blockade was the admirable navigation of the vessels under unfavorable conditions. They surrounded an island the harbors and coasts of which were not well surveyed. Not one of them ever used running lights, and they were all as much as possible without lights of any kind—in most instances entirely so. They were never at anchor, but were continually under way, pass-

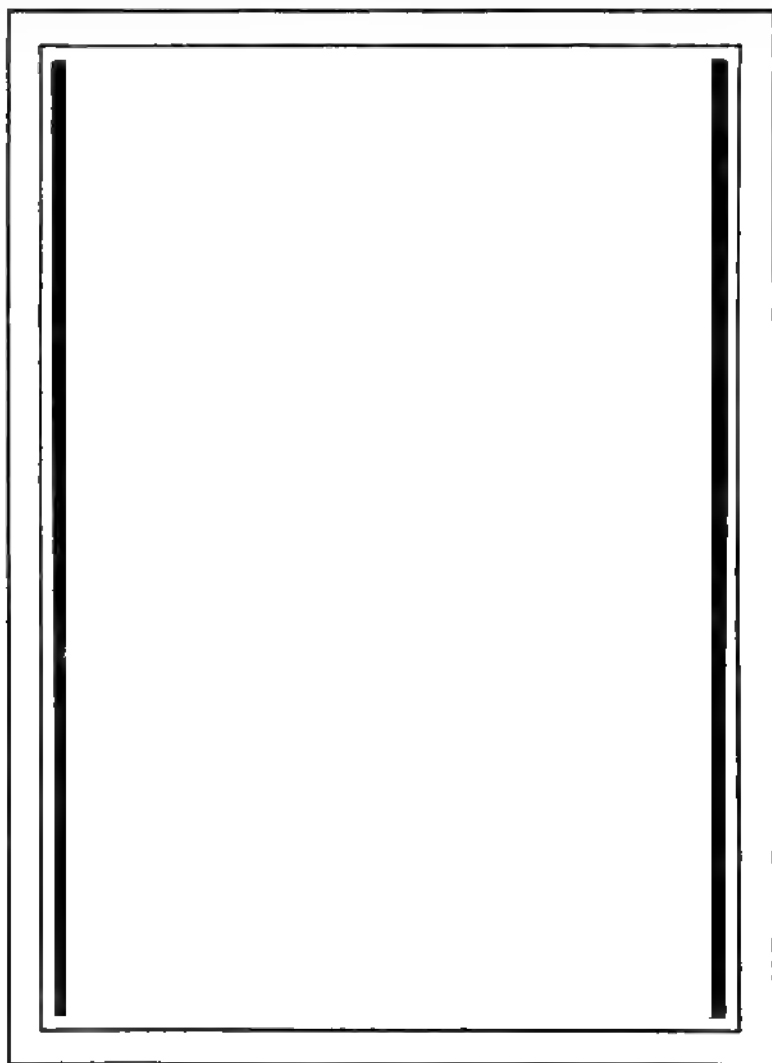
ing and repassing; and yet there was never any collision of importance, and only a single unimportant one, between the *Newark* and the *Dolphin*, while they were trying to speak each other. The larger vessels were virtually at sea for six months,—from the middle of February until the middle of August,—being in no port, except at Guantanamo, and then only for a very short time. The heat was often excessive, and storms were not infrequent. The discipline of our crews was something to be proud of. Nothing could be said in praise of them that would exceed the truth. In all these months of service, during which the men, in most cases, were never out of the ship, I cannot remember having heard of a single complaint from them. The discipline on board ship is indicated by the fact that whereas in times of peace courts martial are of frequent occurrence, during the war they were very rare.

REASONS FOR EXPECTING CERVERA AT SAN JUAN.

THE blockade had continued only a few days when the Navy Department learned, on April 29, that Admiral Cervera's squadron, consisting of the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Almirante Oquendo*, *Vizcaya*, *Cristóbal Colón*, and the torpedo-boat destroyers *Terror*, *Furor*, and *Plutón*, had sailed that day from the Cape Verde Islands, presumably for the relief of Havana. This information, telegraphed to me by the Navy Department on the 30th of April, reached me the next day off Havana. The first point at which Cervera would touch was, we thought, Puerto Rico, which had at San Juan a good harbor, with plenty of water and an ample supply of coal, and was, besides, the most convenient of the Spanish possessions for renewing that supply. Yet it was thought that he might first appear at Martinique; for at that time the general impression among Americans was that France was decidedly favorable to the cause of Spain, and might permit the fleet to receive coal at that island. Still another possibility kept us alert: we did not know how close a watch the Spaniards might be keeping upon the movements of the battle-ship *Oregon*, then coming up the Atlantic coast of South America on her long and famous trip around the Horn. It might well happen that Cervera would aim to intercept her off the Windward Islands, in the vicinity of Martinique; and subsequent events at Santiago proved that if he could have stopped the career of the *Oregon*, he would have been amply repaid for crossing the Atlantic.

At this time most of our available force was engaged in the blockade on the northern coast of Cuba. Three of our best ships, the *Brooklyn*, the *Massachusetts*, and the *Texas*, were still held at Fort Monroe, as part of the Flying Squadron, under command of Com-

by the presence of these powerful ships. Should he attempt this, it must be done in the face of great difficulties. He must approach our coast short of coal, always a much-dreaded misfortune. Then, he would be likely to have breakdowns; and where



PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLLINGER & CO., NEW YORK.

CAPTAIN FRENCH E. CHADWICK, OF THE "NEW YORK," AND CHIEF OF STAFF TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

modore W. S. Schley, to guard against the possibility that the Spaniards might take a course from the Cape Verde Islands to some point on our Northern coast, which, in the absence of these ships, would be without protection. This possibility, however, seemed to me slight. For undoubtedly, at the time of leaving the Cape Verde Islands, Cervera knew the disposition of our vessels, and would be deterred from coming to our Northern coast

could he make repairs, either before or after fighting? The disabling of one of his ships meant delay to all the others, and, in an encounter, meant, besides, the loss of the disabled ship, almost without a blow. Any all of these things might happen, and I believed he would think the risks too great.

So, all things considered, it seemed to me most probable that he would try San Juan. There he would be at home.

only there could he hope to make repairs; and there he could be sure of more coal, so necessary to enable him to reach a port in Cuba. Our part was plainly to meet him before he could reach San Juan. Therefore, with the approval of the Navy Department, it was decided that as powerful a squadron as could be spared from the blockading fleet should go to the eastward as far as the Windward Passage, between the east end of Cuba and Haiti, the movement from that point to depend upon the changed conditions which might then exist. Accordingly, on May 4, the *New York*, with the battle-ships *Iowa* and *Indiana*, the two monitors *Amphitrite* and *Terror*, and the *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, and *Wompatuck*, together with the torpedo-boat *Porter*, rendezvoused at Padre Cruz light, in the Nicholas Channel, intending to start east for Puerto Rican waters, unless on the way news should be received of Cervera's movements which would cause a change in our plans. Such news might be that the Spaniards, after all, had appeared off the Northern coast, in which case our squadron would take a course to intercept them. Should they appear at any point in the West Indies, the Flying Squadron, under Commodore Schley, would come south from Hampton Roads and assist in giving them a proper reception. As the squadron proceeded slowly to the eastward, we communicated with the department, whenever possible, by telegraph, in order that prompt information might be obtained of Cervera's movements. The cable-stations available on this cruise, either directly or through our scouting vessels, were Mole St. Nicholas, Cape Haitien, Puerto Plata, and St. Thomas.

HANDICAPPED BY THE MONITORS.

IN one respect we were at a great disadvantage. The monitors proved to be a grievous disappointment, and a source of great anxiety. The *Amphitrite* and the *Terror* were so slow that, in order to make even seven and a half knots an hour, both had to be taken in tow, one by the *Iowa* and the other by the *New York*. The machinery of the battle-ship *Indiana* was also unreliable, which, added to the insufficient supply of coal carried by the monitors, rendered the squadron, as a whole, most inefficient in mobility. Ever since the memorable fight between the little *Monitor* and the Confederate ram *Merrimac*, the name "monitor" has had a charm which time has not dimmed; yet if that great naval engineer, John Ericsson, were now living, and were asked to build a

fighting ship, it is certain that he would make it quite different from his famous craft. The original *Monitor* had to be built quickly, and was meant to navigate in shoal water and in smooth seas. Yet Ericsson was truly the designer of the modern battle-ship, which to-day embodies the good qualities of his invention in having the principal guns mounted in two turrets on the midship line, no other plan being so economical of weight and so prolific of power. Some designs of battle-ships have departed from this fundamental idea, but to that extent they have been failures. To-day Ericsson would make his fighting ship carry her guns high out of water, thus removing excessive stability and quick oscillation, and enabling her to fight at sea, which our monitors cannot do. He would build her much larger, that she might carry plenty of coal to make long trips and good speed, in which respect also the monitor is woefully deficient. Never was a commander-in-chief more harassed by any ships under his command. I felt during the whole cruise that at any time we should have been much better off if the monitors had been left at home; yet we kept them because we believed they could endure much hammering from the enemy without being even disabled. In what a plight we should have been had we met Cervera's ships at this time! For lack of speed, the monitors could not have come into action at all.

THE SPEED OF THE SPANISH VESSELS.

ON the other hand, the speed of the Spanish vessels constituted an important feature of the strategic problem. The trial speed of all four of their large ships was about twenty-one knots, making them as a squadron the fastest in the world. There was a small difference of speed between the *Colón* and the three sister ships, the *Vizcaya*, the *Maria Teresa*, and the *Oquendo*, amounting, perhaps, to a fraction of a knot. But it must be borne in mind that at the highest speed the last fraction of a knot costs as much power as the first ten knots of the same ship. Of course we did not expect these ships to maintain their trial speed—our own ships did not do that; nor is this possible with any ship, particularly on a long cruise. We had to assume in the enemy's squadron that the maximum speed which they could maintain would not be in excess of sixteen knots, and the speed at which they would cross the Atlantic would not be in excess of twelve knots—a fair estimate if the bottoms

had been clean and the coal good. As a matter of fact, it was only eight knots.

With all vessels, especially fast vessels, there is what we call an economical speed; that is, the speed at which a ship will go the greatest distance on the least coal, taking into consideration the cleanliness of the bottom, the load she is carrying, etc. Cervera, no doubt, calculated that in the circumstances this economical speed was eight knots. His arrival gave us a basis for correcting our previous estimate. Assuming the moderate rate of speed of twelve knots, we calculated that he would arrive at San Juan, if bound for that port, on the 8th of May. The log of the *Colón*, captured at Santiago, notes frequent detentions, due to the breaking down of the destroyers or some accident to one of the larger ships. The average speed was also reduced by the fact that the destroyers coaled at sea from the larger ships.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE SAN JUAN FORTS.

INSTEAD of arriving at San Juan on May 8, we did not reach there until May 12. We had received at Cape Haitien a number of despatches, but no tidings of the Spaniards, except information from the department of a newspaper rumor that they had been seen off Martinique on the 7th. This we tried to verify from Cape Haitien, but the responses to telegraphic inquiries gave it no support. Even had it been true, as it was not, we still should have expected to find them at San Juan. It was with great disappointment, therefore, that I obtained my first glimpse of the harbor of San Juan early on the morning of the 12th. A glance was sufficient to show that Cervera's ships were not in port. Had they reached there several days before, taken a supply of coal, and departed? This was our main anxiety. If so, where had they gone?

The harbor of San Juan runs from its entrance straight toward the southeast. It has been dredged to a depth of thirty feet, and only in this dredged portion is there sufficient water for vessels of the size of the Spanish ships to anchor. Had they been caught in this harbor they would certainly have been destroyed. They could have anchored only in a straight line, the most dis-

tant point of which would have been within range of our guns. To have steamed on would have resulted in their destruction in detail. To have fought from their anchorage in the harbor would have been equally fatal to them, for each would have masked the fire of the one behind.

The question may very properly be asked, why I expected Cervera to put his fleet in such a precarious position. His natural reasons for going there I have already indicated, but that he would remain there beyond the time absolutely necessary for coaling and for making minor repairs could not be assumed on any reasonable basis—only on the supposition that he might believe, like the ostrich, that in hiding his head he would be safe.

Days in advance, on our way from Key West, a plan had been prepared for making an attack, on the presumption that we should find the enemy's fleet in port. If they had come out to meet us, or had arrived off the port simultaneously with us, it would have been a simple sea-fight. This would have been the case, also, if we had had information of their coming. Blueprints showing the proposed positions of each of our ships had been prepared, and the whole plan had been discussed with the commanding officers and concurred in by them. It was known that a large steamer had been sunk as an obstruction across the channel just inside the mouth of the harbor, and the torpedoes had been planted between the ends of this wreck and the banks of the channel. This made it necessary for us to deliver the attack, whether upon the ships or upon the shore batteries, from the outside of the harbor. The trade-winds produce a constant and sometimes a heavy swell from the eastward upon the exposed northern coast of Puerto Rico, which would render the firing from the monitors extremely unreliable. The soundings laid down on the chart of the island were also doubtful, rendering a near approach to the coast dangerous, except while in the usual track for entering or leaving the port. It was therefore decided to send in advance of the fleet a ship of light draft (the *Detroit*) to determine, by going inside the course laid down for the heavy ships, whether it would be safe for them. The *Wompatuck* was to tow a small boat:

¹ In all matters of importance it was my custom to ask the senior commanding officers to come on board the flagship for consultation, and the conclusions thus reached were always followed. I desire publicly to acknowledge my indebtedness to these officers for their

warm support at all times. Their support not only won my admiration for their performance of duty, but such confidence in their ability as to make me hope that should such trying times come again these men would again command our ships.

a certain point and anchor it there, to mark a place from which the heavy ships were to steer a course south by east across the mouth of the harbor. This would bring the batteries on the starboard bow in the vicinity of the Morro, and this course was to be continued by the ships until they should reach a point where these batteries bore on the quarter; then they were to turn in succession with the starboard helm, and return to the starting-point. All vessels were to have leadsmen at work on the unengaged side to make careful soundings.

The *Detroit* was selected to lead the way and promptly report any doubtful sounding. The little *Wompatuck* steamed in and dropped her boat, which carried a flag to make this mark surely visible. The bombardment began at ten minutes past five. The *Iowa*, to which my flag and most of my personal staff had been transferred the day before, followed the *Detroit*. The signal was made that as each ship came on the course she should open fire. This was done in the following order: *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *New York*, *Amphitrite*, and *Terror*. The *Montgomery* was detailed to silence the single fort to the westward of the harbor's mouth. It was not intended that either the *Montgomery* or the *Detroit*, being light ships, should be taken under fire; but through an error, probably my own, this was not plainly stated in the *Detroit's* instructions, so that after she had once passed over the course and had reached the point where she should have turned, she stopped and held her position for an hour and a half. An attempt was made to recall her by signal, but this she could not see on account of the smoke. All this time she stood an exceedingly heavy fire at short range (fifteen hundred yards), and I expected to find her torn to pieces or at least disabled; but the precision and deliberation with which she maintained her fire convinced me that she was doing well. When the signal was finally made to report casualties, I was delighted and greatly surprised to have her report "None," and not even an injury to the ship.

The vessels made three rounds, firing almost continuously on the batteries that were placed on the hill near where the lighthouse stands. At a quarter to eight the bombardment ceased, and at three minutes after eight signal was made to form in column, steering northeast. This was probably the heaviest bombardment of the whole campaign. Our casualties were one man killed and four wounded aboard the *New York*, and three wounded on the *Iowa*, every

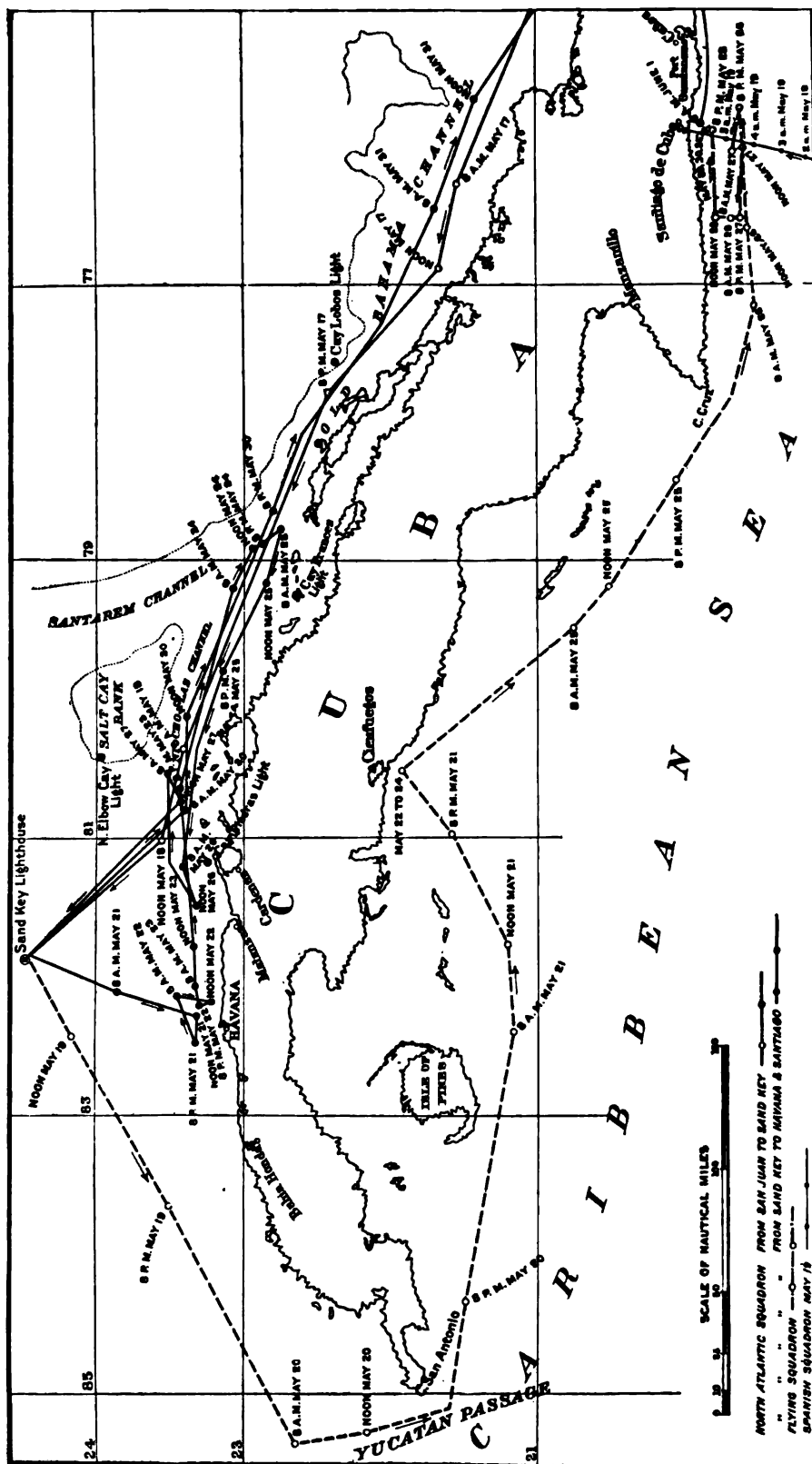
other ship escaping without casualties or serious injury to the vessel. Had the man that was killed obeyed orders, he too would probably have escaped, and the wounded men also. The men had been ordered, when their guns were not engaged, to remain below and out of the line of fire; but so great was their eagerness and curiosity to watch, when they were not at work, that they were frequently found in the most exposed positions. The firing of the Spaniards was exceedingly bad. The shots all passed over our ships, as if the enemy had expected us to attack from a much greater distance; and this remark is applicable to all the firing we experienced during the summer. In nine cases out of ten the injuries received by our ships were in their upper works. At San Juan, in both cases where a ship was struck, it occurred after she had turned and was steaming away from the batteries. On our side, the value of the action lay not a little in the practice it gave the men under fire, and which, no doubt, had its effect in the battle of Santiago.

As to the accusation that we bombarded non-combatants at San Juan, it is sufficient to say that our guns were at no time directed upon the city, and any damage to the town was incidental. However, the provision of modern warfare which requires previous notice to non-combatants applies only to undefended cities, and especially does it not apply to a city the defenses of which are so placed that they cannot be attacked by the enemy without injury to the city. As a matter of fact, the city, for the most part, was screened by the fortifications and the high promontory rising behind them, and received very little damage.

The bombardment of San Juan indicated that, with weather favorable for dispelling the smoke, the city could easily have been taken. As Cervera was not there, the destruction of the coal or the occupation of the place was all we could have hoped for; but no important part of the squadron could be detained there for this purpose, and the date at which an army of occupation could be expected was uncertain. Besides, as I have said, the orders of the department were not to risk needlessly the loss of a vessel until Cervera had been disposed of.

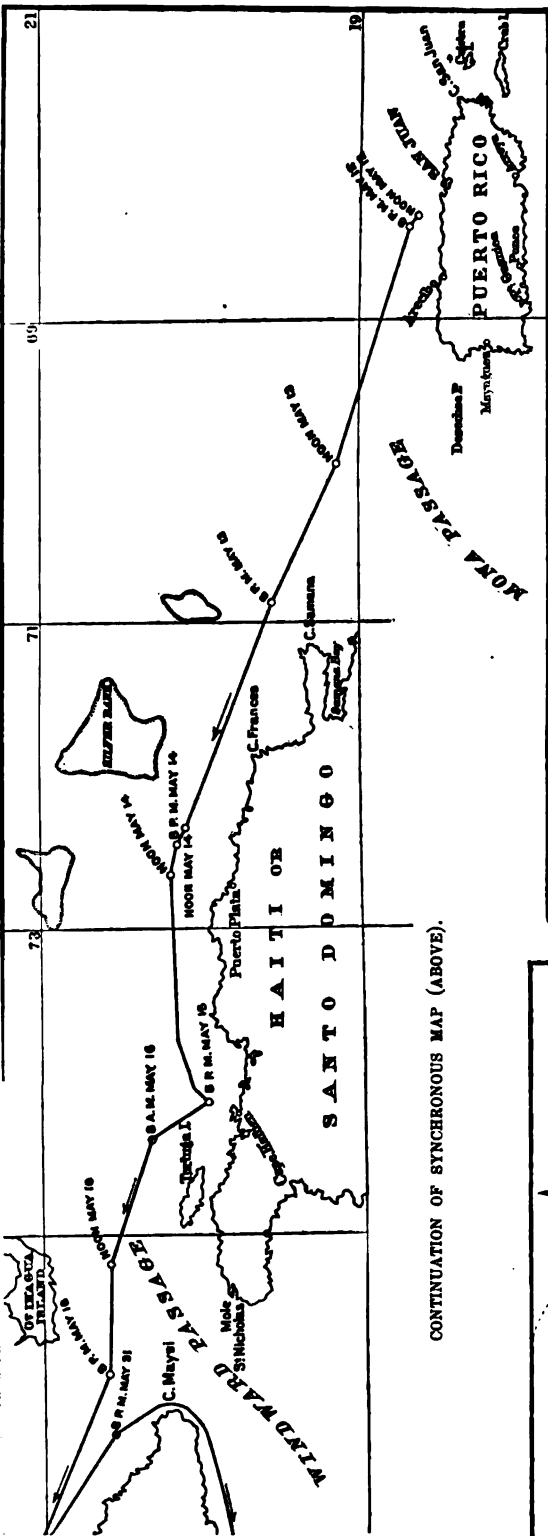
FIRST NEWS OF CERVERA.

As the whereabouts of the Spanish admiral were still unknown, and as I now believed that he had arrived at some point in the West Indies, I felt compelled to reach a

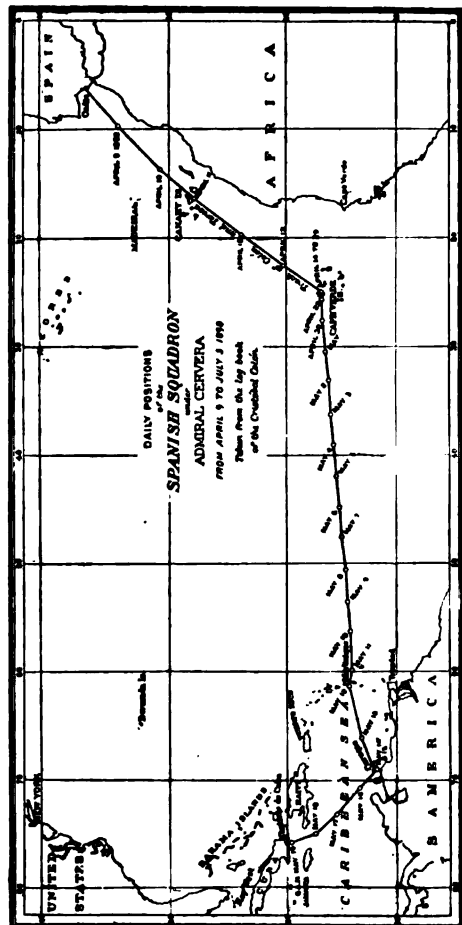
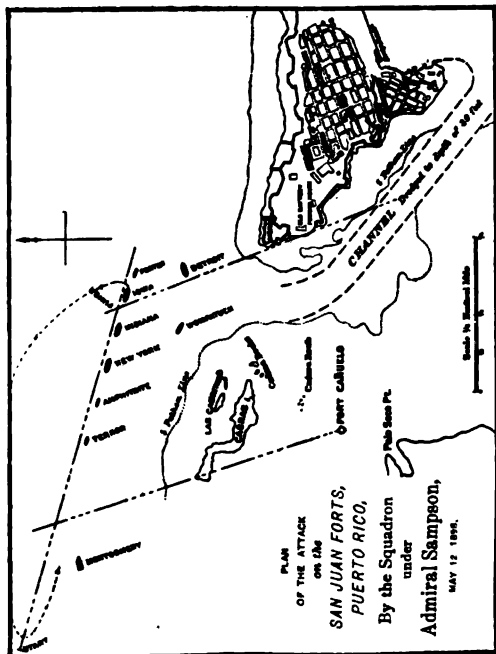


J. MARY, MURPHY M.J.

Y P OP THE NAVAL CAMPAIGN OF 1908 IN THE WEST INDIES, SHOWING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON (ADMIRAL RAMPRON), MAY 12 - JUNE 31; OF THE ILLINOIS SQUADRON COMMANDER (ADMIRAL CERVERA), MAY 12 - JUNE 31; OF THE FLEETING SQUADRON COMMANDER (ADMIRAL CERVERA), MAY 12 - JUNE 31; AND OF THE SPANISH FLEET (ADMIRAL CERVERA), MAY 12 - JUNE 31.



CONTINUATION OF SYNCHRONOUS MAP (ABOVE).



position where I could intercept him should his destination be Havana. This seemed probable if he should be able to obtain coal, and we had information that vessels laden with coal, probably intended for these ships, had been sent by Spain to the West Indies. Accordingly, after despatching the *Montgomery* eastward to St. Thomas to obtain information and to send telegrams to the department, and then to overtake us as soon as possible, I directed the fleet to steam off the coast out of sight of land in a direction to give the impression that we were to remain in the neighborhood, and then, after nightfall, we laid a course to the westward.

On the evening of the 14th we met the hospital-ship *Solace*, which reported that after leaving Key West a press-boat had hailed her, and said that an Associated Press despatch was current in Key West that Cervera had returned to Cadiz. This information was received also by us from another press-boat. I therefore halted the squadron off Puerto Plata on the 14th, and sent in the *Porter* with the following despatch to the secretary: "Is it true that the Spanish ships are at Cadiz? If so, send to San Juan, Puerto Rico, collier from Key West or elsewhere." This telegram had in view our return and the capture of San Juan. Cervera's failure to cross the Atlantic, if confirmed, would have given us ample time to capture and occupy the position.

When the *Porter* returned at 3:30 A. M. of the 15th she brought us a great budget of news: that the Spanish destroyer *Terror* had reached Martinique; that Cervera's fleet had been seen off Curaçao on the 14th; and that the Flying Squadron, under Commodore

Schley, had been ordered South, together with directions that I should proceed to Key West with all despatch. At 12:30 A. M. of the 16th, the *Porter* brought us from Cape Haitien two despatches from the United States consul at Curaçao, giving us the names of the six Spanish ships there, and informing us that they were short of coal and provisions, had dirty bottoms, and were to leave at 6 P. M. of the 15th, "destination unknown." It now seemed probable that Cervera's objective was either Santiago de San Juan, and I so telegraphed on the 16th to the *Harvard* at St. Thomas.¹

This news confirmed me in my previous determination to return to Key West, it appearing to me to be the proper thing to do up our bunkers, and not to permit Cervera to get between me and Cuba. In going to Key West there was no question of leaving the Windward Passage open to him, because, should he be aiming for that channel, we could have ample time to go to Key West and return to meet him there. It must be borne in mind that the problem of finding and meeting the enemy was not a simple one. His course was predetermined by the purpose and objective of his cruise, while our plans had to take into account and provide for every one of a number of contingencies. It is possible that at Martinique he had learned of our bombardment at San Juan almost at the moment it was taking place, and if so, we may suppose that he decided to give up any thought of going to San Juan. There was only one thing for him to do, namely, to secure more coal; this was absolutely essential. The department had heard a report from London, on the 15th,

¹ The log of the *Colón* has the following entries concerning the doings of Cervera's fleet from the time of sighting Martinique until the arrival at Santiago. In these entries the sea time, from noon to noon, was used.

"May 11-12. 4-8 [May 12], Martinique on starboard hand. Beat to general quarters, and kept all hands at their stations. Stopped from 5:15 to 6:15 A. M.: Flagship [*Maria Teresa*] cast off *Terror* from tow. 7:30 A. M., sent third cutter to flagship. 7:10, Diamond Rock, 4 m. 12:20 P. M., lost sight of Martinique.

"May 12-13. At 5:45 A. M. [May 13] secured, and went to breakfast. 9:25 A. M., flagship signaled: 'The vessels, on entering port, will be as clean as possible, and the crews will shift.'

"May 13-14. 6:30 A. M. [May 14], sighted Curaçao, and at 8 it bore N. Forenoon watch the flagship and *Vizcaya* entered the harbor, this vessel, the *Oquendo*, and the destroyers remaining outside.

"May 14-15. At midnight the Santa Ana light bore N. Forenoon watch lowered third and fourth cutters, and took *Terror* [doubtless a mistake for *Furor*] in tow. Moving engines at times to maintain position near *Oquendo*.

"May 15-16. P. M., coal *Terror* [*Furor*] with cutter which was finished at 5:30 P. M., having supplied it with 34½ tons. 5:15, *Plutón* came out of harbor with *Teresa* and *Vizcaya*. Stopped and waited for *Vizcaya* to make repairs to engine.

"May 16-17. 2:30 P. M., flagship made signal: 'Hurry, want a cow, send boat.' Answered: 'Many thanks, not require any.' At 7:30 P. M. went to general quarters, and kept crew at stations all night.

"May 17-18. Morning watch flagship signaled: 'Order change station with *Vizcaya*.' Admiral intends entering port of Santiago. 'Be prepared for action tomorrow in case the enemy appears.'

"May 18-19. At 4:30 A. M. sighted island of Cuba ahead. Entered Santiago harbor on the morning of the 19th of May. At 8:20 anchored in 10 m. water, 15 fathoms on starboard chain; bottom, mud. Cheers by *Mercedes* on coming in."

Lieutenant Müller, second in command of the *Porter*, says the fleet "took no coal at Martinique, when touched," and at Curaçao "took on only a few tons of two of the ships," the fleet "arriving at Santiago with the bunkers almost empty."—EDITOR.

that colliers would probably meet him "on the north coast of Venezuela." In fact, two of his colliers, which failed to meet him there, were afterward captured by our scouts—one by the *St. Paul*, off Santiago, on the 25th of May; the second one later by the *St. Louis*, off Jamaica, being sent for that purpose upon information furnished by the American consul at Kingston that the Spanish agent was attempting to sell the coal in that port. Both these colliers acknowledged having gone to Curaçao, after Cervera had left, intending to deliver the coal.

THE SERVICE OF THE SCOUTS.

At this point it will be appropriate to speak of the general service of the fast vessels used as scouts. As part of our campaign we had the use of six of them: four converted Atlantic liners,—the *Harvard*, the *Yale*, the *St. Louis*, and the *St. Paul*,—besides the fast commerce-destroyers *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*.

Before I left Key West for San Juan, I was informed that the *St. Louis* and the *Harvard* were to scout for the Spanish fleet in the vicinity of the Windward Islands, to touch respectively at Guadeloupe and Martinique on May 10. On the 8th I was informed that the *Yale* was cruising about the island of Puerto Rico, and received confirmation that the *St. Louis* and the *Harvard* were, in fact, in the region mentioned. Though they did not detect Cervera, these scouts were of use in a negative way, their reports of *not* having seen him having confirmed me in the conviction, up to the 12th of May, that he had not yet arrived on this side. Immediately upon the announcement of his appearance at Curaçao, the department made use of three of the scouts in that quarter, with the purpose of getting and keeping in touch with the Spanish fleet. These orders did not pass through my hands, and, as a matter of fact, the scouts did not happen to locate the fleet. The search was, in fact, a most difficult one, easy as it may seem on the map; for it must be borne in mind that the range of vision from the deck of a vessel is scarcely more than from seven to ten miles—depending, of course, upon the amount of smoke her opponent is emitting at the time, and the clearness of the atmosphere. Moreover, when these orders were given to the scouts, Cervera was already on his way north from Curaçao to Santiago. So far as this portion of the service which was expected of the scouts is concerned, they were, through no fault of their com-

manders, unsuccessful. Their other work, in cutting cables and in transport and messenger service, fully justified their purchase and employment by the government, while for messenger service at a long distance they were indispensable.

On the 22d of June Captain Sigsbee, with the *St. Paul*, had the good fortune to do the additional service of disabling the Spanish destroyer *Terror*, which had parted with the other vessels of Cervera's fleet at Martinique, and had remained there some days (whether to keep a lookout at the end of two submarine cables and report our whereabouts, or because she had been temporarily disabled, we do not yet know), and moving up to San Juan, there foolishly attempted to torpedo the *St. Paul* by daylight.

A BIT OF FALSE INFORMATION.

ANOTHER circumstance now occurred to influence our strategy. On the 17th of May the *New York*, having left the slower part of the squadron in order to reach Key West as soon as possible, was met in the Bahama Channel by the torpedo-boat *Dupont*, with a despatch from the Navy Department stating that the Spanish fleet had munitions of war essential to the defenses of Havana, and that it had imperative orders to reach at all hazards either Havana or a port connecting with Havana by railroad. As Cienfuegos and Matanzas appeared to be the only ports fulfilling this condition, this information seemed greatly to reduce the number of ports which could be used by the Spanish fleet. Subsequent events, however, indicated that if it carried munitions of war, these were limited to small-caliber ammunition, and that it took no guns whatever, for none were shipped from Santiago, either to Havana or to any other port. On the capitulation of Santiago an ample supply of small ammunition, especially for muskets, was surrendered. Possibly Cervera brought part of this. But we could not know the general falsity of the information, and our next movement was predicated upon its accuracy.

SCHLEY SENT TO CIENFUEGOS.

It will be understood that all the ships now required coal before they could venture upon any other expedition. On the 18th of May, upon my arrival at Key West in the *New York*, in advance of the rest of my vessels, I found that Commodore Remy, in response to my notification by telegraph, was prepared

to coal the fleet quickly. I also found there the Flying Squadron, under Commodore Schley, which had arrived that morning. On the 19th the rest of my squadron had arrived, and, in obedience to the direction of the department to reinforce Schley, the *Iowa* was transferred to the Flying Squadron. The hypothesis that Cervera was bringing munitions of war pointed strongly to Cienfuegos as his destination, as the nearest deep-water port in easy communication by rail with Havana. Commodore Schley agreed with me in the conclusion, and accordingly he was despatched in haste to Cienfuegos, by way of the Yucatan Passage, on the 19th of May. He took with him the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, and *Scorpion*; and to these were added, next day, the *Iowa*, *Castine*, *Dupont*, and the collier *Merrimac*, and on the day following the *Marblehead*, *Eagle*, and *Vixen*, which made the Flying Squadron amply capable of coping with Cervera. Later the *New Orleans* joined Schley at Santiago. On the 24th this squadron was placed under my command by direct order of the department.

The blockade of Cienfuegos was continued by Commodore Schley with an urgency which would not have been the case had he not strongly credited the report that Cervera was bound thither. In fact, so much did he credit it that he manifestly drew the wrong conclusion from a statement made to him, on the 23d, by the captain of the British steamer *Adula*, that on the night of the 18th of May, after that vessel had left the port of Santiago, bound for Kingston, Jamaica, seventy miles south of Santiago she met seven ships steering to the northward. The *Adula* brought a Jamaica bulletin of despatches, including a statement that Cervera had sailed from Santiago on the 20th. Had not Schley's mind been so thoroughly preoccupied by the idea that Cervera was bound for Cienfuegos, he would have been convinced by the *Adula's* story that Cervera had gone into Santiago, and would have discredited the Jamaica report that he had taken all of his ships out of that difficult port the next day after entering.

CERVERA'S ARRIVAL AT SANTIAGO— HIS ONE CHANCE.

MEANTIME, on the evening of the 19th, and again with great positiveness on the evening of the 20th, we had learned by cable from Havana that Cervera had reached Santiago on the 19th—as, in fact, he had done

at daylight, anchoring in the harbor about eight o'clock. This information was repeated over the cable at a given hour for several days. On the morning of the 20th I forwarded to Schley a copy of a telegram from the department, stating that "the report of the Spanish fleet being at Santiago de Cuba might very well be correct. So the department strongly advises that you send immediately by the *Iowa* to Schley to proceed off Santiago de Cuba with his whole command, leaving one small vessel off Cienfuegos." This I did by the *Iowa* and the *Dupont* in duplicate, and added: "After duly considering this telegram, I have decided to make no change in the present plan, that is, that you should hold your squadron off Cienfuegos." In this decision I was influenced by the doubt inferentially expressed in the telegram, and by the previous report concerning Cervera's object. But that evening the repetition of the report by cable from Havana convinced me of its accuracy, and accordingly another despatch was prepared for Schley, to be taken by the *Marblehead*, which was expected to leave the next morning. The flagship left for Havana early on the 21st, and in the afternoon, doubting whether the *Marblehead* would get away on time, I prepared a memorandum for Schley, and sent it, with a duplicate of the despatch, by the *Hawk* (our fastest available vessel), which left at 6 P. M. of the same day. The despatch read in part: "Spanish squadron probably at Santiago. . . . If you are satisfied that they are not at Cienfuegos, proceed with all despatch, but cautiously, to Santiago de Cuba, and if the enemy is there blockade him in port." The memorandum to Schley read:

It is thought that the inclosed instructions will reach you by two o'clock A. M. May 23. This will enable you to leave before daylight (regarded very important), so that your direction may not be noticed, and be at Santiago A. M. May 24.

It is thought that the Spanish squadron would probably be still at Santiago, as they must have some repairs to make and coal to take.

The *St. Paul* and *Minneapolis* have been telegraphed to scout off Santiago, and if the Spanish squadron goes westward, one is to keep touch and one is to go west and attempt to meet you; if the Spanish squadron goes east, one will keep in touch and the other go into Nicholas Mole to telegraph me at Key West. I shall be off Cay Frances, two hundred miles east of Havana. If you arrive off Santiago and no scout meets you, send a vessel to call at Nicholas Mole and get information to be left there by scout as to direction taken by Spanish in case they may have left Santiago de Cuba.

The *Yale* has been ordered to cruise in the

Bahama Channel until May 24. It is thought possible that the Spanish, hearing of your departure from Cienfuegos, may attempt to go there.

If this word does not reach you before daylight, it is suggested to mask your real direction as much as possible. Follow the Spanish squadron whichever direction they take.

These reached him on the 23d, my expectation being that he would be able to reach Santiago (a day's run) on the morning of the 24th. Schley did not leave Cienfuegos till the evening of the 24th, when he announced that he had ascertained that the Spanish fleet was not in that port. He arrived within blockading distance of Santiago on the evening of the 28th. On the 29th he reported that the *Colón*, *Teresa*, and two torpedo-boats had been seen inside the harbor. In my orders I gave Schley a caution that Cervera might try to exchange places with him. Cervera, being in telegraphic communication with Cienfuegos, could, of course, know when Schley would leave that port. On the theory that he had stores to deliver, this would undoubtedly have been Cervera's best move, for there was no rail communication from Santiago to Havana, as there was from Cienfuegos.

Putting aside the theory that Cervera was bringing any considerable amount of munitions, if he was merely aiming at a port to refit and recoal, he probably did the best thing in the circumstances by going to Santiago. There he should have recoaled and refitted in the least possible time, and then have proceeded to Havana. Had he broken the blockade, we should have had to establish it anew, and the influence upon European opinion in favor of Spain would have been very great. Moreover, he might have inflicted serious damage to our blockading vessels by an aggressive policy. This was what we expected and what we were prepared for, as well as we could be. It was the one chance he had; for at that time the blockade of Havana was in its weakest condition, because of the necessity of withdrawing so many of our heavy ships to meet him. If early in the campaign he had attempted a bold policy, he might have accomplished something important, and might have prolonged the war; certainly the consequences would have been less disastrous to Spain.

THE MOST TRYING PERIOD OF THE WAR.

WE were now in the most trying period of the war. The chief anxiety, both at the department and with myself, was to establish

a close blockade of Santiago with the least possible delay. The Flying Squadron could not yet have reached Cienfuegos, and thus the whole south coast of Cuba was open to Cervera, either as a place of refuge or to land munitions. Moreover, the blockade of the north shore had to be maintained, and for this purpose as many ships as possible were collected, till on the 21st there were off that coast the *New York*, *Indiana*, *Dolphin*, *Puritan*, *Miantonomok*, *Montgomery*, *Annapolis*, *Mayflower*, *Wilmington*, *Vicksburg*, *Helena*, *Mangrove*, *Machias*, and *Hawk*. We also had to guard against the possibility that Cervera would round the east end of Cuba and attempt to reach Havana, which, as he knew that Schley had a better fighting squadron than I, he seemed likely to do. On the 22d, therefore, leaving three of the smaller ships off Havana, signal was made to the others to prepare to proceed two hundred miles to the eastward, to a point northeast of Cay Frances in Nicholas Channel, where finally the following force was collected, cruising to the eastward during the night and to the westward during the day: *New York* (flag), *Montgomery* (with the broad pennant of Commodore Watson), *Indiana*, *Miantonomok*, *Puritan*, *Terror*, *Amphitrite*, *New Orleans*, *Cincinnati*, *Detroit*, *Wilmington*, *Mayflower*, *Machias*, *Vicksburg*, *Newport*, and *Wasp*. We were, as usual, much hampered by the slowness of the monitors.

ORIGIN AND IMPORTANCE OF THE "MERRIMAC" SCHEME.

EARLY in the morning of the 27th I signaled Commodore Watson, Captain Folger of the *New Orleans*, and Captain Converse of the *Montgomery* for consultation, my object being to obtain their views concerning a plan already discussed with my chief of staff, Captain Chadwick, to obstruct the narrow entrance to the harbor of Santiago. I had formed the opinion that by this means we could for a time hold Cervera within the bay—at least, till we could mass ships enough to blockade the port completely, and possibly prevent the delivery of the hypothetical munitions of war, and thus render nugatory both the fleet and its supposed special mission.

At that time the need of nullifying Cervera was imperative, and when it was proposed, there was not a dissenting voice as to the advisability of sinking the collier. If she should completely obstruct the channel, the idea was to leave one or two ships

to prevent any attempt at removal of the wreck, and employ the squadron for other service. The escape of Cervera from the harbor under cover of a blustering night meant, so far as we could judge of the speed of his ships, escape from our slower fleet, and temporarily his entire command of the situation. When I proposed the plan, Captain Converse immediately suggested that the collier *Merrimac*, already at Santiago, would answer the purpose, and that thus the plan could immediately be put into execution. My proposition had been to obtain and employ a couple of schooners laden with coal, brick, or stone. His suggestion was manifestly the best that could be made, and I decided to send such instructions to Commodore Schley at once, which I did without waiting to communicate with the department. My calculation was that Schley would have arrived off Santiago on the 24th—three days before. The harbor chart was examined, and it was decided that the *Merrimac* should run in on the flood-tide, at early daylight, under her own steam, and run ashore just inside of Morro Castle at the narrowest part of the channel, using the port helm so that the flood-tide would swing her stern up-stream and across the channel, where she would ground and rest. By opening all the sea-valves the collier would sink and the channel be completely obstructed. The most desirable position of the ship when on the bottom was marked on the chart. If necessary, her anchors, or additional ones to hold her in position while sinking, were to be used. Orders were at once prepared for Captain Folger to go, on the afternoon of May 27, and explain the plan to Commodore Schley. I considered it best that this should be done by an officer who had taken part in the discussion, and could, by word of mouth, fully explain the plan,—so far as our conclusions could be called a plan,—rather than to attempt to commit it to writing. The choice of the commanding officer of the *Merrimac*, the personnel of the crew, and all other details, were left to Commodore Schley. The *New Orleans* was shortly on her way. Under her protection the collier *Sterling* was sent through the Bahama Channel, in order that Schley might have her cargo of coal as soon as he should lose the supply to be sunk with the *Merrimac*.

The same afternoon the *New York* returned to Key West, in order to communicate with the Navy Department. I arrived there at two o'clock on the morning of the 28th, and began coaling the flagship. I was

delighted to catch sight of the battle-ship *Oregon*, just arrived from her long cruise, for I had known nothing of her after her arrival at Barbados. There I found a telegram from the Navy Department which caused me much anxiety. Schley had become greatly disquieted by the difficulty he experienced in coaling his ships, and by the fear that with a continuation of bad weather he might become short of coal, although he had the *Merrimac* in company, with about four thousand tons on board. Only those who have experienced the anxiety caused by such doubt can appreciate its wearing effect. So great had it become upon Schley that on the 28th he telegraphed the Secretary of the Navy that he must return to Key West for coal, "by way of the Yucatan Passage." The despatch to me was dated the 28th, and began:

Schley telegraphs from Santiago de Cuba: "I must go to Key West with his squadron for coal, though he has four thousand tons of coal with him in a broken-down collier. How soon after the arrival of Schley at Key West could you reach Santiago de Cuba with *New York* and *Oregon*, the *Indiana*, and some lighter vessels . . . ?"

The omission to state that Schley was expecting to come "by way of the Yucatan Passage" misled me as to the problem. I replied to the despatch that I could reach Santiago in "three days." This could have been done by waiting at Key West for Schley, whom I expected to meet near the east end of Cuba, and some of whose ships I intended to take back with mine to establish the blockade of Santiago. On this supposition I told the department I "would like to start at once with *New York* and *Oregon*, arriving in two days. Do not quite understand as to the necessity of awaiting arrival of Schley, but I propose meeting and turning back the principal part of the force under his command, if he has left." I did not know ten months after the war that Schley had spoken specifically of coming "by way of the Yucatan Passage"; the distance by that route being nine hundred miles as against six hundred via Cape Maysi, it did not occur to me that he would go by that route. His message containing these quoted words was repeated to me by the department on the 29th. It probably came after my departure late that night with the *Oregon*, *Mayflower*, and *Perth*. My authority for the new movement was the following words in a despatch of that date: "Department thinks it very desirable that you carry out recommendation to go you

self, with two ships, to Santiago de Cuba. Act at your discretion, with the object of blockading Spanish division as soon as possible."

As a matter of fact, Admiral Schley did not go to Key West, but, after starting, returned to the blockade off Santiago

CONSULTATION WITH HOBSON.

SCHLEY's intention made me feel uncertain that my orders to obstruct the channel would be carried out, and I therefore at once turned my attention to perfecting the scheme. The detail of sinking the collier quickly when once in position seemed to be a doubtful operation. It was then that I sent for Mr. Hobson, assistant naval constructor, who had been with us on the flagship, and asked his opinion as to the best method of causing the *Merrimac* to sink. In his opinion, the opening of sea-valves would not cause her to sink quickly enough. After considerable pondering over the curious problem, Mr. Hobson left the cabin with the understanding that he would consider other plans, and that after he had found what he considered a feasible one, he would return and report. On the 30th of May, while we were on our way, he came into the cabin with his plan, quite perfected, involving the use of ten torpedoes. To improvise so many torpedoes seemed to me to be a difficult task, but Mr. Hobson was confident of success. He had thought out every detail, even to the smallest point. It was at this time that he requested the privilege of commanding the expedition. I was well aware that the success of the undertaking absolutely depended upon the man who was to be intrusted with its execution. I was greatly impressed with the faith and the absolute fearlessness which Mr. Hobson displayed. Not in the least particular did he show a particle of doubt of success. He had developed the whole plan to such a degree that no one else had, or probably could have had, the matter so completely in mind. For this reason alone prudence demanded that he should be intrusted with the principal command.

PREPARATIONS FOR SINKING THE COLLIER.

AS soon as this point was decided, the work of preparation went ahead with great rapidity, and in all details as Mr. Hobson wished; so that when we reached Santiago early on June 1, the preparations—torpedoes, fuses, etc.—were completed, except the plan for adapting them to the collier, which we now saw for the first time. While the work on the

Merrimac was being pushed, Commander J. M. Miller, commanding the vessel, came on board the *New York*, and entered a most urgent protest against being deprived of his command, even questioning my authority to remove him from a ship where he had been placed in command by the Navy Department. He positively refused to give up his command to any one in the circumstances. He had my sympathy, but I succeeded in convincing him that in the exceedingly short time at our disposal it would be most unwise to make a change in the plans.

Volunteers were called for to man the collier, with the idea of enlisting in so hazardous an undertaking only those most capable and willing. To my surprise, enough officers and men volunteered to man a hundred *Merrimacs*, there being hundreds of offers from a single ship. As only seven men were required, it was a difficult matter to decide who should be chosen to go. Mr. Hobson was to be the only officer. It was daybreak of June 2 when I went on board to have a final look at Mr. Hobson's completed preparations. By the time I had made even a hasty inspection the day was advancing, and by the time the collier was under way for the entrance to the harbor I reluctantly made up my mind that it was already too light to make the attempt, and, accordingly, signal was made for her to return and wait till the next morning. The time was employed in making still more satisfactory preparations, so that before daybreak on June 3 the *Merrimac* was quietly steaming for the mouth of the harbor.

THE "MERRIMAC" GOES IN.

AS she disappeared in the darkness under the land, she was watched anxiously by the vessels outside. The pilot remained on board to take the ship as far on her course as possible, while her former assistant engineer, Mr. Crank, volunteered to look after her engines, and to leave them in condition to complete the trip without further care. The pilot and Mr. Crank were then to be taken off the *Merrimac*, to return to the *New York* by her steam-launch, sent in for this purpose under command of Cadet Powell, who was also to wait at the entrance to pick up any of the crew who might escape. The distance which the *Merrimac* had to run after she had discharged her pilot was not great, so that the boom of the guns was soon heard by the ships, indicating that the enemy had opened fire upon her. Those outside waited impatiently until long after daylight to learn the

fate of the crew and the ship. Nothing was seen of our steam-launch, or of the small boat by which the crew hoped to escape and join the launch, until about seven o'clock, when the Socapa battery was seen to open fire upon something close along shore to the west of the entrance. Shortly after, it was discovered that the battery had found our launch, which was steaming along the shore at full speed. The fall of every shot was closely watched by the fleet. As the launch approached, through our glasses it was seen that, besides her own crew, the launch carried Mr. Crank and the pilot, but, to our dismay, no one from the *Merrimac*. The momentous doubt then was as to their fate; the position of the collier became of secondary importance. When the launch reached the ship, we learned that none of the *Merrimac's* crew had been seen by any one in the launch, although she waited and searched for them. I was soon satisfied that the collier had sunk more nearly parallel to the axis of the channel than perpendicular to it, as was intended. Although she stood upright, with her smokestacks and masts standing, it was a long time before it was conceded that she was indeed much too far up the channel to form an efficient obstruction.

CERVERA'S CHIVALROUS MESSAGE.

THE same day a tugboat bearing a flag of truce was observed coming out from the Morro. It proved to be in charge of Captain Bustamante, Admiral Cervera's chief of staff, who was brought on board the *New York*, and delivered to me a letter from the admiral. This letter, unfortunately, has been mislaid. It was a private letter addressed to me, informing me that Mr. Hobson and his crew were well and safe, and would be well taken care of, and that any communication we had to make with them he would be glad to convey. He expressed his warm admiration for the bravery of the men, and the tone of his note was more than polite. Captain Bustamante said that the prisoners had expressed a desire to receive some of their clothing, which he would be glad to take to them; and on the proposition that some money should be sent them for their smaller expenses, he at first objected, but finally agreed to take to the admiral the sum of twenty-five dollars. His objection was based on the idea, which he expressed, that any considerable sum might be used to effect their escape. An ample supply of clothing for Mr. Hobson and each of the men was put on board the tugboat which carried the flag

of truce. The captain received and receipted for the money.

Captain Bustamante was asked if he could enter into negotiations to exchange the crew of the *Merrimac*, his attention being called to the fact that we had a number of officers and men in our hands who would be suitable for such an exchange. The captain replied that he had no such instructions from Admiral Cervera, but that he would place the question before him. Captain Bustamante took part later in the land defenses of Santiago, leaving his ship for that purpose, and fighting in the trenches of San Juan, where on the 1st of July, he received a bullet wound in the groin, which, on July 19, brought to an end the career of this fine officer and accomplished man. The visit of Captain Bustamante, and the kindly act of the admiral in sending him out to the squadron, gave us a favorable impression of the Spanish officers.

On the 7th, in response to my request, I received from the department authority to negotiate the exchange of our men for certain Spanish prisoners at Atlanta; but in sending in a flag of truce at once, with definite proposals, I was informed by Admiral Cervera that the *Merrimac* prisoners had been delivered to the custody of the army, and that the matter would have to be dealt with through Captain-General Blanco. On the 21st I received the department's instructions to ascertain if they were confined in a place exposed to our fire, and if so, to protest. This I did by a third flag of truce, on the 23d, when I was informed by Captain Concas that Holman and all his men were well and were confined in the city of Santiago. This was the first we had heard of their removal on the 7th. The began the negotiations which, taken up by General Shafter, finally resulted in the exchange of Hobson and his men.

THE BLOCKADE AT SANTIAGO.

ON my arrival on the 1st of June, I began to put into operation certain plans concerning the blockade which had been thought out on the way down. The log of the *Bristol*, Commodore Schley's flagship, for the five days from May 26 to June 1, indicates that whatever may have been the disadvantages under which the blockade had been maintained, it can hardly be described as a close one, of the sort desired and expected by both the Navy Department and myself. During this period it had been the custom of our vessels to retire from the coast at night to a distance of twenty-five miles. The movements of the Flying Squadron previous to

May 29, worked out from the *Brooklyn's* log, are accurately shown on the map on page 892.

The day service had been maintained at a distance of about six miles off the coast, the ships moving at very slow speed, in column, first to the eastward and then to the west-

THE SEARCH-LIGHT SERVICE.

The search-light, as will be seen, was a very important factor of the blockade. At first everybody felt that it was desirable to explore the coast on each side of the harbor, and every ship acted for herself, and began

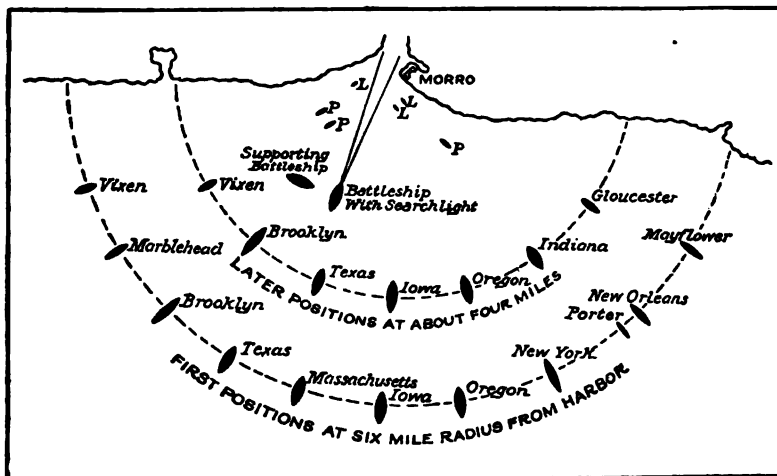


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE BLOCKADE OF SANTIAGO BY ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

P, P, P, Customary picket-stations of two or three of the smaller craft at night; L, L, L, Launches engaged in close picket-duty at night. The "later positions" also represent the relative positions of the six ships encountered by Admiral Cervera, July 3, 1898. The two dotted lines represent the earlier and later day positions. At night the line was accustomed to move in about a mile closer.

ward, about four or five hundred yards apart, or three times the length of a ship, the total length of the column being about a mile and a half, and the total distance traversed probably about seven miles.

On the 2d of June the new formation, to be maintained during day and night, was put in force. The scheme is shown in the accompanying diagram. The ships in this formation were of course subject to temporary changes, as, for instance, when the *Marblehead* was withdrawn for service at Guantanamo, or when a ship went thither or a short distance off her station to coal, or when the *Indiana* joined the fleet after the arrival of General Shafter's army, to which she was acting as escort, or when the *New Orleans* or the *Mayflower* was obliged to go to Key West for repairs. The most important change in this formation was in gradually shortening the radius of the arc of patrol from six to four miles during the day and to three at night. When the search-light service was instituted, the ship thus engaged was stationed within two miles, with orders to go in closer should the weather thicken or the effectiveness of the illumination demand it.

in the same way, moving the search-light up and down the coast. But we found, after one or two trials, that where the beam of one light was intersected by the beam of the next we could see nothing. Moreover, the slightest movement of the pivot of the light made the beam change so rapidly that little could be made out. We therefore restricted the service to a single light at any one time, keeping it stationary and pointed exactly up the harbor, which it illuminated perfectly.

The search-light service was assigned to the battle-ships *Massachusetts*, *Oregon*, and *Iowa*, and (after her arrival) to the *Indiana*, each taking terms of two hours, from dark until the next morning at daybreak. This shift was necessary because of the rapid heating up of the light, and because it was very exacting and fatiguing to the men in charge, so that a light could not long be maintained by a single man, though only the most expert men were employed. The scene on a moderately dark night was a very impressive one, the path of the search-light having a certain massiveness, and the slopes and crown of the Morro cliff being lighted up with the brilliancy of silver. The lighter

vessels, the *Gloucester*, *Scorpion*, *Suwanee*, and *Vixen*, were constantly on the lookout on each flank, going in closer at night, ahead of the search-light, but of course outside its path. At night, also, two or three launches from the battle-ships were stationed still farther in, near the mouth of the harbor. The vessels all kept their bows pointed to the entrance, and each of the battle-ships was provided with four search-lights, all but the stern light being used in succession, as needed. Every night, when the light was to be used, a signal to begin was made to the vessel which took the first turn, say at seven o'clock. The first vessel took it for two hours, the other vessels in turn moving up to the position, one light being turned on before the other was turned off. The search-light service was not abandoned until after the night of the Fourth of July, when at about half-past eleven the *Reina Mercedes* was sunk in the channel near the Morro in an unsuccessful effort to block the channel, the shells of the *Texas* and the *Massachusetts* materially assisting the sinking.

It was a week after my arrival at Santiago before the search-light service was thoroughly established. Every night, when the ship came up to her position and turned the light on, and I saw the harbor illuminated, I felt entirely secure. I looked at it many times during the night, always with the same feeling; and there it was night after night, with no variation. After we arrived we had the friendly aid of a brilliant moon, and as the moon waned we became very anxious; but after we had the search-light we reviled the moon, because really we could not see as well with the moon as without it.

Toward the last of June, when we felt sure that Cervera would come out soon if he were coming at all, an additional precaution was taken by adding to the search-light ship another battle-ship which kept her broadside up the entrance, ready to open fire, as the vessel illuminating the passage could not have brought her guns to bear without shifting position and throwing off the light.

THE BOMBARDMENTS.

AFTER a conference with the commanding officers it was agreed to make our first attack on the fortifications on June 5; but Captain Philip having called my attention to the fact that this was Sunday, I decided, as it was not necessary to bombard on that day, to postpone operations until the same hour on Monday, the 6th. The object of the first attack naturally was to develop the strength of the

enemy, and to get ranges and positions which would insure the projectiles doing the most damage. The understanding was that we should begin the next morning at daybreak (about four o'clock) and finish at dark; but the vessels were slow in coming up, and the firing did not begin till seven. The formation was in two lines or wings of the arc, disposed in such a way as to enfilade the two batteries; the one on the left was to move as far as possible to the left and fire on Socapa, and the one on the right as far as possible to the right and fire on the battery east of Morro. The object of this disposition was that projectiles going over the batteries at which they were aimed might find a target on the other side of the entrance, thus having a double chance of taking effect. The distance was to be three thousand yards.

The result produced on the batteries was differently estimated. The following morning the Spaniards began repairing damages with great vigor. In general, the fire of the ships against earthen batteries is not very destructive. However, after Santiago was taken we found that we had done a great deal more damage than we had supposed. After the Spaniards had been driven from the guns, as they always were, their repairs were merely makeshifts, although they put a large force at work. Their object seemed to be to give us the impression that the guns were all right; but in some cases they were knocked entirely out of place and rendered worthless. About all that was done was to prop them up in place to look as though we had not done them any harm. In some instances even dummy guns were set up. On the 6th the lighthouse near the eastern battery, a structure of iron and mortar, was struck many times. As we knew that Mr. Hobson and his men were confined in the Morro, having learned this from Captain Bustamante, we took particular pains—indeed, a written order was given—not to fire at the Morro.

The second bombardment was on June 16. This was with very much the same result as the first, and the order of formation and the distance were the same. The difficulty in going still closer was the elevation at which the enemy's guns were placed—over two hundred feet. If a ship got too near she could not hit at all by reason of the bluff. Our conclusion after the surrender was that we had done more damage the second time than the first.

From time to time a single ship was engaged in desultory firing for some specific

reason, but the next general operation in this region was the shelling of the coast at Daiquiri, Siboney, Aguadores, and as a feint at Cabañas, on the 22d of June, in aid of General Shafter's army. On the 1st of July, at the general's request, we made a demonstration at Aguadores to detain as many of the enemy as possible while he was attacking the lines about Santiago, and on that day, and again on the 10th and 11th, we bombarded the city at long range, as I shall recount later.

The principal damage to our fleet in these bombardments was an injury to the *Texas* by a single shell during the feint at Cabañas—probably the most destructive single shell of the war, for it disabled every man of two gun-crews. The *Indiana* was also struck, on the night of the Fourth of July, by a mortar-shell with considerable damage, the ship being set on fire, but no one being killed. This shell came down straight, went through the spar-deck, and entering the officers' quarters, then happily unoccupied, exploded in contact with the deck below.

THE CAPTURE OF GUANTANAMO.

AFTER the establishment of the blockade, my first thought was to find a harbor which could serve as a coaling-station and as a base for the operations of the fleet pending a decisive action. The most available one was that of Guantanamo, forty miles to the east.

On the 6th of June I sent the *Marblehead* and the *Yankee* to take possession of Guantanamo Bay. They arrived at daylight of the 7th, and found the *St. Louis* off the port, endeavoring to cut the cables. They at once entered the bay, and drove the Spanish from the blockhouse on the hill. The small village on the beach, known as Playa del Este, was burned by the shells from the ships, and telegraphic communication between Santiago and Mole St. Nicholas and Guantanamo was destroyed. The *St. Louis* also cut the outside Santiago cable early on the 7th, and mutilated the outside Mole St. Nicholas cable, as directed by me.

The Spanish gunboat *Sandoval* came down below the fort on Cayo del Toro, but was driven back and the fort silenced, the *Texas* making a prominent part in its destruction.

On the 8th the *Marblehead* returned to Guantanamo with the collier *Sterling*, and permanently occupied it.

On the 10th the *Panther* arrived, and was sent to Guantanamo with a battalion of about six hundred marines, and a camp was estab-

lished on a hill near the blockhouse. The one attack made by the Spanish during the war was at this point, the camp being subjected to a severe fire, with a loss of several men. On the 16th a reconnaissance in force was made, and the Spanish were driven off with great loss. The enemy never again appeared in force in the vicinity of the camp. From June 10 the bay was occupied permanently by us, and was used for purposes of coaling and refitting, as if the enemy were not present.

During the months of June and July the channel leading to Caimanera was dragged for mines, and forty-eight were finally recovered. The upper bay was not occupied by us until the cessation of hostilities, as we had no use for it, and the great number of mines rendered it unwise to take unnecessary risks.

At the time of the attack on the camp, it was reported to me, and by me in good faith to the department, that the bodies of some of our dead had been mutilated by the enemy. This report probably originated in the ignorance of our men as to the character of the wounds inflicted by the Mauser bullets. I was very happy to hear that it was unfounded, and at once sent a correction to the department, withdrawing the charge, and expressing my regret at the previous announcement.

With a secure base of operations at Guantanamo, we did not find it necessary to begin active operations against the harbor of Manzanillo. But on the 18th of July all the ships in that harbor were destroyed by the *Wilmington*, *Helena*, *Scorpion*, *Hist*, *Hornet*, *Wompatuck*, and *Osceola*, without any casualties to our own vessels. On the 12th of August the town itself was subjected to a bombardment, and a demand was made for its surrender by Captain Goodrich, who was in command; but a notification, on the morning of the 13th, of the cessation of hostilities prevented any further action.

A CONFERENCE WITH THE CUBAN GENERALS.

ON the 20th of June the *Wompatuck* appeared, and announced that the army expedition, under the convoy of the *Indiana* and more than a dozen smaller vessels, was fifteen miles to the southwest, where it would await further instructions. The expedition, under the command of General Shafter, consisted of sixteen thousand troops of all arms, in thirty-four ships. I immediately despatched the chief of staff, Captain Chadwick, to communicate with General Shafter and invite him to come in close to Santiago. Cap-

tain Chadwick informed General Shafter that at my invitation a number of the Cuban generals had already assembled at the headquarters of General Rabi, at Aserraderos, eighteen miles west of Santiago, where they would be glad to meet him and, as I had suggested, give their views concerning the best landing-place, the condition of the roads, etc. The Navy Department had some time before enjoined me to make for this purpose a careful examination of the coast, and both to the east and to the west this had been done. I had, besides, consulted all the Cuban generals and other officers who could visit me on board the flagship, and all of them proved to be personally acquainted with the coast in that vicinity. But I considered it prudent to bring these officers immediately into communication with General Shafter, in order that he might get their views at first-hand. On my invitation, General Garcia had recently come from the interior. His visit on board the flagship, on the day before, had proved too much for so indifferent a sailor, and for this reason I had made the rendezvous for General Shafter on shore. The same afternoon (the 20th), as soon as the general reached the fleet, I went on board his ship, and informed him of the engagement I had made for him. He decided to go at once, and we steamed westward to Aserraderos. This part of the coast was in possession of the Cubans for a long distance.

Cuban officers and men to the number of several hundred met General Shafter and his staff on the beach, as we landed. The older officers were furnished with mounts, but many had to walk or climb up a long and rugged path to General Rabi's tent, which we found pleasantly situated in the shade, where the breeze could have free passage. Like most of even their important and permanent tents, it was made of great palm-leaves. It was furnished with several rude seats, and beside it were the remnants of a camp-fire. The old colored general, reputed to have in his blood a large mixture of the native Carib, was standing erect before his tent, ready to welcome us. We had arrived before we had been expected, so that the guard had not gathered from the bushes to give the usual welcome, and some of the officers came in afterward. We were soon inside the general's tent, and those who could be accommodated were seated; but all were invited to retire except eight or ten, and some of these could find room inside for only their heads. The point at which our troops were to land was discussed, there

being warm advocates both for the west side for the east side of the harbor. Those in favor of the west side thought it preferable because it was then in the hands of the Cubans up to within three miles of Santiago de Cuba, and the road along the shore was good for a longer distance, and because the landing for boats was also fair. Those in favor of the east side argued that the Daiquiri pier was only a few miles farther from Santiago, and the troops could land at the pier direct from the ships, and go by a few miles back into the country to their ground, ample for forming camp, with plenty of fine water. General Garcia advocated landing at Guantanamo, which we now began saying that there was ample landing-ground for men and animals all about this beautiful harbor; that they would need a rest after the voyage, and that for this it was preferable. While I had great respect for the general's judgment, I considered that this required too long a march to Santiago over a bad road. General Castillo had first advocated Daiquiri and had urged it upon me before the arrival of the army. I was therefore pleased to see General Shafter, who listened attentively to the various opinions, promptly decided in favor of Daiquiri. I felt sure that his troops would reach Santiago in better condition from that point than if they had to come the way from Guantanamo, and certainly they would arrive at their destination much sooner. General Shafter impressed me as a man who could decide a question like a matter of his business, and who would make quick work of the campaign. It was therefore decided that the transports should be in with the coast at Daiquiri, and be prepared to begin disembarking early on the 21st, the order indicated by General Shafter, and under the care of the navy. General Garcia's three thousand men, who were to be approaching the coast at Aserraderos, should be prepared the second day thereafter to embark on board the transports and be taken to Daiquiri. General Castillo's small detachment of one thousand men was stationed at a point five or six miles to the eastward of Daiquiri. He was to move his men that night to the disembarking-point, where they were to assist the navy in keeping the coast clear of Spaniards for the landing of our troops.

General Shafter explained in a few words his intention regarding the method of attack, when once sufficient forces had been landed. I was pleased that my own ideas on this matter so nearly accorded with those of the general. He declared it to be his

tention to attack the shore batteries in the rear, and make it possible for the navy to clear the channel and get inside the harbor, it being his main object to assist the navy in destroying the Spanish fleet. Had the general followed this plan, we could have been of the greatest assistance to him, for we could have advanced within a few hundred yards of his left flank, and kept his front as clear as if swept with a broom. However, another plan was followed, whether from the force of circumstances or for other good reasons for a change of view, I have never learned. Without further parley the conference broke up.

By this time the whole Cuban army pres-

ships were timid about coming inshore, so that it was nine o'clock before they were close enough. As soon as the troops were ready to begin landing, the ships began to shell the coast. No reply was made to the fire of our ships, which was slackened and directed well clear of our own men as they began to reach the shore. There was an unusually heavy swell prevailing from the south-east, which was a great trial to the troops in debarking. Although the space where the boats could reach the shore was very restricted, and the boats crowded upon one another, yet the men were alert in getting ashore, and made excellent progress.

What motive induced the Spaniards to



THE CUBAN COAST NEAR SANTIAGO, SHOWING ALSO POSITIONS OF THE SPANISH VESSELS WRECKED IN THE BATTLE OF JULY 3, 1898.

ent was under arms, prepared to give us a proper send-off. The men were drawn up in single column from General Rabi's tent all the way down the winding road through the wood by which we had come. Bugles were many and shirts were few. Scarcely a man in that long and sinuous line appeared to know how to bring his musket to a "present," or how to hold it in any other position recognized in the manual of arms; but each apparently had kept his weapon in good order and ready for use.

THE LANDING OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

EARLY on the morning of the 22d all the steam-launches belonging to the blockading fleet, each in charge of a young naval officer, together with all the boats that could be spared, were collected at the flagship *New York*, ready for service in assisting at the landing. Captain Goodrich of the *St. Louis* had general charge of all the boats. Each place where a landing was possible was cleared of Spaniards by a detail of small naval vessels, and at a little bay, Cabañas, to the westward of the harbor, a feint was made on a large scale. At all these points the ships were in position at 3 A. M., ready for work. The captains of the troop-

leave these landing-places without a defense remains a mystery. Had they been prepared to resist, it would have greatly increased the danger in landing our men and the time required in landing. The very irregular character of the ground would have furnished good protection for its defenders. The following day the disembarkation was continued more successfully, the transports keeping within more reasonable distance from the shore; so that at the end of the third day, the 24th of June, the troops were virtually all on shore, except those on board two or three of the transports, which had wandered too far afield and had to be hunted up. The second day landing was also made at Siboney, where it proved to be easier than at Daiquiri, because of milder weather and sea. On the 26th General Garcia's three thousand men, who had reached the shore at Aserraderos, were embarked on three transports and taken to Siboney, thus avoiding a long journey around the north end of Santiago Bay, and probably some hard fighting in order to join our troops.

On the 27th the *Yale* arrived with thirteen hundred of General Duffield's brigade, making in all about twenty-one thousand men, including Cubans, who had been landed.

GOOD SHORT- AND LONG-RANGE FIRING.

WHEN we first bombarded the batteries at the mouth of the harbor, the *Suwanee* did some notably good firing at the Aguadores fort. The commanding officer of the *Suwanee* had doubtless become tired of seeing the Spanish flag on the fort, and asked permission to knock it down. I did not like the idea of wasting any more shell on the useless old fort, which was too picturesque to be destroyed, but signaled my permission, limiting him, however, to three shots, thinking that he would be discouraged from making the attempt in three trials on such a small target. The flagstaff was built into the corner wall of the fort, which had been standing probably two hundred years or more. It was distant from the ships about twelve hundred yards. The *Suwanee's* first shot struck near the foot of the staff and cut away the stonework, so that the flagstaff inclined several degrees. The second shot cut the center strip out of the flag. The third shot completely cut the staff above the stonework, so that, with the flag attached, it fell over the parapet far down into the valley below. The other ships broke out into enthusiastic cheers, for they knew the stint under which the *Suwanee* was firing.

On the 1st of July, after the feint at Aguadores, I decided to try throwing shell into the city of Santiago. We found by the chart of the harbor that a ship a short distance east of Aguadores was eighty-three hundred yards from the city. Calling the *Oregon* to our assistance, the *New York* began firing eight-inch shell over the range of hills before mentioned, which completely hid the city, using a range of eighty-five hundred yards, and firing rather toward the bay side of the city, so that, in case our aim was not good, the shell should not only pass entirely over our troops, but fall in the bay rather than go outside the walls of the city. This was our first experience in firing at such long range at an invisible target. Subsequent reports from officers of the army who observed the fall of the shell were so favorable that preparations were made to repeat the bombardment, which was done on the 10th by the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, and *Indiana*, again with eight-inch shell, the *New York* being this day at Guantanamo, coaling, and on the 11th by the *New York*, *Brooklyn*, and *Indiana*. On this last occasion careful preparations were made to report, from near the city, by telegraph, the fall of each projectile. The cathedral occupied a central position in the city, and the

army officers detailed to observe the shells were to report their fall with relation to the cathedral. The three ships were to aim at this point, although it was entirely invisible to them. One hundred and six eight-inch shells were fired, and, according to the report, one hundred and one fell within the city.

The next day, the 12th of July, General Linares, in a report to General Blanco of the desperate condition of affairs,—a report intended as preliminary to his surrender,—spoke of the firing "from the sea by the squadron which has perfect ranges, and bombarded the city in sections with mathematical precision."

After the surrender of the city, on the 17th of July, I sent three officers to study the effect of this firing against the city. They indicated that the injury done was much greater than would happen in a modern city where there is so much open space between the houses, and where the streets are wide. Santiago has very narrow streets, and is solidly built. Consequently, a shell falling within the walls could not fail to do injury. Houses were completely destroyed or set on fire, though the observers from the army reported that these fires were in most cases quickly extinguished. This was probably due to the character of the buildings, which are nearly fire-proof. In several cases the shell exploded inside the house and destroyed the whole interior, leaving the walls standing.

Lieutenant Müller, a Spanish officer, gave instances of the havoc of the bombardment of the 11th, and says that "59 houses suffered considerable damage." He adds: "Between the garden of the Alameda and the railway-station, being a distance of about 800 meters, 23 projectiles fell. Many of them did not explode. One of them went through a tree, as though it had been a gimlet. At the ice-factory two fell, and three at the railway-station. A great many fell near the piers, and still more near the place where the gunboat *Alvarado* was at anchor. As the city was almost abandoned, there was no loss of life."

THE SORTIE OF THE SPANISH FLEET.

WE have now arrived at the morning of Sunday the 3d of July, at which time occurred the culminating event of the war—the sortie of Cervera's fleet. While we were expecting this and were prepared for it, it would have been a surprise at any time. The morning was unusually fine, the sea being calmer than usual—the whole scene giving no indication that the peaceful day was soon to be changed to one of bustle and

bloodshed. Our ships and their positions at the time are indicated on the map of the blockade, along the inner dotted line.

I had made an engagement that morning to go ashore at Siboney, to confer with General Shafter concerning the plan to be followed in an attempt to be made by the fleet to enter the harbor. With this object in view, the flagship *New York* had started eastward about nine o'clock in the morning, in company with the *Hist* and the torpedo-boat *Ericsson*. Shortly before half-past nine we reached a point between seven and eight miles east of the Morro. The men were at quarters, and the customary Sunday morning inspection was proceeding, when I suddenly saw from the quarter-deck a puff of white smoke—not black smoke, as a good many have said—rising above the bluff inside the Morro, as if from the Socapa battery. As I heard no report, I was convinced that the shot was not from the eastern battery, which was directly in the line of vision, for that would have made a loud reverberation. The impression was immediate that Cervera's fleet was coming out. I at once sent to the bridge the order: "Put the helm aport and turn back immediately," giving it directly to the officer of the deck, without waiting to send it through the commander, as was the custom. Captain Chadwick hurried on deck, and, without stopping to consult me, went instantly on the bridge. Before the flagship had turned, a Spanish vessel appeared at the entrance, coming out under full steam. I sent at once for the chief engineer and directed him to light all the furnace fires, which he assured me had already been done by order of the commanding officer. At the same time I distinctly saw that all the blockading ships, which a moment before had been at Sunday inspection, were on the move and had opened fire on the enemy. The first thought was, "Oh, that we had wings!" After a few moments each ship was enveloped in dense clouds of smoke, but the course of each could easily be distinguished without a glass, though outlines and spars were not distinct. I had no difficulty in identifying the Spanish vessels as they came out one by one. It was plainly to be seen that they were going to the westward parallel with the coast, apparently with the primary intention of escaping.

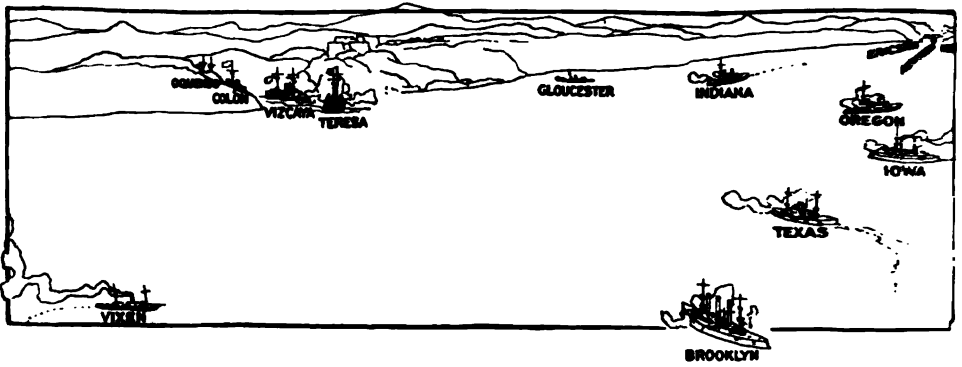
The *New York* had six double-ended boilers and habitually carried steam on four, with a hydrokinometer on the fifth—an invention by which the water in one boiler is kept at a high temperature by means of steam from

the others. The sixth boiler already had a fire prepared under it, but the water was still cold. There are eight furnaces under each boiler. Ordinarily several hours are required to get steam on a boiler, owing to the fact that serious injury is liable to occur in rapid heating; but in the emergency no consideration was given to this danger, the fires being forced from the first. Thus gradually increasing the rate, we brought the speed of the flagship up to somewhat over seventeen knots, which was the maximum speed made by the *New York* during the chase, and the highest speed attained that day by our vessels. A point of departure being taken for each ship after she was fully in chase, our average speed was 14 knots, the *Brooklyn* being next with 13.2 knots, and the *Oregon* third with 12.9 knots.

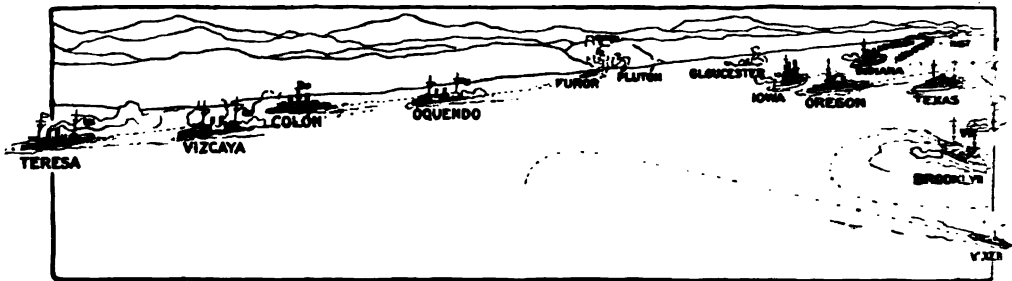
By the time all the six Spanish vessels were out, our ships were going at the best speed they could command, and in a very few moments from the first shot each had decided what she was going to do, and had started to do it, the *Brooklyn* making a loop (as indicated in the bird's-eye plan) before she got settled down to her course. The *New York* followed directly in the wake of the Spanish vessels, as at the instant of turning we were quite near the shore. Our own vessels were ahead on our port bow. We remained for fifteen or twenty minutes in this position toward the Spanish vessels and our own. We had the disadvantage of being four or five miles behind the *Indiana*, the distance of the Spanish ahead of us being somewhat greater.

As we came past the Morro the batteries fired upon us, as they had upon the fleet when it first dashed in. We paid no attention to them, but as we passed the position where the *Gloucester* was engaged with the destroyers, we fired a couple of shots at them from the four-inch guns, Chadwick believing that one of them was trying to escape; but it was quickly perceived that the *Gloucester* had nothing to fear from them. The other vessels of the Spanish fleet had disappeared around the first bend west of the entrance. As we rounded that point we saw that the *Teresa* had run ashore. The *Oquendo* almost immediately did the same, about half a mile farther west. Both were on fire.¹

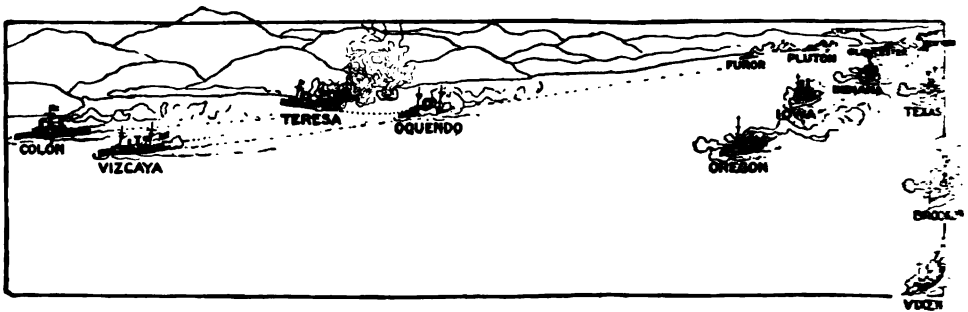
¹ As we passed these vessels, a Spanish sailor was seen struggling in the water on the seaward side of the *New York*. In response to his calls for help, one of the crew seized the chaplain's reading-desk, which was stowed on the main-deck in the passage between the two cabins, and which had a cross showing on it. As he did so, he cried out grimly, "Cling to the cross and you'll be saved!" The Spaniard followed instructions, and was saved.



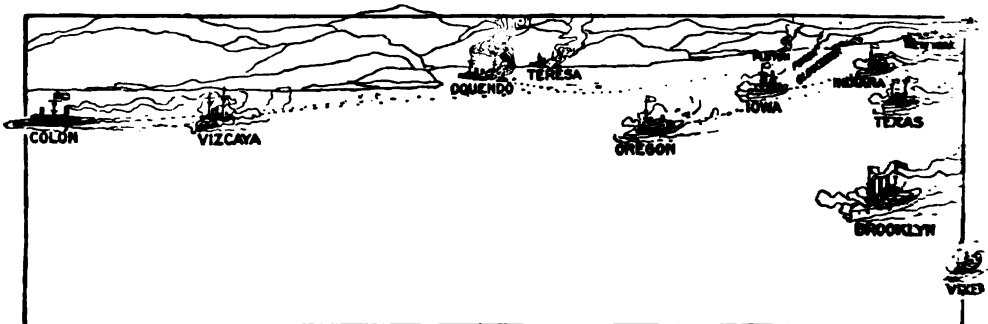
POSITION NO. 1. THE SPANISH SHIPS COMING OUT.



POSITION NO. 2. THE AMERICAN FLEET CLOSING IN.

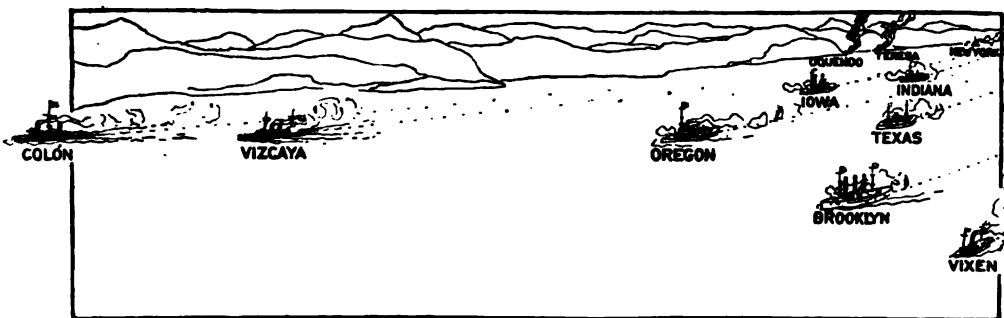


POSITION NO. 3. THE BATTLE AT ITS HEIGHT.

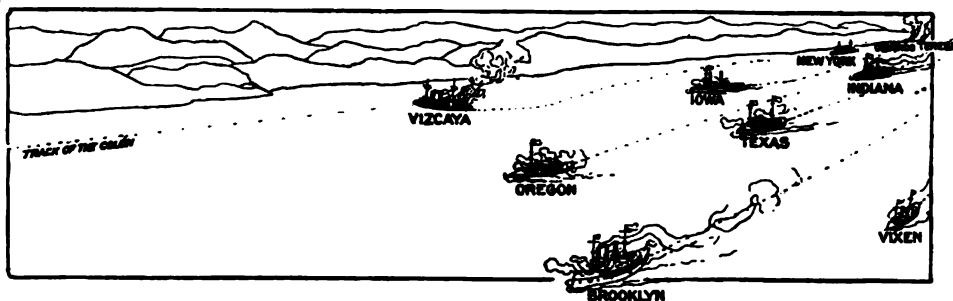


POSITION NO. 4. FOUR SPANISH VESSELS DISABLED.

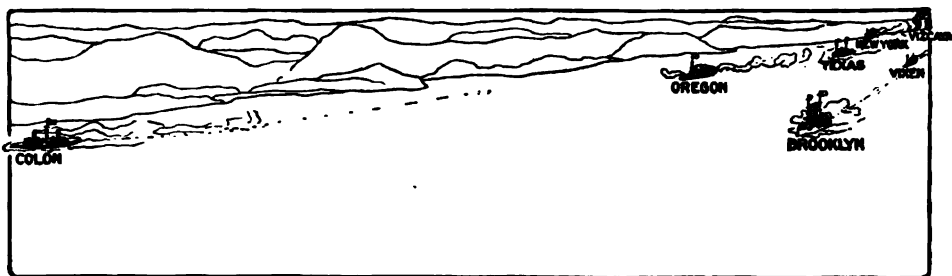
GRAPHIC PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO, DRAWN BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE. BASED ON THE MAP OF THE BATTLE BY OFFICERS OF THE FLEET, THE PLAN HAVING



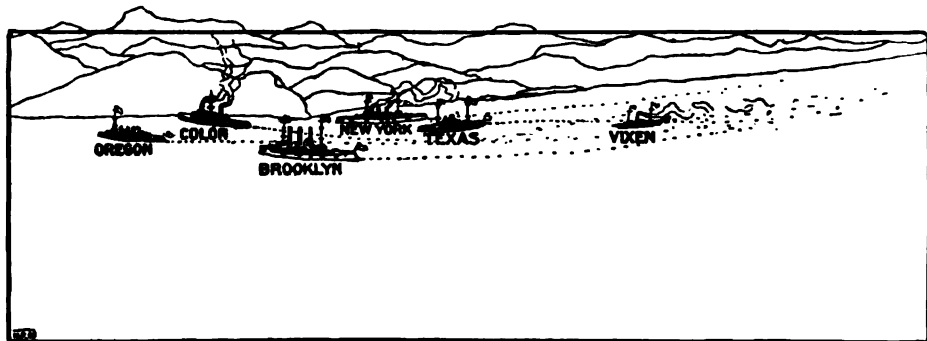
POSITION NO. 5. THE BEGINNING OF THE CHASE.



POSITION NO. 6. THE END OF THE "VIZCAYA."



POSITION NO. 7. OVERHAULING THE "COLÓN"



POSITION NO. 8. AFTER THE SURRENDER.

THE WAINWRIGHT BOARD, AND ON INFORMATION WHICH WAS FURNISHED TO THE ARTIST SOON AFTER BEEN APPROVED BY THEM AFTER BEING PLOTTED BY MR. SPRAGUE

Shortly afterward we came up with the *Indiana*, and I directed Captain Taylor to return to the blockade off the entrance; for there were other armed vessels inside the harbor, and I feared that they might come out and raid the transport-ships. Moreover, I felt confident that the battle was already won. But at that moment I was anxious that not one of the Spanish vessels should get away.

As we came up to the *Vizcaya* at Aserraderos, we perceived that she too was going ashore. The after-part of the ship was burning, and the crew could be seen in the water or huddled on the fore-castle-deck. The Cubans from General Rabi's camp were strung along the beach. In answer to an inquiry from Captain Evans of the *Iowa*, I signaled to him to assist in the rescue of the enemy, which he did. The only ships now left in advance were the *Colón*, straight ahead of us, pursued by the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*, with the *Texas* following. It was not clear whether the *Brooklyn* or the *Oregon* was in advance, but it was evident that the *Oregon* was nearer the *Colón*. It was plainly to be seen from the bridge that, in order to escape, the *Colón* would have to pass to the southward of Cape Cruz, and to do so she must approach our own ships. She knew that her only hope of safety lay in passing the cape before any of the ships could come up; if she should follow the coast closely she would finally have to approach us more directly. For an hour after the surrender of the *Vizcaya* the chase of the *Colón* continued without firing, all the four vessels gaining on her steadily, until the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* considered themselves near enough to reach her with their heaviest guns. Only a few shots were fired when the *Oregon* placed a shell beyond her, whereupon she ported her helm, hauled down her flag, and made for the beach. Captain Cook of the *Brooklyn* was sent by Schley to receive the surrender of the *Colón*, and her crew of five hundred and twenty-five men were transferred to the *Resolute*, which had come up from the east. Thus the long, tedious, and anxious campaign had terminated with the destruction of the entire Spanish fleet.

CERVERA'S STRATEGY.

WHEN we come to consider the strategy of Admiral Cervera in leaving the harbor, it must be said first of all that it would have been much better, if he could have done so, to leave by night. That he could not do so is the testimony of officers of his fleet. We know from what they said subsequently,

while they were prisoners, that this plan had been considered by the admiral and his officers. Two advocated going out by night; the others were all in favor of the sortie by day. The great difficulty in a night attempt was our dazzling search-light. A search-light shining direct in one's eyes prevents him absolutely from seeing anything else; it is as though he were looking at the sun; and it was that effect upon them, taken in connection with the necessity of seeing their way out of the channel, that made them hesitate. This feeling was in itself a compliment to the efficiency of the blockade, but we did not attach so much importance to the dazzling of the enemy as to the illumination of the channel so that we could see everything that was going on. It was a continual wonder to us why they did not fire at our search-light, which was always within range. To be sure, it would have required pretty good marksmanship to knock it out, but it would have made the man who was manipulating it quite uneasy to know that he was the center of the enemy's fire.

The enemy had no search-lights at their defenses. All the necessary machinery was in place for the establishment of one at Socapa, but they never got so far as to complete the plant and actually use it.

What appeared to us the most favorable chance for Cervera was to have been prepared to come out with a full head of steam, and then to have chosen a very cloudy day, at night, or one when a dense rain or squall was passing over the harbor, — when it would be very difficult to see in any circumstances — and, guided by screened lights placed along the channel for the purpose, to have made for the open sea. His ships might have run out of such a storm in about an hour; so long as the squall continued they probably could have counted upon being invisible to a great extent. It would have been difficult to identify the particular ships, and in the confusion and darkness they would probably soon have escaped observation that they might have been out of sight by the time the weather cleared up or the squall had passed. There were several such nights, and very anxious ones they were for us.

Dismissing the question of a sortie by night, there were several things he might have done by day: (1) to take the course he did take alongshore to the westward; (2) to take a similar course to the eastward; (3) to divide his fleet between the two courses; and (4) to scatter through our fleet. When they all came out and started along the beach, our

fire was easily concentrated on them. It would have been worse to go eastward, as he would have had to engage not only all the vessels he did, but the *New York* and the vessels at Guantanamo—the *Massachusetts*, *Newark*, and *Marblehead*, which could have been notified by telegraph. He might have made a feint to go in a certain direction. Two ships sent in one direction would probably have called out most of the strength of our vessels, and have given his others a better chance than they had. What would have happened if they had boldly attempted to dash through the fleet can be only a matter of speculation. There could hardly have been as much concentration of fire upon them, and in the smoke and confusion some of them might have got through. They had simply to encounter the same kind of fire; at the beginning it might have been heavier. I suppose the result would not have been different. If any one of them had succeeded in breaking through, her speed would have given her a chance of escape. We had only three ships that were faster than theirs. As it was, they left the *Indiana* and the *Iowa* behind in a short time, and if they had been running straight to sea, those ships could have followed them no longer than they did,—the *Indiana* eight or ten miles, the *Iowa* eighteen,—so that they would have had only the same number of ships following them, if they had got through. The fact is, they hugged the shore as a possible means of rescue in case of disaster; they did not like to leave the land entirely.

GUNCOTTON PROJECTILES.

MUCH interest has been manifested in the operations of the *Vesuvius*, which mounted three pneumatic guns in the bow in a parallel position, at an angle of elevation of eighteen degrees with the horizon, and fired a charge of guncotton varying from two hundred to four hundred pounds, the distance at which these shells could be projected being limited to the corresponding elevation of the gun, which for the larger projectiles is a mile and a half, and for the smaller two miles. The limitations of this vessel, due to the short range and to the fixedness of her guns, prevented her from taking part in the bombardments. In the first place, she was too frail a vessel to be exposed to the direct fire of the enemy, and her short range and the difficulty in directing the guns made it absolutely necessary that her firing should be done at night, when she was not visible. She could fire only at the sea batteries and the points

a short distance within the entrance. She succeeded, however, in creating great nervousness and consternation in the enemy by the tremendous explosive force of her shells. Her three guns were fired in close succession,—about half a minute apart,—and for a long time afterward the atmosphere where the projectile struck was filled with clouds of dust. A large part of a settlement on Smith Cay occupied by fishermen and pilots was completely destroyed by one of her shots. I think that no one was killed by a direct hit from this source, for the enemy, expecting the second and third guns to be fired soon after the first, would take shelter in the trenches. It was customary for the *Vesuvius* to fire simply one set of charges on each night, and she fired probably on ten different nights, usually every other night. With the improvements recently made in this type of gun, its efficiency will be greatly increased.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

THERE has been much discussion of the utility of smokeless powder during the war. Of our vessels the *Marblehead*, *New Orleans*, and *Newark* were entirely fitted out with it, but none of these vessels was engaged on July 3. I believe the Spanish, while using much of this kind of powder, did not confine themselves to it. The powder used by the Spanish ships during the sortie produced considerable smoke, but not so much as our own. Our small guns—all the six-pounders—were supplied with smokeless powder, but not the large guns. At the time of its invention there was a difference of opinion as to whether the smokelessness is an advantage or a disadvantage. If the powder is smokeless, you can see your enemy more clearly and can shoot better, and the risk of collision between ships in action is greatly reduced. On the other hand, if the smoke is thick, and you wish to escape, or to execute any other manœuvre, it can be done under the screen of your own smoke; to that extent it is an advantage to you. Both these views were strongly advocated. The advantage of smokeless powder which dominates every other is not that it is smokeless, but that it imparts so much more energy to the projectile. With its use our Bureau of Ordnance expects to get a velocity of three thousand feet per second, while with the brown powder not more than two thousand feet per second can be obtained. As the energy varies as the square of the velocity, this means an increase of energy in the proportion of nine to four. This is true not only of the heavy guns, but of

small ordnance. The consensus of opinion since smokeless powder has been so greatly improved now favors it, the enormous increase in velocity, together with the ability to see the enemy and to point the guns, being considered more important than to escape an attack or mask a maneuver. Certainly the smoke was in our way at San Juan. At Santiago one could follow every vessel by the envelop of her own smoke; but her envelop and that of the next ship did not mingle.

CABLE-CUTTING.

EVEN before the declaration of war, preparations were made by the Navy Department to cut the submarine cables of Cuba, permission being obtained from the Western Union Telegraph Company to install on board one of our ships a set of grapneling apparatus belonging to them, which was stored at Key West.

As the water off the ports where the telegraph-cables were to be destroyed was very deep, varying from a few hundred fathoms to several thousand, it was necessary that the grapneling outfit should be strong enough to lift a thousand fathoms of cable, or, if working in shoaler water, the cutting ship must work close under the shore and be exposed to fire. As all the cables are on the south side of the island, where we were not at the time prepared to blockade or to defend the grapneling ship, it was necessary to send a sufficient force to fight wherever it might be necessary. For this reason Captain Taylor of the *Indiana* was put in charge of the duty, with a considerable force.

A curious cable system had grown up in Cuba, owing to the insecurity of the land-lines. The Spaniards had learned from experience that only a submarine telegraph was secure against destruction by the Cubans. The poor insurgents had not the means of reaching the submarine cables, for the Spaniards occupied the towns and cities where the ends of the cables were landed; but the land-lines on the south side were always at their mercy.

From Batabano on the west to Guantanamo

on the east the towns were connected by submarine cables, and in some cases more than one cable was employed. To destroy all connection with the outside world was difficult. There were four cables from Santiago de Cuba to Jamaica, and one from Guantanamo to Santo Domingo; then there was the Key West cable to Havana, over which so frequent, if not constant, communication was held during the whole war.

It was by this last route that we were first informed, on May 19, that Cervera's fleet had reached Santiago, and each day for several days afterward that it was there. This service reconciled me to the continuance of this cable. At first I regarded the news with suspicion, as it came direct from Havana; but its daily repetition at the same hour, and the mysterious hints as to its reliability from such men as Colonel Allen of the signal-service, who had been appointed censor at the Key West end of the Havana cable, won my confidence.¹

Following is a résumé of the cable-cutting undertaken or accomplished by our vessels.

May 11, *Marblehead* and *Nashville* cut the cables at Cienfuegos, under a galling fire.

May 18, *St. Louis* and *Wompatuck* cut the cable at Santiago.

May 19, *St. Louis* and *Wompatuck* unsuccessfully attempted to cut Guantanamo cable.

June 7, *St. Louis* and *Marblehead* cut the Guantanamo cable.

June 19, *St. Louis* reported by signal the cable from Santiago to Jamaica had been cut.

July 21, *Wilmington*, *Helena*, *Manassas*, and *Hist* cut Jucaro-Tunas cable, a local one between Manzanillo and Cienfuegos.

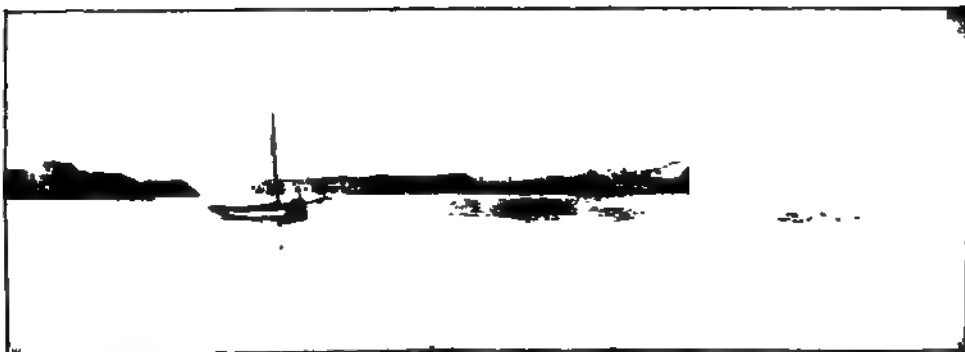
AMMUNITION USED AT SANTIAGO AND MANZANILLO.

INTERESTING calculations have been made concerning the expenditure of ammunition in the action of the 3d of July, and it has been found that the total number of shells fired in that action was as follows: *Texas*, 835; *Indiana*, 1876; *Oregon*, 1903; *Bronckhorst*, 1973; *Iowa*, 1473; *Gloucester*, 1369; the

¹ The following details concerning the reception of this news are from a private letter to me from one who was then at Key West:

"The entrance of the fleet into the harbor was made known to the writer within an hour thereafter, and almost immediately coded and wired to Washington, and confirmations of the fleet being (remaining) there were received daily, and occasionally coded and wired to Washington. The manner of getting information of importance from Havana had previously been arranged for by me. The party who sent me such

information was an employee of the [cable] company and assumed much greater risk than I cared to let him do, for the reason that he let another employee of the secret, who watched and reported to me during his absence. Fortunately, our cables were being worked 'duplex,' which made it possible for such news to be transmitted without detection. All this news about the fleet came from Santiago to the captain-general at Havana over the Cuba submarine cable, and was sent by my agent by a Spanish government official holding a high position."



DRAWN BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FOUND IN SANTIAGO BY T. D. DANLEY.

THE SPANISH FLEET IN SANTIAGO HARBOR.

This photograph, taken from the eastern side of the harbor, was probably made on the morning of the arrival of the fleet.

9429. The cost of this ammunition was about \$35,000. It is classified as follows: thirteen-inch, 47; twelve-inch, 39; eight-inch, 319; six-inch, 171; five-inch, 473; four-inch, 251; six-pounder, 6553; three-pounder, 780; one-pounder, 466; one-pounder and 37-mm., 330; total, 9429.

The total number of shots fired at Manila is officially given as 5651, and the cost is estimated at \$45,000. The ammunition is classified thus: eight-inch, 157; six-inch, 635; five-inch, 622; six-pounder, 1957; three-pounder and 47-mm., 648; one-pounder and 3-mm., 1632; total, 5651.

A LESSON OF THE WAR.

BEFORE the Spanish war it was an axiom in naval strategy that a whole fleet could not be completely blockaded. The conclusion that the English have reached, based upon annual trials, is that it takes about three ships to blockade one. I think it is also their conclusion that in ordinary circumstances, — I would not say the special circumstances at Santiago, but where the opening of a harbor is moderately great, — while one or two ships at a time may be blockaded, it may be expected that some of them will escape. Perhaps if the Spanish had had more energy, had tried harder, they might have succeeded in demonstrating the rule even at

Santiago. It was a very narrow channel, and after we began to use the search-lights their chances of getting out without our knowledge were very small; but by choosing the time and the weather I believe they could have verified the rule.

APROPOS OF THE "MAINE."

As a member of the board of inquiry on the destruction of the *Maine*, I may be permitted in closing to call attention to the confirmation which is given by the Santiago fight to the conclusion reached by us that the American battle-ship was destroyed by external agency. This is the unanimous opinion of American officers who have examined these wrecks. One has only to compare the photographs of the wreck of the *Maine* with those of the *Oquendo* and *Vizcaya* to perceive the essential difference. The forward magazines of these two vessels are known to have exploded. In the case of the *Maine* the whole forward half of the ship was destroyed and the line of the keel bent upward thirty-four feet, while the Spanish vessels, so far as the framework of the hulls is concerned, are unchanged in appearance. Such apertures as are seen in the sides are evidently shot-holes; the disrupted plating of the bow of the *Vizcaya* was undoubtedly due to the explosion of one of her torpedoes already in the tube.

W. J. Sampson

RECRIMINATION.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I.

SSAID Life to Death: "Methinks, if I were you,
I would not carry such an awesome face
To terrify the helpless human race;
And if indeed those wondrous tales be true.
Of happiness beyond, and if I knew
About the boasted blessings of that place,
I would not hide so miserly all trace
Of my vast knowledge, Death, if I were you:
But, like a glorious angel, I would lean
Above the pathway of each sorrowing soul,
Hope in my eyes, and comfort in my breath,
And strong conviction in my radiant mien,
The while I whispered of that beauteous goal.
This would I do if I were you, O Death."

II.

SSAID Death to Life: "If I were you, my friend,
I would not lure confiding souls each day
With fair false smiles to enter on a way
So filled with pain and trouble to the end;
I would not tempt those whom I should defend,
Nor stand unmoved and see them go astray;
Nor would I force unwilling souls to stay
Who longed for freedom, were I you, my friend:
But, like a tender mother, I would take
The weary world upon my sheltering breast,
And wipe away its tears, and soothe its strife;
I would fulfil my promises, and make
My children bless me as they sank to rest
Where now they curse—if I were you, O Life."

III.

Life made no answer, and Death spoke again:
"I would not woo from God's sweet nothingness
A soul to being, if I could not bless
And crown it with all joy. If unto men
My face seems awesome, tell me, Life, why then
Do they pursue me, mad for my caress,
Believing in my silence lies redress
For your loud falsehoods?" (so Death spoke again).
"Oh, it is well for you I am not fair—
Well that I hide behind a voiceless tomb
The mighty secrets of that other place:
Else would you stand in impotent despair,
While unfledged souls straight from the mother's womb
Rushed to my arms and spat upon your face!"

THE CAPTURE OF MANILA.

II. THE MANILA CAMPAIGN.

BY FRANCIS V. GREENE, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. V.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY HIS SON.

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

GENERAL MERRITT arrived at Cavite in the *Newport* on the afternoon of July 25, and after examining the ground the following day, promptly decided two points: first, that the attack would be made along the shore; and, second, that it was necessary to get the insurgents off to one side, so as to give us the right of way. He was very anxious to avoid any entangling alliances with Agui-

naldo, with whom he had no direct communication. He therefore sent his chief of staff, on the afternoon of July 28, with a verbal message directing me to persuade the insurgents, if possible, to evacuate a portion of their trenches; but I was to do this on my own responsibility, and without intimating that I had any instructions to this effect from him. I had previously met General Noriel,

who commanded the brigade of insurgents nearest to the beach, and on receiving General Merritt's message I sent my orderly, who spoke Spanish fluently, to find this general and give him a most polite message that I desired to see him on matters of common interest. At the same time the orderly was instructed not to come back without him. He returned in about an hour with General Noriel and his young adjutant-general, Arevolas, both wearing handsome uniforms and equipments. I explained to him that the antique six-inch columbiad which he had in his trench was of an obsolete pattern and very ineffective against the Spanish artillery, and that if he would give up the trenches for about four hundred yards from the beach, I would place in them the fine modern pieces of field-artillery which we had brought, and which would be much more effective against the Spaniards. He received the idea favorably, but said he could do nothing without consulting Aguinaldo; and I requested him to do this by telegraph (Aguinaldo's headquarters being about eleven miles in the rear), and give me an answer during the night. He promised to do so. About half-past two in the morning his adjutant-general arrived, having been obliged to ride back through the rain and mud to Bacoor to see Aguinaldo, as the answer by telegraph was not satisfactory. He said that Aguinaldo had given his consent, provided I would make the request in writing. I told him that I had no objection to this, but, in order to save time, I would post the troops in the trenches early in the morning, and send the written request as soon thereafter as possible. This arrangement was carried out, and at eight o'clock in the morning one battalion of the Eighteenth Regular Infantry, one battalion of the First Colorado Volunteers, and four guns, two from each of the Utah light batteries, were at the trenches nearest to the beach, and these were surrendered without any protest by the insurgents.

The trench which had been constructed by the latter was of insufficient profile and not well located. I decided to construct another trench about one hundred and twenty-five yards in advance, and this work was undertaken immediately, and carried on throughout the day and night with the utmost vigor. The Spaniards apparently did not notice that it was being constructed by our troops instead of by the insurgents, and no serious opposition was made.

On the following morning the Eighteenth Infantry and the First Colorado were re-

lieved by two battalions of the First California. The trenches were already of sufficient height to enable the change to be made without the men being seen by the Spaniards. The work of intrenching continued without abatement during the day and night, and the morning of the 31st the California battalions were relieved by two battalions of the Tenth Pennsylvania and one company (nearly two hundred men) of the Tenth Regular Artillery. They also kept on with the trenching, for the third day, without interruption from the Spaniards further than occasional picket-firing.

The labor of digging these trenches was very great, and the results accomplished were comparatively so slight that they would have been discouraging if the troops had not been in such enthusiastic spirits. The soil was a black loam, nearly saturated with water; and it rained so incessantly that the parapet was washed down almost as fast as it was thrown up. There was a large number of sand-bags on the transport which had brought General Merritt; but it had been impossible to unload this transport yet, and it was not feasible to get at the sand-bags until a day or two later. Bamboo poles were cut and used for revetments with considerable success, and by the evening of July 31 quite a strong line had been completed from the beach to the highroad, slightly beyond it—a total distance of about three hundred yards.

The growth of these trenches, in the view of Fort San Antonio, barely a thousand yards away, had doubtless at last convinced the Spaniards that the work was being carried on by American troops, and not by insurgents. On the night of July 31—August 1 they made a determined effort to drive us out. They opened with a very heavy fire of both infantry and artillery shortly before midnight. The night was intensely dark, and the rain was falling in torrents. The Tenth Pennsylvania and the four Utahs immediately returned the fire, aiming at a line of flashes, which indicated the Spanish trenches, about one thousand yards in length. The noise was plainly heard at camp, and the regiments were all at arms in a few minutes, and the commanding officers reported for instructions. A company of the Third Artillery was in reserve in rear of the trenches, and it promptly moved forward, sending back word that it had done so. The other company of the Third Artillery was ordered forward before the order could reach them they

already left camp. The First California was sent forward, one battalion to the trenches, the second to halt in reserve about twelve hundred yards in rear of them, and the third battalion just in rear of the second, and out to hold the position. The only place from which any view of the fight could be obtained was on the beach immediately opposite camp. Here the signal-station had been established, and was in communication with the United

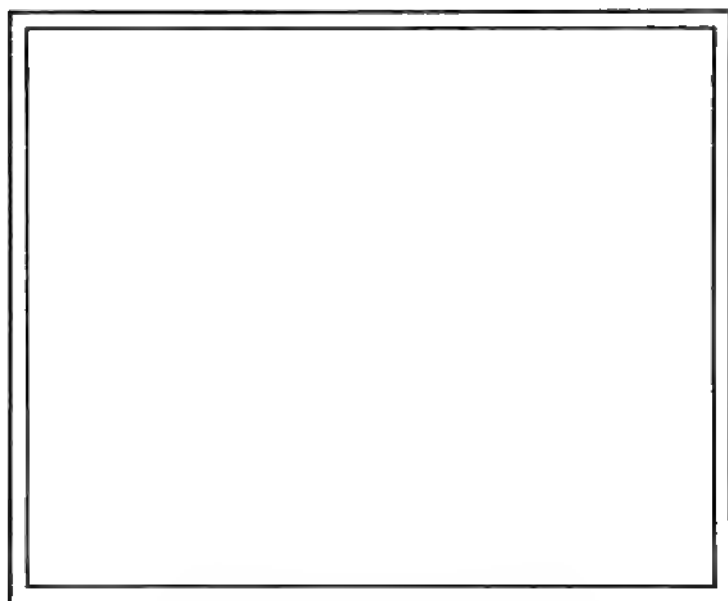
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLANDER & CO.

MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

of range of the Spanish fire. The First Colorado was similarly sent forward, to halt by battalions in rear of the First California, just outside of the range of fire. The other regiments were held under arms in camp.

The instructions which I had received were to remain strictly on the defensive; and as the troops advancing to the trenches had to pass through a zone of about seven hundred yards of fire, I was desirous not to send forward any more than were necessary

States steamship *Boston*, anchored about fifteen hundred yards from the shore. I had consulted with Captain Wildes the previous day, and he had stated that he would open fire whenever I requested him to do so, but that the admiral was very anxious that this should not be done, unless absolutely necessary, until after the arrival of the *Monterey*. Under these circumstances I was reluctant to signal for the assistance of the *Boston* unless satisfied that the Span-



FROM A

CONVENT BUILDING AND INTRENCHMENT, USED BY THE AMERICANS.

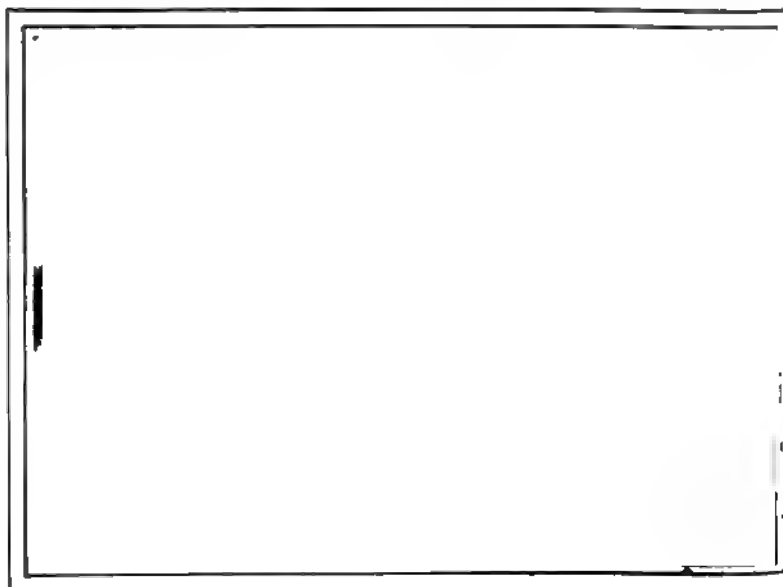
This convent was situated between Camp Dewey and the Spanish Fort San Antonio. (See maps, pages 922, 923.)

iards were advancing in overwhelming force. I watched the flashes of their guns through a pair of strong glasses for a considerable time, in order to convince myself on this point, and finally became satisfied that these flashes were stationary and were not advancing; and therefore I decided not to make any signal to the *Boston*. Meanwhile messengers had come back from the front stating that the losses were heavy, and that the troops were nearly out of ammunition, but that not an inch of the trenches had been yielded. Fresh supplies of ammunition were sent forward in car-mattas, and I then rode to the front to see if any more men were needed.

The reserve battalions were all found in the

positions to which they had been ordered, quietly lying down on the wet grass and waiting for further instructions. The men in the trenches were all in good spirits and being placed at the rate of more than two per yard, there was no room for more. The officers expressed entire confidence in their ability to hold the position. Temporary field-hospitals had been established in the native huts at intervals the way back to camp. The fresh ammunition had all been received and distributed, although the native drivers had been away and several

the ponies had been shot. Everything was in good order. The firing had begun to slacken just as I reached the trenches, and not long afterward it virtually ceased. A word was sent back to part of the reserves to return to camp. The principal losses had been in one battalion of the Tenth Pennsylvania, under command



THE FIRST NEBRASKA MARCHING UP THE BEACH TOWARD MANILA. (SEE PAGE 922.)

Major Cuthbertson, which had been sent beyond the trenches on the right in anticipation of a flank attack from that direction. The Spanish line was about three times as long as our own, and completely overlapped our right, so that there was ground for this apprehension. Major Cuthbertson was, in fact, convinced that the Spaniards had attempted to turn his flank and had come within a few yards of him; but in this he was mistaken, for if such had been the fact the ground would have been covered with Spanish dead and wounded. He was partly led to this belief by the curious sound of the bullets penetrating the bamboo poles, which could hardly be distinguished from the crack of the Mauser rifle.

I remained in the trenches for nearly an hour, during which time the Spanish fire had completely ceased, and apparently there was no intention of renewing it. I then returned to camp, stopping to visit the temporary hospitals, and to send back the battalions which had gone forward in reserve. The day broke soon after I returned, the rain still falling in torrents.

Compared with the battles of the Civil War, this was an unimportant skirmish. Without leaving their own trenches, the Spaniards poured the hottest possible fire on our trenches for about two hours, with the intention of driving us out. Our men stood firm. Reserves were ordered up, passing through nearly half a mile of hot fire before they reached the trenches; fresh ammunition was sent forward. The attempt to drive us out failed, and the firing ceased. That was all. There was no maneuvering, no advancing; no display of tactical skill, and no opportunity for it. During the long winter of 1864-65 similar events took place in front of Petersburg several times in every month, and they are hardly recorded in the voluminous records of the Civil War. Yet

this fight was of great importance to us, for many reasons. We were seven thousand miles from the nearest point of America, engaged on a foreign soil, without any land transportation, and without any place to retreat to if we had been driven out. Of the five thousand men in camp, about one fourth of whom were engaged, not more than fifty had ever before been under fire or in the vicinity of a battle. The night was so dark that it was impossible to see ten

feet; every one was soaked to the skin with the extraordinary downpour of rain, and a gale of wind was blowing. While the ground had been well reconnoitered, and sketch-maps had been prepared, yet it was impossible to consult a map in the darkness and rain, and equally impossible to find one's way anywhere except on the highroad. All the conditions were such as usually create consternation among green troops; yet the veterans of one hundred battles of the Civil War could not have done more thoroughly what was required that night than did those young men from Pennsylvania and California, Colorado and Utah, and from

the various States whose men were found in the Third Regular Artillery. There was no confusion and no unnecessary excitement, and the simple result of the fight was that we held the trenches in accordance with our instructions, and lost ten killed and forty-three wounded.

The effect on the men was very striking. During the previous week I had had to establish a close line of sentinels about twelve hundred yards in rear of our trenches, with strict orders to allow no one to pass to the front unless he had written instructions. This had to be done to prevent the men from strolling out of the camp in the afternoon, and wandering up the beach and along the road, so as to get in sight of the Spanish trenches, draw their fire, and come back

PHOTOGRAPH BY SEE CHEUNG, HONG-KONG.

EMILIO AGUINALDO.

to camp and tell their comrades what it was like. After this fight there was no further need for these sentinels; everybody sobered to the reality of the situation. The brigade hospital was full of wounded; there was serious business in hand. The expression on the men's faces changed. There was no evidence of shrinking or fear, but the inconsequent laughter was replaced by a look of seriousness and determination.



DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANCIS V. GREENE.

From a sketch made in Camp Dewey, near Manila, August 10, 1898.

operating-tables were in constant use, and blood-stained bandages were being taken out from the tents to be washed in the rain. Up to that time the irrepressible idea that the whole thing was more or less of a picnic had prevailed throughout the regiments; but from that time on every one realized that Yet there was no disposition to shrink from the consequences. Every regiment jealously claimed its turn to go to the trenches; and if any individual work of hazardous reconnoitering was on hand, there were dozens of competent men eager and anxious to undertake it.

No soldier can ever belittle the enormous advantages, or deny the absolute necessity, of discipline. But if well-trained and disciplined troops are not to be had, the next best thing is volunteers inspired with such superb enthusiasm as characterized every one of these regiments. With men thus animated it needs only competent officers and leaders to overcome every obstacle.

General Merritt had watched from his transport the firing during the night, and before I could send a report to him in the morning, an officer of his staff arrived in camp to ascertain the result. It was for General Merritt to determine whether a counter-attack should be made, and for me to carry out his orders. But I considered very carefully what would be the probable result in case he ordered an attack, and I have never entertained any doubt, either then or since, that my brigade could have attacked and carried the Spanish trenches and captured Manila on the morning after his fight; but in doing so our losses would have been between twenty and thirty per cent. of those engaged.

General Merritt, however, had no such plans in mind. He had no intention of making an attack until everything was in readiness. General MacArthur, with nearly four thousand men, had arrived the previous day, and General Merritt desired to land these troops and get them in position before bringing on a general engagement. He also desired to have the full coöperation of the navy, and it was thought necessary to give forty-eight hours' notice of bombardment. The admiral was not willing to give this notice until the arrival of the monitors, or at least one of them. General Merritt's instructions to me were, therefore, not only to remain on the defensive, but not even to answer the enemy's fire. His experience in the Civil War had convinced him that nothing is gained byicket-firing, and he hoped that if we remained perfectly silent the Spaniards would, in turn, cease their fire.

On the morning of August 1 the First Colorado took its turn in the trenches, and he commanding officer was strictly ordered not to return the fire under any circumstances, unless the Spaniards actually advanced against our trenches with a strong force. It was not very easy to carry out these instructions, for nothing is more trying for troops than to sit still under fire; and in the darkness it was very difficult to determine whether the Spaniards were advancing. Still, the instructions were very

fairly carried out. The Spaniards opened fire with both infantry and artillery, about a quarter after nine in the evening, and kept it up something over an hour. Colonel Hale enforced strict fire discipline; very little response was made on our side, and our loss was one killed and three wounded.

On the following morning (August 2) the *Boston* was replaced by the *Raleigh*, at anchor immediately off our camp. Communication was carried on by signals to ascertain the instructions given by Admiral Dewey to the captain of this vessel. He stated that the admiral was very anxious to avoid a general action, but had instructed him to assist us if I asked it, and in case he went into action another vessel was under orders to support him. He also sent ashore a box of blue lights, and it was agreed that if I burned one of these on the beach he would immediately open fire on Fort San Antonio. The tour in the trenches was taken that day by two battalions of the First Nebraska and one battalion of the Eighteenth Regular Infantry. The Spaniards opened fire at half-past nine. Under the mistaken impression that the Spaniards were advancing, these troops, and particularly the Eighteenth Infantry, fired away a great deal of ammunition. The firing ceased after half an hour or more, and our losses were one killed and seven wounded, all in the Nebraska regiment.

On August 3 five companies of the Fourteenth and four companies of the Twenty-third Infantry were brought over from Cavite and landed. The surf was running very high. One of their cascos was wrecked, and a considerable portion of their rations was lost. That night the Spaniards made no attack.

The following day (August 4) the *Monterey* steamed into the bay and anchored near the flagship. Although she was nearly six miles distant from camp, she was easily identified, and the men lined the beach, watching her. Every one in camp had somehow learned that the beginning of our attack was dependent on her arrival, and they cheered enthusiastically when they saw her drop anchor. General Merritt had sent one of his staff-officers, as usual, to get reports; and by him I sent back to General Merritt a letter stating that if the *Monterey* could be sent to anchor at a point opposite Fort San Antonio indicated on the chart, she could demolish this fort the minute it opened fire; and I asked that this be done. Up to that time we had lost twelve killed and fifty-

in the end than those which might be incurred in a premature attack. The Spaniards had four nine-inch guns in or near the Luneta, and he was not willing to engage his ships until the arrival of the monitors, which could silence these guns without incurring loss. Moreover, he said the army was not ready; for, on account of the prevailing storm, hardly any of General MacArthur's troops had yet been landed. He knew that General Merritt did not wish to attack until these troops were ashore. He and General Merritt were in perfect accord as to the propriety of postponing the attack until everything was in readiness; then he was satisfied it could be carried out with very slight loss. He suggested the possibility of withdrawing my men from the trenches, but he was quickly convinced that this was not to be considered. As to using the *M* against the Spanish lines this was not desirable at the time because after her voyage of several miles across the Pacific she required repairs to her machinery before going into action; and was averse to using for this purpose other ships, which were might be destroyed by a mine. Therefore, if we could not hold the trenches, it was better to suffer small losses, night by night, rather than to run the risk of a premature attack. "The decision rests with the blue light on the beach; immediately open fire, then call for her assistance, and the *Batería* will follow if the engagement is made. All of these ships have steam, and these orders have been given to the captains; but I hope you will not burn the blue light unless you are being driven out." I assured him of little danger of that.

I went back to the *Newport* and continued the conversation to General Merritt. The admiral had expressed a desire to see him in the morning, either on the *Newport* or the

Olympia, as best suited his convenience. General Merritt said that he would go over to the *Olympia*, and told me that there was to be no change in his instructions to me: we must remain on the defensive, not answer the fire, and not burn the blue light unless in imminent danger of being driven out of our trenches. I told him that this was an almost impossible contingency.

I then went ashore, and rode through the mud to camp, arriving there soon after dark. The trenches were held that night by one

DESIGNED BY G. S. KOELER.

MAP OF THE ASSAULT ON MANILA.

The positions of the regiments are those which they occupied immediately after the surrender.

battalion each from the Fourteenth and Twenty-third Regulars and the First Nebraska. Firing began at half-past seven and lasted until ten. As usual, the mistake was made of thinking the Spaniards were advancing, and our men fired away nearly twenty thousand rounds. Our losses were three killed and seven wounded.

After General Merritt had talked over the situation with Admiral Dewey on the following morning (August 6), he returned to his transport, and wrote to the admiral, proposing that they should send a joint letter to the Spanish captain-general, stating that at the end of forty-eight hours, or sooner if the attacks on us continued, an attack by the American land and naval forces might take place, and that the notice was given in order to afford an opportunity to remove all non-combatants from the city. The admiral replied, accepting the proposition, and a letter to this effect was prepared the following morning, signed jointly, and sent into Manila on one of the naval launches. The captain-general replied, expressing thanks for the humane sentiments which had been shown in the letter, and stating that, as he was surrounded by insurrectionary forces, he was without places of refuge for the increased numbers of wounded, sick, women, and children who were then lodged within the walls.

The effect of this notice was to put a stop to the firing upon us. Not a shot was fired by the Spaniards in the six days intervening between the delivery of this letter and our attack on Manila.

General MacArthur's brigade, as already stated, had arrived on July 31. The Astor Battery was the first to land. They came ashore on the beach opposite the camp. One of their cascos was capsized, their ammunition was ruined, and some of their rations were lost. A day or two passed in waiting in vain for the storm to subside, and on August 5 a landing was attempted at the mouth of the Paranaque River, the men being placed in the boats of the transports, which were towed by the navy launches. One boat was upset, but fortunately the men were rescued, and on the whole the landing was a success. It was continued in the same manner on the 6th, 7th, and 8th, and on the morning of the 9th MacArthur's force was ashore and encamped. Late on the night of the 6th General MacArthur himself came ashore. Our commissions were of the same date, and when appointed general officers he was a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army and I was a

colonel of volunteers. On the other hand he had had thirty-two years of service in the regular army, and I had had only twenty. Under the ruling of the War Department he was the senior, and I reported to him my orders. With the utmost courtesy, he expressed a desire that I should continue to exercise the command until he became familiarly acquainted with the situation, and said that he would detail his regiments for their work in the trenches, and direct them to report to me for instructions. I suggested that he desired to reconnoiter the Spanish lines. I should like to accompany him; and on the 8th of August we spent the greater part of the day in making this examination.

Although General MacArthur had served with great distinction through the Civil War, he said he had never met a military situation of more difficulty, owing to the nature of the ground over which we had to operate. As we waded through the swamps and the rain poured off his hat in a stream, he could not avoid laughing at the comicality of the situation, and saying how little he had dreamed, when he commanded a regiment as a young man, that more than thirty years later he would be engaged in war on the opposite side of the globe, and under such novel circumstances. This, however, was only for a moment. He fully appreciated the serious nature of the business in hand, and quickly grasped the tactical situation. He was good enough to say that he had no changes to make in the positions I had selected, or in the trenches which had been constructed, and which were now more than double the length of those which had existed when we were attacked on the night of July 31. They now extended from the beach on the left, a distance of three quarters of a mile, to an extensive rice swamp on the right, both flanks being protected by mutually impassable obstacles.

On our return to camp, we found General Merritt waiting for us, and he directed us to prepare jointly, and to submit to him our plan of attack. Our views were in entire accord, and we made our report on the following day (August 9), stating that we considered it an indispensable preliminary to success that the insurgent trenches in front of blockhouse No. 14 should be occupied by troops of the First Brigade, and that the trenches should be enlarged and strengthened, and emplacements made for artillery so as to provide for a vigorous assault upon this blockhouse. We thought we could probably persuade General Noriel to vacate the

ntrenchments, or, if he declined to do so, we could easily remove the small number of insurgents who occupied them. General Merritt sent his chief of staff, General Babcock, to see us on the following day, and to state that we might ask the insurgent generals for permission to occupy these trenches; but if refused, we must not use force, and must not on any account have a rupture with the insurgents; moreover, there must be no further extension of lines, which would, in General Merritt's opinion, bring about partial engagements, resulting in further loss, prior to the general assault. We sent back a written memorandum to the effect that we could hold the trenches against any possible attack, and could occupy them on two hours' notice preparatory to an assault; but that we did not recommend a determined attack without first getting possession of the trenches in front of blockhouse No. 14. We also sent detailed information which he called for concerning effective strength, ammunition on hand, rations, etc. On the afternoon of the 10th, General Anderson, who commanded the division consisting of MacArthur's and my brigades, and whose headquarters had hitherto been at Cavite, arrived in camp, and personally assumed command.

Meanwhile the forty-eight hours' notice of bombardment had expired at noon on August 9. At that hour all the foreign ships left their anchorage off Manila and moved out of range across the bay. Numbers of tugs and small steamers came out of the Pasig River, carrying foreigners and their property to foreign men-of-war. Red cross flags were displayed on buildings in various sections of the city, and the inhabitants evidently anticipated that the bombardment would begin. In place of this, General Merritt and Admiral Dewey sent in a joint note to the Spanish captain-general making a formal demand for surrender, calling attention to his helpless condition, and to the inevitable suffering in store for the wounded, sick, women, and children, in case it became necessary to reduce the defenses of the walled town in which they were gathered. The captain-general replied, stating that he had assembled the council of defense, which declared that the request for surrender could not be granted; but he asked permission to consult the government, if the time strictly necessary for communicating by way of Hong-Kong were granted. This request was declined by General Merritt and the admiral on the morning of the 10th.

Preparations were then made for the assault, and on the 11th General Merritt came to camp for final consultation. On the 12th he sent his instructions, and the necessary orders were immediately issued by the division and brigade commanders.

It had been arranged by General Merritt and Admiral Dewey, between whom there was the most cordial feeling and hearty coöperation, that the navy was to leave its anchorage at Cavite at nine o'clock on the morning of August 13, move up to the different positions assigned to the ships, and open fire about ten o'clock. The ships were not to fire at the town, but at Fort San Antonio and the trenches extending eastward from it, which they could enfilade. At the same time the field-artillery on shore was to fire against the front of the fort and the trenches. The troops were to be assembled partly in the trenches and partly in reserve, all prepared to move forward at the proper time. After the bombardment had continued for a sufficient length of time, it was the intention of the admiral to move up toward the walled city in the *Olympia*, and display the international signal, "Surrender." If this was answered by a white flag on the city walls, the troops were to advance in good order and quietly. On the other hand, if the bombardment did not compel a surrender, the question of assault was to be decided by the commanding general, whose headquarters were on the transport *Zafiro*, where he could get a good view of the action, and from which he would communicate his orders by signal to our trenches.

Under these instructions, General Anderson placed General MacArthur's brigade on the right, and directed him to occupy the insurgent trenches in front of blockhouse No. 14 with five battalions, keeping six in reserve, and instructed me to occupy the trenches on the left, extending for a distance of about seven hundred yards from the beach, placing seven battalions in the trenches and keeping eight in reserve. The reserve was to be stationed under his own direction at the Pasay cross-road. Seven guns of the Utah batteries were placed at intervals in the trenches of my brigade; in addition, three guns lent by the navy, and manned by a volunteer detachment of the Third Artillery, were placed on the extreme right of it. One of the Utah guns and the six mountain guns of the Astor Battery were posted with MacArthur's brigade on the extreme right.

Reconnaissance work was continued up to the last moment, and every night small

parties were out, crawling through the grass, and following every road and lane, until every foot of the ground, to within a few yards of the Spanish lines, had been examined and was accurately known to us. This information had been placed on a map, a copy of which was given to each battalion commander. Finally, on the second day before the assault, Major Bell of General Merritt's staff, who had been assigned to temporary duty with me, crawled into the water on his hands and knees, and definitely ascertained not only that the stream in front of Fort San Antonio was fordable at its mouth, but the exact width of the ford. He was only one hundred and fifty yards from the fort, and his head could be seen above water by numbers of the Spanish troops who lined the parapet. Whether they were so impressed with the audacity of his act that from sheer admiration they refused to fire on him, or whether they feared that if they opened fire the city would be bombarded, in accordance with the notice of August 7, was never ascertained, but in fact they did not fire upon him. The last reconnaissance was made at midnight on the 12th, when a small party of the First Colorado Regiment, led by Captain Grove and Lieutenant Means, succeeded in penetrating to a line of barbed-wire fence about one hundred yards from Fort San Antonio, and cutting it with nippers.

While General Merritt's instructions left it uncertain whether a determined assault would be made, yet the orders of the division and brigade commanders were all drawn with that end in view. The camp was left standing under guard of two men to a company, and a small signal-station was left on the beach. All other men, except the wounded and sick, went forward. Each carried his rifle, bayonet, belt, haversack, canteen, and two hundred rounds of ammunition. As all the volunteer regiments had the .45-caliber Springfield, this made a heavy load for them to carry; but the experience in our night fighting had shown that even two hundred rounds disappear very quickly. Had these regiments been armed with the .30-caliber gun their load would have been reduced about one third. In addition to ammunition, every man carried two days' rations of meat and hard bread, and his mess-kit. The front-rank men filled their canteens with coffee, and the rear-rank men with water. All spades, shovels, axes, and hatchets in the possession of the regiments were distributed uniformly to the companies,

so that each set of fours had at least one intrenching-tool, and there was one hatchet or ax in each section, and one pick in each platoon. The small number of wire-cutters on hand were distributed so as to give one to each first sergeant. Caramatta trains were organized to carry forward ammunition and bring back the wounded to the temporary hospitals, the location of which was indicated in the orders. In case an assault was ordered, the attack was to be made by successive battalions in the extended-order formation prescribed in the drill regulations, each regiment covering the front of one battalion, and the distance between battalions to be about two hundred yards. The objective of each regiment was clearly specified in the orders, and stringent instructions were given not to waste ammunition by firing into thickets and in the general direction of the enemy, but to fire only when the enemy or his trenches could be plainly seen. The reserve was to be used only by the division commander, or, in his absence, by the brigade commander.

The morning of August 13 opened, as usual, with thick clouds and a heavy rain. Reveille was sounded at four o'clock, so that the men could get into the trenches before daylight and thus escape observation by the Spaniards. It was a dreary morning as the long columns of heavily loaded men picked their way through the mud to the trenches. They were all in position before eight o'clock. A few minutes after nine o'clock the squadron was seen moving slowly up from Cavite, and at twenty-five minutes after nine it fired the first shot. Our field-artillery immediately opened. The firing of the navy was not as accurate as on the 1st of May. On that day they had a bright sun; on August 13 the gusts of rain made it difficult for them to see their target at ranges of from three to four thousand yards. On the other hand, the firing from the Utah battery, in the trenches, was remarkably accurate. Their range was barely a thousand yards, and the rain did not prevent their seeing the fort. They were instructed to aim just below the crest of the parapet, and their shooting was so accurate as to make the parapet entirely untenable. As the squadron approached within shorter range their firing improved, and many of their shots took effect; one of them in particular, a six- or eight-inch shell, passed through the wall of the fort, about three feet in thickness, and exploded in the magazine, completely destroying it. The *Callao*, a captured gunboat, was on the flank of the

squadron nearest the shore. She was armed with one-pound Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns, and a constant stream of these small projectiles was poured on the fort. On the other flank of the squadron was the *Monterey* with her great twelve-inch guns. She was to take no part unless the Spaniards opened fire with their four nine-inch guns in the batteries on the Luneta and in front of the walls; then she was to silence them. These guns, however, were right in the range between the *Monterey's* position and the walled city. A shot from the *Monterey*, if it missed the heavy batteries, would land in the heart of the most thickly populated portion of the city. The Spaniards did not fire their heavy guns, nor did they answer the bombardments of Fort San Antonio and the trenches in any way.

General Babcock, the chief of staff, had been sent ashore by General Merritt, and joined me at the "convent," about the middle of our trenches, at nine o'clock. He brought instructions, changing those of the previous day in so far as to direct me to send forward one regiment as soon as the bombardment had produced any effect, and without waiting for the admiral to display his signal, "Surrender." This regiment was to make a feint or a real attack, according to the amount of resistance which it encountered. After delivering his instructions, General Babcock went to the signal-station, which had been constructed in an old hulk on the beach at the end of our trenches. This was connected by the field telegraph-wire with the "convent," as well as with General Anderson's and General MacArthur's headquarters. At ten minutes after ten o'clock I sent forward one battalion of the First Colorado, followed by the second and third battalions of the same regiment, telegraphing this fact to General Babcock, so that he could signal to the navy to cease firing, and also to General Anderson, so that he could send forward one regiment from the reserve to take the place of the First Colorado. The advance of the First Colorado was made in extended order, partly through the open field in front of our trenches, and partly along the beach and in the water. It was plainly seen from the ships and greeted with cheers. As they went forward, the Spaniards for the first time began firing. As they had smokeless powder, the direction of this fire could be judged only from the sound of the rifles and the whistle of the bullets. It appeared to come from the woods in the rear of their trenches and a few hundred yards back from

the shore. Without paying much attention to it, the Colorado regiment pushed rapidly forward, crossed the stream at the ford near its mouth, and dashing through the water on the beach beyond the flank of the Spanish intrenchments, they rushed around behind the fort, and entered this from the rear. I had given Adjutant Brooks an American flag just as he left the trenches. Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy was with the first battalion, and was at the head of the party which entered the fort. He immediately hauled down the Spanish flag and hoisted the American. This was greeted with prolonged cheers, both from the ships and the trenches.

General MacArthur's brigade, as already stated, was to be formed for attack on the road leading from Pasay to blockhouse No. 14. His front was very narrow, between impassable rice swamps on each side. Moreover, General Merritt's instructions not to have any rupture with the insurgents, and not to construct any fresh trenches, which might bring on more partial engagements, had prevented him from making desirable arrangements for the advance of his troops. He was obliged, therefore, to form them in detachments behind stone walls and houses, on each side of the road, at intervals all the way from Pasay to within about two hundred yards of blockhouse No. 14. They were all in position before nine o'clock: the Astor Battery on the right of the road, one Utah gun in an insurgent emplacement on the road, the Thirteenth Minnesota on the right, and the Twenty-third Regulars on the left, his remaining battalions being in the reserve. From his position he could see the flagstaff on Fort San Antonio, but could not see the ships or my trenches. He heard the bombardment on the left, then the infantry firing, saw the Spanish flag hauled down, and heard the cheering which followed. He then gave the order to open fire on blockhouse No. 14, which was only two hundred yards in front of his advance. The Astor Battery and the Utah gun brought a converging cross-fire on this blockhouse and quickly riddled it; whereupon the Thirteenth Minnesota rushed forward and captured it, part of the garrison in the blockhouse and adjacent trenches being captured, and the rest escaping into the woods in the rear. He then advanced along the road to blockhouse No. 13, which took fire, and as it burned, several thousands of small-arms cartridges exploded. The Thirteenth Minnesota advanced along the road to Singalong, the Astor Battery dragging their mountain guns

by hand along the road and over the barricades, and keeping in the firing line. The Twenty-third Infantry advanced along a parallel road leading into the woods to the left of Singalong. Both columns were received with considerable fire from these woods, but not enough to check their advance until they reached the cross-roads at Singalong. Here they met a very hot fire from a fortified house at the bend of the road, about two hundred yards north of Singalong. Of this house we had no previous knowledge, as it was over eight hundred yards within the Spanish outer line, and concealed by trees in the flat country. There was a church, with stone walls about the yard, at the Singalong cross-roads; and while the men were being formed for assault under the shelter of these walls, Captain Sawtelle of General MacArthur's staff made a daring reconnaissance up the road, under a very hot fire, to ascertain the nature of the obstructions. As soon as he made his report, volunteers were called for from the Astor Battery and the Thirtieth Minnesota, and, led by Captain Sawtelle and Lieutenant March of the Astor Battery, these rushed up the road. At their approach the Spaniards fled, making their escape through gardens and by-paths to the road leading from Paco to the walled city.

This terminated the fighting in MacArthur's brigade. It had lasted about three hours, and his losses had been seven killed and thirty wounded.

On the other flank, near the beach, as soon as I saw the Spanish flag hauled down and ours raised over Fort San Antonio, I ordered the Eighteenth Infantry and the Third Artillery to move forward, in accordance with their previous instructions, on the right of the Calle Real and against the trenches between Fort San Antonio and blockhouse No. 14. At the same time I telegraphed to General Anderson, stating the situation briefly, and asking him to send forward the rest of the reserves. I then rode forward rapidly along the beach and through the creek to Fort San Antonio. The Eighteenth Infantry and the Third Artillery advanced in extended order, and soon after leaving the trenches were met by a sharp infantry fire from the woods in the rear of the Spanish trenches and in the direction of Singalong. They answered this by volleys as they advanced, and finally subdued it, entering the Spanish trenches without further opposition. As in Fort San Antonio, the trenches were deserted, except for a few dead and

wounded. By twelve o'clock, therefore, the entire Spanish line from Fort San Antonio to blockhouse No. 13 had been carried, and the navy, of course, had ceased firing some time before. The First Colorado, and the First California, which had followed rapidly up the beach, were in the houses and gardens at the southern end of the Malate suburb; the Eighteenth Infantry, followed by the Third Artillery, was moving to flank through the Spanish trenches toward the same point. The other regiments which had been in reserve were coming forward the Calle Real and along the beach. As the fire was now opened on us from the houses in Malate in our front, and from the woods toward Singalong on our right flank, it was difficult to locate the latter accurately, on account of the woods and the lack of smoke, and there was no recourse but to answer volleys fired in the general direction from which it came. By these means it was subdued after about half an hour. The houses in Malate from which the firing came were stormed by parties of volunteers from the First California, who rushed into the houses and killed or captured their defenders.

In the open square about the Malate church I halted and reformed the regiments and then moved forward through the village. The Eighteenth Infantry and First California on the main street, the First Colorado on a parallel street on the right, and the First Nebraska in the shallow water on the beach on the left. The *Callao* kept abreast of the head of column, and within three hundred yards of the shore, her machine-guns were to play in case there was any firing from the houses. The Third Artillery and the Third Pennsylvania (the latter regiment had been in the trenches the previous twenty-four hours) followed on the main street. As we advanced there was occasional firing from street-corners and houses, as well as from the woods on our right flank; but it was not serious until we reached the open square known as the Luneta, north of the Ermita suburb. Here the firing from the right became very sharp, and this notwithstanding the fact that a large white flag was discovered flying on the southwest bastion of the walled city. I galloped forward to this bastion and asked the Spanish officer for an explanation. He said he did not know whether the firing came from the insurgents, who had advanced in large numbers on the road from Paco after the close of MacArthur's fight at Singalong, or whether it came from the Spanish garrison of Santa Ana, which had retreated

along the same road before the insurgents. While we were talking, the troops were douching from the streets of the Ermita suburb, forming in extended order to advance across the open space of the Luneta, and answering this fire by volleys. They were in such large numbers that the opposing fire ceased. The troops then moved by the road through the Luneta and along the front of the walls to the point where the road from Paco meets the broad avenue just outside of the outer ditch. On the bridge spanning this ditch I found Captain O'Connor, a sturdy old veteran of the Civil War, with his company (H) of the Twenty-third Infantry. In the advance past block-house No. 14 he was on the left flank of his battalion, and became separated from it. He continued to advance in the direction of the walled city, following by-paths and lanes, meeting no enemy in his front, but subjected constantly to cross-fire on both flanks, through which he had passed without any casualties. He had finally brought up at the walled city in advance of any other troops, and he there reported to me for orders. In the Paco road, just outside the ditch, were two Spanish battalions which had retreated from Santa Ana, but had been halted by Captain O'Connor, and told that he could not allow them to enter the city until he received authority. On the main walls behind the inner ditch were about five thousand Spanish soldiers with guns in their hands, waiting for developments; and, as already stated, the white flag was flying over the bastion nearest the beach.

It was a novel situation, and somewhat critical. My instructions from General Merritt, in case I did not meet serious resistance, were to push forward rapidly through the suburbs, not to enter the walled city, but to move around by the broad avenue on the east of it to the iron bridge, cross the Pasig, and occupy the thickly populated suburbs on the north of the river, hoist the American flag in as many places as possible, and quickly dispose my troops so as to prevent any pillage. General MacArthur had been similarly instructed, after reaching Singalong, to occupy the southern suburbs of Ermita and Malate and the bridges near Paco. It was now about a quarter after two o'clock, and while the white flag had been flying over the bastion for some time, since it had been raised we had met a very sharp fire. I had no definite knowledge that a surrender had been agreed upon, and it seemed very imprudent to move past the walls crowded with Spanish troops, leaving so large an armed force in my rear

after I had reached the northern section of the city. While I was debating whether it might not be best, notwithstanding my instructions, to enter the walled city through the gates, forcibly or otherwise, a Spanish aide-de-camp came out in a carriage, and asked if I could not stop the firing which they had heard, as negotiations for surrender were in progress within the walls. Leaving the senior officer in command, with instructions not to fire unless he was fired upon, and to keep the troops where they were until further instructions, I jumped into this carriage, and told the Spanish aide-de-camp to drive me as rapidly as possible to the captain-general's, so that I could ascertain definitely whether there was going to be a surrender or not. In a few moments we reached the handsome ayuntamiento, or city hall, in one of the beautiful rooms of which I found the late captain-general Augustin, the new acting governor-general Jaudenes, Admiral Montojo, Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier of General Merritt's staff, and Lieutenant Brumby of Admiral Dewey's staff. These officers were all in handsome, fresh uniforms, and presented a striking contrast to the muddy, bedraggled appearance of myself and the aide I had brought with me. We had had nothing to eat since four o'clock in the morning, and as I came into the room I began to feel exhausted. I could not refrain from asking if there was available a bit of something to eat or drink, to which the captain-general replied, with profuse apology, that this was the city hall, and there was nothing to be had there, although he would take pleasure in sending to his house for something, if I could wait. I told him there was not time, and my aide then produced from his haversack a few pieces of hardtack and a flask of good American whisky. Politeness compelled them to partake of these, although I fear they were not to their taste.

After this slight refreshment I read very carefully the preliminary articles of capitulation which the Spaniards had drawn up for General Merritt's consideration, and which were under discussion with the American staff-officers when I entered. I was satisfied, from what I knew of General Merritt's intentions, that he would accept these, with some possible modifications; and after leaving with Colonel Whittier a brief note for General Merritt explaining the situation outside the walls, I returned to the carriage, and drove rapidly to the gate through which I had entered.

During my absence the troops in the rear

had all come up, and the whole brigade was massed just under the walls where the Paco road meets them. During the same time a body of two or three thousand insurgents had managed to cross the Paco bridge beyond MacArthur's right flank, and making their way through side-roads and by-paths, had come around and massed themselves on the avenue between my troops and the river. General Babcock, the chief of staff, called my attention to them as soon as I arrived, and stated that their numbers were increasing every minute. They stood there in the road with loaded guns in their hands and the insurgent flag at their head. I rode up to the officer in command, and requested him to move to one side. This he declined to do, stating that his intention was to enter the city with us. I told him that this was impossible; but he stood firm. It would have been very awkward if a conflict had been precipitated, for the walls were covered with Spanish troops only a few feet from us, and if firing broke out they would probably take part in it. With the insurgents in front, and the Spaniards behind fortifications in our rear, we would have been in a bad box if fighting had begun. I decided to try to handle them in the way that mobs are handled in large cities; and bringing up the leading regiment, the First Nebraska, I formed it in column of companies in close order, and putting the men at "port arms," wheeled each company in succession to the right, and pushed the insurgents bodily into the fields and lanes to one side of the road. They seemed to be overawed by this unexpected movement, and by the enormous size, compared with themselves, of the Nebraska men, and they offered no resistance. The whole twelve companies of the Nebraska regiment, each nearly one hundred strong, were wheeled out in this way and left behind, facing our right flank, with instructions to allow no insurgents to pass. The other regiments then moved forward in column, and I crossed the iron bridge, sending the regiments alternately to right and left, each with a map and staff-officer to designate the section of the city it was to occupy and guard. As I crossed the bridge the final act of treachery on the part of the Spaniards took place, in burning and sinking a large transport in the Pasig River.

On arriving in the northern suburbs, we found the streets filled with people, and all the shops tightly closed; but there was no attempt at disorder. The British flag was flying from nearly every house, doubtless

with the idea that this would prevent pillage. Only one Spanish flag was in sight on the north side of the river, and this was on the river-quay, about half a mile below the bridge. I immediately proceeded to that point, and found that it was at the office of the captain of the port. I had this hauled down and the American flag run up in its place, giving the poor captain, who pleaded with tears in his eyes that this might cost him his life, a paper stating that the flag was hauled down against his protest and by superior force.

It was a part of General Merritt's plan to bring the Second Oregon Regiment, which had been stationed at Cavite, up on a transport, and to land it in the walled city, as soon as the place should be taken, for the purpose of preserving order there. These troops came into the Pasig River in boats and launches at about five o'clock, and at the same time or a little earlier General Merritt, who had meanwhile received a report from Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, came ashore, proceeded to the ayuntamiento, and accepted, with certain modifications, the preliminary articles of capitulation submitted by the Spanish captain-general. Immediately after doing this he sent a detachment of the Second Oregon to haul down the large Spanish garrison flag, which floated over the northwest bastion, and run up the American flag in its place. With this the day's work was done. General MacArthur's brigade was distributed through the southern suburbs of Ermita and Malate, and my brigade through the northern suburbs of Tondo, Binondo, Santa Cruz, Quiapo, San Sebastian, and San Paloc. The troops were on the sidewalks during the night, lines of sentinels being posted on all the principal streets. In the morning I moved the line forward to a series of broad thoroughfares running from the bay at Tondo on the left to the river beyond San Paloc on the right. There was a continuous line of sentinels on these thoroughfares, with strong detachments at each road coming in from the country, and strict orders were given to allow no insurgents to enter.

On the following day General Merritt sent orders to the Spanish troops who manned the defenses on the north side of the river, and who were outside of my lines, to abandon their trenches and come in through our lines to the walled city and there lay down their arms. At the same time he appointed a commission, composed of myself and two officers of his staff, to whom an officer of the navy was added by Admiral Dewey, to meet

a similar commission on the part of the Spaniards, and arrange detailed articles of capitulation. We met at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and finished our work at five in the afternoon. The articles as drawn up by us, and submitted for the consideration of the other side, provided that the Spanish troops should march to a designated point, stack their arms, deposit their flags, sabers, pistols, and other public property, and thence march to quarters to be designated by the United States authority, where they were to remain under the orders of their chiefs, subject to the control of the United States, until the conclusion of a treaty of peace. Officers were to retain their side-arms, horses, and private property, but all public property of every kind, including public funds and funds in the public treasury, was to be turned over to staff-officers designated by the United States. The prisoners of war were to be fed at our expense, but all questions relating to their shipment back to Spain were to be left to the United States government at Washington. The city and its inhabitants, educational establishments, and private property of all kinds, were to be placed under the special safeguard of the faith and honor of the American army, following the lines of Scott's order on entering the city of Mexico. To this the Spaniards replied, proposing certain minor provisions in regard to the return of Spanish families to Spain, which were readily accepted; and they proposed a long preamble after the manner of a treaty, which was rejected as unnecessary. They also made another proposal, which was vital; namely, that their guns should be returned to them when they returned to Spain, or in the event that the United States troops should evacuate Manila. They based this claim upon a paragraph of the preliminary articles, which had been accepted the previous day by General Merritt, to the effect that "all the fighting forces capitulate with the honors of war"; and they claimed that a capitulation with the honors of war meant that they should have the privilege of marching out with guns in hand, colors flying, and music playing. But in this case this was impossible because they had no place to march to in the interior, and no ships to take them away; therefore, they asserted, the arms should revert to them on the conclusion of peace. I replied that the preliminary articles provided that the officers would keep their swords, arms, horses, and furniture, but the troops would deposit their arms in a place to

be agreed upon; and as these articles made no provision for the eventual return of the arms, this claim could not be admitted. They declined to sign the articles otherwise, and there was an awkward deadlock until one of our side suggested that I consult General Merritt, who was in the building. On stating the case to him, he said that in the circumstances he was willing that they should eventually have their arms back. This difficulty being removed, the articles were signed without further delay.

In capturing Manila we took thirteen thousand prisoners, or nearly five thousand more than our own force, and twenty-two thousand small arms, ten million rounds of ammunition, about seventy pieces of modern artillery of various calibers, several hundred ancient bronze pieces, an elaborate fortification of the Vauban type with nearly three miles of parapet, an outer line of field-defenses nearly seven miles in length, a city of about three hundred thousand inhabitants, and nine hundred thousand dollars in public money. This had been done without permitting any pillage or disorder, although the city was filled with natives hostile to its nominal possessors, with whom they had been in strife for many years. As General Merritt says in his report, this "was an act which only the law-abiding, temperate, resolute American soldier, well and skillfully handled by his regimental and brigade commanders, could accomplish." It was twenty-four days since the first regiment of my brigade had landed near the Spanish trenches, and our total losses had been only twenty killed and one hundred and five wounded, a loss which, all-important as it was to the families of those killed, was totally insignificant in comparison with the results obtained. The navy furnished the artillery, of various calibers, in overwhelming numbers, and mounted on a movable platform, enabling it to move past the enemy's flank, enfilade his lines, and, if necessary, inflict enormous damage upon the city and its inhabitants; it also blockaded the city on the water side. The insurgents had furnished a force which, unorganized and poorly equipped as it was, nevertheless was sufficient to capture the waterworks and prevent any food entering the city, thus leaving the population dependent on rain for water, and on such food-supplies as happened to be in the city. The army had done the fighting on land, without which neither the navy nor the insurgents could have brought the matter to a successful con-

clusion. The small loss incurred was due to the skilful plans of the army commander, General Merritt, who postponed his attack until his plans were completely matured, the ground thoroughly reconnoitered, and his troops all in position, so that the attack could be made in an orderly, systematic manner, overcoming all resistance. Seeing this, the defenders made only a feeble defense, realizing that a stronger one would simply have increased their loss without in any way changing the result.

RESTORING ORDER.

To govern a conquered foreign city, captured at the point of the bayonet, is never an easy matter. The only precedent in American history was the capture of the city of Mexico by Scott fifty years before. Writers on international law have discussed the matter at some length, but the substance of the doctrine they lay down is simply that the supreme law in such cases is the will of the conqueror. From the very nature of the case there can be no statute law on the subject. The commanding general utilizes the existing machinery of government so far as it suits his purpose, but no further. He removes public officials or continues them in office; enforces the local laws, or suspends or repeals them; levies contributions and taxes, and expends them—all in accordance with what he deems to be the best interests of the conqueror.

In Manila the situation was peculiarly difficult, because, in a population of nearly three hundred thousand people, the race hitherto dominant, i. e., the Spanish, filled all the offices and exercised all authority, but outside of the office-holders the numbers of this race were totally insignificant, being less than one per cent. of the population. The mass of the population, i. e., the natives, the Chinese, and the mixed races, were all violently opposed to the Spanish rule, and were in active sympathy with the insurgents. The attitude of the conqueror at that time was not clearly defined. It was uncertain whether he would remain in permanent possession of the islands, or of a part of them, or even of Manila; or whether, on the other hand, he would evacuate them and restore them to the original possessor, as had been done in Mexico in 1848 and in Paris in 1871. Moreover, although no one in the Philippines knew it, negotiations for peace had been in progress at Washington for some time before we entered Manila, and a protocol had

actually been signed several hours before the place was captured. Being in ignorance of the actual situation in the Philippines, the authorities in Washington, in drawing up the protocol, had left the future of the Philippines to be determined by a commission which was to meet several months later. Meanwhile everything was to remain *statu quo*; all military hostilities were to be suspended, and the army and the navy in the Philippines were simply to hold and occupy the city and bay of Manila. All the rest of the islands, with their millions of inhabitants, were left in a condition where the Spaniards and the insurgents could continue to struggle for the mastery. But, by the terms of the protocol, the American army and navy could take no part in restoring order in the other islands; they were confined strictly to the limits of the bay and city of Manila.

Under these perplexing conditions General Merritt's task was to maintain order and to administer the civil government in and about Manila. His first step was to issue a proclamation to the Philippine people, stating that he had not come to wage war against them, nor upon any part or faction among them, but to protect them in their homes, their employments, and in their personal and religious rights; and he assured them that so long as they preserved the peace and performed their duties toward the representatives of the United States they would not be disturbed in their persons and property. Simultaneously he issued an order appointing General MacArthur military governor of the walled city of Manila and provost-marshal-general of that city and its suburbs. The functions of government relating to the preservation of order were turned over to him. On the following day he placed in charge of all matters relating to finance, revenues, and expenditures, appointing for this purpose to the office known as *subdiente general de hacienda*, whose functions correspond to those of a minister of finance. On the following day, August 16, General Merritt received, by way of Hong-Kong, the President's cable message of the 12th, announcing the signing of the protocol, directing a suspension of hostilities. On the hearing of this the Spanish captain-general promptly lodged a formal protest against carrying out the articles of capitulation, particularly the article providing for the transfer of public funds. General Merritt replied that the *status quo* which would be maintained during the suspension of hostilities was that which existed when the

notice of the protocol was received on August 16, and not that which existed when the protocol was signed on August 12.

General MacArthur, therefore, set to work to organize the police, fire, health, and street-cleaning departments, while I undertook the collection of the public funds and putting the financial machinery in operation. The first office taken over was the custom-house. I notified the collector of customs to be present in his office with his entire staff of clerks and employees at eight o'clock on the morning of August 19. I met him at that hour, having previously ordered a company from the nearest regiment to be stationed outside the building in case there should be any disorder. Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier and Lieutenant-Colonel Colton, who had been designated by General Merritt as collector and deputy collector, respectively, were also present. The Spanish clerks and employees numbered nearly two hundred. I stated to the Spanish collector that I was there to take over the office and install Colonel Whittier as his successor. He immediately became very excited, and in a loud tone, with much gesticulation, stated that he had received his commission from the Queen Regent of Spain; that he was responsible for the conduct of his office to the captain-general as the supreme power in the Philippine Islands, and that without a written order from the captain-general he would do nothing. I replied that the captain-general was merely a prisoner of war within the walled city; that my orders were from General Merritt as the commander-in-chief of the army of occupation, and that I should carry them out without delay. He again refused to yield his office, and I asked him if he intended to resist by force, adding that all necessary provision had been made for such a contingency. He replied that he must of course submit to superior force, but not until he had drawn up a formal act of protest. I inquired for the keys of the various desks, safes, and storehouses under his control, and he replied that they were in the next room. As time was being wasted, I pointed to the clock and said with some energy that all the keys must be placed in my hands within five minutes, after which he could retire and compose the act of protest at his leisure, and I would see that it was delivered to General Merritt. He and his associates then began to speak all at once in excited tones, and in such rapid Spanish that I could not follow them. Colonel Whittier, Colonel Colton, and I remained silent, simply watching the clock. Just before the five minutes expired the

Spanish collector stepped into the adjoining room and returned with a basket containing a great number of keys. I turned these over to Colonel Whittier, and sat down and wrote out a brief notice, to be published in the "Official Gazette" that afternoon, stating that the custom-house would be open for business the following morning, and every day thereafter except Sundays, from ten to three; that Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier was collector of customs, and that until further orders the previously existing tariff of duties would remain in force.

I then asked the former collector, and in turn each of his principal subordinates, whether they would continue to perform their respective duties. Each in turn declined to do so, stating that he owed his allegiance to the King of Spain, and would not act under American authority. They were all directed to withdraw and not again return to the office unless sent for. The clerks and minor employees were then asked a similar question, to which they replied, in good Yankee fashion, by another question, "How long will the American occupation continue?" To that I could make no reply, but I assured them that so long as it did continue they would be fully protected, and I advised them to remain in their respective employments and receive their salaries for the support of their families rather than to withdraw and see themselves without means of subsistence. All were anxious to continue, but some were afraid to do so. The others decided to take their chances, and were immediately set to work. The places of those who left were soon filled, either by American officers and soldiers or by natives. The custom-house opened business the next morning, and on the first day collected about ten thousand dollars in duties. It has been in constant operation ever since.

This transaction had occupied a considerable part of the morning, and all business in Manila is suspended at twelve o'clock for breakfast. As soon as the breakfast-hour was over I went to the treasury department, sought out my Spanish predecessor in the office of *intendente general*, and asked him to turn over all the books and papers of his office, as well as the keys of the treasury vaults and of the various safes. The same sort of protest was made as at the custom-house, but milder and less tedious in form, because information had been received of what had taken place at the custom-house. The keys were delivered, and after making a brief examination of the contents of

the vault I placed a guard over it and delivered the keys to Major Whipple, paymaster in the regular army, who had been designated by General Merritt as custodian of Spanish public funds. The following morning an official count was begun by a board of officers appointed for that purpose, and this was continued for several days. The result of it was to take possession of about \$800,000 in different amounts of gold, silver, bank-notes, and copper coins. At that time the Spanish government of Manila owed the Spanish bank about \$1,900,000, which it had obtained from the bank in the form of a loan, but in reality by force. The president of the bank showed me his books, stated that he had a promise that \$600,000 would be returned to him on August 15, and pleaded with me that, as we had taken all the Spanish assets, we should also assume the Spanish liabilities, and should use this money to pay off part of his loan. It was certainly a hard case from his standpoint; but I explained to him that a conquering army takes all the assets of a conquered government, while assuming none of its liabilities, and that his only recourse was to seek restitution from the Spanish government at Madrid. With a leniency hitherto unknown in similar cases, the Paris commissioners agreed in the treaty of peace that these public funds, together with much other public property, should be returned to Spain. Whether the bank will ever recover its loan remains to be seen.

Meanwhile a guard had been placed at the mint, with orders not to allow the vaults to be opened by any Spaniards. On the 22d I went there with Major Whipple, received the keys of the vault from the director, and turned them over to Major Whipple. The funds were counted by a board and were found to amount to about sixty thousand dollars in gold and silver bars and coin. There was no discussion here about turning over the property. The director received me politely; stated that he was prepared to deliver at once his keys, books, records, and money, only requesting permission to send in, in due time, his formal protest, which, of course, was readily granted.

The next office to take over was that of internal revenue. Major Bement was appointed collector, and I took possession of the office and turned it over to him. It contained about twenty thousand dollars in money and a great quantity of stamped paper, adhesive stamps, lottery tickets, and other internal-revenue stamps, all of which were worth their face value of many thou-

sand dollars under Spanish rule, but now of uncertain value, as it was not known how much of the complicated and inequitable internal-revenue system would be continued under our rule.

The water department was taken over in the same manner, Manila having a fine system of waterworks, presented to the city a few years previously by one of its wealthy citizens. By arrangement with Aguinaldo General Merritt got possession of that portion of the system which had been held by the insurgents. Captain Glass of the navy was appointed captain of the port, and was placed in charge of the harbor. Finally, Lieutenant Colonel Jewett was detailed as provost marshal and held police court in the throne-room of the ayuntamiento. A military commission of American officers was appointed to try more serious cases of arson, burglary, grand larceny, homicide, etc.

The rapidity with which this government was established was remarkable. Within a week from the time the articles of capitulation were signed every branch of the government except civil courts was in operation. The police stations were open, and American soldiers were on duty as patrolmen. Police court was held every morning, and petty offenders were tried, and either acquitted, or convicted, sentenced, and sent to jail. The streets were being cleaned; the prisoners of war were quartered and fed; public property was inventoried and counted; public funds were secured and placed in the custody of officers under bonds; the custom-house was doing large business; the streets were lighted; water was delivered through the pipes; the markets were open, and food in ample quantity was coming in from the country on one side and by sea on the other. All this was done not only without the coöperation of the Spanish office-holders, but against their protest and opposition, and hindrance at every step. The day we entered the city all shops and businesses were closed, and they remained so the following day, which was Sunday. But on Monday a few venturesome shopkeepers threw open their doors, and finding that they were fully protected, the others followed their example on Tuesday. That afternoon the newspapers made their appearance, and the tramways resumed operation. On Wednesday morning the banks opened their doors under a guard of soldiers to preserve order, which, however, was withdrawn two days later as being no longer necessary. For the first few days the streets were filled with carts and Chinamen carrying back to the

lences the furniture which had been taken away for safe-keeping, and this was all restored before the end of the week. By that time the city had resumed its normal aspect, and all the inhabitants except the Spanish office-holders were pursuing their usual occupations. The versatility of the American soldier, both volunteer and regular, in furnishing men for every class of work, and his respect for law and order, were never more clearly exemplified than in thus setting in operation in so short a time the wheels of government in a conquered city where the late government was so completely disorganized.

While all this was being done, the navy had raised the ends of the broken cable at

Cavite, and the army Signal Corps had spliced them. Resistance machines were applied, and it was found that the cable was intact to Hong-Kong, but no response could be elicited on the sounder. It was then learned that the Hong-Kong end of the wire had been sealed by the Spanish consul. General Merritt made an arrangement with the captain-general by which the latter was allowed to use the wire under certain conditions in case he would order the Spanish consul to remove the seals at Hong-Kong. On the afternoon of the 18th the *China* sailed for Hong-Kong with this order, and on the morning of August 21 Manila was again in direct telegraphic communication with the rest of the world.

THE SURRENDER OF MANILA.

(AUGUST 13, 1898.)

AS SEEN FROM ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

THE taking of Manila was a long but not a hard task. When the American fleet withdrew from action on May 1, the surrender could have been had for the asking. But the request was not made. No instructions had been given Commodore Dewey to capture the city. He had been sent to destroy the Spanish fleet, and with the few marines at his command, the surrender of the city, with all its attendant responsibilities, would have been a positive embarrassment. So he merely uttered word to the governor-general that if a shot were fired at any one of his ships the city would be destroyed.

The American fleet then dropped anchor off Cavite and settled down. For several days the Spaniards waited with dread and anxiety for the move that they felt was impending; but no warlike demonstration came. The electric lights that line the water-front were finally turned on again, and the city resumed something of its former calm.

Nothing happened according to the schedule of prediction. The insurgents, who were confidently expected to descend on the city by the thousands and slaughter right and left when the American fleet appeared, did not come; and the program of massacre was not carried out. Beyond a few fires that were seen behind the city, there were no evidences that the insurgents were busy.

In two weeks after the battle their chief, Aguinaldo, came down from Hong-Kong on the *McCulloch*. His trip was made with great secrecy. On the vessel he kept close to his state-room, and those who caught occasional glimpses of him failed to recognize in the small, youthful figure those qualities of leadership that were considered requisite in a great revolutionist. The admiral put him and his staff ashore at Cavite, gave them some captured Spanish guns and ammunition, and the work of organizing the insurgent army immediately began. There was little or no drilling. As fast as a man reported for duty he was equipped with a gun and a beltful of cartridges, and sent out. In another week Aguinaldo had a ragged, undrilled army in the field, their sole preparation for a long campaign consisting in taking up their guns and putting on their hats. No elaborate campaign was mapped out, but wherever there was a Spanish garrison outside of Manila the new army directed their guerrilla operations. One by one, the Spanish forces were driven back or captured. Remarkable victories were won by the insurgents, and Cavite, which was ordinarily quiet, became thronged with hundreds of half-hearted, half-starved Spanish prisoners. Those who had looked on Aguinaldo's military pretensions with amused interest marveled at his suc-

cesses; for with each victory came great numbers of recruits to the army of the Filipinos. By the end of June the insurgents had control of all the country outside of Manila, and had cooped the Spaniards within the city and its suburbs.

The Spaniards in Manila would never have surrendered to Aguinaldo, so bitter was their hatred of the natives. By this time, too, some of the old spirit of pride was returning, and the Manila papers, by printing fearful fabrications, aroused a feeling of hope in the breasts of the Spanish soldiers. It was published that a powerful fleet of battle-ships from Spain was on its way to Manila and would arrive very soon. It was also stated that Admiral Dewey delayed his attack on the city out of a feeling of fear, and that smallpox had broken out in his fleet with dreadful consequences. Little news from the outside world ever reached Manila, and none that referred to the war was ever given out by the authorities, so that, outside of a few officials, Manila was in the dark regarding operations in Cuba. Soon after Manila fell into the hands of the Americans, a slip of paper was found among the governor-general's documents concerning the naval battle of Santiago. It had been prepared either for the press or for the barrack-room bulletin-boards, and it gave the astonishing information that of the Spanish fleet the *Maria Teresa* alone had been sunk, and that the Americans suffered a much greater loss, all but the *Massachusetts* and *Brooklyn* having gone down. So firmly were the Spanish soldiers convinced that relief was coming that they hailed with thankfulness the arrival of the first American transports, which they supposed were the Spanish battle-ships.

For weeks it was predicted on the American ships that the arrival of the first detachment of troops would signalize the attack on the city. But when they arrived, on June 30, the troops were peacefully established in barracks at Cavite, and the prophets were obliged to make a new prediction. On the 17th of July, when the Japanese cruiser *Naniwa* came into Manila Bay with the first news of the Santiago naval battle, so strong was the conviction among the naval officers that a quick blow would be struck, before the Spaniards recovered from the effects of the news, that all looked forward with confidence to being in Manila within a week. It then became the popular belief that the arrival of General Merritt would mark the end.

It was a time for predictions. The army

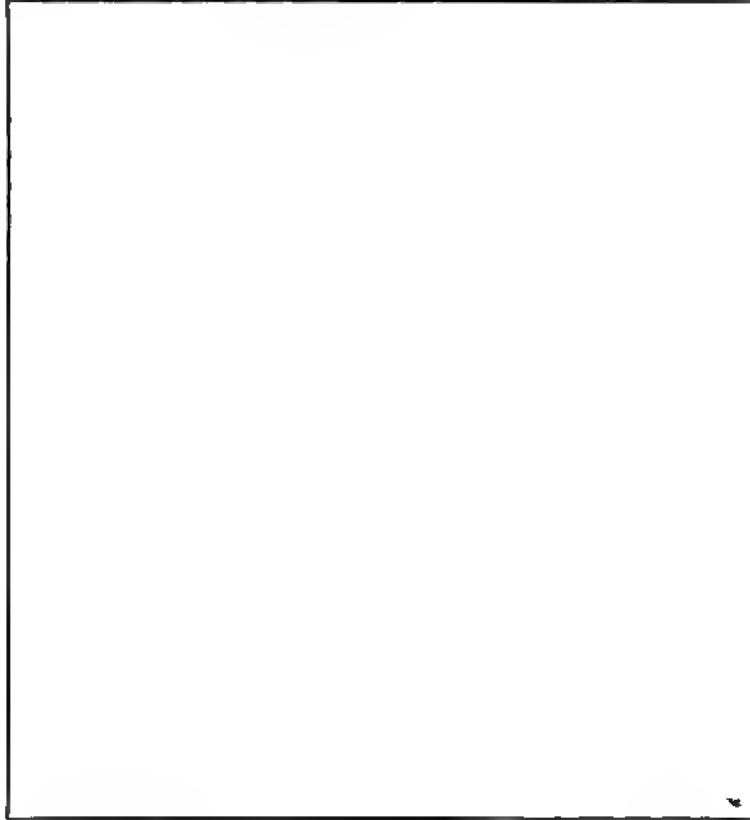
moved up to the front and occupied the insurgent trenches before Malate. There was the greatest eagerness among the soldiers to see real action, and it is undoubtedly true that they would have regarded an unwilling submission of the Spaniards as a calamity. They had come out to fight, whether or not there was necessity for it; they at least wished to go home with the consciousness that bullets had passed their way.

Meanwhile, Admiral Dewey, through the Belgian consul, M. Edouard André, was conducting a series of diplomatic communications with Governor-General Jaudenes, the object of obtaining a peaceable surrender. It was pretty well established that the Spaniards would surrender with only a nominal resistance. At this point, July 25, General Merritt arrived on the *Newport*. Several days later General Greene pushed the American trenches up under the noses of the Spaniards, and the sharp-shooters began to drop pot-shots at the enemy. On the night of July 31 a general conflict took place, and a little American cemetery at Maricaban had its first occupants. There was bitterness in the ranks of the soldiers, and a fierce desire for revenge sprang up. Orders were given to prevent the soldiers firing on the Spaniards, although it was positively prohibited that any reply should be made to the Spanish sharp-shooters, and it was further ordered that not a shot was to be fired in the event of an attack. For five days the Spaniards kept up a spirited fire, and was returned by the Americans. Somewhat more of the latter fell, and as the enemy saw that no advance was being made, their spirits revived, and they felt that the Americans were being held. Admiral Dewey's "preliminary negotiations" were greatly disturbed, and it seemed then that the city could not be taken without a hard fight. To prevent further useless loss of life, an ultimatum was issued jointly by Admiral Dewey and General Merritt to Governor-General Jaudenes, stating that the American land and naval forces would proceed against the city some time after the expiration of forty-eight hours. There was an immediate cessation of Spanish firing at Malate, and preparations on both sides were begun for the last act.

The ships were cleared for action, and the soldiers were made ready for the supreme moment. Admiral Dewey renewed his negotiations with greater insistence, but still clung to the belief that the city could be taken without the loss of life. The

gian consul made constant trips between the flagship and the city, but the results of his visits were unknown to those beyond the admiral's cabin and General Merritt's quarters. It was as freely predicted that there would be a desperate resistance as it was that there would be little or none. The forty-eight hours expired at noon, August 9, but no move was made. The Spaniards had

ters home had been finished. But soon after nine o'clock General Merritt came on board the *Olympia* and asked for a delay, saying that the troops were not ready. Preparations were immediately suspended, awnings put back in place, and the enthusiasm of anticipation was left to simmer down to deep regrets. It was like standing on a street-corner for hours waiting for the parade to



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. PETERS.

ADMIRAL DEWEY CALLING ON GENERAL MERRITT UPON HIS ARRIVAL IN THE "NEWPORT."

asked a delay of twenty-four hours to remove the women and children and the sick.

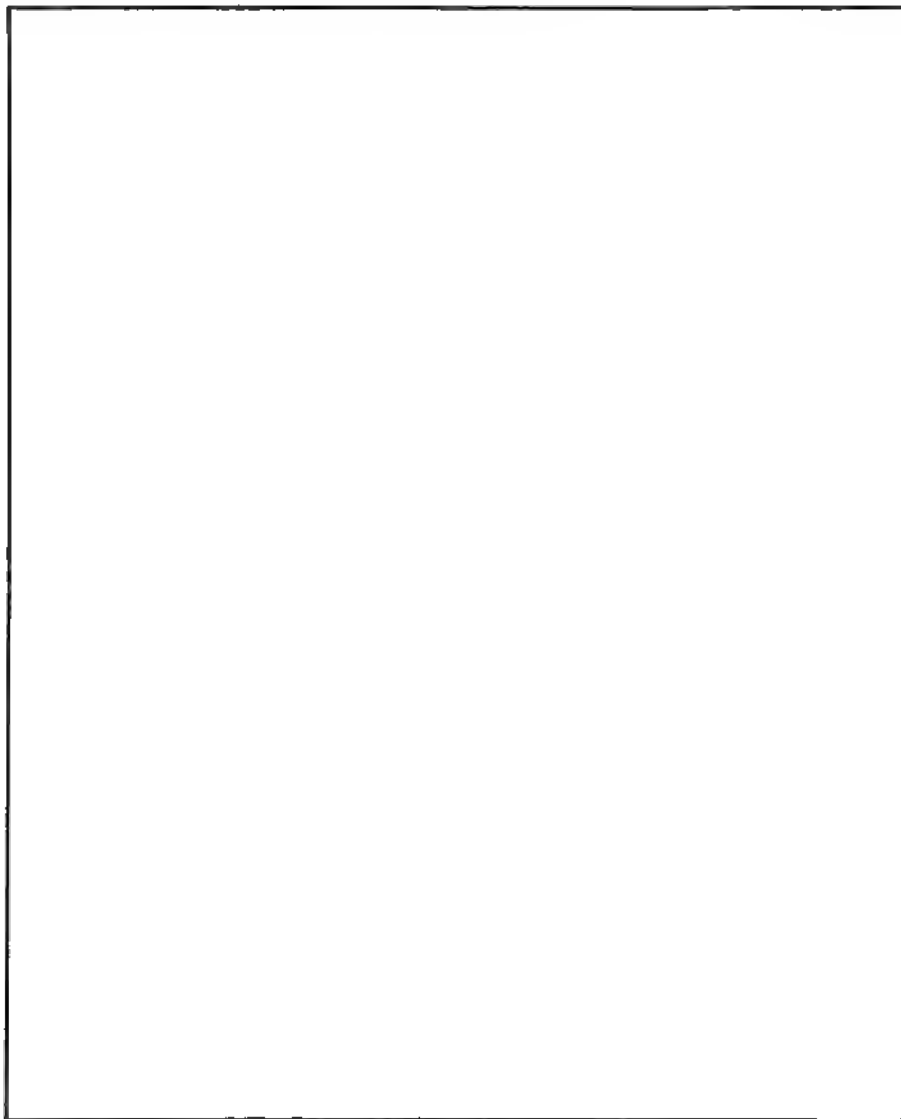
On August 10 every ship completed the final preparations, such as taking down the awnings and banking up breastworks of hammock-bags about the exposed guns, and the hour for proceeding was definitely set for noon. All the refuge ships which had been anchored off Manila were sent down to Mariveles Bay, and the foreign war-ships steamed out of range, the English and Japanese joining the American fleet at Cavite, and the French and German moving some distance northwest of the city. Every one was keyed up to the keenest state of expectancy, and the work of writing the last let-

come, and then hearing that it had been postponed till the next day. There was bitterness in the hearts of the navy men, and cruel things were said about the general managers of the army operations. If a steamer had come into Manila Bay, the afternoon of the 10th, with the news that peace had been declared, there would have been everlasting enmity between the army and the navy in the Philippines; for the officers and sailors of the admiral's ships had waited three months and a half to open their guns on the shiny domes of Manila.

On the afternoon of August 12 it was announced that the attack would be made at nine o'clock the following morning. Early

in the morning everything was ready, and the sea was smooth. At eight o'clock of the 13th, just about the minute that Ambassador Cambon and Secretary Day were signing the protocol in Washington, columns of smoke

all considerations of personal safety, were overcome by the pure love of fighting. Among a few it was suspected that the Spaniards had agreed to surrender after a short resistance. There was in reality no



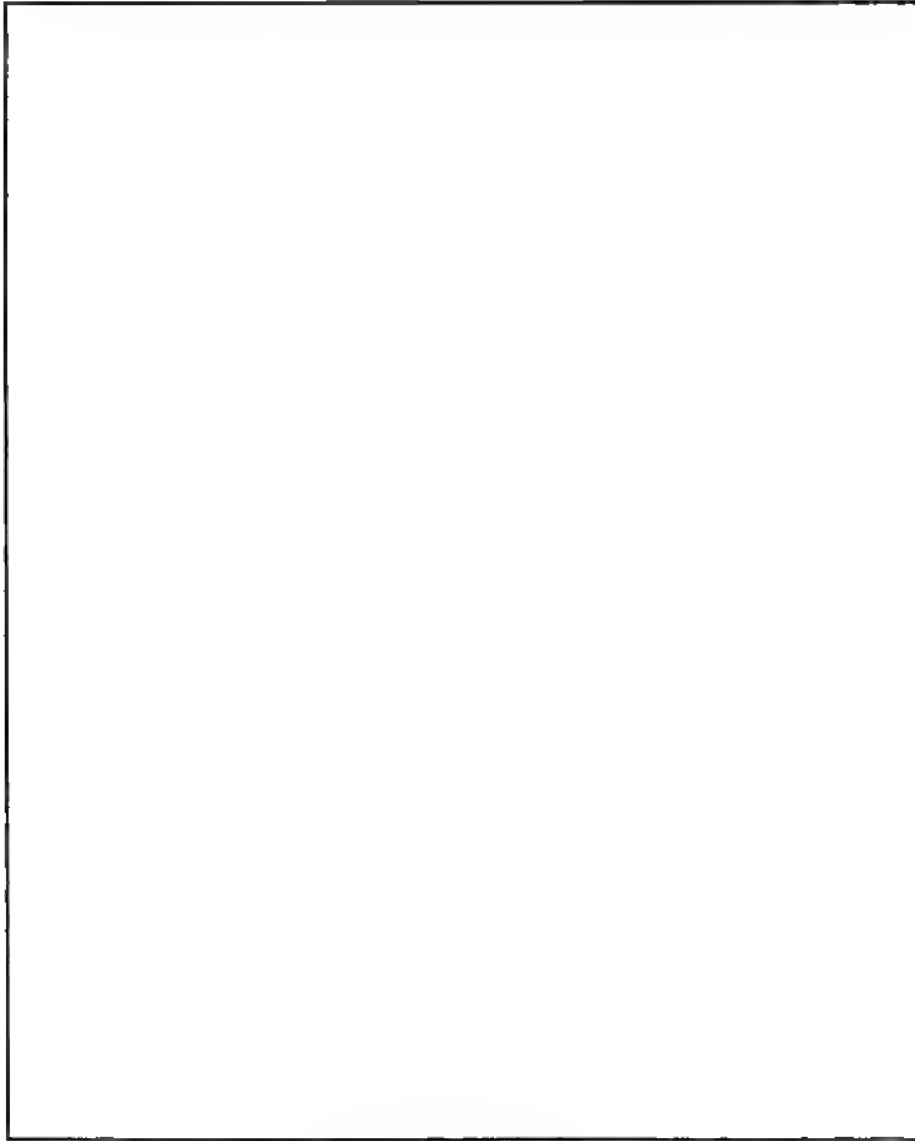
ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE AFTER-BRIDGE OF THE "OLYMPIA," DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF PORT SAN ANTONIO, AUGUST 13.

were rolling out of the funnels of the war-ships, and the soldiers on the land were marching through the jungle roads toward Malate. Among the sailors there was a feeling of joyous expectancy, for nearly all looked on the attack as a picnic, and all felt that the Spanish gunners could hit nothing. All sensations of fear and trepidation, and

concern about the movements of the German war-ships over on the other side of the bay than there was about the guns in Manila.

At nine o'clock the national ensign hoisted at every masthead and peak of the admiral's ships, and every vessel was wheeling into her position. On the *Olympia* the admiral stood on the after-bridge, with Flag

Lieutenant Brumby, Ensign Scott, the signal-boys, and the messengers, while up on the forward bridge were Captain Lamberton, Executive Officer Rees, Navigator Calkins, and Ensigns Cavanagh and Butler. There *Immortalité* played a bar from "Hail to the Chief," and then burst into the thrilling swing of "El Capitan." On the flagship every man was at his place, the marines scattered along the starboard side amidships



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND FLAG-LIEUTENANT BRUMBY, ON THE "OLYMPIA," WATCHING THE EFFECT OF SHELLS, AUGUST 13.

was absolute silence, except for the slapping of the waves and the easy pulsations of the big engines. A flurry of rain began to fall, and the mist shut out the shore-line; but this was only momentary, for the rain ceased and gave way to the dull leaden clouds that hung over the bay throughout the rest of the day. The band on the English cruiser of the superstructure, and the ship's surgeons, the chaplain, and the three newspaper men as a sort of floating unassigned population. Occasionally a voice would rise from the engine-room hatch, and from the bridge would come the sharp order of the admiral commanding silence. Except for these interruptions, there hung over the vessel that

stillness which is peculiar only to silence in crowded places—such as is felt in a thronged court-room when the foreman of the jury rises to deliver the verdict in a famous murder trial. Every eye was turned toward the shore, where, low and dark, lay Fort San Antonio at Malate. Slowly the *Olympia* steamed, almost drifted, toward the objective point of attack. Presently the voice of the man at the lead began to call out, with measured monotony, the reading of the depths.

As the distance from the shore decreased, the men began putting cotton in their ears, and when a range of five thousand yards was reached, the order was given to slow down. At twenty-eight minutes after nine the *Olympia* was within thirty-six hundred yards of the fort. The *Monterey* continued to advance toward the central battery of the city, and the *Raleigh* and the *Petrel* took their places in line with the flagship just off the fort at Malate. The *Callao* and the little tug *Barcelona* steamed to a position just offshore from the army, and were followed by the *Zafiro*, with General Merritt and his staff, and the *Kuonghoi*, with several hundred of the Second Oregon troops. The *Boston*, *Charleston*, and *Baltimore* were on the port quarter of the *Olympia*, and the *McCulloch* was on the starboard quarter, half a mile to the rear. Away over north of the city lay the *Concord*, where she had been sent, three days before, to engage the battery at the mouth of the Pasig, when the time for action came. Captain Chichester, on the *Immortalité*, steamed over and took a place between the German flagship and the American fleet.

This was the distribution of the ships when Admiral Dewey gave the order to fire. There was a time of breathless suspense, and every ear was strained for the coming crash, and every nerve was braced for the shock. It is a trying thing to know that a cannon is going to be fired at one's feet, to get braced and prepared for it, and then have to wait, with blinking eyes and shrinking ears, through moments of uncertainty. But the delay was not long. A six-pounder and then an eight-inch gun forward roared like a splitting crash of thunder; two leaping flames shot out, and a dense cloud of smoke rose like an impenetrable curtain at the side of the vessel. With the first shot came a relaxation of nerves. The suspense of waiting was over, and there was safety from the possibility of peace being declared before Manila was taken.

The five-inch guns began to blaze and roar, the *Raleigh* and the *Petrel* joined in, and the

bombardment was fairly on. When one of the mighty eight-inch guns on the *Olympia* spoke, there would follow the fearful sound of the great projectile tearing through the air with a roar like that of a distant train crossing a railroad-bridge. Glasses would follow the sound and watch where the shell would strike. There was hope in every breast that, when the smoke cleared off, the fort would be seen crushed and shattered, or that the magazine would be exploded; but there was nothing to indicate that at this hoped-for havoc was being effected. The water would rise before and behind the fort in giant columns, and once in a while great pillars of dirt and stone sprang high in the air; but that was all.

At ten minutes to ten the fort had not replied. There was not the slightest sign of activity about it. Firing from the ships had ceased, and the wonder grew just when the Spaniards would open up. It was suspected that the Spanish gunners were waiting until the ships got so close that they could not miss them. The possibility that the fort would not reply was remote, and there was not a man on the decks of the ships who did not watch the fort for the flashing flame and the leaping billow of smoke that he felt must soon burst out.

Suddenly, from over the fringe of trees just south of Fort San Antonio, there rose a long cloud of white smoke, and the sound of musketry, like exploding fire-crackers in a barrel, was borne out to sea. Then came the heavy punctuations of the field-guns of the Utah Light Artillery and the Astor Battery. Now a faint haze broke out in a running puff along the Spanish front, and those who watched from the bay knew that the land forces had begun. At twenty-five minutes to ten the firing on shore was incessant. The *Olympia* had ceased, but the *Raleigh* was blazing away. At ten the *Olympia* had advanced to within thirty-one hundred yards, and again the big eight-inch guns were turned loose, with now and then the vicious roar of a five-inch breaking in. The smoke was dense, and sometimes blotted out the whole shore. At these moments the ship seemed to hang in a fog. A drizzle of rain began, and the admiral put on his traveling-cap and mackintosh. The little *Callao* was close inshore, raking the trenches with her machine-guns and doing fearful damage. Smokeless powder was substituted on the *Olympia*, but the smoke continued just the same.

At half-past ten the admiral signaled the fleet to cease firing. Already streams of

soldiers could be seen moving along the beach toward the fort, sometimes rushing in quick advances, and at other times throwing themselves flat on the beach and firing. This was the most spectacular thing of the day, although the resistance met at this point was not

action which needed only a more determined resistance from the Spaniards to make one of the most heroic incidents of the whole war.

Even then, when the gallant Colorado troops were tearing along through the surf in open view of the fort, with the band at

REDRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FERNANDEZ, MADRID.

ADMIRAL D. PATRICIO MONTJOJO Y PASARON.

nearly so great as the other troops encountered at Singalong and blockhouse No. 14. To those on the *Olympia* the long stretch of beach lay like a stage, and the little moving figures in brown and blue, struggling along through the surf toward the enemy's stronghold, were like a grand scene in a tragedy. The column plunging forward, the ripple of musketry, the white haze of smoke that lifted above them, the colors flying at the fore, made a situ-

their heels playing "A Hot Time in the Old Town," there came no sound of Spanish cannons. It was then thought that the guns of the fort had been disabled. The soldiers were seen to scale the enemy's embankments, and at five minutes to eleven a storm of cheers swept along the decks of the *Olympia* as the Spanish flag fluttered down and the Stars and Stripes went up in its stead. This marked the beginning of the end. The

fort had succumbed after only a meager resistance, and the troops could be seen advancing along the beach toward the walled city, and along the road between Fort San Antonio and the suburbs of Malate.

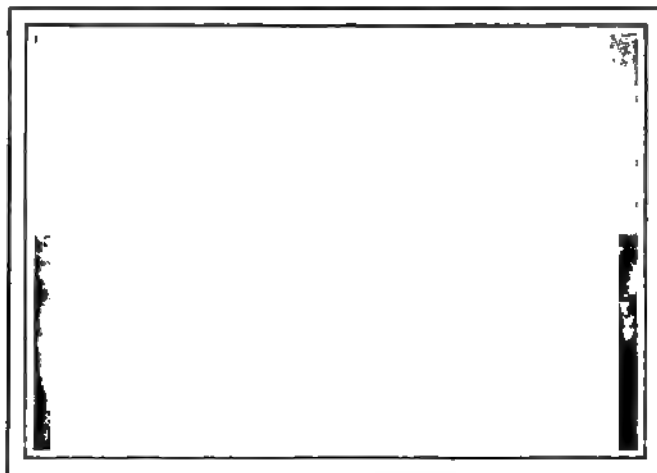
Captain Lamberton turned his glasses on the walled city, and said reflectively: "They were to raise a white flag on the southeast corner, but I don't see it yet." The admiral said that it had been there for some time, and by close observation it was discovered at the appointed place, and had evidently been raised according to program and at the proper moment. This was part of the agreement. The Spaniards would not give up the city without a theatrical show of resistance, which could be reported to Madrid, but they had arranged to fly a white flag when the Malate fort was taken. In the meantime it was tacitly understood that the guns of the fleet should not be turned on the walled city, and that the guns of Manila should not be turned on the Americans.

At eleven o'clock the admiral signaled the city, "Do you surrender?" and soon the signal arose over the city walls requesting a conference. Flag-Lieutenant Brumby and Colonel Whittier went ashore in the Belgian consul's launch, and it was noted that Mr. Brumby took with him the largest American flag that could be procured. The war-ships bunched themselves about the Manila batteries, with their guns trained on the Spanish Krupps; and then tiffin was served. A few minutes after two Mr. Brumby and Colonel Whittier were seen to enter the

consul's launch and start back toward the fleet. A big Spanish flag still floated over the city walls, and it was thought that the Spaniards had refused to surrender. This proved not to be the case. The authorities had agreed to surrender, but they desired that troops should be landed in the city to protect it before the flag should be hauled down. This was at once done. The Second Oregon was landed; the Americans took immediate possession; the work of taking over the arms of the surrendered Spaniards was begun; and at a quarter to six the huge American flag was flying from the staff at the corner of the walled city, and Manila was at last ours.

This is not the whole story of how Manila was taken. It is simply what could be seen from the fleet, and what was known in the fleet at that time. The story of the taking of Manila could never be complete if it omitted to tell how the brave Americans advanced in a gale of Mauser bullets at Singalong, and how they mowed their way through Malate. When the soldiers advanced it was with the belief that every step would be contested. They never knew how easy a victory it would be. Only the admiral and General Merritt, and a few others high in the councils suspected what was going to happen before they started in on the morning of that lucky 13th.

An hour after the American flag floated in Manila there was not a soldier or sailor who did not feel that peace could be declared the next day, for all he cared. Manila was taken, and most of them wanted to go home.



BAND OF THE FIRST COLORADO MARCHING UP THE BEACH TOWARD MANILA.

The regiment advanced in groups of skirmishers against Fort San Antonio, and the band, as described above, were "at their heels," following them as fast as they could, and playing all the time.

VIA CRUCIS.¹

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XIII.

THE crusade became a fact on that day when the sovereigns of France and Guienne together took the scarlet cross from Bernard's hand. But all was not ready yet. Men were roused, and the times were ripe, but not until the Abbot of Clairvaux had given Europe the final impulse could the armies of the king and of the queen, and of Conrad the emperor, who was never to be crowned in Rome, begin the march of desperate toil and weariness that lay between their homes and their death. From Vézelay the master preacher and inspirer of mankind went straight to Conrad's court, doing the will of others in faith and without misgiving of conscience, to the greater glory of God, yet haunted in sleep and waking by the dim ghosts of ruin and defeat. He prophesied not, and he saw no visions, but he who was almost the world's physician in his day felt fever in its pulse and heard distraction in the piercing note of its rallying-cry.

There were multitudes without order, there were kings without authority, there were leaders more fit to follow than to head the van. And always, when he had preached and breathed fire through the dry stubble of men's parched hopes, till the flame was broad and high and resistless, there came to him, in the solitude wherein he found no rest, the deadly memory of the Hermit's blasted host, overtaken, overcome, crushed to a heap of bones in one wild battle with the Seljuk horde.

Many a time he told himself that Peter had been no soldier, that stronger and wiser men had won what he had failed even to see, and that the memories of Godfrey's fearful wrath, of Raymond's brave wisdom, and of Tancred's knightly deeds were more than half another victory gained. Yet always, too, in his deep intuition of men's limits, he felt that the soldiers of his day were not those great knights who had humbled the Emperor

of the East and taught a lesson of fear to Kilidj Arslan, and who had grasped the flowers of Syria and Palestine with iron hands. It was indeed God's will that a great host should go forth again, but neither Bernard nor any other man could surely tell that in the will of Heaven there was victory, too. The first to win or die must always and ever be the first alone: those who come after them imitate them, profit by them, or find ruin sown in the ravaged track of conquest; do what they may, believe as they can, be their faith ever so high and pure, they can never feel the splendid exultation of the soul that has found out some godlike and untried deed to do.

The times had changed in forty years. The modern world is turned by the interests of the many, but the world of old revolved about the ambitions of the few, and the transition began in Bernard's day after the furnace of the eleventh century had poured its molten material out upon the world to settle and cool again in the castings of nations, separate and individual. There was less impulse, more rigidity; here and there, there was more strength, but everywhere there was less fire; and as interests grew in opposite directions and solidified apart, the chances of any universal rising or joint battle for belief grew less. Mankind moves westward with the sun; men's thoughts turn back to the bright East, the source of every faith that moves humanity; at first, for faith's sake, men may retrace their migration to its source and give their own blood for their holy places, and after them a generation will give its money for the honor of its God; but at the last, and surely, comes the time of memory's fading, the winter of belief, the night of faith's day, wherein a delicately nurtured and greedy race will give neither gold nor blood, but only a prayer or a smile for the hope of a life to come.

Gilbert Warde began the great march, as some others did, in earnest trust and belief.

¹ Copyright, 1898, by F. Marion Crawford.

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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. H. S.

BEATRIX AND GILBERT.

He had struck blows in self-defense, and for vengeance; he had fought once in Italy for sheer love of fighting and the animal joy of the strong Northerner in cut and thrust, and lately, at Vézelay, he had fought a herd of drunken brutes for a woman's safety; but he had not known the false and fierce delight of killing men to please God. That was still before him, and he looked forward to it with that half-deadly, half-voluptuous longing for bloodshed sanctioned and sanctified by justice or religion, which is at the main root of every soldier's nature, let men say what they will.

When the crusade began its pilgrimage of arms, Gilbert had not yet seen Beatrix, nor had he any distinct proof, even by the queen's word, that she was really in France. Eleanor herself had kept him at a distance during the months that elapsed between Bernard's preaching at Vézelay and the departure of the host, and he had been much alone, for he was more knight than squire, and yet had not knighthood, for he would not ask it of the queen, since that would have seemed like begging for a reward, and she did not offer it freely, while the king, of course, knew nothing of what had taken place. One night, as he sat alone in his chamber, a man entered, cloaked and hooded, and laid before him something heavy wrapped in a silk kerchief that might have been a woman's; and the man went out quickly before Gilbert had thought of asking a question. In the kerchief there was a purse of gold, which indeed he sorely needed, and yet after the man was gone he sat stupidly staring at the contents for a long time. At first it seemed to him almost certain that the money came from the queen; but as he remembered her coldness ever since the riot at Vézelay, and recollected how many times he had of late tried to attract her attention without success, the conviction lost ground, and he began to believe it possible, if not certain, that the gift had proceeded from another source. As men did in those days, and as many would do now, he might have taken thankfully such fortune as he found in his path, not inquiring too closely whether he had deserved it or not. But yet he hesitated, and then, turning the thing over, he saw on the seal the device of the Abbot of Sheering, and he thanked heaven for such a friend.

Again, as living much alone made him more prone to self-questioning, he asked himself whether he had ever loved Beatrix at all. He heard men talk of love, he heard men sing the love-songs of a passionate and ear-

nest age, and it seemed to him that he could nowhere find in his heart or soul the chords that should answer directly to that music. In him the memory was a treasure rather than a power, and while he loved to dream himself again through the pleasant passages of youth, calling up the kind and girlish face that was always near him in shadow-land, and although the image came, and he heard the voice and could almost fancy that he touched the little hand, yet it was all soft rather than vivid, it was a feeling full of tenderness rather than a cruel and insatiate longing, it was a satisfaction rather than a desire. And therefore, though the mere name of Beatrix had been enough to bring him back from Rome, and though he had tried many questions in the hope of seeing her, he attempted nothing daring in order to be assured of the truth.

Then came the final preparations—the testing of armor, the providing of small things necessary on the march, the renewal of saddle and bridle, and all the hundred details which every knight and soldier in those days understood and cared for himself. Then came the first march eastward through a changing country which Gilbert had not yet seen, the encampment upon the heights about Metz, the days spent in roaming over the old city, long ago a fortress of the Romans, and during all that time Gilbert scarcely caught a glimpse of the queen, though he saw the king often at religious functions in the lately built Church of St. Vincent; for as yet the great cathedral was not even begun. Last of all, on the morning of the final departure the royal armies assembled before dawn at the church, the court and the greater knights within, the vast concourse of men-at-arms and footmen and followers in the open air outside. But Gilbert passed boldly in among the high nobles of France and Guienne, and knelt with them in the dim nave, where little oil-lamps hung under the high vaults, and many candles burned upon the altars in the side-chapels, shedding a soft light on dark faces and mailed breasts and rich mantles. Out of the dusky choir rang the high plainchant of monks and singing boys, from the altar the bishop's voice alone intoned the Preface of the Holy Cross, and presently in the deep silence the Sacred Host was lifted high, and then the golden chalice.

The king and the queen knelt side by side to receive the holy bread, and after them the nobles and the knights in turn went up to communicate, in long procession, while the day dawned through the clearstory windows high

overhead, and the king and the queen knelt all the time with folded hands till the mass was over. Then at last the standard of the cross was brought forth, with the great standards of France and of Guienne—the banner of St. George and the dragon, which Eleanor was to hand down to her sons and sons' sons, kings of England, for generations; and the choir began to sing, "Vexilla regis prodeunt" ("The standards of the king go forth"). So all that great and noble host went out in state, chanting the lofty hymn that rang with tones of victory, while among cypress groves on far Asian hillsides the ravens waited for the coming feast of Christian flesh, and the circling kite scanned the broad earth and dancing water for the living things that were to feed him full of death.

At last the worst of the fearful march was over, and the crusaders lay before Constantinople, travel-stained, half starved, wan, but at rest. The great open space of undulating ground before the wall that joined the Golden Horn with the Sea of Marmora was their camping-ground, and countless tents were pitched in uneven lines as far as one could see. The king and Queen Eleanor and a few of the greater nobles had entered the city and were lodged in its palaces about the emperor's gardens, but all the rest remained without. For the German hosts had been first to reach the Bosphorus, and where they had passed they had left a broad track of dust and ashes and a great terror upon all living things. Even in Constantinople itself, when the emperor had received them as guests, they had robbed and ravaged and burned as if they had been in an enemy's country, and when at last he had persuaded them to cross over to Asia, they had left the great city half sacked behind them, so that the emperor's heart was resentfully hardened against every man who bore the cross.

And indeed he had been long-suffering, for many in his place would have borne less; and if he persuaded the crusaders on false pretenses to leave his capital and push on into Asia, he did so as the only means of saving his own people from robbery and violence.

Though the king and the court only were lodged within the walls, while the main force of fighting men was encamped without, yet the guard at the gates was not over-strictly kept, and many knights went in with their squires to see the great sights and, if possible, to get a glimpse of the emperor himself. Gilbert did like the rest, and gave the cap-

tain of the Second Military Gate a piece of silver to go in.

At the first glance he saw that there was little safety for any stranger who should chance to wander from the chief streets. Safe-conduct and security had been proclaimed for every soldier who wore the cross, and the fear of a cruel death was enough to enforce the imperial edict wherever watchmen or soldiers were present to remind men of it; but there was no rigorous counter-rule on the crusaders' side, and the rough Burgundian men-at-arms and the wild riders of Gascony who were in Eleanor's train would have been little likely to withhold their hands from such desirable things as they chanced to find in their way, if they had been admitted in numbers. The Greeks stood watching in their doorways; their women sat huddled together in the small low balconies above, or at narrow windows whence they could see the street. Whenever a party of knights appeared, the men withdrew within their houses, the women were out of sight in a moment, and inside the windows red-bordered curtains of white dropped like veils. Looking to right and left for the sign of a friendly tavern or the more desirable attraction of henna-dyed hair and painted cheeks and darkened eyes, the strangers saw nothing on each side of the street but blank houses and closed doors. But when they had passed, the curtains were parted, the doors were ajar again, and curious eyes looked after the big mailed figures, the gaudy cloaks, and the enormous cross-hilted swords of the Frenchmen. But of the poorer people in the streets and those whose business kept them abroad on that day, the men scowled resentfully at the intruders, and the women drew their veils closely across their faces. For although the French were gentler and less uncouth to see than the rough Germans who had wrecked the city a few weeks earlier, the Greeks were past trusting any one, and looked upon all strangers with like fear and ever-increasing distrust.

When he was within the gate, Gilbert saw three broad roads before him, stretching downward from the higher land on which the city wall was built. Vast and magnificent Constantinople lay at his feet, a rich disorder of palaces and churches and towers. On the left, the quiet waters of the Golden Horn made a broad blue path to meet the Bosphorus in the hazy distance before him; on the right, the Sea of Marmora was dazzling white under the morning sun, where its mirror-like reflections could be seen between the

towers of the sea-wall. The air was full of light and color, and the smell of late roses and autumn fruits and the enchantment of sights altogether new took hold of the young man's senses. Far before him, and, as it seemed, near the end of the central street, a vast dome rose above the level of the surrounding city, lifting its golden cross to the deep sky. Without hesitation Gilbert chose that road, and followed it nearly a full hour before he stood at the gate of St. Sophia's Church.

He stood still and looked up, for he had heard much of the great cathedral and had wished to see it and the treasures it contained; but now, by an impulse which he followed without attempting to understand it, instead of going in he turned on his heel and went away. He said to himself that there would be plenty of time for visiting the church, and possibly the idea of leaving the beautiful daylight for the dark aisles and chapels of an ancient cathedral was distasteful. In his change of intention there seemed not to be that little element of chance that makes a man turn to the right rather than to the left when there is no choice of ways. He went on skirting the great buttresses and outbuildings and following the steep descent by the northwest side of the cathedral. Here, to his surprise, he found the life of the city going on as usual, and as yet none of the crusaders had found their way thither. The tide of business at that hour set toward the great markets and warehouses, to the north of which one of the emperor's smaller palaces was built amid shady gardens that ran down to the water's edge. Gilbert was carried along by the stream of hurrying men, who, seeing that he was a stranger and alone, jostled him with little ceremony. He had too much wit and perhaps too much self-respect to rouse a street-brawl on his own behalf, and when any one ran against him with unnecessary roughness he contented himself with stiffening his back and holding his own in passive resistance. He had reached his full strength and was a match for many little Greeks, yet the annoyance was distasteful to him, and he was glad to find himself pushed into a narrow lane between high walls and crossed by a low, covered bridge; and at the end, under overhanging branches, he saw the blue light of the sea. He followed the byway down to the water, supposing that there must be some beach or open space at the end, where he might be alone. But, to his surprise, both walls were built out on little piers into the sea, shutting off the view

on each side. Looking straight before him, he saw the trees and white houses of distant Chalcedon, just within the Sea of Marmora, but Chrysopolis was hidden on the left. The lane ended in a little beach, some six feet wide, and a skiff lay there with a pair of oars, half out of water, and made fast by a chain to a ring in the masonry. A cool breeze drew in through the narrow entrance, and the clear salt water lapped the clean sand softly, and splashed under the stern and along the water of the half-beached boat.

Gilbert rested one hand against the wall and looked out, breathing the bright sea air with a sort of voluptuous enjoyment, and letting his thoughts wander as they would. The march had been long and full of hardships, mingled often with real bodily suffering, and those who had escaped without disease were reckoned fortunate. The war was still before them, but no imaginable combat with men could be compared with the long struggle for existence through which the crusaders had won their way to Constantinople. It seemed as if the worst were altogether past and as if rest-time had come already.

In the cool and shady retreat from the crowd to which Gilbert's footsteps had led him, an Italian might have lain dreaming half the day, and an Oriental would have sat down to withdraw himself from the material tedium of life in the superior atmosphere of *kief*. But Gilbert was chilled to a different temper by the colder and harder life of the North, and the springs of his nature could not be so easily and wholly relaxed. In a few moments he grew restless, stood upright, and began to look about him, letting his hand fall by his side from its hold on the wall. The walls were solid from end to end of the narrow lane, and not less than three times a man's height. The stones of the masonry were damp for six or seven feet above the ground, showing that the earth was at a higher level behind them than in the lane, and the trees of which the branches overhung the way were of the sort found in Eastern gardens, a cedar of Lebanon on the one side, a sycamore on the other; and with the light breeze there came to Gilbert's nostrils the aromatic scent of young oranges still green on the trees. It flashed upon him that the lane divided the imperial gardens and that the walls were built out into the water in order to prevent intrusion. One end of the boat's chain was shackled to a ring-bolt in the bows, and the other was made fast to the ring in the wall by one of those rude iron pad-

locks which had been used in Asia since the times of Alexander. Gilbert had heard wonderful tales of the gardens of Constantinople, and here presented the idea of being so near them and yet so effectually excluded. He tried to wrench the boat's chain from the bows, and, failing, he tried to force the lock, but the iron was solid and the lock was good; moreover, the chain was too short to allow the skiff to float to the end of the wall, if he had launched it. The idea of seeing into the garden became a determination as soon as he found that there were serious obstacles in the way, and by the time he had persuaded himself that the boat could not help him he would have readily risked life and limb for his fancy. A few moments' reflection showed him, however, that there need be no great danger in the undertaking, for the defense had a weak point. The foundation on which the walls stood was above water by several inches and was wide enough to give him a foothold if he could only keep himself upright against the flat surface. The latter difficulty could easily be overcome by using one of the oars from the boat, and he began to attempt the passage at once, cautiously putting one foot before the other, and steadying himself with the oar against the opposite wall. It did not occur to him that to get into the emperor's gardens by stealth might be looked upon as a serious matter. In a few moments he had reached the end and was getting back to the land on the other side.

From the water's edge three little terraces led up like steps to the level of the garden, where the trees grew thick and dark; and although it was early autumn, each terrace was covered with flowers of a different hue—violet and soft yellow and pale blue. Gilbert had never seen anything made to grow in such orderly profusion, and when he reached the top by narrow steps built against the wall, he found himself treading on a fine white gravel surface on which not even a single dead leaf had been allowed to lie, and which extended some thirty yards inward under the trees to a straight bank of moss that had a sheen like green velvet where the sun fell upon it through the parted leaves overhead. Very far away between the trunks of the trees there was the gleam of white marble walls. Gilbert hesitated a little, and then walked slowly forward toward the bank. As yet he had seen no trace of any living thing in the garden, but as he advanced and changed his position he noticed a small dash of color, like the corner of a dark blue cloak, beside the trunk of one of

the larger trees. Some one was sitting on the other side, and he moved cautiously and almost noiselessly till he saw that the person was a lady, seated on the ground and absorbed in a book. He did not remember to have seen more than two or three women reading in all his life, and one of them was Queen Eleanor; another was Beatrix, who, as a lonely child in the solitude of her father's castle, had acquired some learning from the chaplain, and delighted in spelling out the few manuscripts in her father's possession.

Gilbert Warde was as much a born sportsman as he was a fighter, and he had stalked the fallow-deer in Stortford wood since he had been old enough to draw an arrow's head to his finger. Step by step, from tree to tree, with cat-like tread, he came nearer, amused by an almost boyish pleasure in his own skill. Once the lady moved, but she looked in the opposite direction, and then at last, when he was within a dozen yards of her, half sheltered by a slender stem, she looked straight across toward him, and the light fell upon her face. He knew that she saw him, but he could not have moved from the spot if it had been to save his life, for the lady was Beatrix herself. In spite of a separation that had lasted two years, in spite of his final growth out of early girlhood, he knew that he was not mistaken, and her dark eyes were looking straight into his, telling him that she knew him, too. There was no fear in them, and she showed no surprise, but as she looked, a very lovely smile came into her sad face. He was so glad to see her that he thought little or not at all of her looks. But she was not beautiful in any common sense, and, saving the expression in her face, she could hardly have passed for pretty in the presence of Queen Eleanor and of most of her three hundred ladies. Her forehead was round and full rather than classic, and her thick, dark eyebrows were somewhat rough and irregular, turning slightly upward as they approached each other, a peculiarity which gave an almost pathetic expression to the eyes themselves; the small and by no means perfectly shaped nose was sensitively drawn at the nostrils, but had also an odd look of independence and inquiry; and the wide and shapely lips were more apt to smile with a half-humorous sadness than to part with laughter. Small and well-modeled ears were half covered by dark brown hair that had been almost black in childhood, and which fell to her shoulders in broad waves, in the fashion used by the queen. While Gilbert

looked and remained motionless, the girl rose lightly to her feet, and he saw that she was shorter than he had thought, but slight and delicately made. With one hand he could have lifted her from the ground, with two he could have held her in the air like a child. She was not the Beatrix he remembered, though he had known her instantly; she was not the solemn, black-eyed maiden of whom he sometimes dreamed: she was a being full of individual life and thought, quick, sensitive, perhaps capricious, and charming, if she could charm at all, by a spell that was quite her own.

Half frightened at last by his motionless attitude and his silence, she called him by name:

"Gilbert! What is the matter?"

He shook his broad shoulders as if waking to consciousness, and the smile in her face was reflected in his own.

The voice, at least, had not changed, and the first tones called up the long-cherished record of childish years; for scent and sound can span the wastes of years and the deserts of separation, when sight is dull and even touch is unresponsive.

Gilbert came forward, holding out both hands; and Beatrix took them when he was close to her, and held them in hers. The little tears had started in her eyes, that were as glad as flowers at dewfall, and in her very clear, pale cheeks the color lightened like the dawn.

The man's face was quiet, and his heart was in no haste, though he was so glad. He drew her toward him, as he had often done, and she seemed light and little in his hands. But when he would have kissed her cheek as in other times, she turned in his hold like a bow that is bent but not strung, and straightened herself again quickly; and something tingled in him suddenly, and he tried hard to kiss her; yet when he saw that he must hurt her, he let her go, and laughed oddly. Her blush deepened to red and then faded all at once, and she turned her face away.

"How is it that I have never found you before now?" Gilbert asked softly. "Were you with the queen at Vézelay? Have you been with her on all the march?"

"Yes."

"And did you not know that I was with the army?"

"Yes; but I could not send you any word. She would not let me." The girl looked round quickly in sudden apprehension. "If she should find you here, it would be ill for

you," she added, with a gesture of sending him away.

But he showed that he would not go away.

"The queen has always been kind to me," he said. "I am not afraid."

Beatrix would not turn to him, and was silent. He was not timid, but words did not come easily just then; therefore, manlike, he tried to draw her to him again. But she put away his hand somewhat impatiently and shook her head, whereat he felt the tingling warmth in his blood again. Then he remembered how he had felt the same thing on that night in Vézelay, when the queen had pressed his arm unexpectedly, and once before, when she had kissed him in the tennis-court, and he was angry with himself.

"Come," she said, "let us sit down and talk. There are two years between us."

She led the way back in the direction whence he had come, and when they had reached the bank of moss she seated herself and looked out under the trees at the blue water. He stood still a moment, as if hesitating, and then sat down beside her, but not quite close to her, as he would have done in earlier years.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully; "there are two years between us. We must bridge them."

"And between what we were and what we are there is something more than time," she answered, still looking far away.

"Yes."

He was silent, and he thought of his mother, and he knew that Beatrix was thinking of her too and of her own father. It had not occurred to him that Beatrix could resent the marriage as bitterly as he, nor that she could in any way be as great a loser by it as he was.

"Tell me why you left England," he said at last.

"And you? Why did you leave your home?"

She turned to him, and the little melancholy smile that was characteristic of her was in her face.

"I had no home left," he answered gravely.

"And had I? How could I live with them? No; how could I have lived with them, knowing what I did, even had they been ever so kind?"

"Were they unkind to you?"

Gilbert's deep eyes grew suddenly pale as they turned to hers, and his words came slowly and distinctly, like the first drops of a thunder-shower.

"Not at first. They came to the castle

where I had been left all alone after they were married, and my father told me that I must call the Lady Goda my mother. She kissed me as if she were fond of me for his sake."

Gilbert started a little, and his teeth set together, while he clasped his hands over one knee and waited to hear more. Beatrix understood his look, and knew that she had unintentionally hurt him. She laid her hand softly upon his arm.

"Forgive me," she said; "I should not talk about it."

"No," he said harshly; "go on! I feel nothing; I am past feeling there. They were kind to you at first, you said."

"Yes," she continued, looking at him sideways; "they were kind when they remembered to be, but they often forgot. And then it was hard to treat her with respect when I came to know how she had got your inheritance for my father, and how she had let you leave England to wander about the world. And then last year it seemed to me all at once that I was a woman and could not bear it any longer, for I saw that she hated me. And when a son was born to them, my father turned against me and threatened that he would send me to a nunnery. So I fled, one day when my father had ridden to Stoke and the Lady Goda was sleeping in her chamber. A groom and my handmaid helped me and went with me, for my father would have hanged them if they had stayed behind; so I took refuge with the Empress Maud at Oxford, and soon there came a letter from the Queen of France to the empress, asking that I might be sent to the French court if I would. And something of the reason for the queen's wish I can guess, but not all."

She ceased, and for some moments Gilbert sat silent beside her, but not as if he had nothing to say. He seemed rather to be checking himself lest he should say too much.

"So you were at Vézelay," he said at last; "yet I sought your face everywhere, and I could not see you."

"How did you know?" asked Beatrix.

"The queen had written to me," he answered, "so I came back from Rome."

"I understand," said the young girl, quietly.

"What is it that you understand?"

"I understand why she has prevented me from seeing you, when you have been near me for almost a year."

She checked a little sigh, and then looked out at the water again.

"I wish I did," Gilbert answered, with a short laugh.

Beatrix laughed too, but in a different tone.

"How dull you are!" she cried.

Gilbert looked at her quickly, for no man likes to be told that he is dull by any woman old or young.

"Am I? It seems to me that you do not put things very clearly."

Beatrix was evidently not persuaded that he was in earnest, for she looked at him long and gravely.

"We have not met for so long," she said "that I am not quite sure of you."

She threw her head back and scrutinized his face with half-closed lids; and about her lips there was an attempt to smile, that came and went fitfully.

"Besides," she added, as she turned away at last, "you could not possibly be so simple as that."

"By 'simple' do you mean foolish, or do you mean plain?"

"Neither," she answered, without looking at him; "I mean innocent."

"Oh!"

Gilbert uttered the ejaculation in a tone expressive rather of bewilderment than of surprise. He did not in the least understand what she meant. Seeing that she did not enlighten him, and feeling uncomfortable, it was quite natural that he should attack her on different ground.

"You have changed," he said coldly. "I suppose that you have grown up, as you call it."

For a moment Beatrix said nothing, but her lips trembled as if she were trying to smile at what he said; and suddenly she could resist no longer, and laughed at him outright.

"I cannot say the same for you," she retorted presently. "You are certainly grown up yet."

This pleased Gilbert even less than what she had said before, for he was still young enough to wish himself older. He therefore answered her laughter with a look of grave contempt. She was woman enough to see that the time had come to take him by surprise, with a view to ascertaining the truth.

"How long has the queen loved you?" she asked suddenly, and while she seemed not to be looking at him, she was watching every line in his face, and would have noticed the movement of an eyelash if there had been nothing else to note. But Gilbert was really surprised.

"The queen! The queen love me! Are you beside yourself?"

"Not at all," answered the young girl, quietly; "it is the talk of the court. They say that the king is jealous of you."

She laughed—gaily, this time, for she saw that he really had had no idea of the truth. Then she grew grave all at once, for it occurred to her that she had perhaps made a mistake in putting the idea into his head.

"At least," she said, as if correcting herself, "that is what they used to say last year."

"You are quite mad," he repeated thoughtfully. "I cannot imagine how such an absurd idea could have suggested itself to you. In the first place, the queen would never look at a poor Englishman like me—"

"I defy any woman not to look at you," said Beatrix.

"Why?" he asked, with curiosity.

"Is this more simplicity, or is it more dullness?"

"Both, I suppose," answered Gilbert, in a hurt tone. "You are very witty."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Wit is quite another thing."

Then her tone changed and her face softened wonderfully as she took his hand.

"I am glad that you do not believe it," she said; "and I am glad that you do not care to be thought handsome. But I think it is true that the queen loves you, and if she sent to England for me, that was merely in order to bring you back to France. Of course she could not know—"

She checked herself, and he, of course, asked what she had meant to say, and insisted upon knowing.

"The queen could not know," she said at last, "that we should seem so strange to each other when we met."

"Do I seem so strange to you?" he asked, in a sorrowful tone.

"No," she answered; "it is the other way. I can see that you expected me to be very different."

"Indeed, I did not," answered Gilbert, with some indignation. "At least," he added hastily, "if I thought anything about it, I did not expect that you would be half so pretty, or half—"

"If you thought anything about it," laughed Beatrix, interrupting him.

"You know what I mean," he said, annoyed by his own lack of tact.

"Oh, yes; of course I do—that is the trouble."

"If we are going to do nothing but quar-

rel," he said, "I am almost sorry that I came here."

Again her tone changed, but this time she did not touch his hand. Hearing her voice, he expected that she would, and he was oddly disappointed that she did not.

"Nothing could make me sorry that you have found me," she answered. "You do not know how hard I have tried to see you in this last year."

Her tone was tender and earnest, and though they had been long parted, she was dearer to him than he knew. His hand closed upon hers, and in the little thrill that he felt he forgot his disappointment.

"Could you not send me any word?" he asked.

"I am a prisoner," she answered, more than half in earnest. "It would be ill for you if the queen found you here; but there is no danger, for they are all gone to the high mass in the cathedral."

"And why are you left behind?" he asked.

"They always say that I am not strong," she replied, "especially when there might be a possibility of your seeing me. She has never allowed me to be with all the others when the court is together since I was brought over from England."

"That is why I did not see you at Vézelay," he said, suddenly understanding.

And with him to understand was to act. He might have had some difficulty in persuading himself at leisure that he was seriously in love with Beatrix, but being taken suddenly and unawares, he had not the slightest doubt as to what he ought to do. Before she could answer his last words he had risen to his feet and was drawing her by the hand.

"Come!" he cried. "I can easily take you by the way I came. It is only a step, and in five minutes you shall be as free as I am."

But, to his great surprise, Beatrix seemed inclined to laugh at him.

"Where should we go?" she asked, refusing to leave her seat. "We should be caught before we reached the city gates, and it would be the worse for us."

"And who would dare touch us?" asked Gilbert, indignantly. "Who would dare to lay a hand on you?"

"You are strong and brave," answered Beatrix, "but you are not an army, and the queen—but you will not believe what I say."

"If the queen ever cared to see my face she could send for me. It is three weeks since I caught a glimpse of her, five hundred yards away."

"She is angry with you," answered the young girl, "and she thinks that you will wish to be with her, and will find some way of seeing her."

"But," argued Gilbert, "if she only meant to use your name in order to bring me from Rome, it would have been quite enough to have written that letter without having brought you at all."

"And how could she tell that I did not know where you were, or that I could not send you a message which might contradict hers?"

"That is true," Gilbert admitted. "But what does it matter, after all, since we have met at last?"

"Yes; what does it matter?"

They asked the answerless question of each other almost unconsciously, for they were finding each other again. There are plants which may be plucked up half grown, before their roots have spread in the earth or their buds ripened to blossoming, and they may lie long in dry places till they seem withered and dead; but there is life in their fibers still, and the power to grow is in the shriveled stem and in the dusty leaf, so that if they be planted again and tended they come at last to their due maturity. Gilbert and Beatrix might have lived out their lives apart, and in the course of years they would have been the merest memories to each other; but having met by the slow shuffling of fate's cards, they became destined to win or lose together.

Their conversation needed only the slightest direction to take them back to the recollections of other times, and one of the first elements of lasting love is a common past, though that past may have covered only a few days. To that memory lovers go back as to the starting-point of life's value, and though they may not speak of it often, yet its existence is the narrow ledge on which they have reared their stronghold in the perilous pass. And the English boy and girl had really lived a joint life, in their sympathies and surroundings, for years before a joint misfortune had overtaken them. In their meeting after a long separation they felt at the same time the rare delight of friendship renewed, and the still rarer charm of finding new acquaintances in old friends; but besides the well-remembered bond of habit and the strong attraction of newly awakened interest, there was the masterful, nameless something upon which man's world has spun for all ages, as the material earth turns on its poles toward the sun—always to

hope beyond failure, always to life beyond death, always and forever to love beyond life. It is the spark from heaven, the stolen fire, the mask of divinity with which the poorest of mankind may play himself a god. It has all powers, and it brings all gifts—the gift of tongues, for it is above words; the gift of prophecy, for it has foreknowledge of its own sadness; the gift of life, for it is itself that elixir in which mankind boasts of eternal youth.

The two sat side by side and talked, and were silent, and talked again, understanding each other and happy in finding more to understand. The sun rose high and fell through the rustling leaves in fanciful, warm tracery of light; down from the Bosphorus the sweet northerly breeze came over the rippling water, laden with the scent of ripening oranges from the Asian shore and with the perfume of late roses from far Therapia. Between the trees they could see the white sails of little vessels beating to windward up the narrow channel, and now and then the dyed canvas of a fisherman's craft lent a strangely disquieting note of color to the sea. There seemed to be no time, for all life was theirs, and it was all before them: an hour had passed, and they had not told each other half; another came and went, and what there was to tell still gained upon them.

They talked of the crusade, how the queen had given her ladies no choice, commanding them to follow her, as a noble would order his vassals to ride with him to the king's war. Three hundred ladies were to wear mail and lead the van of battle, the fairest ladies of France and Aquitaine, of Gascony, of Burgundy, and of Provence. So far, a few had ridden, and many had been carried in closed litters swung between mules or borne on the broad shoulders of Swiss porters; and each lady had her serving-maid, and her servants and mules were heavy-laden with the furniture of beauty, with laces and silks and velvets, jewelry and scented waters, and salves for the face, of great virtue against cold and heat. It was a little army in itself, recruited of the women, and in which beauty was rank and rank was power; and in order that the three hundred might ride with Queen Eleanor in the most marvelous masquerade of all time, a host of some two thousand servants and porters crossed Europe on foot and on horseback from the Rhine to the Bosphorus. The mere idea was so vastly absurd that Gilbert had laughed at it many a time to himself; and yet there was at the root of it an impulse which was sublime rather than ridiculous.

Between its conception and its execution the time was too long, and the hot blood of daring romance already felt the fatal chill of coming failure.

Gilbert looked at the delicate features and the slight figure beside him, and resented the mere thought that Beatrix should ever be exposed to weariness and hardship. But she laughed.

"I am always left behind on great occasions," she said. "You need not fear for me, for I shall certainly not be seen on the queen's left hand when she overcomes the Seljuks without your help. I shall be told to wait quietly in my tent until it is all over. What can I do?"

"You can at least let me know where you are," answered Gilbert.

"What satisfaction will you get from that? You cannot see me; you cannot come to me in the ladies' camp."

"Indeed I can, and will," answered Gilbert, without the least hesitation.

"At any risk of the queen's displeasure?"

"At any risk."

"How strange it is!" exclaimed Beatrix, raising her eyebrows a little, but smiling happily. "This morning you would not have risked anything special for the sake of finding me, but now that we have met by chance you are ready to do anything and everything to see me again."

"Of some things," answered her companion, "one does not know how much one wants them till they are within reach."

"And there are others which one longs for till one has them, and which one despises as soon as they are one's own."

"What things may those be?" asked Gilbert.

"I have heard Queen Eleanor say that a husband is one of them," answered Beatrix, demurely, "but I dare say that she is not always right."

Side by side the two sat in the autumn noonday, each forgetful of all but the other, in perfect unconsciousness of the difference their meeting was to make in their lives from that day onward. Yet after the first few words they did not speak again of Beatrix's father or of Gilbert's mother. By a common instinct they tried to lose both in the happiness of again finding each other.

Then, at last, a cloud passed over the sun, and Beatrix felt a little chill that was like the breath of a coming evil, while Gilbert became suddenly very grave and thoughtful.

Beatrix looked round, as a child does at night, when it has been frightened by a tale

of goblins, more in fear than in suspicion; and, turning, she caught sight of something and turned farther, and then started with a scared cry and half rose, with her hand on Gilbert's arm. Anxious for her, he sprang up to his height at the sound of her voice, and at the same moment he saw what she saw, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was not a cloud that had passed between them and the sun.

The queen stood there, as she had come from the office in the church, a veil embroidered with gold pinned upon her head in a fashion altogether her own. Her clear eyes were very bright and hard, and her beautiful lips had a frozen look.

"It is very long since I have seen you," she said to Gilbert, "and I had not thought to see you here—of all places—unbidden."

"Nor I to be here, madam," answered the Englishman.

"Did you come here in your sleep?" asked the queen, coldly.

"For aught that I can tell how I got here, it may be as your Grace says. I came by such a way as I may not find again."

"I care not how you find another, sir, so that it be a way out."

Gilbert had never seen the queen gravely displeased, and as yet she had been very kind to him when he had been in her presence. Against her anger he drew himself up, for he neither loved her nor feared her, and as he looked at her now he saw in her eyes that haunting memory of his own mother which had disturbed him more than once.

"I ask your Grace's pardon," he said slowly, "for having entered uninvited. Yet I am glad that I did, since I have found what was kept from me so long."

"I fancied it so changed from what you had described to me that you might not care to see it after all."

Beatrix hardly understood what the words meant, but she knew that they were intended to hurt both her and Gilbert, and she saw by his face what he felt. Knowing as she did that the queen was very strongly attracted by him, she would not have been human if she had not felt in her throat the pulse of triumph as she stood beside the most beautiful woman in the world, pale, slight, sad-eyed, but preferred before the other's supreme beauty by the one man whose preference meant anything at all. But a moment later she forgot herself and feared for him.

"Madam," he said very slowly and distinctly, "I trust that I may not fail in cour-

tesy, either toward your Grace or toward any other woman, high or low, and none but the blind man would deny that of all women you are the fairest, wherefore you may cast it in the face of other ladies of your court that you are fairer than they. But since your Grace would wear a man's armor and draw a knight's sword, and ride for the cross shoulder to shoulder with the gentlemen of Normandy and Gascony and France, I shall tell you without fear of discourtesy, as one man would tell another, that your words and your deeds are less gentle than your royal blood."

He finished speaking and looked her quietly in the face, his arms folded, his brow calm, his eyes still and clear. Beatrix fell back a step and drew anxious breath, for it was no small thing to cross words boldly with the sovereign next in power to the emperor himself. And at first the seething blood hissed in the queen's ears, and her lovely face grew ashy pale, and her wrath rose in her eyes with the red shadow of coming revenge. But no man's impulse moved her hand or her foot, and she stood motionless with half her mantle gathered round her. In the fierce silence the two faced each other, while Beatrix looked on, half sick with fear. Neither moved an eyelash, nor did the glance of either flinch, till it seemed as if a spell had bound them there forever motionless, under the changing shadows of the leaves, only their hair stirring in the cool wind, and Eleanor knew that no man had ever thus faced her before. For a few moments she felt the absolute confidence in herself which had never failed her yet; the certainty of strength which drove the king to take refuge from her behind a barrier of devotion and prayer; the insolence of wit and force against which the holy man of Clairvaux had never found a weapon of thought or speech. And still the hard Norman eyes were colder and angrier than her own, and still the man's head was high, and his face

like a mask. Suddenly she felt her lids tremble and her lips quiver; his face moved strangely in her sight, his cold resistance hurt her as if she were thrusting herself uselessly against a rock; she knew that he was stronger than she, and that she loved him. The struggle was over; her face softened, and her eyes looked down. Beatrix looked on in amazement, for she had expected that the queen would command Gilbert to leave them, and that before long her vengeance would most certainly overtake him. But instead it was the young soldier without fame or fortune, the boy with whom she had many a time played children's games, before whom Eleanor, Duchess of Guienne and Queen of France, lost courage and confidence.

A moment later she looked up again, and not a trace of her anger was left to see. Simply and quietly she came to Gilbert's side and laid her hand upon his sleeve.

"You make me say things I do not mean," she said.

If she had actually asked his forgiveness in words she could not have expressed a real regret more plainly, nor perhaps could she have done anything so sure to produce a strong impression upon the two who heard her. Gilbert's face relaxed instantly, and Beatrix forgot to be afraid.

"I crave your Grace's pardon," said the young man. "If I spoke rudely, let my excuse be that it was not for myself. We were children together," he added, looking at Beatrix. "we grew up together, and after long parting we have met by chance. There is much left of what there was. I pray that without concealment I may see the Lady Beatrix again."

The queen turned slowly from them and stood for a few moments looking toward the sea. Then she turned again and smiled at Gilbert, not unkindly; but she said a word, and presently, as they stood there, she left them and walked slowly away with bent head toward the palace.

(To be continued.)

DEATH AFTER WAR.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

GONE the Red Harvester, with heaped-up wain
Darkening against the blood-bright sky; yet lingers
The lone, gaunt Gleaner on the twilight plain,
Blind-gathering with the clutch of hungry fingers.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

American Art.

THE recent exhibition and sale of the Thomas B. Clarke collection constitute, as Mr. Coffin said in his "Introduction" to the catalogue, "a great event in the art history of the United States." This exhibition not only was a proof of the excellent taste and good judgment of the collector; it must also surely count in the development of native art by affording encouragement to our artists, and by its education at once of the public at large and of picture-buyers in particular. The positive merits of the American painters of the last quarter of a century were put in evidence so fully and overwhelmingly that American art must take hereafter an appreciably higher place in both critical and popular estimation.

And yet with all the artistic force manifested by the work of such men as Inness, Homer, La Farge, Martin, Wyant, Tryon, Dewey, Fuller, Swain Gifford, Walker, Ryder, Picknell, and other interesting painters, the collection, while catholic and comprehensive, was far from making the claim of completeness of representation. When one imagines the addition to this collection of a few brilliant canvases by Sargent, Cecilia Beaux, and others who could be named, and of specimens of the genius of our brilliant band of sculptors, and when the original and exquisite work of American artists in stained glass is considered, and when, furthermore, the triumph of recent American mural painting and of American architecture are remembered, it will be recognized that art in the United States has to its credit no little accomplishment of a high order.

Mr. Clarke's work as a collector of American pictures was pioneer work; but there are others who are also doing intelligently and in a spirit of wise patriotism the same service to native art. Our artists have too long suffered from a blind preference for foreign work of no higher artistic value. This has been, in turn, the experience of artists of various other countries. The competition of the distinguished foreigner has often, throughout the history of civilization, embarrassed the artist at home; but such competition has never been without its good as well as its discouraging effects. There are signs that our own native art is beginning to free itself from the depressing consequences of such competition. It can best do so, not by ungenerous complaint and a punitive tariff, but by continued worthy accomplishment.

"Absolute Zero."

How soon "liquid air," the scientific bearings of which are set forth in this number of THE CURRENCY, may attain an industrial value in the direc-

tions hoped for and proclaimed by various inventors, it would be rash to predict; rival inventors may place the time too soon. Professor Chandler, in a recent address, called attention to the fact that, not very long ago, electrical machines were principally known as curious toys for the amusement of guests in the salons of Paris. It is in the line of some of the greatest achievements in the utilitarian application of scientific discoveries that the new force should be found, as is electricity, all about us.

Meantime, compressed-air machines are coming into notice again in connection with means of travel. Some electricians have talked about a time when we shall be able to draw electric power out of the ground in our back yards. It may be open to us in the future to take power at our pleasure out of the earth or the air.

Meantime, whatever science may unveil, the chances are that in the world's best poetry will continually be found hints of "the latest discovery." In reading Professor Peckham's article on "Absolute Zero" the readers of "Paradise Lost" will be reminded of Milton's description of the land of Absolute Zero:

A frozen continent

Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind, and dire hail which on firm land
Thaws not; but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile: all else deep snow and ice.

. . . The parching air

Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.

"The Lady Who has Just Left the Room."

It is the customary defense of sensational newspapers that they only reflect the visage of the time, simply giving greater publicity to what the world is saying and doing—raising its phenomena to the n th power, so to speak; that they do not pretend to be better than society; and that, in fact, they are not worse. How much truth there may be in this apology each reader will determine by the horizon of his experience; and happy are those who have learned that the serenity of life is to be preserved only by a diligent cultivation of the art of shutting one's eyes! Even the happiest are not so islanded in content as to be out of the reach of "little birds" that bring them the doings of the wicked world. Yet one may be in the way of knowing much of evil without giving it hospitality or currency. Alas! the recklessness and cruelty of the sensational press—often without malice, it must be confessed—have their counterpart in the recklessness and cruelty of the speech of society. "If we are not to speak of the

lady who has just left the room," says Thackeray, "what is to become of conversation?" But he does not say "to speak evil." And yet who is so fortunate as not to know how easy it is, when the lady has just left the room, to slip from perfunctory compliment, or playful comment, or even legitimate fun at her expense, into picturesque innuendo, subtle detraction, or open scandal? To the yellow journalist, fashionable society, in its censoriousness, doubtless seems merely a newspaper of more limited circulation. There must be poignant moments of penance in the life of many a just-intentioned person for careless words which, while contributing much to injure the reputation of a fellow-being, do even more to injure one's own spiritual self-respect. The tongue is such an unruly member; the temptations of wit are so insidious; the current of detraction in others is so strong. The habit of evil-speaking is, moreover, one that grows with frightful acceleration: once the levee is broken, it is a labor of Hercules to repair it so that the violence of the stream shall resume its former placidity. Meantime, what damage has been done! Innocence is calumniated, follies are exaggerated into crimes, scandal-mongers are encouraged, and every participant is appreciably weaker in that habit of just and generous thought which gives dignity and sweetness to life.

In the education of children it is important that this poisoning of the mind by scandal, and by the knowledge of the seamy side of things, should be forestalled by the habit of looking for the agreeable and the beautiful. Thoughtless speech before children is one of the "little foxes that spoil the grapes." But if it be easy to injure the young it is also easy to help them. A casual word of aspiration or noble utterance may change the whole look of things for a boy or girl. The writer knows one woman, now in middle age, who gratefully remembers the new light in which she came to regard the distressing cares of her youth after hearing George William Curtis's lecture on "The Poetry of Common Things." (She remembers, too, the gladness of Mr. Curtis's beautiful smile when, shortly before his death, she told him of the circumstance: his satisfaction made her feel as though her great debt to him had been fully repaid.) Such influences find a ready response in the forming mind, for to youth the ideal is the soul of its dream. Once deeply enlist the attention and the sympathies in the wonder and the beauty of the world, and its uglinesses and distortions will have no power. While it is not possible to maintain a strict quarantine against the bacilli of evil speech, what excellent moral tonics are provided in music, good books and art, and the love and companionship of nature!

OPEN LETTERS

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR.

THERE are artists who have the talent to strike early in their career into some vein which suits the taste of a goodly number of their fellow-men; they pursue it steadily, and furnish enjoyment to an ever-widening circle of admirers, without attempting any new departure which might puzzle and disconcert. There are others who are forever trying some new method, charmed away from the beaten paths by the novelty and promise of processes different from those they have learned in youth. Julian Alden Weir belongs to the second category.

Educated to regard the painter's art of his father, Robert Weir, the proper thing, and also regarding, very naturally, the work of his elder brother, Professor John F. Weir, something worthy of emulation, he went to Paris after the pictures of Édouard Manet had already made a deep impression on those minds among the young French painters which cared not at all that the public would have none of Manet's canvases. But it was Manet's disciple, Bastien-Lepage, rather

than the unsuccessful master, who made the strongest impression on Weir. At one time that realism in paint which formed a parallel to the realism of Guy de Maupassant in French literature left its traces on Weir's pictures, notably on a large canvas with out-of-door effects, showing a group of ordinary city folk seated on a bench in a public square.

But he was too much of a searcher to stick close to this way of working; he tried his hand at portraiture and even the grander style of symbolical figure-work, like the "Muse" owned by Mr. Ichabod T. Williams. In the art atmosphere of the Society of American Artists it was then possible (perhaps more so than it is now) to start aside from accredited formulæ and labor in directions little understood and still less liked by the public. So it came about that Weir, already prepared by the Manet-Bastien line of realism, proved receptive to the movement of the painters of sunlight headed by Claude Monet. In his own way he has tried to master the mysteries of painting figures and objects bathed completely in a light that arrives from all sides, and while doing so has puzzled and disconcerted many admirers of other

works by him which belong to more generally accepted kinds. Such as find pleasure in a dignified, seated, Sir Joshua Reynolds figure like the "Muse," are not likely to care for the somewhat flat-planned figures influenced by Bastien, while those who enjoy the latter are not necessarily sympathetic when it comes to pictures inspired by the newer teachings of the open-air painters.

He has made excursions into etching with very delightful results, and for a time water-colors, particularly flower-pieces, were his hobby. Again, he painted flowers in oils with a pleasure in low tones and formal design that suggests the old Dutch paintings in the same line. Thus he has gone on, swinging first this way, then that, gathering, it is to be believed, experience and craftsmanship from each new venture, but failing to collect and maintain to himself a band of supporters such as a more skilful or more worldly workman might have secured.

It is characteristic of the man that a movement like the recent secession from the Society of American Artists should have appealed to him. Not by any means so completely wedded to the plein-air movement as are a number of other members of the "Ten," it is natural for his temperament to sympathize with a revolt against what he suspects as the rule of conventional minds, which are always in the majority in a society. But the singular fact could not fail to strike any one who examined the exhibition made by the Ten last spring that, so far as Weir's contributions are concerned, by all odds the finest was a picture not in the plein-air style, one not even touched by the wand of Bastien-Lepage, but a figure in an interior, shown in the illustration on page 851, that seems to connect itself with none of the models and prototypes he has hitherto followed from time to time—in other words, a picture in which he is himself again.

The profile, and reflection in a glass showing the front face of a young woman pondering as she stands, have little connection with various phases of modern art toward which Mr. Weir has leaned. One thinks more of the old than of the modern masters, of the Dutchmen and Velasquez rather than of Manet, Bastien, or Monet. The brush-work is firm and flowing, virile and thoughtful, as if an accumulation of skill and nervous power had met in some happy conjunction just as he was finishing the picture. The color is rich, though dark, and the drawing adequate to the rest of the work. Mr. Weir has given to the face of his "girl at the glass" a very human expression of perplexity, as if she were trying to arrive at some solution of that burning question, Why am I alive, why am I myself?

Doubtless Mr. Weir's friends have deplored, as if they were due to unsteadiness of purpose, his expeditions thither and yonder into unprofitable fields of art. But it is a question whether these "discussions" have not done him good by keeping his mind alert and his hand from becoming conventional. A raid that he lately undertook into the frail and perilously brittle path of stained glass,

the window in the Church of the Ascension, must have given him new ideas concerning the vast difference between the problems of laying colors on a canvas and using color supplied by light falling through many-tinted glass. Watching Mr. Heinigke, the artist employed for that work, translate from his cartoon into glass the ideas for which that cartoon supplied only the skeleton, cannot have failed to broaden his views of art.

When Mr. Weir is at work on some inspiring landscape, or employed in painting simple, graceful figures in the light of a window, such as in the picture that belongs to the Metropolitan Museum, it is evident that all those labors in etching, water-colors, out-of-door figure- and landscape-painting, stand him in good stead, and give his hand that broad, smooth swing which results in some delightful picture like the one here figured. In such work there is a simplicity yet richness, there is a directness yet an intensity, that compel one to rate it very high. What though at times he seems to have been coquetting and shilly-shallying! This time, at least, the thing is done.

Henry Eckford.

The Battle of Manila Bay.

COMMANDER WOOD OF THE "PETREL" DESCRIBES THE SERVICES OF THAT SHIP IN A LETTER TO COLONEL GEORGE A. LOUD.

U. S. S. "PETREL," CAVITE, P. I.,
October 1, 1898.

DEAR MR. LOUD: I thank you very much for remembering me with a copy of the August CENTURY MAGAZINE, containing your article on the battle of Manila Bay. It is most interesting, and altogether the best account which I have read.

I hope you will pardon me if I say I hardly think you fully appreciate the part performed by the *Petrel* during the latter part of the action. We passed inside of the line of battle, in obedience to a signal from the flagship, bearing across Cañacao Bay toward the arsenal. When the Spanish flag was hauled down at the arsenal, the *Petrel* was within three hundred yards of the arsenal dock, and anchored. There she remained until 5:20 P. M., and with one boat's crew burned seven vessels of war in the face of the military garrison in Cavite and the remnants of the ships' crews that had been formed into infantry companies, armed with Mauser rifles. Had they chosen to resist, they could have supported their infantry fire with artillery, as the smooth-bore guns mounted at the arsenal were loaded, and would have done damage to the ship at the short range. The only boat immediately available "to burn and destroy the enemy's ships" was a small whale-boat carrying an officer and seven men. With this boat Lieutenant Hughes, the executive officer, landed at the arsenal to place a signalman, and proceeded to burn five of the seven ships. The two remaining were burned later by Ensign Fermier. The *Manila* was not burned, for the reason that Spanish officers at the arsenal said she was a surveying vessel, not a fighting ship, and was unarmed. The latter

statement was untrue, for she had three machine-guns and two six-pounders, rapid-firing, which might have been used against us. A party from this vessel succeeded in getting her out two days later. She is now in commission as a United States war-vessel, and is doing efficient service.

After Lieutenant Hughes, with his party, left the *Petrel*, the steam whale-boat was prepared and sent ashore in charge of Lieutenant Fiske, the navigator, in support of the first boat. While lying at the dock, he secured two tugs and three steam-cutters, and towed them to the ship. They are all doing service with the fleet to-day.

These operations were beyond your range of vision—in fact, were not in sight of any one, as they took place behind the mole of the arsenal. It was only toward evening when the ascending columns of smoke showed results, and my appearance in the fleet with a long tow of tugs, steam-cutters, and other boats showed that the *Petrel* had not been idle that long and hot afternoon.

The action of Lieutenant Hughes in setting fire to the enemy's sunken ships in the face of a well-

armed, superior, but demoralized force, was the one act of conspicuous gallantry which the battle that day afforded. The action of Lieutenant Fiske was only less so for the reason that Hughes was the pioneer. While Hughes merely touched the arsenal to communicate and land a man, Fiske lay at the wharf for two hours or more, preparing the seized boats for coming off. It is my opinion that the Spanish authorities thought that we would be satisfied with seeing their ships sunk, and would not attempt further destruction; that when we departed they could close the outboard valves, pump them out, and the ships would be as good as new. They were too demoralized by the morning fight to offer any resistance.

I deem it due to all, both officers and men, that the performances of the *Petrel*, out of sight behind the arsenal, should be known. We are now looking forward to the time when we, like the Santiago fleet, may return to New York and enjoy the fruits of our hard work.

Very sincerely yours,
E. P. WOOL.



Two Players and their Play.

PRISCILLA wears a fetching coat
Of brightest scarlet hue,
And 'neath her jaunty golfing-skirt
She shows a dainty shoe
(Two shoes, in fact, but for my verse
One shoe will have to do).

Priscilla has of clubs a score;
She chatters all the while
Of putters, drivers, mashies, cleiks,
Of stance and swing and style:
You'd think, to hear her talk the game,
That she could drive a mile.

But when Priscilla takes those clubs,
Upon a summer day,
And marches to the teeing-ground,
I much regret to say
That, spite of all this festal guise,
Priscilla cannot play.

She tops her ball; then divots fly;
In bunkers long she stays;
She fozzles all along the course
In most astounding ways:
In sooth, it is an eery thing,
The way Priscilla plays.

Our champion at golf is Ned;
He has a wondrous knack
Of doing holes in three or four;
He brings each trophy back:
And yet he likes to play with Pris—
Odd, for a golfiac!

But there's a game Priscilla plays
With more than mortal art:
In every witching glance she gives,
Flies Cupid's deadliest dart;
It is a game of hearts, wherein
She captures every heart.

Ned plays at this with all his strength.
But oh, his skill is small;
The conquering monarch of the green
Waits bluey in her hall;
Worse is it to address a maid
Than to address a ball.

And yet—beginner's luck!—he wins,
For rules are not the same;
Who presses when he plays for hearts
Will win no word of blame:
Pris loves him, though he is, she says,
A fozzler at that game.

Beatrice Hanson.

The Platypus.

My child, the Duck-billed Plat-y-pus
A sad ex-am-ple sets for us:
From him we learn how In-de-ci-sion
Of char-ac-ter pro-vokes De-ri-sion.
This vac-il-lat-ing Thing, you see,
Could not de-cide which he would be,
Fish, Flesh, or Fowl, and chose all three.

The sci-en-tists were sore-ly vexed
To clas-si-fy him; so per-plexed
Their brains that they, with Rage at bay,
Called him a hor-rid name one day,—
A name that baf-fles, frights, and shocks us,—
Or-ni-tho-rhyn-chus Par-a-dox-us.

“ ‘Way in de Woods, an’ Nobody Dar.”

De ole owl libs in a lonely place—
‘Way in de woods, an’ nobody dar;
Eyes lak sunflowers in his face—
‘Way in de woods, an’ nobody dar;
Sets an’ broods alone, alone,
Set an’ sigh an’ moan an’ moan,
When de silvah moon goes down—
‘Way in de woods, an’ nobody dar.

Oh, heah de lonely whippo’will,—
‘Way in de woods, an’ nobody dar,—
Complainin’ when de night am still—
‘Way in de woods, an’ nobody dar.

Dar de wanderin’ night winds stray.
Dar de groanin’ branches sway,
Ghosts an’ witches lose dey way—
‘Way in de woods, an’ nobody dar.

‘Way down in mah Southe’n home,—
‘Way in de woods, an’ nobody dar,—
Dar’s de place I longs to roam—
‘Way in de woods, an’ nobody dar.
Oh, mah lub wid eyes ob coal,
Listen tel mah story’s tole;
Owl’s a-hootin’ in mah soul—
‘Way in de woods, an’ nobody dar.

James D. Corrothers.

A Seal.

SEE, chil-dren, the Fur-bear-ing Seal;
Ob-serve his mis-di-rect-ed zeal:
He dines with most ab-ste-mi-ous care
On Fish, Ice Wa-ter, and Fresh Air,
A-void-ing con-di-ments or spice,
For fear his Fur should not be nice

And fine and smooth and soft and meet
For Broad-way or for Re-gent Street
And yet some-how I of-ten feel
(Though for the kind Fur-bear-ing Seal
I har-bor a Re-spect Pro-found)
He runs Fur-bear-ance in the ground.

The Stay-at-Home.

THERE 's dress an' hood to buy f'r Jane,
A pair o' pants f'r John,
A whole outfit f'r Buster Bill,
An' winter comin' on.
But baby Nan, the stay-at-home,
Jis laughs, an' never knows
That all on earth she has to wear
Is ole made-over clothes.

There 's books to buy f'r them at school—
It makes a pore man sick
To hear 'em holler "joggafy"
An' "mental 'rithmetic."
But, thank the Lord! the stay-at-home
Is mighty cheap to please;
Jis gits the fam'ly almanac
An' reads it on her knees.

An' writin'-books an' drawin'-books—
They never seem to think
How much it costs to buy sich truck,
An' pencils, pens, an' ink.

But little Nan, the stay-at-home,
She knows her daddy 's pore;
Jis gits a charcoal pen an' writes
Her lesson on the floor.

There 's boots to buy f'r Buster Bill
An' boots to buy f'r John,
An' shoes f'r Jane an' ma an' I,
Till all my money 's gone.
So Nan, the last, the stay-at-home
Is left to do without;
Jis wears her home-made moccasins
An' crows, an' crawls about.

'Pears like that all I rake an' scrape
Won't hardly satisfy
The pressin' needs o' Bill an' John
An' Jane an' ma an' I.
But baby Nan, the stay-at-home,
Is full o' sweet content;
Jis cuddles up in daddy's arms
An' never wants a cent.

George Weyman!

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